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

Vol. II.]

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

[No. 9.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF PARENTS.

What man in his senses would undertake the office of a pilot on a dangerous coast, without a knowledge of navigation? or that of a general of an army, without a knowledge of military tactics? or that of a physician, without a knowledge of medicine and diseases? And who would go on another hour in the office of a parent, without seeking to possess all suitable qualifications? and what are they?

1. *Genuine personal religion.* How can they bring up children in the practice and admonition of the Lord, if they do not love the Lord for themselves? In order to teach religion with any probable effect, we must know it ourselves. That parent will have little ability, and less inclination, to inculcate piety upon his children who has none himself. A graceless parent is a most awful character! O! to see the father and mother of a rising family, with a crowd of young immortals growing up around them, and teaching irreligion to their offspring, and leading them to perdition by the power of their own example! A sheep leading her twins into the cover of a hungry tiger, would be a shocking sight; to see parents by their own irreligion, or want of religion, conducting their family to the bottomless pit, is most horrible! No parent, then, can rightly discharge the duties of a parent, in the higher sense of the family compact, without that personal religion which consists in repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and a life of habitual holiness. In the absence of this, the best end of the domestic constitution must be neglected.

2. *Entire government of the temper.* A habit of self-control,
VOL. II.—H

a meekness not to be disturbed by the greatest provocation, a patience not to be wearied by long-continued opposition. I say any father or mother, Are you irritable, petulant? If so, beg this moment the work of subjugating your temper: you are in imminent peril of ruining your family. A passionate mother or father is like a fury, with a sceptre in one hand and a firebrand in the other: and when the King is a fury, the subjects are likely to be furies too; for nothing is more contagious than a bad temper. O how many parents have had to bewail, with weeping eyes and almost broken hearts, the effects of their own irritability, as apparent in the headstrong, passionate dispositions of their children. It is against this evil that the admonition of the Apostle is directed "*forbearing threatening.*" Passion blinds the judgment, leads to undue severity, fosters partialities; in short, is the source of a thousand evils in the domestic government. An irritable person can never manage discipline with propriety; but is ever prone to be correct, when correction should never be administered, in a rage. Parents! I beseech you to control your temper, and acquire a calm, imperturbable disposition; for this only can fit you to rule your household in wisdom, justice, and love.

3. *A habit of discrimination* is a very important qualification in parents; a penetrating insight into character; an acuteness in judging of motives. Such a talent is of immense consequence to the domestic community; and, connected with this, a quickness of discerning disposition, together with an inventive and ingenious faculty of adapting treatment to the varieties of character and propensity, which are continually exhibiting themselves.

4. *Kindness of manner.* An affectionate persuasive address is of great importance. It is desirable for the parents to render their company pleasant to their children, to engage their confidence, to exert over them the influence of love, which certainly cannot be done by a cold, churlish, or distant behaviour.

5. *Prudence and good sense* are qualities of such inestimable worth, and depend so much upon education, that all who have the care of children should perpetually exhibit them for imitation. A rash, thoughtless father, or a wild romantic mother, do incalculable mischief in a family.

6. *Firmness* is essentially requisite in parents: that disposition which, though at the remotest distance from all that is rigid, stern, and cruel, can master its own feelings; and amidst the strongest appeals to the tenderer emotions of the mind, can inflexibly maintain

its purpose; and in the way of denying improper requests, or administering correction, can inflict pain on the objects of its affection, whenever duty requires such an exercise of beneficial severity. Want of this disposition, of this fine and noble quality, how many have ruined their children for ever by indulgence!

ii. Varied information and extensive knowledge. Parents should be able to direct the studies, to answer the inquiries, to correct the mistakes, to regulate the pursuits, and, in short, to superintend the general instruction of their families.

iii. Unvarying and inflexible consistency should be exhibited to all whom Providence has placed at the head of a household. They should be not only excellent, but *consistently* excellent.—Unbroken uniformity should reign over the whole character: nothing contradictory, inexplicable, or irreconcilable should ever be seen.

Let all who are likely to become parents look at this picture, and learn how they are to prepare for the performance of their duty: and let those who already sustain this relationship, correct their errors, and supply their defects by this rule.—*The Family Monitor.*

RETAKING THE PLEDGE;

OR,

THE ERRING HUSBAND AND THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

A lean, pale, haggard-looking man advanced to the table at which sat the patient and good-tempered secretary to the Society, and asked if his reverence would be in shortly. A pretty, delicate-looking young woman, very scantily clad, but perfectly clean, was leaning over his shoulder as he asked the question. "I think I have seen you before, my good man," said the secretary; "and not many weeks ago."

"It was more his brother than he, sir, it was indeed," answered the haggard man's wife, courtesying, and advancing a little before her husband.

He interrupted her: "Don't try to screen me, Nelly, good girl, it is I. God knows, Nelly, I don't deserve it from you. See the marks I beat her last night, gentlemen, on both arms, like a brute. It was."

"It wasn't you, dear," said the young woman, drawing her thin arms more closely over her bruised limbs: "it was the strength of

the spirits did it, and not himself. He's as quiet a man as there in the city o' Cork, when he's sober; and as fine a workman; and he wouldn't hurt a hair of my head, barring he was in liquor."

The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted, by the secretary demanding if he had taken the pledge before.

"I did, sir!—Stand back, Nelly, and don't try to screen me. I came here and took it from Father Macleod: and, God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night, or rather all day yesterday, and—"

"Never heed telling any more about it, James dear," said the wife, eagerly; "never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian after all. You wouldn't be sending him from the Priest's knee, sir, because he broke it *once!* when, as I said before, it was his brother who was in it, and not he, only for company."

"I had no heart to come this morning—only for her," said the husband: "she remembered his Reverence preaching about the being more joy in heaven over one like me, than over ninety-nine good men. O! if she would only let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that has followed me—"

"It was the drink, James; it was the drink," reiterated the wife earnestly: "don't be distressing yourself; for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving husband or a tenderer father, on Ireland's ground. And now you'll be true to the pledge, and it's happy we'll be—and prosperous; for the master told me this blessed morning, that if he could depend on you for soberness, you'd earn your twenty-five shillings a week and have the credit to be a Monday man; and ye will, James—ye will, for my sake, and for the sake of the children at home."

"Ay," he interrupted, "and for the sake of the broken-hearted mother that bore me; and for the sake of little Mary, that I loved, in the drink. O! when the sweet look of that baby is in me,—her sweet patient look,—I think the gates of heaven never be open for such a sinner!"

While he made this confession, his arms hung powerless by his sides; and his pallid face lengthened into an expression of helpless, hopeless, irreclaimable misery. The wife turned away and burst into tears. Several evinced the quick sympathy of Irish nature for they shuddered, and murmured, "The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!" The woman was the

recover consciousness: impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms round her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonized earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge; the beautiful picture of this gentle and endearing wife as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a score of voices, "O, then, God strengthen ye to keep it!"—*Ireland: its Scenery, Character, &c., by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

TRICK OF A MONKEY.

In the year 1818, an English ship, on her passage from Jamaica to Whitehaven, had among her passengers a lady, Mrs. B., with an infant only a few weeks old. One pleasant afternoon the Captain perceived a distant sail, and after he had gratified his curiosity, politely offered his glass to the lady, that she might obtain a nearer view of the object. Mrs. B. had the baby in her arms. She wrapped her shawl about the little innocent, and placed it on a table upon which we had been sitting. Scarcely had she applied her eye to the glass, when the helmsman exclaimed, "See what a mischievous monkey has done!" The reader may judge of the female's feelings, when, on turning round, she beheld the infant in the act of transporting her beloved child apparently to the top of the mast.

The monkey was a very large one, and so strong and active, that while it grasped the infant firmly in one arm, it climbed the shrouds nimbly by the other, totally unembarrassed by the weight of its burden. One look was sufficient for the terrified mother, and that look had well-nigh been her last; and, had it not been for the assistance of those around her, she would have fallen prostrate on the deck, where she was soon afterwards stretched, apparently a lifeless corpse. The sailors could climb as well as the monkey; but the latter, watched their motions narrowly; and as it ascended higher up the mast, the moment they attempted to put their foot on the shrouds, the Captain became afraid that it would drop the child, and endeavor to escape by leaping from one mast to another.

In the meantime the little innocent was heard to cry; and though many thought it was suffering pain, their fears on this point were speedily dissipated, when they observed the monkey imitating

exactly the motions of a nurse, by dantling, soothing, and caring its charge, and even endeavoring to hush it asleep. From the deck the lady was conveyed to the cabin, and gradually restored to her senses. In the meantime, the Captain ordered every man to conceal himself below, and quietly took his own station on the cabin-stair, where he could see all that passed without being seen. This plan happily succeeded: the monkey, on perceiving that the coast was clear, cautiously descended from his lofty perch, and replaced the infant on the sofa, cold, fretful, and perhaps frightened, but in every respect as free from harm as when he took it up. The humane seamen had now a most grateful task to perform: the babe was restored to its mother's arms, amidst tears, and thanks, and blessings.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

OUT-OF-DOOR EXERCISE.

Every woman, every fashionable woman even, has a heart at least considered as the organ of circulation; and blood-vessels, the healthy play of which depends the bloom of her face, and which will not play healthily without out-of-door exercise. She has also muscles and ligaments, which have to brace her up, hold her together, and keep her clean-limbed, but will do nothing of the sort for long, unless they are maintained in proper tension by the same means. Let her loll about all day in a closs "mugger's noose, instead of exerting herself for a due time in the fresh air, and she quickly begins to droop and look unwholesome. Soon her complexion fades or grows discolored, her features are puffied and shrunken, her form either wastes or swells, she gets either haggard and lanky, or round and fat; her figure tumbles all of a heap; her ankles give out, her feet spread and flatten; her elastic step comes a waddle; and her person altogether acquires the style of a cow. Brilliant eyes, on the other hand, complexion to match, features retaining the chiselled outline, a slim and smart figure, neatly-turned ankles, finely-arched insteps, are the reward of walking or riding out at a good pace, and for a reasonable distance every practicable day. And by these means is preserved many a year a contour, the cut of which resembles that of the ostrich or the gazelle. At no period of the year is any healthy young woman, of whatever station, obliged to exchange out-of-door recreation for in-door amusement, except when it hails or rains, snows, or thunders or lightnings, or blows a hurricane. Are the

care of furs? never mind the expense: the war with Russia has not made them dearer than the attendance of a simpering-doctor. Are there not muffs, and boas, and all sorts of water-proof armor? Young ladies, take the advice of your elders, and, as the old women say, "Get out!"—in tolerable weather. As to necessary in-door amusement, mind, it also may be made conducive to beauty by being rendered in some degree intellectual. Intelligence adds considerably to the lustre of the eyes, which, without it, have only the glitter of glass beads, whilst the best-shaped and most splendidly-colored face which they can be stuck in, resembles that of a waxen dummy in a hair-dresser's shop. In order, therefore, to attract admiration, ladies of fashion would do well to cultivate intelligence, to some extent, by way of in-door amusement.—Beauty may be called a fading flower; but it is a flower that will fade very much the sooner for being taken in-doors for the winter, like a geranium.

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.

First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a smiling look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breeze; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass by them, at the same time being very sure to reserve any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear or palsify her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the latest day of her existence, throb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as yours, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield *sometimes*? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up *always*? If you never yield to her

wishes, there is danger that she will think are you selfish, and care only for yourself; and, with such feelings, she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

TOBACCO AND THE PAPER.

The *Banner of Peace* publishes an anecdote of an Elder, who declined taking the religious paper, though he admitted it to be good paper, calculated to be useful, because he could not pay for it. On inquiry, he admitted that he paid at least *six dollars* per year for *tobacco*. We fear there are too many professing Christians who starve their own minds and those of their families in order to feed a morbid appetite. We fear there are not a few who pay more for tobacco than they give to send the gospel to the destitute. Is it so?—*Christian Evangelist*.

Wicked as it may appear, we verily believe it is even “so, whosoever thus sinneth, to him shall be meted out an inevitable punishment. He shall lie down with a foul mouth, and rise up with a foul stomach. He shall set about his world or spiritual duties with a dull, stupid brain, and his congregation shall go to sleep under his preaching. He shall not be heeded, even when he utters an important truth, for he is unclean, and the smell of Tobacco is upon him. His salary shall be reduced, for he pays away good money for vile Tobacco, and furthermore, he will not practice what he preaches. His paper shall be stopped, and he shall be left in the world—away back, “behind the light house”—in total moral darkness. Yes, indeed, that’s what clerical Tobacco-cheyers will come to.—*Water-Cure Journal*.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE

I shall always endeavor to make choice of such a woman for my spouse who hath first made choice of Christ as a spouse for herself; that none may be made “one flesh” with me who is not made “one spirit” with Christ my Saviour. For I look upon the image of Christ as the best work of beauty I can behold in her, and the grace of God as the best portion I can receive with her. These are excellencies which, though not visible to our carnal eyes, are nevertheless agreeable to a spiritual heart; and such as all wise and good men cannot choose but be enamored with

my own part, they seem to me such necessary qualifications, that my heart trembles at the thought of ever having a wife without them. What! shall I marry one that is wedded to her sins? Shall such an one be united to me here, who shall be separated from me for ever hereafter, and condemnaed to everlasting burnings? No: if it ever be my lot to enter into that state, I beg of God that he would direct me in the choice of such a wife only, to be in my bosom here, as may afterwards be admitted to rest in Abraham's bosom to all eternity; such an one as will so live, and pray, and converse with me upon earth, that we may both be enabled to sing, to rejoice, and be blessed together for ever in heaven. That this may be my portion and felicity, I firmly resolve never to set upon such a design before I have first solicited the throne of grace, and begged of my heavenly Father to honour me with the partnership of one of his beloved children; and shall afterwards be as careful and cautious as I can, never to fix my affections upon any woman for a wife, till I am thoroughly persuaded of the grounds I have to love her as a true Christian.

A GOOD WIFE.

She commandeth her husband in any equal matter by constantly obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy-husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.—

God never wrought a miracle to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.—*Lord Bacon.*

AN EVIL UNDER THE SUN.

Rum drinking, wine bibbing, tobacco chewing and smoking doctors, whether of law, divinity, or medicine, should be regarded as unworthy men, and under no circumstances entrusted with that which strictly belongs to their calling. No community or people should think for a moment of supporting a physician who is a slave to the bottle, quid or pipe. Hundreds, yes thousands, of the most obdurate, case hardened, tobacco chewers and smokers, date their downfall, ruin and degradation to the advice of some tobacco chewing doctor!

O, yes, smoke a little—only a *very* little, for the toothache, a watery stomach, or some other ailment! Thus the fatal bait is seized—and now these poor, miserable souls are fully in the clutches of this degrading, debasing, sottish, polluting, body and soul destroying habit! Is not this wicked? Does not a double portion of guilt rest upon the heads of these improvident, injudicious, ill advisers?

Know better? How can they help it? Hundreds and thousands of the most learned, distinguished and skilful physicians have testified, again and again, that tobacco is not only unnecessary, in any and *every* case, but is a virulent, deadly poison, and should never be permitted to foul the lips of mortals. With these testimonies, and the accumulated light of centuries, staring them full in the face, these tobacco chewing and smoking doctors persist in advising young men and old men, and even the delicate female, to use the “accursed thing.”

Dr. Newton, of Cincinnati, alluding to this same point, speaks thus unequivocally:

“Let the community look out for this class of physicians. Pass all such by as you would the worst culprit in the world, for he is not fit to fill any position in life, so long as he continues such habits; he is death to his patients, a terror to his family, a disgrace to community, and nothing on earth or heaven can save him but the loving kindness and mercy of God.”

TO YOUNG LADIES.

The following advice to young ladies, in regard to their treatment of domestics, is worthy of serious consideration:

Kindness to servants—genuine, judicious kindness—is not the most common thing in the world. In your father’s house, be care-

not to tax them too heavily; be considerate for their welfare, and endeavor to gain their respect and good will.

You can scarcely conceive of the labor you may save them by neatness and carefulness, according to the golden rule; by putting your books, working materials, wearing apparel, &c., in their proper places, when you have done using them; by early rising and early retiring. Never ring for a servant unless it be absolutely necessary: consider whether you have a right to make even your hired maid take two steps to save yourself one. Nothing shows a person's ill-breeding more plainly than a selfish, harsh, imperious manner towards a servant. Avoiding that vicious or frivolous familiarity which "breeds contempt," consider what is really due to the feelings and character of a faithful hireling, and demonstrate by your conduct, that you have no contempt for those whom God has placed in a subordinate station, and that you recognize no vulgarity as pertaining to station but only to character.

Besides, aim at reform, strive to elevate; above all, seek the soul's salvation.

CHOICE SAYINGS.

SOME RESOLUTIONS OF A PIOUS MAN COMMENCING LIFE, AND DESIRING TO LIVE TO GOD.

Let me seek to attain a single, simple heart, and never speak to God or man without desiring the end I profess. Let me beware of formality in discharging religious duties. Let prayer, conversation, preaching, all flow from the heart. Let me first feel the force of truth myself, and then impress it on others. Let me feel the force of every truth and argument with which I am conversant. Let me be not so much *learned* as *wise*.

Let me be careful to apply to my most painful, humble duties first, and most attentively.

Let me continually engage in labors enjoined by God, and with the ends and temper He requires, and feel a perfect confidence in Him for support. Let my whole life be a leaning upon God.

Let me place duty on the ground of privilege, and consider every opportunity of employing time usefully a favor; and in every state ask only, *What is duty?*

When any particular sin occurs to my mind, let me connect it with an act of penitent humiliation before God, and renewed application to the ever-open fountain for sin and uncleanness, so that

even sin may be overruled so as to lead to a communion with God.

Let me live in continual preparation for prayer, in such a state of mind that I may immediately engage in it.

In conversation, let me draw persons from evil-speaking and contention, and painful or injurious subjects, by catching some thought suggested, and making it the ground of remark.

Let me strive to connect every personal enjoyment with acts of kindness to my neighbor. Whenever I enjoy, let me ask, How can I impart and diffuse happiness? and let me make every pleasure a bond of friendship, a ground of communion, esteeming it chiefly on this account. When I suffer, let me ask, How can I relieve similar suffering, wherever it exists? and so quicken sympathy, and improve experience.

ETERNITY! O ETERNITY!

Immortal men, are you to spend an eternity in heaven or in hell and are you losing yourselves among the vanities of this world? Will you never awake? Sleep on, then, and take your rest. But know you that the mists of death will soon gather around you.— You will be laid upon a dying bed. Time has gone, and eternity has come. I see you lying there without a friend to help you in heaven or earth. I see you cast back your eyes on misspent Sabbaths, on murdered privileges, on wasted time. You remember the calls you once rejected. I hear you cry, "I had a soul, but prized it not; and now my soul is gone. Ten thousand worlds for one more year! ten thousand worlds for one more Sabbath in the house of God!" I look a little farther, and I see the perturbations of the troubled sky. The sign of the Son of Man appears in heaven. The last trumpet sounds. That body which had been committed to the grave is organized afresh. It opens its eyes on the strange commotions of a dissolving world. It is forced to ascend. The judgment-seat is set in the clouds of heaven, and the books are opened. I hear you cry to rocks and to mountains to cover you; but rocks and mountains are sunk in the general ruin. The books are opened, and on a black page are spread out all the sins of your life. That page is held up before a frowning universe. The judgment ended, the Judge prepares to speak. God of mercy, save me from that hour! Eternal justice lowers upon His awful brow. His right hand grasps ten thousand thousands. With a look, before which heaven and earth flee away. He

God burns full upon his foes: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." But I return: and, blessed be God, I still find myself on praying ground, and my dear hearers about me. This is not the judgment-day. But, my beloved friends, I expect soon to meet you at that bar, and give an account of my labours among you to-day. It is in full view of that awful scene that I am speaking thus to you. I would not have you perish; but if you perish, I would clear my garments of your blood.—
Dr. Griffin.

A WIFE.

"When a man of sense," says Mrs. Hannah More, "comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, gratify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

SATURDAY EVENING.

The scenes of the day are closing: its busy fancies, its distracting cares, its toils and excitements, are giving place to calmer thoughts, to solemn reflection, and to the whispers of conscience. The shadows of eternity are mingling with the scenes of time; a sense of accountability oppresses me: the mind begins to survey the inner world with awe; the value of the soul, its relation to God, and its approach to eternity. Behind me is another week, spent, perhaps, in the vanities of earth: before me is a reproving Sabbath, with its solemn demands, its precious opportunities, its means of grace.

The flight of time for a moment arrests my attention: how fugitive and stealthy have been its hours, now brightened by hope, and then darkened by real or prospective gloom! But they have passed, their record is sealed, and I have advanced another week in my journey to the tomb.

The thought of death succeeds: there is a rapidly-approaching hour when my probation will end, and my eternal state commence. How deep and awful is the shadow which it casts over life! how

do the vanities of time, its riches, its honours, its pleasures, flee away from its frown! Of what value to the departing spirit are the coveted glories of earth, as it enters the portals of death?

To-morrow is the Sabbath. It commemorates a risen Redeemer: it is the pledge of our resurrection from the dead; "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Let me then welcome its hallowed hours: let its Divine calm subdue my soul; let me enter the chamber of communion with God; let me turn my feet to His sanctuary; let me behold Him in His ordinances; and let me enjoy a foretaste of that sweeter communion and that nobler worship where is no setting sun, no closing hymn, no departing congregation.

My last Sabbath will soon arrive. O may it find me waiting for my Lord! With joyful steps let me enter the dark valley, fearing no evil: the gloom of death shall vanish in the light of His coming who is the Resurrection and the Life. "Jesus has trodden the dreary path before me: the dying Jesus has brightened the dismal mansion, and left an inviting fragrance in those beds of dust." In the strength of my Redeemer, I will not fear thee, thou grim messenger; thy blunted arrow shall fall harmless at my feet; and, by the side of my Immanuel, I will pass through thy kingdom, and from thy dark domains I will ascend to His Father and my Father, to His God and my God.

MARRIAGE TIES.

No deliberation or circumspection can be too great in a transaction of such importance as the choice of a partner for life. An error here leads to the most awful consequences. It is fatal and irretrievable. The Christian is concerned, in a particular manner to proceed with peculiar caution in forming this delicate and important connexion. No personal attractions, no brilliancy of talent, no elegance of manners, no polish of education, should induce him to form such a connexion till he has unquestionable evidence that these pleasing qualities are connected with *real and genuine piety*. This is the gem which sparkles with undiminished lustre in the darkest seasons of adversity, and in the broad sunshine of prosperity; which illumines the cottage and adorns the palace which outshines the brightest diamonds upon earth; and which will emit eternal splendor from the crown of glory in heaven. T

possession of the "pearl of great price" is essentially requisite to the enjoyment of conjugal felicity; but an abundance of "this world's goods" is far from being requisite. Such abundance generally increases the cares and anxieties of life, but seldom, if ever, adds to its real comfort. All who enter into the marriage-state from mercenary motives, though they may enlarge their possessions, and increase their fortune, live in splendid misery, and find that they have bartered happiness for wealth. The connexion which is truly desirable is pure and disinterested; it unites hearts and binds in the bonds of mutual love. Human life has few enjoyments so exquisite as that of loving and being loved. No pleasures are so comparable to pleasures which affect the *heart*. Such, in a peculiar manner, are the pleasures which are found in the sweet retirement of domestic life. They are simple, they are innocent, they are virtuous.—*Stowel*.

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS.

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

LETTER V.

ON FEMALE RESERVE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

This subject is so nearly allied to a previous one, namely, modesty of behaviour, that it is difficult to make a distinction; and they are, without doubt, two distinct virtues. Perhaps the reserve I refer to may be termed the habit of the mind whence arises an outward modesty of conduct. There is a certain natural reserve of temper which is not particularly connected with any divine grace, but possessed indiscriminately by men and women, showing itself in great shyness and distance, particularly to strangers, and in a particular caution of word and look, even to acquaintances, which seems to imply a fear of being imposed upon those with whom we are in company, and lest we should by any means put ourselves in their power. It is not this kind of reserve which I now wish to speak.

There is an inherent playfulness of gesture and countenance natural to some good-natured, lively girls, by which they intend nothing but to amuse, if indeed they intend anything at all; but it is more truly a spontaneous flow of the spirits, which cannot be

prevented without effort. This disposition is, however, far from being safe: it can only procure for you from the kindest of your friends the character of thoughtless girls, whose hearts are better than their heads. Directly opposed, however, and even more to be avoided, is that affectation of reserve, which shows itself by airs of disdain, evident constraint of look and manner, and pretended aversion to men. I say pretended, because it is contrary to nature and Providence that there should be any such dislike on either side. This assumed severity of manners is a disguise easily seen through, and frequently betrays beneath the mask of prudery the abominable heart of a coquette. The esteem of men of worth can only be secured by corresponding qualities of mind in women: truth, sincerity, and a just sense of those feminine virtues which ought to characterise the sex: of these, the reserve I wish you to possess is a permanent and valuable property, or rather, a very striking feature. It unites modesty with innocence, the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove: the same quality, if I may be permitted a comparison, in a human being, as that possessed by the sensitive-plant. "If there be any virtue, if any praise, think on these things." So gratify your affectionate mother.

CONSECRATION OF WEALTH.

But it is not merely the successful resistance of evil, and the continuance of the church in its present state, that will suffice: *there must be extension*; and this, with its spirituality and permanence, may be viewed as completing its prosperity. "The field" for evangelical cultivation "is the world;" and, in our day, the world is open to us in almost every part; and the ocean, around us, is the highway of communication. But how few, comparatively speaking, are the portions of the field that can be entered for want of the "right consecration of wealth" towards this Christian enterprise. Take the map of the world, spread it before you, dissect it into moral partitions, and mark upon it the Missionary stations, and you will see how "few and far between" they are. A few solitary Missionaries are lodged in the skirts of the great continents and empires, but the depths of them are unpenetrated. Central Africa is yet unknown. Hindostan, China, Tartary, Persia, with their vast cities, and populous villages, are almost untouched by Christian laborers. And, as for the parts that have been entered, the fields which were white unto the harvest could not

ally gathered, because of the bare supply of spiritual husbandmen, The voices of dying Missionaries, sinking into premature graves, by unrelieved labors, have sounded to us from the other side of the globe, and call unto us, "Send Missionaries! send Missionaries!" and Heathens, ready to perish, have stretched out their hands to us for help; and yet, through the want of the "right consecration of wealth," no help could be sent. It is a fact which must not be concealed, that your Missionaries abroad are worn down to skeletons through the inadequacy of their number to meet the demands which success has brought upon them. They ask not so much for food and clothing, as for helpers in their toil. They describe the ship "John Wesley" as containing "a whole cargo of disappointment," when she arrives laden with "provisions," and contains but one Missionary. The natives of the South-Sea Islands, when they see an English ship, launch their frail canoes from the coral-reef, and, paddling onwards till they reach the British sailor's ear, they ask for "Missionaries." The only answer that can be given is, "For want of funds, no additional Missionaries can be sent;" and, to some extent, the spiritual children of the departed Waterhouse, Bumby, Hunt, Francis Wilson, and others, are left as sheep having no shepherd.

It has been estimated that, of the free annual income of Great Britain and Ireland, not more than one pound in seven hundred and fifty is given for the spread of Christian truth in heathen lands.—Most assuredly such a proportion of wealth is far below what ought to be consecrated to this object. If but the humble impost of two per cent, were laid upon the annual income of the United Kingdom, "This would produce, for the extension of the church of Christ in the heathen world, a yearly sum of six millions. A sum eight or nine times the amount at present contributed by all Evangelical Missionary Societies put together. And, then, if the patriarchal and Jewish examples of contribution to the service of God were but imitated,—that of giving a tenth to Him,—sufficient would remain to support and extend religion at home. But I refrain from making patriarchal vows and Jewish laws the standard for Christian beneficence. There is to be a freeness and a fulness of gifts to the service of God under the Christian dispensation, which shall make the glory of the latter house surpass the glory of the former house, in this respect, as it does in others. The cross, the infinite sacrifice of Christ, is to be our standard and motive to benevolence. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," says the Apostle

Paul, when exhorting the Corinthians to liberality, "that, though He was rich, yet, for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." *Freely* we have received, *freely* we are to give. The prophetic descriptions of the consecration of wealth to Christ are those of abundance and munificence. "The abundance of the seas," "the forces of the Gentiles," "the flocks of Kedar," "the ships of Tarshish," "the glory of Lebanon," and "the gold of Sheba," are all to be given to Him. Under His government, men shall "consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth." At His advent, "gold, incense, and frankincense, and myrrh," were the offerings of "the wise men of the East;" and these were earnest and pledges that the treasures of the eastern world shall, eventually be consecrated to Him. In the days of His flesh, Zaccheus, the rich publican, who gave half his goods to feed the poor; Mary, the grateful sister of Lazarus, who consecrated to Him the alabaster-box of very precious ointment; and the poor widow, who cast into the treasury all her living, were approved and honoured by Him. Christianity is intended to be a free, generous, and bountiful system. It is not to be fettered in swathing-bands, and governed by leading-strings, as was religion in the days of infant Israel, under Moses. It is religion in its strength and maturity; and must prove itself such by manly gifts and labors. It is unrestricted by Jewish tithes. It is intended to be a religion of self-forgetfulness and sacrifice. As its name denotes, it is "charity" or "love."

I do not mean by these declarations, that no definite laws are given by Christ and His Apostles, for the exercise of Christian liberality. It has been enjoined, on the Saviour's own authority, that no gifts are to be presented by His people for the purpose of ostentatious display. We are not to give "that we may be seen of men." "He that giveth," says St. Paul, "let him do it with simplicity;" that is, let it be given with pure and unmixed motives for the glory of God. Our gifts are to be regular and stated, and not casual and uncertain. They are to be ready stored up against "the first day of the week." They are to be in proportion to our means, "as the Lord hath prospered us;" and according to the facility afforded us, "as we have opportunity." These are the more prominent laws contained in the Scriptures for Christian liberality, and they serve to instruct us in the "*right consecration of wealth.*"—*Rev. F. J. Jobson.*

DREAMS.

What are dreams? Whence come they? What mysterious union do they indicate between the human mind and the unseen world? Are they only distorted images of reality, suggestive of the presence of an ethereal power of which the waking man is unconscious? Are they fragmentary recollections of actual life, or ghostly foreshadowings of the future, creeping over the soul in its passive hours? Are they oracles to be depended upon; or ought every man of full age and competent intelligence to dismiss them as the mere fumes of a heated imagination. Is there any key to their interpretation; or, if there ever was, has it been lost, like other precious things, in the rolling stream of time? Would its recovery, if such a thing were possible, lessen the intensity of any of the pains, or add to the reality of any of the pleasures, of human life? Are they, in short, of the earth, earthy? come they from the regions beneath? or are they kindly warnings from above? Are they fanned into cloudy shape by the black wings of demons, or created in visions of our head upon our bed by the agency of ministering angels?

All these questions are simply confessions of ignorance, the groings of the mind in darkness, and plainly indicate how much there is of which we know nothing. We might guess at certain answers, but they would leave us in the region of uncertainty; and we might submit hypotheses, but whether physical, metaphysical, or purely spiritual, they would only be hypothetical. In fact, the every nature of the case precludes certainty. They take place in our sleep; and when we awake to reason they have gone. They will not submit to the anatomist, nor endure cross-questioning, nor return at our bidding. We have but the poor aid of memory to shape their fantastic outline into something having form, upon which the tantalised mind may contract its theory; and all we can say of them is, they are consistent with themselves, they are dreams still, coming one knows not whence, departing one knows not whither, teaching one knows not what. These remarks, however, are meant to apply only to the generality of ordinary dreams.

The abstract question, whether God can influence the minds of any of His intelligent creatures by secret communion with them in the silence of the night, is in reality no question with us. We believe that He can: we are certain that He has done so. Eliphaz speaks thus to Job; "Now a thing was secretly brought to me,

and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, and I heard a still voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Job himself says, "When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions." Very many instances of dreams and visions are recorded in Scripture. The fact, then, is certain, that God has spoken to men by this agency; but from their peculiar liability to be abused to purposes of superstition and idolatry, they were made the subject of distinct legislation among the ancient Jews. They were not permitted to hearken to dreamers, soothsayers, and diviners, but they were allowed to consult God through His true Prophets respecting the explanation of their dreams; and it is not a little remarkable that in the very passage which prohibits their intercourse with those who professed to understand such secrets, the promise is given of Christ, the great Prophet, whose "words they should hear, and to whom they should attentively hearken,"—a clear intimation, I think, that under the Christian dispensation, when the canon of Scripture should be completed, attention to dreams would be unwarranted and unnecessary. And the opening sentence of the Epistle to the Hebrews confirms this opinion:—"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners"—among which dreams and visions held no subordinate place—"spake in time past unto the fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds." The doctrines of the Saviour are therefore final.—*Leask*.

"KISS THE SON."

The allusion is made to the practice of the heathen and idolatrous nations around them, among whom the worshipers were accustomed to kiss their images as a proof of fervent devotion.—Hosea refers to this, chap. xiii. 2. Cicero mentions a brazen statue at Agrigentum, worn down in the feature of the mouth by the frequent kissing of the multitude.—*Mason Good*.

Poetry.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

There was a sound of wailing beside a cottage-hearth,
Its loveliest and its fairest flower had pass'd away from earth.

"Darling!" so the mother's breast
Pour'd forth sadly its unrest :
"As a summer flow'ret blasted,
As a pearly raindrop wasted ;
As the spring-morn's fragrant breath,
Tainted by decay and death ;
So thy life hath pass'd away,
Thy sweet beauty, it is clay.

"Morn awakes, but song of gladness
Silent is for utter sadness :
Vesper twilight's rosy flush
Waketh not thy joyous gush :
Radiant smile and glance of light
Come not with the closing night ;
And the stars, whose clustering grace
Thou, in wild delight, would'st trace,
From their azure depths look forth
Mournfully upon the earth :—
Darling! thou hast pass'd away,
Thy sweet beauty, it is clay."

And a deeper sound of wailing was by that cottage-hearth,
For its loveliest and fairest flower thus pass'd away from earth.

"Flowers are round our cottage-home,
Bell and bud shed sweet perfume,—
Many a bright and golden wreath
Odour flings to morning's breath ;
Dew and sunshine, light and shade,
Still shall bless each starry glade ;
Woo and win sweet treasures there,
Waking myriad blossoms fair :
But thy hand is icy chill,—
And thy joyous voice is still !
Lone and sorrowful, I weep
Thou no more may'st wake from sleep ;
Darling child ! thy mother's heart
Shrinketh from its all to part !"

But a gentle voice and soothing broke on that mother's ear
And awhile the bitter sob she cheek'd, its low sweet tones to hear

“ Weep not, mother ! she doth rest
In the clime where all is blest :
Where the bright flowers may not fade,
And the sky doth know no shade ;
And the blight of death no more
Brood o'er mourning sea and shore,
She hath 'scaped from grief away,
Toil and conflict of life's day ;—
She hath swept a living lyre,—
Woke a strain of heavenly fire ;
Mingled with the seraph-throng,
Blest in their immortal song :—
Weep not, mother ! she doth rest
In the clime where all is blest !

And the mother gazed in calmness upon her darling child.
And the tempest of her bosom, and her murmuring thoughts,
were still'd ;—
And e'er as with a chasten'd heart she view'd her last low rest.
She whisper'd, “ Thou hast 'scaped from earth, and darling, thou
art blest !”

Belper.

ADELINE.

THE INDIAN'S INQUIRY.

Where dwelleth God? O traveller, say,—
Thou, from the land of fame,—
Whose people bow beneath His sway,
And call upon His name,
While we, our bright-haired children slain,
Weep at the demon-shrine in vain.

Oft in the high and solemn trees
His going have we heard,
When, like the distant sound of seas,
The bright leaves have been stirr'd,
And fell the soft, refreshing showers,
In music, on the forest-bowers.

Oft in the sultry calm of day
He calls unto the clouds,
While the glad sunlight hastes away,
And gloom the forest shrouds ;
Then wings the lightning's arrowy wrath,
And pours the thunder o'er its path.

In twilight of the deepest wood
 We've listen'd for His voice ;
 And where the mighty, gleaming flood
 Pours down in thunder-noise,
 We've heard His footsteps passing by,
 And listen'd, but He came not nigh.

We've sought amid the starry train
 Of midnight's solemn sky,
 And gazed o'er all the heaven in vain,
 His dwelling to descry ;
 But 'midst the dim and starry sheen,
 No trace of His bright home have seen.

Holds He his court within the sky
 Where twilight builds her bowers ?
 Or loveth He the majesty
 Of morning's gorgeous towers ?
 Say, will the Indian's feeble prayer
 Enter His dim pavillion there ?

Or dwells He in the far-off west,
 Where sky and ocean meet ;
 And the loud billows, rock'd to rest,
 Gleam bright beneath His feet,
 And spirits of a world unknown
 Harp, with sweet music, round His throne ?

Or dwells He in some marble dome
 Far down beneath the wave,
 Where man's proud footsteps never come,
 Unless, to find a grave ;
 'Midst ruins of a world o'erthrown
 In silence, buildeth He his throne ?

The music of His voice to hear
 Our souls would gladly bow ;
 Haste! the dark Indians home to cheer,
 He waiteth, Christian, now :
 From rites of blood, from error's sway,
 O call his darken'd heart away !

J. T. M.

THE HARVEST HOME.

God of the rolling year! to thee
 Our songs shall rise, whose bounty pours
 In many a goodly gift, with free
 And liberal hand, our autumn stores ;

No firstlings of our flock we slay,
 No soaring clouds of incense rise,
 But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
 Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Borne on thy breath, the lap of spring
 Was heaped with many a blooming flower :
 And smiling summer joyed to bring
 The sunshine and the gentle shower ;
 And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
 The ripening seed, the bursting shell,
 The golden sheaf and laden bough,
 The fullness of thy bounty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
 Here wait a titled lord's behest,
 But many a fair and peaceful home
 Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest ;
 No groves of palm our fields adorn,
 No myrtle shades our orange bowers,
 But rustling sheaves of golden corn,
 And fields of waving grain, are ours.

Safe in thy care, the landscape o'er,
 Our flocks and herds securely stray ;
 No tyrant master claims our store,
 No ruthless robber rends away ;
 No fierce volcano's withering shower,
 No fell simoon, with poisonous breath,
 Nor burning sun, with baleful power,
 Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee,
 Where lengthened vale and pastures lie,
 And streams go singing mild and free,
 Beneath a blue and smiling sky ;
 Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
 Where crowned oppressors never trod,
 Here at the throne of heaven alone,
 Shall man in reverence bow to God.

TEARS OF LOVE.

I saw her watch the child,
 While peacefully he slept ;
 And, O, full oft he sweetly smiled,
 But yet the mother wept.

She pray'd the child might dwell
 With saints in heaven above ;
 And as she pray'd, there swiftly fell
 The tears of love.