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THE LONDON PUBLISHERS

THE YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND,

AND

THE FRIEND OF THE YOUNG.

DECEMBER, 1854.

[Nos. 11 & 12.]

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TORONTO:

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

Vol. I.]

DECEMBER 1854.

[Nos. 11 AND 12.

WINTER AND ITS ASSOCIATES.

"Thou crownest the year with goodness," said the inspired Psalmist; a sentiment this which recognized the fact that each successive season brought its own evidences of the Creator's love and care. We say not but that winter in other latitudes may pass over more mildly and with less alteration in the face of nature than in our own; and we leave our talented friends Duncan and Mudie to detail the philosophy of these differences, as well as the varied appearances, zoological, botanical, and meteoric, which this season, in the different parts of the earth, exhibits. Our task lies in a different direction. Christianity with us gives the winter a peculiar charm, especially to religious society: our family circles are better compacted together when the daylight closes with, or before, the hour of tea, and the inducements to wander abroad no longer exist. The evening services in the house of God are in general better attended: persons whose occupation or profession required all their hours of daylight in the summer, now take their places in their much-loved chapel or church. The softened gas-light, the comparative stillness of the surrounding world, the consequent seclusion of the sacred place, and the connected and hushed attention of the congregation, are all circumstances to be looked forward to and welcomed; and so favourable are they to the spread of religion, at least in our home-society, that Christians are now in the habit of considering the early and the latter months of the year as seasons of especial grace, and in which we more confidently look for the conversion of sinners, and the establishment of believers in faith and holiness. We take the liberty of reminding our friends, the readers of the *Cottager's Friend*—who are nearly all members of religious families, and we would fain hope religious, or seeking to be so, themselves,—that the winter is an interesting season of duty. The probable coldness of the weather, joined to the darkness of the morning hours, will make rising early a work of severe self-denial; but if self-denial and redeeming time be Christian duties, it will be noble so as-

sert practically the superiority of the expanding mind over the weak and indulged body ; as well as pious to make a sacrifice for God. Christian females, on account of their natural delicacy, will often shrink from the keen and cutting atmosphere, when the appointed hour arrives for going their rounds to present their tracts, or to collect for Bible and Missionary Societies,—a department of toil which usually falls to their lot ; but when their health is not likely to be endangered, a courageous promptitude and perseverance will have the happiest effect upon themselves and upon the cause which they serve. Mr. Wesley once said, in reference to a bitter journey he took into the north, in the month of February, 1745 : “ Many a journey have I had before, but one like this I never had, between wind, and hail, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. But it is past. Those days will return no more, and are therefore as though they had never been.

‘ Pain, disappointment, sickness strife,
Whate'er molests or troubles life ;
However, grievous in its stay,
It shakes the tenement of clay ;
When past, as nothing we esteem,
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.’ ”

It is well for us to have high examples ; and though we cannot exhort upon our young friends to emulate the toils of that great man, yet we may exhort them to imitate in their sphere the hallowed cheerfulness with which they were encountered.

In winter the privations of the poor are generally great, out-door employment being scarce, and fuel dear ; and although the poor of our country are greatly elevated in point of comfort over the corresponding class in other countries,—Russia, for instance,—yet compared with the flourishing tradesman, or even with the higher mechanic, the lower labouring classes have to struggle much with their indigence. Nor, as far as legislation is concerned, can it be otherwise in an empire whose very social existence depends upon the harmonious union of high and low, rich and poor : so variously are the gifts of Providence distributed, whether of wealth, or influence, or wisdom, that equality among men can possibly have no existence but an ideal one, and that only in the dreams of infidel political theorists. It was the authority which said, ‘ The poor ye always have with you.’ Hence then we want the bland influence of our religious youth. Go, ye who are beloved by your families, and esteemed by your Christian companions, and during the months of winter, go, with whatever influence and address God has given you, and form to yourselves a circle of attached and grateful friends in the cottages around you. It is necessary that you should always, or even often, give money ; for money may not always be at your disposal to give. You effect more when you take an affectionate interest in their sorrows, trials, and wants, when you speak encouraging words to their children ; when

humbly and modestly remind them of the claims of their God and Saviour ; and when occasionally you use your influence to obtain for them, from your respective homes, little comforts, however small or insignificant those comforts may be in themselves. O what floods of temptation from the minds of the poor would a general course like this remove ! Too many of them are persuaded that benevolence and love are fled from the earth ; but here this persuasion is refuted. You each will make the names of your families venerated in the circles where you reside, and will bind in the strongest social bonds the class to which they belong with that of which yourselves are members, —a result not brought about by enacting human laws, but by carrying those of Christianity into full effect. You each may, according to your piety or talent, become, without any temptation to ambition, the presiding spirit of a given locality, and may be the honoured instruments of peopling the Sunday-schools and the church of God, as well as contributing to an indefinite extent to the amount of domestic enjoyment. Much more might be said on the subject of duty ; but we must not trench on the office of the Christian pulpit. Suffice it to say, that duty and enjoyment go hand in hand.

The winter has its recreations, and especially those which are connected with social intercourse ; and it is by no means to sadden or interrupt those recreations that the writer would quote the well-remembered saying of the Apostle, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God ;" for he is persuaded that a consciousness of our heavenly Father's complacency, combining itself with all our attempts to please, or desires to be pleased, will, on the other hand, make the cheerful more cheerful, and the amiable more amiable still. Evening parties, in the way that they are often managed, it must be acknowledged, are productive of anything but rational and pure enjoyment. Let us not give offence by saying so, and let us not be deemed cynical ; for that is a character which we hold in perfect abhorrence, loving as we do everything that belongs to young people : and if we give expression to, we will not say indulge in, a few strictures on this subject, let it be attributed to the desire we feel to see our social circles more worthy of the Christianity and intelligence which we are assumed to possess, and more productive of that sacred cheerfulness which every one who feels aright professes to desire. In the first place, too little discrimination is observed in sending out the invitations to an evening party : persons of the utmost disparity in age, and of the most opposite tastes, are brought together ;—the young and the aged, the thoughtless and the meditative, the refined and those who have not been favoured with equal advantages. Even if all are good, they are good in their own way ; and thus when they are introduced into the room, they are each in fear of the other, and a painful restraint is imposed on every one. There is no one present but has his or her favourite soul-stirring theme ; but how shall it be adverted to in the presence of so many who are supposed to have no ear and no feeling for

the subject? There may be in the whole a treasury of feeling and information; but how shall each individual contribute a portion, fromed on, as imagination would suggest, by the uncongeniality of surrounding companions? One or two attempts may indeed be made by those who have most self-possession; but, if they are met with indifference, after this they are made no more, and the individuals resist themselves to listen and contribute to the common-places of the hour. After this tea appears; and it would be very sad if the refined courtesies of Christian politeness and benevolent feeling, which are due to the softer sex should be withheld; but besides this, the conversation which now confessedly becomes more animated, is too often most painfully flippant. A running fire, so to speak, is kept up between certain of the youthful party; an incessant *ad captandum* skirmish, a catching at words; an ascription of motives; a wilful misunderstanding of sentiments: not those occasional and brilliant turns which the truly talented and good can give to a passing remark, embodying as they ever will, both mind and benevolence; not those bright and stinging pleasantries which like sunbeams illumine the soul without piercing or annoying the feelings; but an everlasting play with the drapery of conversation, until the less ingenious are wearied beyond measure, like the tortured father who tells his romping boy to play no more; and till those who are only spectators of this wordy tournament hardly know into what tangled thicket the principals have jostled themselves. After tea comes the attraction of music; and a great attraction it is, when not hackneyed and degraded. But the charm is frequently lost from there being too much; every lady being required to take her turn at the instrument, from the most skilful performer with the most perfect piece, to the youngest student with the most lesson-like composition; and every gentleman to accompany, if the music requires it, according to his ability. In a youthful company of unequal talent, persons of good taste are soon satisfied, at least within the compass of an hour; and persons of no taste at all are at first indifferent, and then, if the performances be prolonged, become annoyed, and earnestly wish for the hour of refreshments, which sooner or later arrives, and with it very frequently the flippancy of the tea-table too; and soon after, and without prayer to God, the party separate,—the thoughtless confirmed in their tendencies and habits, and the pious and thoughtful wounded with the conviction that the evening has been irrecoverably lost. In all this there is nothing for the heart. There may be a little for the surface of fancy, or ingenuity; but it is not by either of these that a deep interest is taken in the purposes for which our kind friends so often call us together. To this kind of sociality, as a source of happiness, we may apply the words of the blessed Redeemer: "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again." The writer would again disclaim the remotest intention of diminishing the enjoyments of the winter parlour: he would rather enhance them, and in Cowper's words would say,

" Let no man charge me that I mean
 To clothe in sable every social scene,
 And give good company a face severe,
 As if they met around a father's bier ;
 For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent,
 And laughter all their work, is life misspent,
 Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
 ' Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.'
 To find the medium, asks some share of wit,
 And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.
 But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
 A brighter scene beyond that vale appears ;
 Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
 Shoots between scatter'd rocks and opening shades :
 And while it shows the hand the soul desires,
 The language of the land she seeks inspires."

That has been said, has not been said in anger, or in satire, or in ridicule ; but in sorrow, and still more in the hope that our young friends will devise a more excellent way.

In order to assist in finding that more excellent way, we might advise thus, or in some such way as this. Let discrimination be used in sending invitations for an evening party ; let the individuals be as much alike as possible in their tastes and feelings, and circumstances ; that when brought together they may breathe a congenial atmosphere ; that none may be daunted at the presence or disaffected taste of another, and thereby be prevented from giving vent to the language of the heart in reference to his or her best-beloved subject. Let not the company be too large ; for, in such a case, the warmth and glow of sociality cannot exist, and in despite of almost every effort, the whole will, in the course of the evening, be broken up into groups and sections completely isolated from each other, that is, as far as the purposes of friendship are concerned. Let the invitations include a person of known intelligence and influence if it be possible, who is known to be interested with the society of youth, and who is alive to all their sympathies : such a person may frequently be found in the Minister of the congregation ; and when he cannot be had, one who fills some subordinate office in the church might profitably take his place.

Such a person is generally presumed to have at his command a fund, greater or less, of anecdote and recollections ; and with this advantage he could lead the conversation without the least appearance of obtrusion. The circumstances of the occasion would lead him to this ; his influence would justify him in doing it ; and nothing but indifference, or offensive loquacity, on the part of those who were present, would prevent him from being completely successful. A well-told anecdote of the great, the illustrious, and the good, whether they are living or dead, or a revived passage of private history, has often in a well selected-company called forth a most animated and de-

lightful conversation. Many of us can recollect seeing the faces of our friends radiant with kindly excitement and delight, when some kind person in the semicircle has, by a single glance at some one gone by, and qualified by a comment of his own, sent us all to our principles and opinions. There will be differences of opinion, no doubt; and would we have those differences of opinion suppressed, and a tame acquiescence forced upon every proposition, for fear of offending against a false politeness? By no means. That might do very well in a hollow and heartless state of society, but not where candour and love, in their own beautiful simplicity, are allowed to reign. No; those who are well-informed and pious will be glad to state their views, and modestly, and with tender respect to others, will endeavour to support them. They will draw out the fulness of their own hearts and the fulness of the hearts of others, and the coldness of mere ceremony will have no place; and if there be any present who have no inclination for this mode of spending time, and who rather throw an obstacle in the way thereof, they ought to be humbled, to think how far they have yet, to rise in the scale of mental and Christian improvement, before they can be truly interesting companions to others, or truly happy in society, and in themselves. Let your arrangements then, as regards invitations, be well made; and seldom will there be reason to regret that the allotted time has passed, either in unmeaning frivolity, or cold reserve.

If music be introduced, it would be well to confine the performance to the most select compositions which you are familiar with; and then it will not take up all the evening, and a distaste will be created against everything that is inferior: for there are many young people who love doggerel music at the piano as little as they love doggerel poetry in their albums. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other great masters, are as unapproachable in this department of genius as Milton was in his; and the more their works occupy our hours of musical recreation, we humbly think, the better. In the former, especially, there is an unearthliness and pure sublimity, which one can hardly describe. Many of our young friends are apt to argue at great length the questions, whether the singing with a musical accompaniment, or what are popularly termed songs, be sinful. Many sweeping assertions have been made in their hearing, both on one side and the other; and too little discrimination has been directed to the subject. Mr. Wesley, who was a man of fine taste, both as regards music and literature, has named as one of the disqualifications for being and continuing a member of his societies, "the reading such books, and singing such songs, as do not tend to the glory of God;" which is, in fact, nothing more than a reiteration of the apostolic precept, before quoted, and the only direct and authoritative rule which we have on the subject. The rule, though general, is beautiful and concise, and amply sufficient for our direction. The music cultivated in the home circle may be divided into four classes. 1. That which is merely instrumen-

al. and never accompanied by the voice. 2. Sacred music ; such as the compositions of Handel, and Mozart ; anthems, hymn-tunes, and the pieces adapted to sacred poetry. 3. Songs which, although not strictly sacred, are not inconsistent with Christian morality, and with the most refined affections of the human heart ; such as, "The evening bells," "The Canadian boat-song," and most national airs. 4. Such compositions as are attached to romantic, sentimental, or licentious poetry.

Now with regard to the first of these, mere instrumental music, the imagination is affected without the aid of language—by sound alone ; indeed the imagination is left to elicit its own deep spiritual language ; and this will be pure or impure, sinful or sinless, according to the spiritual state of the individual, and the degree in which the conscience is sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

Abstract music being one of the media in which the external world, by our adorable Creator, is made to commune with the spirit within us—may, in proper subordination to the duties of life and religion, be cultivated to his glory, and will in that case be not only a pleasing recreation, but a rich intellectual enjoyment.

Sacred song may undoubtedly glorify God ; for it is spoken of with approbation in his word, and has been used in all ages as the medium of glorifying him. But here again, as in the last case, every thing will depend upon the motives and feelings of those engaged : a Christian party in a room is different from a mingled and worldly multitude at an oratorio ; and amongst the former it generally ministers to that kindly influence which distils its balm upon sanctified society.

"The former and the latter rain,
The love of God, and love of man."

Songs of the third class mentioned, partake of the neutral character ; but if the sentiments be morally pure, the imagery chaste, the spirit of the song elevating and ennobling, they may be occasionally introduced without prejudice to personal religion, or the cause of piety in general : a pure and tender conscience will, however, select the most unexceptionable subjects, and will err rather on the side of rigid scruple than of laxity. Where there is such caution, neither the word of God, nor Mr. Wesley's rule, is violated ; and peace of mind receives no wound. Great attention, however, here must be paid to times and circumstances ; for recreations, which at one time are useful and innocent, at others are positively sinful. And here the Christian youth of either sex must take a firm stand. Let the accomplishments or voice be what they may, it is hard to withstand the solicitation of company ; but the Gospel of our Redeemer must be honoured by a dignified decision. The good Mr. Wilberforce was attractive in this line on his first introduction to society ; but those attractions, being a source of temptation, were afterwards a subject of sorrow.

With music of the fourth class we have named, no members of

religious families can have anything to do. Whatever charm it may seem to offer to the imagination or taste, its direct tendency is to corrupt the heart. There is a proscribed list to be strictly registered, both for Christ's sake, the church's sake, and our own sakes. A well-informed and pious mind, however, needs no casuistry : a single glance at a subject, in connexion with the word of God, will discover in a moment its religious bearings ; experience will testify as to the usual religious effect of any given recreation upon the feelings ; and both conjoined will discover the truth of what the apostle taught,—“ Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.”

But we must not tarry on a theme which requires a so much able pen than ours. We would merely suggest that the buoyant cheerfulness of our winter evenings should be invariably tinged with the sweet spirit of the Gospel ; and thus should we avoid that painful sense of vacuity, and that more painful feeling of condemnation for time mispent or lost, which on party occasions has so often been felt. To our interesting friends we would likewise say, Be not too anxious about refreshments. Let the passage respecting Martha and Mary instruct us ; be not too oppressively kind in pressing various dishes, or wine or fruits ; for how many have suffered in their health through the excessive, though well-meant, hospitality of their entertainers ! Let both body and soul be unclogged and free. And why should not every social occasion be closed with the singing a hymn and prayer. If there lurks a secret aversion to this sacred exercise in the bosom of any one, it is a sure test that all has not been right, and by some unhallowed thoughts or employments the peaceful serenity of the soul has been disturbed. In spite of the vulgar abuse which has been levelled from certain worldly quarters, against what were termed “ psalm-singing parties,” the employment rises far above such low ridicule. It appears to have extorted, in a moment of light and conviction, the approbation even of Burns, if we may judge by his “ Carter's Saturday Night,” although he was no spiritual man himself : as assuredly the poetry of Charles Wesley, or Dr. Watts, carrying the mind heavenward, like trembling fire, when sung in the swelling harmonies of the profound psalmodists, is calculated to raise a group higher in the scale of intellect, and goodness, and joy, than the dialect of the symposium, or the varied tones of the many-voiced world, especially when all is closed by the untainted heart pouring forth its fulness in solemn prayer to God the giver of all good. Let us remember the sacredness of time. It bears us rapidly into another state, and if we will fill our allotted sphere of duty, a happier lot awaits us. The Christian has nothing but joyful anticipations ; but his joy depends upon his Christianity. No man on earth was more incessantly devoted to the duties and calls of religion than Mr. Wesley ; but no man was ever more cheerful : as Mr. Watson beautifully says, “ vacation and disappointment passed over his serene mind, like clouds over a bright summer field ;” and this description retained all its truth when

he declined into the winter of his life. Let, then, our business and pleasures, as in his case, all turn towards the Zion where the pious and the good of all ages are already assembled. These humble lines arrogate no censorship, or superior discernment: they are offered to an interesting and beloved class of the Christian community as an imperfect token of the author's sympathy with and interest in them, and in the hope that the great objects which we all have at heart may be promoted.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

The Christian theology contains subjects of thought which, above all others, tend to elevate and sanctify the human mind. Partially it explains the mysteries of our present state, and particularly those moral emotions by which we are connected with the divine law and with eternal life.

But when we are led to think of that future world in which redeemed man shall forever dwell, who can express the advantages of that position to which Christianity conducts us for our mental prospect, especially when placed in comparison with every other dispensation? It is to us what the summit of Mount Nebo was to Moses; we look north from it on the boundless prospect of our future rest.

Heaven is a subject on which the imaginative faculty will ever exercise itself, and very often irreverently. Many minds in their poetry and glow will create an imagery which is not sanctioned by the Bible, and which will lead to conceptions that darken and mislead. This vigorous, but sometimes lawless, power of the soul should then be so curbed in its flight as not to go beyond things revealed; for even when there is scope for the greatest mind and the longest life; and that which is written be so imperfectly learned, it is unholy to pierce into the secret things which belong unto God.

It is with seriousness and a calmed understanding then, that we form to ourselves, from the holy Scriptures, a few general thoughts respecting the heaven to which we hasten; although, in expressing them, it will be scarcely possible to avoid figurative language. In the very first promise of mercy which was made to man as a sinner, the gift of eternal life was involved. The fulfilment of the promise was made to depend upon our obedience to the conditions of the redeeming covenant, and upon the issue of our period of trial. The doctrines of the earliest patriarchs were full of these truths, and they imparted both to the living and dying rich consolation.

But the system of types which was established under the ancient Jewish law seems to stand before us as the first representation of the heavenly state. With St. Paul for our authority, we look upon the tabernacle as a shadowing forth of those things which are in the

higher sanctuary; all its parts seem to present to us impressive instruction. The most holy place which was therein was veiled and dark. The sacred emblems of the interior could not be exposed to the gaze of the multitude; the deep shade which hung over that spot heightened those feelings of awe which every one felt in consequence of its sanctity. The Jew could only hear of it as a place of the presence of God; he could not, he durst not draw the veil aside, knowing that instant death would punish his presumption. And thus separated by a veil does heaven stand from us. It is the object of our faith, and not of our sight; were it otherwise, the moral principle of trust in God, which is so necessary to a dependent creature, could not be matured and brought forth. Our clinging to a future state, when the details of it are in a high degree hid from us, is a sublimer act of confidence than if every particular were known, and brings more abundant honour to the work of the Holy Spirit in the Christian's mind. The Hebrew tabernacle, too, contained the ark, which was the standing symbol of the divine presence. All the pious, there is no doubt, believed in the omnipresence of God; but here he was visibly manifested, as being near by an overshadowing cloud which sometimes sent forth rays of excessive light; he was here in a sense in which he was not elsewhere. By this we are taught that God is only seen with clearness in the world of glory; that there he unveils himself, and comes out from the midst of those deep shades which are round about him; and that he manifests himself to those who are present as he does not unto the dwellers on earth. This dread symbol could not be approached except by the High Priest, once in the year. Nor could he approach without the blood of a divinely appointed victim; every part of the ritual seemed to show that a sacrificial offering was the medium of his permitted entrance into the Holy of Holies.

Thus do we learn that man likewise enters that holy place which is made without hands, through the blood which has been shed in his behalf; he has no birthright to eternal life, nor could it ever be gained, except by that way which Christ has opened. Man has been preceded by his Redeemer, who has shown the path of life; or, to use the sentiment of the Prophet Micah, "the breaker is come up before him." Over the propitiatory, or mercy-seat, the cherubim were seen bending: expressive emblem of the complacency of those spirits in human redemption, and of the unutterable charities of that glorified society which shall be formed at last by the union of angels and men!

Such were the instructive figures appointed under the old covenant; which, when illustrated by the writers and Apostles of the new, enabled mankind to speak consistently, though not adequately, of the world to come.

And let it be especially remembered, that the builders of the Jewish tabernacle were all inspired persons. Both Bezaleel and Ahisamach, as well as Moses, were filled with the Spirit of God.

The Holy Ghost was, therefore, the author of the whole work ; none else was adequate to it ; for such deep things were merged in that portraiture of heaven, that when it was to be traced out for the benefit of those on earth, his own infinite resources were absolutely required ; he who reveals the mind of God can only show what the divine mérey intends in reference to man.

Next unto emblematic teaching stand those declarations of the Bible which speak of heaven as a state in which evil, with all its adjuncts, shall have passed away. The rising of evil into the universe was a mystery, not unto the ineffable Being who permitted it, but unto those who languish under its influence ; an exposition of it in the present state cannot be looked for ; the reasons of eternal Providence must be left unto eternal life. Evil is understood only in its working and effects : that a greater good will result from a divinely aided and conquering struggle with it, is matter of glorious hope ; but for the present it marks our physical condition with instability and pain, and our spiritual with a sorrow which makes it needful always to pray and never cease. How serene in bliss must be a sinless universe, when standing in contrast with the probationary state ! Even here evil is often like the opaque cloud which gathers round the sun on its rising ; it discovers the power of the light, and draws from its rays their deeper beauty ; but it is beyond the last ray of time when we shall be called to see the sublime relief in which the dark and bright stand out from each other, and to understand the words of the angel to St. John : " And there shall be no more curse." If the malediction be fully taken away, nothing can hinder the fountain of good from sending forth to all sanctified beings its clear and endless supplies.

But our reasonings on this subject need not be all negative. Many declarations of the Bible show that the saved portion of our race shall have, in their final state, an accumulation of positive happiness which is infinite.

St. Paul, in a beautiful example of gradation and climax, pursues this great object of desire ; and with him it is *uperbolès eis uperbolèn union baros doxes*, (2 Cor. iv. 17,) a phrase never fully translated. When his thoughts have attained their highest elevation, the lofty predicate is still germinant. It seems to mean, as near as we can say, a glory ever springing from a glory. The term *doxa* is often used to signify the effulgence of those divine manifestations which have been made to the outward eye, but here it includes those which the spirit can receive. The Apostle himself speaks of it as a glory which shall be revealed in us, calling it, at the same time a weight or pressure ; thus intimating that heavenly light and joy would be at present insupportable, and that it is imparted from God by everlasting impulse. Redeemed men shall see his face ; this is the highest possible privilege, being enjoyed by those regal and glorious spirits who surround the throne.

Whatever may be the strength or beauty of the renovated human form, to the souls of the just made perfect God will be all in all : an individual propriety in his fulness as claimed by one will not at all detract from the same benefit as claimed by another ; even as here we receive in mass the solar rays, and yet no single individual has less of light, because they are widely and continually diffused.

Heaven is eternal. This is a revealed truth of the utmost sublimity, but all our attempts to grasp it must be considered as only so many approximations. So long as we can define the eternity of God and of heaven only by negatives, so long must the attribute remain a matter of adoring faith, and of faith only, to all who are created. All shall be ever learning, but never able to come either to the perfect definition or the adequate knowledge of the truth.

The mountains which surrounded the sabbatic land of Canaan were called everlasting, because they had, from time immemorial, raised their heads, unhurt amidst all storms, sublime and immovable. How much more firm are the hills which bound Jerusalem above, the mother of us all ! The growth of knowledge and dignity in the saints shall be the only index of their duration.

In such ways as these may we attempt to contemplate the future condition of the saved and sanctified, and well would it be both for political and religious society, if these contemplations were more frequent. Our time is sacred because it is so short ; it is the sphere in which the great question whether we shall enter that region or not is determined. Why should not heaven be the great pattern by which all things and all institutions are tested ?

Thoughts respecting the order and subordination of its inhabitants, the depth of its devotion, the vital and thrilling sympathy which binds all into one, must, if entertained, tend to influence this distracted world with equal power and advantage. But man, like a sturdy foal, adheres to many an oft-tried scheme of folly, and lies buried in his earthliness even when misery has been the price of his experience. Heaven is intended to be our home ; and therefore it ought to be the subject of deep meditation, in order that a pure and elevated state of mind may ever direct us, until called by our Redeemer to the glorious and inalienable possession.

THE HUMAN BODY.

When it is said that God formed man out of the dust, the word which we translate "formed" is the same which is used in the potter's work, to express the moulding and fashioning of the clay, into what form he pleaseth, according to the imaginings of his own fancy. The word which we translate "the dust of the ground" properly signifies such earth as potters use to make their vessels of, in any kind or figure.

It is not dry dust, but moist and supple earth ; and the work is represented as if God with his own hands had formed and moulded the body of man ; so that man truly was, as he is said to be, "like clay in the hands of the potter." (Job x. 8, 9 ; Isaiah lxiv. 8 ; Jer. xviii. 6.)

But then, though in forming the body, allusion be made to the potter's hands, it was formed by the plastic power of the word alone ; and though done in an instant by the Almighty Word, the greatest mastery and exactness appeared in the work. Adam, the son of earth, was fashioned outwardly in the truest lineaments and proportions of joint and limb, and the justest temperament and disposition of feature and complexion, in perfect strength and beauty. How masterly and wonderful is the frame ! The bones, that extend and support the whole ; the chords and sinews, those firm and curious ligaments that tie the joints together ; the muscles distributed throughout the flesh, that covereth us, that serve for all the various movements of the body, and the head which is placed above it ; the disposition and situation of the heart and lungs, to preserve life in a constant tenor of breath and blood ; together with the place and figure of the other vessels, so admirably fitted to receive and perfect our nourishment, to retain the necessary and discharge the superfluous parts of our food : but more than all, the most curious and exquisite organs of sensation ; their quick and instantaneous communication with the brain, that seat and throne of the mind, before which the senses present themselves, and make their report to the understanding : all these were formed and disposed in such perfection, that every one, with the psalmist, may cry out, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made !"

Thus Adam and Eve, our first parents, the archetypes and patterns of all their posterity, were formed at once, in their full strength, stature, and perfection, without any blemish, deformity, or defect ; and he out of the earth, and she out of him, appeared in perfect beauty. That any of their posterity are deformed, is owing to that distortion of nature which was introduced by sin, the fountain of disease and mortality.—*Felton.*

W A R .

Of all the enigmas of human affairs, one of the most perplexing to the philosopher is the continued recurrence of European war. Scarcely less than a third of the thousand years since the rise of Europe from the chaos of barbarian invasions has been involved in war. That Christendom should have thus transplanted into its bosom the various habits and savage enmities of the heathen world ; that with the universal protest of common sense, with every voice of Christianity proclaiming its insult to heaven, with the universal evidence of its indictments alike on the victor and the vanquished, of the general worthlessness of its prizes, and the infinite precariousness of its fortunes to

all,—war should still be the desperate game of nations, is among the intricacies out of which unassisted reason has never found its way.

Here then we see, how much the “foolishness” of Scripture is wiser than the wisdom of men; and what knowledge even of human things he throws away who scorns the simplicity of the divine word. War is not all the madness of man; it is a much more awful thing; it is the vengeance of Heaven. Bold as the assertion may seem, the Preacher will be sustained in the assertion, that the great majority of the wars of modern Europe have been judicial punishments for the suppression of the Scriptures, and the persecution of the church that upholds and honours them. Yet the assertion will seem bold only to those who, in the whirl and noise of the machinery of earth, forget that there is a hand above which moves and guides all; who, wrapt in the dust raised by their own footsteps, think that all, to the zenith, is therefore dimness; who, sending their glance only along the misty surface of the world, mistake their circumscribed and shifting view for the horizon; see every trivial object in the path magnified; and finding grandeur in trifles, and substantiality in vapour, are blind even to the world around them. The assertion will be bold only to those who, if they had seen the fire from heaven pouring on the “cities of the plain,” would have argued it into some casual fury of the elements; who, if they had lived in the days of Ahab, would have looked on the three years’ drought and famine but as a luckless visitation of the air; or who, if they had lived even when the abomination of desolation, the Roman banner with death in every fold, waved against Jerusalem, would have plunged into wise absurdities on the “interests of the two nations, and speculating, with the sagacity of self-conceit and the knowledge of wilful ignorance, would have speculated on; while the Christian, fixing his eye above, saw the fiery visage of the avenger, through his clouds, and in the roar of battle heard but the thunder of his chariot-wheels.

It can be made a matter of the plainest historic evidence, that the chief wars of Europe, and more especially those most desolating ones from the thirteenth century, when the Church of Rome, attaining the summit of its supremacy, established persecution as its law, have had their root in religious tyranny. In every instance they have followed close on some signal injury to the Reformed Church, and followed with a severity of suffering on the persecutor, which unanswerably leads us to the true source of the infliction. This is the distinct affirmation of Scripture; and the actual circumstances are made the subject of most graphic detail. But war, with all its fruitlessness, its miseries, and its madness, has not been the only scourge in the divine hand. The famines that have so often turned the fairest portions of Europe into a wilderness have not been without a moral cause. The pestilences that have swept Europe, till they left it like a grave, have had their Mission. The appeal of the persecuted church, which the tyranny and pride of man

dislained to hear, has reached the ear of Heaven ; the groan from the dungeon, the agony of the scaffold, the cry of the widow and the fatherless flying before the sword of the cowed homicide, the prayer of the Martyr from the flame, those have risen up in memorial before God. The ground has not drunk up their sacred blood : it has pleaded before their Father's throne, and the answer has been vengeance,—the furies of battle, plague, and famine, sent down upon the persecutor.

And this, too, follows the analogy of that Revelation which, though the very word of peace, came “ not to send peace but a sword ; ” and not less the solemn sentence of Him who, on laying the foundations of his faith, declared, “ that whosoever shall fall on that stone shall be broken ; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder.”—(Matt. xxi. 44.)—*Croly.*

CONSIDERATIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Reading is a most interesting and pleasant method of occupying your leisure hours. I am aware that men of business have usually little time to devote to the improvement of their minds. Their active occupations must necessarily engross their chief attention. And yet in the business of life there are many unoccupied hours, fragments of time, which, if carefully gathered up and duly improved, would afford opportunity for reading a great many useful volumes, and of acquiring much useful knowledge. If there are any persons so deeply engaged in business that they can find no time to read, I would say to them, *Take time.* It is not meant that you should spend the whole of your life as a mere beast of burden, providing only for the body ; while you leave the mind, the immortal mind, to famish and starve. The truth is, all men have, or may have, time enough to read. The difficulty is, they are not careful to improve it. Their hours of leisure are either idled away, or slept away, or talked away, or spent in some manner or other equally vain and useless ; and then they complain they have no time for the culture of their minds and hearts. This is all wrong. The infinite value of time is not realized. It is the most precious thing in the world,—the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which all men are prodigal. Time is so precious, that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before another is given. Only take care to gather up your fragments of time, my friends, and you will never want leisure for the reading of useful books. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more pleasantly than in holding converse with the wise and good through the medium of their writings ? To a mind not altogether devoid of curiosity, books open an inexhaustible source of enjoyment. And it is a high recommendation of this sort of enjoyment, that it always abides with us. Nothing can take it away. It is in the mind ; and go where we may, if our minds are well furnished and

in good order, we can never want for means of enjoyment. The grand volume of nature will always lie spread out before us ; and if we know how to read its wonders, the whole world will pour at our feet its treasures, and we shall hold converse with God himself.

But to those who are un-accustomed to read other books, this sublime volume must of course appear an unmeaning blank. They cannot read the glorious lines of wisdom and power, of majesty and love, which the Creator has inscribed upon it : all is to them a sealed book, and they pass through the world none the wiser for all the wonders of creative power and goodness by which they are surrounded.

A taste for useful reading is an effectual preservation from vice. Next to the fear of God, implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to the character than the love of good books. They are handmaids of virtue and religion. They quicken our sense of duty, unfold our principles, confirm our habits, inspire in us the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon what is low, and grovelling, and vicious. It is with good books as it is with prayer: the use of them will either make us leave off sinning or leave off reading them. No vicious man has a fondness for reading ; and no man who has a fondness for this exercise is in much danger of becoming vicious. He is secured from a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. He has no inducement to squander away his time in vain amusements in the haunts of dissipation, or in the corrupting intercourse of bad company. He has higher and nobler sources of enjoyment to which he can have access. He can be happy alone ; and is indeed never less alone than when alone. Then he enjoys the sweetest, the purest, and most improving society,—the society of the wise, the great, and good : and while he holds delightful converse with these, his companions and friends, he grows into a likeness to them, and he learns to look down as from an eminence of purity and light, upon the low-born pleasures of the dissipated and the profligate.

The high value of mental cultivation is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute ? Knowledge. What makes the vast difference between savage and civilized nations ? Knowledge. What forms the principal difference between men, as they appear in the same society ? Knowledge. What raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy to the first honors of the country ? Knowledge. What took Sherman from his shoemaker's bench, gave him a seat in the American Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the wisest and best of his compeers ? Knowledge. What raised Simpson from the weaver's loom to a place among the first of Mathematicians ; and Herschel from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first of astronomers ? Knowledge. Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone ; the true alchem

that turns everything it touches into gold. It is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature ; the key that unlocks the storehouses of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe.

And suppose you that her last victory has been won,—the utmost limits of her dominion reached ? Nay, my friends she has but commenced her march. Her most splendid triumphs are yet future. What new honours she has to bestow on her followers, into what new fields of conquest and of glory she will lead them, no one can tell. Her voice to all is, to rally around her standard, and go forward and aid her victories, and share in the honour of her achievements. None are excluded from this high privilege. Her rewards are proffered to all ; and all, though in different measures, may share in her distinctions, her blessings, and hopes.

The circumstances in which you are placed, as members of a free and intelligent community, demand of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake, and society in general is fast rising in the scale of improvement. At the same time, the means of knowledge are most abundant. They exist everywhere, and in the richest variety. Nor were stronger inducements ever held out to engage all classes of people in the diligent use of these means. Useful talents of every kind are in great demand. The field of enterprise is widening and spreading around you : the road to wealth, to honour, to usefulness and happiness, is open to all ; and all who will may enter upon it with the almost certain prospects of success. In this free community there are no privileged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents, he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and confidence of society.—*Hawes's Lectures.*

UNCLE SAM.*

Children. UNCLE SAM, is it not very dangerous to go to sea ?

Uncle. There are many dangers both by sea and by land to which travellers are exposed ; but there are certainly peculiar dangers at sea. Sailors, if any persons ought to trust in God more than others, are called to do so. There is a very beautiful passage in the Bible on this

* The facts mentioned in this dialogue are taken from an interesting periodical, called, "The Sailor's Magazine, and Nautical Intelligencer ;" published "under the direction of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society." This Society is accomplishing a very blessed work among sailors. We have read the Magazine with much pleasure. We are thankful that there are now very many ships, each of which has a church, a company of praying men, in it.

subject. Here it is ; in the one hundred and seventh Psalm. Begin to read it for me at the twenty-third verse.

C. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

U. They do, indeed, even when the weather is fine, and the voyage goes on safely and pleasantly. But read on, and you will find a description of a storm at sea.

C. "For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof."

U. It is just so. When there is no wind, the sea is as smooth as a looking-glass. When there is just a pleasant wind, the waves seem to be pleasant likewise. But when it is a "stormy wind," then the waves are like vast hills, with deep valleys between them. I have stood on the deck, and have seen another vessel only a few hundred yards distant when it was on the top of the wave ; but when it went down into what sailors call *the trough* of the wave, (the hollow between two waves,) I could not see even the top of her masts. It seems for a minute as if she had actually sunk. Only, she is soon lifted up again.

C. Why, uncle, that lifting up, and going down, are exactly what the Bible speaks about. It says, "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths : their soul is melted because of trouble."

U. Yes ; they not only go up and down, but are tossed about, so that they roll from one side to another ; and even sailors, though they are accustomed to the motion of the vessel, can scarcely stand ; indeed, they are often obliged to hold fast by something or other, or they would not be able to move on the deck.

C. So the Psalmist says, "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

U. That is just the case in a storm, when the waves toss the largest ship about as if it were only a cork on the waters. Sometimes the deck is in one position ; sometimes in another : and as the sailors have often much to do in a storm, when they go about the deck, they cannot move steadily, but literally "reel to and fro, and stagger, like a drunken man." Nothing ever gave me such an idea of the utter weakness of man, as the sight of a vessel, even of the largest size, tossed about by the billows, as if the ocean were indignantly mocking the pride of man, and resistlessly throwing his mightiest works about, as though they were so many straws. And yet, my children, such knowledge has God given to man, that though he cannot absolutely resist the fury of the elements, he can so skilfully guide his vessel, as often to escape it. This knowledge is God's gift ; and therefore,

While I have felt how powerless is man as in the hands of the storm, I have admired the skill which was permitted to supply the absence of power.

C. Sailors have sometimes very narrow escapes, have they not ?

U. They have, indeed, and very thankful ought they to be when they experience them. Sometimes they are ; but too often, the feelings which were occasioned by danger, pass away as the danger passes. But finish what the Psalmist says on the subject.

C. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

U. Yes ; they *pray* when they are in danger, and what they ought to do when God hears them and helps them, the concluding verses beautifully point out. Read them.

C. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men ! Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders."

U. As I said, there are some who *do* praise God. Two sailors were shipwrecked in the Baltic. Making their way to Cronstadt, a seaport in the Russian dominions, they there met with a pious English Captain, who was accustomed to hold religious meetings for the English sailors who came to the place. These two men were brought to a right frame of mind, by God's blessing on the services which they attended. They soon embarked on board a vessel bound for England. When the vessel had sailed, the men began to converse with their brother-sailors, and at length they had prayer-meetings with them. The Captain heard of it, and though before he had been opposed to everything that was serious, he thought that prayer was good for *sea* whether it was for *land* or not; so he invited them to his cabin, conversed with them, and afterwards the prayer-meetings were held there. The Captain himself began to read the Bible, and to pray in private, and was evidently very different from what he was before. Well, while they were thus proceeding, a gale sprung up, and lasted with great violence four days and nights. On the third night, the vessel began to leak, and the crew had to work hard at the pumps. Instead of swearing, the Captain encouraged them to work, and while they did their best, to cry to God to help them. They who were not working at the pumps, knelt down on the deck, and prayed for the rest. On the fourth night, a heavy snow-storm came on ; and as they could not see where they were, the ship struck the ground. Even then, the Captain and the two pious sailors did not lose their presence of mind. Some of the crew wanted the boats, but the sea was so high, that they would have been sunk as soon as they were on the water ; the Captain op-

posed it, and called them to the quarter-deck, and there they all knelt down, and prayed earnestly that God would not forsake them. Scarcely had the third man concluded, when one of the others called out, "The gale's broke, Sir." The storm continued to abate, till, when day dawned they saw the land very low, about two miles off. They got the long boat out, and, after hard rowing, they reached the shore. The first thing they did was to kneel down on the sand, and pour out their hearts to God in thanksgiving. They then began to seek for some habitation, and soon found a fisherman's hut; but the storm had already risen again, and when the weather became a little clearer, the ship was no longer to be seen. It had gone to pieces; and had they been on board, they would all have been lost. But God gave them their lives; and after experiencing the hospitality of the poor but kind fisherman and his family, they journeyed along the coast till they reached a place from which they might sail for England, and so at length they arrived safe at London.

C. O tell us of some more dangers and escapes, uncle.

U. I have no more time at present; but when next you come, I will try and recollect two or three true stories of this kind. Only remember, my dear children, that whether by sea or on land, you need God's protection. Never forget that you must walk in the path of duty, praying to him, and praising him. If we do thus,

" We shall in life and death
His steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
His love and guardian care."

THOUGHTS OF AN OLD SMOKER.

The *National Magazine* for November contains the following article on tobacco smoke—to our mind, one of the most interesting discussions of its merits and demerits, that has appeared among all the tracts and treatises on the subject the last ten years have seen. Do not pass it by, smokers, for you can testify of its verity; and ye who do not smoke, read it that you may not:—*Western Christian Advocate*.

A quarter of a century ago, I began to master two difficult attainments; I learned to shave and I learned to smoke. Of these two attainments, "smoking" was incomparably the hardest; but I managed it. What has it cost me? I have smoked all sorts of tobacco, and as I suppose, in almost all forms. I began with cigarettes, advanced onward to cigars, then to Maryland tobacco, then to returns, then to bird's-eye, and thence to the strongest shag. I have bought and smoked cigars at all prices, and of all manufactures, from the suspicious articles, six of which may be bought for sixpence, and which probably are

innocent of any connection with nicotiana, save a slight tinge with its juice, to the costliest Havana. I have been fanciful in cigar tubes, and also in pipes, though to no alarming extent, having never paid more than a dollar and a half for a tube, and a dollar and a quarter for a meerschaum ; and, after all attempts to be fine, preferring the naked cigar, or the half yard of clay. I have spent money, too, on instantaneous lights of many sorts. When phosphorus boxes, containing a small bottle of fiery mixture, and about a score of matches, cost seventy-five cents each, I gave that for one. When lucifer matches were invented, and sold for twelve cents a box—less in quantity than may now be bought for a cent—I patronized the manufacture. I have used German tinder, fusees, and a dozen other kindred inventions ; and all these, costing money, have served me only for the lighting of my pipes or cigars.

Looking at it then, altogether, and taking into account cigars, cigar cases, cigar tubes, tobacco, pipes and matches ; considering too, that I have been a constant and persevering, though not an enormous smoker, I may safely and fairly conclude that, take one time with another, smoking has cost me half a dollar a week for twenty-five years.

A half a dollar a week ; that is to say, twenty-six dollars a year ; making for the whole period, and without reckoning interest, either compound or simple, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars. Now, this, I repeat, is keeping within compass, and a friend at my side tells me that double the amount a week would be nearer the mark ; but as, during ten years past, I have not exceeded the more moderate computation, I shall let it remain.

Six hundred and fifty dollars—setting aside the consideration of interest—is a large sum. If, twenty-five years ago, instead of a tobacco box I had set up a money box, and dropped into it a weekly half-dollar ! cannot avoid the conclusion that I should be now six hundred and fifty dollars richer than I am ; and there are many things I could do with six hundred and fifty dollars. It might serve me for a year's house-keeping, for my establishment is on an humble scale ; or it might set up my eldest boy ; or it might refurnish my house. Or, if the half a dollar a week had been devoted to a life insurance, and I were to die to-morrow, my family would be the better for my self denial by one thousand five-hundred dollars. Or if I had spent half a dollar a week on literature, my library would now be, and much to my advantage, larger than it is. Or if, laying aside selfish considerations, I had set apart the half dollar a week to works of charity and mercy, the world might have been the better for it. Many a heart-ache might have been relieved by the six hundred and fifty dollars which I have puffed away. I think, then, that if I had to begin life again, I would not learn to smoke.

I know it may be said that the same arguments could be raised against this, that, and the other superfluity which might be done with-

out. But I am not writing about this, that, and the other superfluity. I am writing about tobacco-smoke.

To turn to another thought ; I am not quite sure that smoking is a healthy practice. I know it is not necessary to health, for I see my friends who do not smoke are not troubled with diseases to which those of us who do are subject. My wife does not smoke, and, so far as I can see, she does not suffer from the privation. I might go a step further, and say, I have a strong suspicion that sometimes smoking disagrees with some of us, and is rather detrimental to health than otherwise. Certainly, excessive smoking is injurious ; but who shall draw the line of demarcation between moderation and excess ? As for myself, I do not know the smoking has ever hurt me. It is true when I have a bilious head-ache, I nauseate the smell of tobacco smoke ; but so do I nauseate also the smell of roast-beef. Still, as I firmly believe that I am none the better for smoking, I think, if young again I would not learn to smoke.

Then, again, I cannot help the conviction that smoking is rather the reverse of a sweet and cleanly practice. To be sure, my friends praise me for not betraying my habit ; nevertheless, there are times when I am glad to rinse my mouth, and purify my garments, and fear that after all, I carry about with me unmistakable tokens of what I have been doing. And I am quite sure that some of my smoking friends who are less particular than I am, and especially those who cultivate dirty German pipes, are never free from the peculiar perfumery of stale tobacco. And as this is far from being pleasant to me, who am a smoker, I am sure it cannot be pleasant to those who are not smokers. Moreover, the expectoration which smoking provokes is far from a pleasant or cleanly habit. On these accounts, then, had I to pass through life again, I think I would determine to pass through it without learning to smoke.

Again, I think that smoking does not add to a man's respectability. I am not sure that it has not, sometimes, a contrary tendency. This may depend on circumstances. Certainly, some men of the highest respectability do not think it any derogation to be seen at times inhaling the vapor of a cigar or a pipe ; but no one can say that they would not be equally respectable were they known to avoid smoking as an evil thing. Whereas, on the other hand, some have notoriously lost caste by being numbered among the smokers ; and, in fact, I am reluctantly compelled to admit, if a smoker be reckoned a respectable man, it is in spite of his habit, and not because of it.

Once more, it is not to be denied that a good many people in the world are so fastidious and weak, some smokers say, as to think smoking a disagreeable habit. They do not willingly admit a smoker into their houses, because they dislike his accompaniments. Well, say that it is fastidiousness, and affectation, and "all nonsense"—though friend and fellow smoker, we have no right to say that—but suppose

it be, the effect is the same ; our practice makes us disagreeable, causes us to be shunned, and sometimes, if we don't take care, to be shut out from good society.

True, so far as I am concerned, I avoid this evil—the chance of being disagreeable, or thrust out from good society—by never smoking except where smoke is welcome. But it is not pleasant, at times, to be debarred a favourite resource for passing time. There is a little bit of self denial required, I think, when a man would, but dare not, put a pipe in his mouth. And as, more or less often, such sacrifices must be made by the smoker who has consideration for others as well as for himself, or who has indeed due consideration for others as well as for himself, I would, I think, if my youth could be renewed, avoid the need for this self denial by not learning to smoke.

I think, that smoking is not one of the things which help to push a man onward in the world ; and I am mistaken if, sometimes, the habit is not like a clog to keep him back. I am very sure that a young man, for instance, is not likely to obtain a situation of responsibility and trust because he knows how to handle a cigar in an elegant manner, or is refined in his appreciation of the best ooonoke ; I have a strong impression, on the contrary, that such a one would prefer keeping this acquirement in the back-ground. In other words, I can not but be persuaded that,—all things else being equal—the man who does not smoke has a better chance of success in the world than the man who does ; and as, if I were young again, I should wish to succeed, if possible, I think I would not learn to smoke.

And I do not wonder that men of business, and employers generally, look with suspicion upon tobacco smokers ; for though a youth or a man, in spite of this practice, may be a valuable workman, it is not to be denied that the smoker at times lays himself open to temptations, strongly tugging at him, to draw him aside from integrity and honor. It is not every smoker that can puff away at a *dry pipe* ; and the youth, who, to be manly, puts himself to the discomfort of learning to smoke, is likely also, with the same object in view, to learn to tipple. In short, I fear it would be found, if curiously and strictly sought into, smoking often leads to sottishness. I fear also that, as with every other needless expense, it leads sometimes to dishonesty. It is not always that a youth or a man can afford to dissipate twenty-five cents a week, nor twelve cents either, in smoke. But a dollar a week would not suffice for the vespertine or nocturnal cigar and glass of many a "fast" youth of the present day. Where do they get their quarters ?

Well, I never spent more than I thought I could honestly afford on smoke—perhaps they do not either—and I never needed to wet "my pipe" ; but because of the temptations which beset the smoker, I think, could I go back again to the morning of life, I would not learn to smoke.

Again, I do not think that smoking is generally necessary as an aid to mental exertion, or an incentive to profound study. I cannot subscribe

to the motto, "Ex fumo dare lucem ;" that is to say, so far as tobacco smoke is concerned. There have been philosophers, poets, statesmen and divines, among the smokers ; so have there been among the non-smokers. And I am compelled to conclude that wisdom does not coyly clothe itself in vapor. On the contrary, I am bound to acknowledge my reluctant belief that if the tobacco-pipe is sometimes a helpmeet to the pen, it quite as often happens that the pen is the honest servant of the pipe. Therefore, were I to begin the world again, think I would not learn to smoke.

I think, lastly, that it is very disgusting to see beardless youths, and boys just entering their teens, puffing and spitting in the public streets. It was but an evening or two ago, that I met a little man, about four feet in height, and probably twelve years of age, with a face as smooth as a girl's, sucking furiously at a dirty meerschamper nearly as long as his arm, till the ashes in the bowl glowed with burning heat. And the most charitable wish I could frame for the poor misguided lad was, that before he got to the bottom of his pipe, he might be desperately sick.

Seriously, I have observed so many mischiefs connected with smoking—have known so many shipwrecks made by it, ay, even of faith and good conscience—have seen so much time wasted, so much money, too, and so much health—and have witnessed so much deterioration of character in some who have given themselves up to the practice, to be led captive by it at its will—that though I may have escaped, by God's help, its worst evils, yet if I had to begin life again I would not—I think I would not—learn to smoke.

HINTS TO SLEEPY WORSHIPPERS.

It is very difficult to form rules of human conduct which shall be applicable at all times and to all persons. What is one man's duty, another in widely different circumstances, is not able to perform. But there are two great principles which, being necessarily right, are always positively binding upon us. First. Everything which God has expressly revealed as a rule of life to the human race, is, as such, to be received by us ; and we have no right to inquire, in order to obedience, into the reason of the law given, its agreeableness, or popularity : all we have to do in this matter is, to ascertain the fact of a revelation, and at once bring our minds to obey. Secondly. Whatever duties are *necessarily implied* in the revelation which God has given, are also to be observed. As, for instance when we are commanded to do a thing for God, it is implied that we do it in the very best manner.

Let us apply these principles to the worship of God, and the manner in which it should be performed. We are positively commanded to worship God. On this subject there cannot be two opinions among

those who believe the Bible. Is it not, then, necessarily implied that we cultivate those dispositions, and form those habits, without which we cannot worship God? Admit the former, and the latter will be a necessary consequence. God has appointed that a considerable part of his worship should be public, and has made provision for its maintenance by setting apart the seventh portion of our time, and employing a number of men as Ministers of religion. It is, therefore, the duty of all men to attend the public worship of God, and so to conduct themselves as to enter with devotional feeling into every part of the service. But many who come to God's house, make almost a regular practice of sleeping there. The evils connected with this conduct it is our intention to point out.

1. It is very *unseasonable*. In the night, when all things are quiet and when the activities of life, for a time, are suspended, we may take our rest in sleep; but in the broad, open day, and in the house of God when devotion should employ all our energies, and make us wakeful and attentive, sleep, surely, is out of place. What would be thought of a tradesman, who, in the day-time, and while surrounded by customers, or in the very midst of pressing engagements, should fall asleep? Will a man who has broken the laws of his country, and is standing at the bar on trial for his life, fall into a sound slumber? No man under such circumstances would think of sleep; other things occupy him too fully to allow of that. Think of what we come to God's house for, and of the business in which we are engaged there, and say, is sleep seasonable? We, having violated God's law, have come to ask forgiveness. God has appointed his Ministers to declare to us his will, and given us his house in which we may hear his decision. Judge if it be fit that in such a place, and under such circumstances, we should sleep.

2. It is *indecorous*. Have we not houses in which we may sleep? Why, then, make a dormitory of a place of worship? It is paying no respect to God, who there manifests his presence; nor to the Minister, who is God's servant; nor to the congregation of God's people. If we were going to ask a favour of a man of superior station, and were to fall asleep while in the act of presenting our petition, he would think himself insulted: and our own sense of propriety would tell us it was so. Is it right, then, to pay more to men than to God? If it were only on this account, you ought to keep awake in the house of God.

3. It is *injurious*. Since God has connected our duty and interest together, no man can act improperly with impunity. He who willfully breaks any known law of God, will find, to his cost, the manifest disadvantage of his conduct. For duty and interest are as a means and end; and how can the end be realized, but by the use of the means? Can he live who refuses to take food? Will he succeed in business who never attends to it? So here; if we would get good

in the ordinances of religion, we must make a right use of them. Perhaps it would not be right to say that *all* who are drowsy in a place of worship are censurable; because disease may sometimes cause heaviness of this kind; but he who, without any such reason, sleeps there, is justly reprehensible, and will, of necessity, be deprived of many blessings. How can he join heartily in the praises of the congregation who sits down and sleeps while they sing? How can he be said to have any part in the public prayers, or any enjoyment of that exercise, who sleeps while others pray? How can he profit by the ministry of the word who sleeps under it? In the nature of things, it is impossible. As well might a man expect to reap wheat where he sowed thistles, or even where he sowed nothing. Nor do such persons merely injure themselves; others, in some sense, suffer with them. Their Ministers, being deeply concerned for their salvation, and desirous of bringing them to God, labour hard in their closets and studies, in order to find something suited to their state, and then are pained to find their labor met by drowsy inattention. The Minister has a message from God to them, a message the most weighty and important, and he is responsible for its delivery; and anxious to present his charge, at the great day, without blame, his mind is pained, his soul is grieved, by their sleepy listlessness. If you go into the house of one of these persons, and be inattentive while he is talking, he is pained; he thinks you do not pay sufficient regard to his feeling: *he* must be listened to, though it is no matter whether a Minister be heard or not; *his feelings* must be regarded, though he cares not about wounding those of the Minister. The very smallest mark of respect you can pay to the servant of Christ, is to listen to his message; but how can you do that if you are asleep? The devotions of a whole congregation are frequently interrupted by these sleepers; and example is very contagious. If, then, you regard your own welfare, the feelings of your Ministers, the interests and comfort of the congregation, keep awake while you are in the house of the Lord.

4. It is *sinful*. No person can waste time and be guiltless; but they who sleep at public worship *do* waste time: the consequence is self-evident. That time is wasted, to say no worse, which is misemployed, or unimproved; but certainly none will contend that he who sleeps when he ought to be praying is improving his time. To slight or despise the ordinances of religion, is, and always has been offensive to God. And what else is that conduct on which we have been admonishing? and how will he who is guilty avoid censure? If all were to act as he does, there would soon be no public services at all; and does *he* value ordinances who does that which, if done by all, would certainly destroy them? He who wilfully acts improperly, commits sin. Is he who sleeps away his Sabbath, robs his own soul of good, God's house of honour, and the Minister of comfort, quite prepared to prove himself faultless? Would you then improve your time, show that you value the ordinances of religion, and avoid doing

that which both reason and God's word condemn? Keep awake in the house of prayer. Should you find it difficult to do so, practise self-denial; try to feel a deeper interest in the service of God, and pray earnestly that you may have a vigilant spirit; and a fixed, devotional, pleasant attention will become not only practicable, but more than practicable,—it will be easy.

B. K. C.

BOYS FOR THE TIMES.

We like an active boy—one who has the impulse of the age, of the steam-engine in him. A lazy, *snail*-paced chap might have got along in the world sixty years ago; but he won't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men think quick, act quick, sleep quick, do what they do with their *might*—strike while the iron is hot.

Slow coaches are not tolerated. 'Go ahead, if you burst your boiler,' is the motto of the age; and he succeeds best, in every line of business, who has the most of the 'go ahead' in him.

Strive, boys, to be a little ahead of the times—be always up and ready, not gaping and rubbing your eyes, as if you were half-asleep, but wide awake, whatever may come, and you may be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect, as much as you please, before you act. Begin right and keep right; but think quickly and closely; and when you have fixed your eye upon an object worthy of your efforts, spring to the mark, persevere.

But, above all things, be honest, be truthful, engage in nothing but what is just and right, pure, merciful and perfectly benevolent. Fear God and keep his commandments. Follow Christ.—*Golden Rule.*

"I DON'T WANT TO, MOTHER."

Little friends, how does this sound? Did you ever hear boys or girls, big or little, when requested to do certain things by their mother, say, 'I don't want to,' with a long scowling face?—how did the sound fall upon your ears, gratingly, shockingly?

What do you think of such expressions? What does God?

Suppose we analyze this 'don't want to,' turn it over? What can we make of it? Is it not in reality, 'Mother I don't choose to obey your reasonable commands! I have other things to do, I rather do as I please.'

GOOD NATURE.—It is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortunes and warms the heart

that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influences? Don't let little matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross or crabbed. If a friend has injured you; if the world goes hard; if you want employment and can't get it; or can't get your honest dues: or fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruit of many a hard toil; or your faults magnified, or enemies have traduced or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad with anybody, don't abuse the world or any of its creatures; keep good natured and our word for it, all will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the heart of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers, the fragrance of which ascends to heaven.

LONG PRAYERS.

Some men never know when to stop. If they commence a speech or a prayer, it is all the same—your patience is wearied out. On all occasions they are the same dull, lengthy sermonizers and speech-makers. At a wedding or a funeral, asking a blessing or returning thanks, they keep you waiting till your feet are half frozen with the cold. What are such prayers good for? As far as humanity is concerned they might as well be spoken to the waves. It is not for us to say, whether the Almighty looks with approbation or not upon long, formal prayers; but—we will speak out—we don't believe he does. Has he not told us as much? And yet there are men who will pray so long, that the congregations get out of all patience. You can see them look at the clock, take out their watches and wriggle about. If we are speaking to dull lengthy preachers, prayers or talkers, let them repent and sin no more.

Some complain bitterly of long prayers and exhortations, who fall into the habit themselves.

GALLANT, FLIRT, AND STRUT-ABOUT,

spend whole hours nightly, in flippant nonsense. Brother, student is this the way? Why go to the seminary? to study, prepare for usefulness, a holy life? or to gallant, set your hats and caps for beaux and sweethearts? Which will you choose? Object to female society? far from it. Social intercourse with modest, virtuous ladies, of cultivated piety, taste and refinement, is elevating, purifying, sanctifying. To mingle with such society is an honor and a privilege, and on proper and suitable occasions should be sought. But how different this from the general flirtation and unseasonable familiarity, so frequently manifested at colleges and seminaries? Besides a stu-

dent is a student, and he should never lose sight, for a *moment*, of his high and glorious calling. Nothing should deter him or turn him aside from completing his full course, as speedily as possible, whether collegiate or theological. 'On, on,' should be the watchword, 'ON-WARD !'

We have been utterly astonished at young ladies—their excessive and sickly fondness for the society of gay young men ! Is this wise, prudent, consistent?—Do they not lower their character in the estimation of the wise and the good ? Pluck a beautiful and fragrant flower, place it to a dozen noses, and how soon will it lose its beauty and fragrance ! O modesty, how lovely thou art !

VENTILATION.

1. If 'the night air' were really 'bad,' we can't perceive how it would be improved by shutting ourselves up in close rooms, nor how the fact that our inquirers are 'poor men' bears upon the subject. Do our correspondents suppose that night air is bad for the poor but not for the rich ?

Our first practical suggestion will be—Always open the window of your sleeping-room when that room is not otherwise ventilated. No matter how many better ways of ventilating there may be, an open window is better than nothing, night air to foul air, and a cold to a typhus fever.

2. If you are building a house, however humble, always carry up one extra flue in the chimney for ventilation. Cut a hole into this flue from each room that faces it, and connect the other rooms with it by means of a joint of a stovepipe or some other cheap contrivance.

3. If you inhabit a house already built, knock a hole into the chimney from your bed room ; but don't give up the open window, even then. More hereafter.

FOLLY IN THE KITCHEN.

When once you allow a girl's head to get full of finery, novels and *baux*, and her heels full of waltzes, polkas, and cotillions, you may about as well throw her books in the fire, and marry her to the first rattleton who will take her off your hands—for her days of study, improvement and usefulness are at end.

A GOOD HOTEL KEEPER !

Who is he ? where is he ?

1. He is one who provides a good stable—and a good hostler. He who provides well for both man and beast.

2. His house is a house of order, neatness, and sobriety. No alcoholic drinks or intoxicating liquors are allowed to any one.

3. Tobacco, in all its forms of use is entirely excluded. Not a particle of this filthy, poisonous, stinking weed, is suffered on the premises. Neatness and cleanliness pervade every department. The parlour, sitting rooms, lodging rooms, the bedding and furniture—all are neat, clean, and well ventilated. The kitchen is neat, the landlady and the cooks are neat. The table, table cloths and dishes are neat. The food is cooked in the best and neatest manner possible.

5. A blessing is pronounced at the table, spread with the bounties of heaven, invariably. This sitting down to eat without thanksgiving, is heathenism !

6. Prayer, and reading God's word, morning and evening are regular, where all travellers and members of the family assemble.

7. His reading room is well furnished with standard works of truth and love—Bibles, tracts, and the best periodicals of the day, where everything of a pernicious tendency is wholly excluded.

8 The Sabbath is observed as a day of holy rest. No Sabbath breaking travellers are allowed to break in, or intrude on the solemn duties of holy time.

It is a shame and disgrace to witness many of our public houses called hotels—dirty, filthy, noisy, rowdy, drunken, tobacco-chewing and smoking dens of iniquity ! Dirty rooms, dirty sheets, dirty tables, dirty food. Everything in the house and about the house, 'up stairs and down stairs,' is repulsive and disgusting ! Shameful ! Shameful !
—*Golden Rule.*

A DAY IN A TROPICAL FOREST.

The naturalist, who is here for the first time, does not know whether he shall most admire the forms, hues or voices of the animals. Except at noon, when all living creatures in the torrid zone seek shade and repose, and when a solemn silence is diffused over the scene, illuminated by the dazzling beams of the sun, every hour of the day calls into action another race of animals. The morning is ushered in by the howling of the monkeys, the high and deep notes of the tree-frogs and croaks, the monotonous chirp of the grasshoppers and locusts. When the rising sun has dispelled the mists which preceded it, all creatures rejoice in the return of day. The wasps leave their long nests which hang down from the branches ; the ants issue from their dwellings, curiously built of clay, with which they cover the trees, and commence their journey on the paths they have made for themselves, as is done also by the termites which cast up the earth high and far around. The gayest butterflies, rivalling in splendour the colours of the rainbow, especially numerous hesperidæ, flutter from flower to flower, or

seek their food on the roads, or, collected in separate companies, on the sunny sand-banks of the cool streams. The blue, shining Menelaus, Nestor, Adonis, Laertes, the bluish-white Idea, and the large Eurylochus, with its ocelated wings, hover like birds between the green bushes in the moist valleys. The Feronia, with rustling wings, flies rapidly from tree to tree; while the owl sits immovably on the trunk with outspread wings, awaiting the approach of evening. Myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air and sparkle like jewels on the fresh green of the leaves, or on the odorous flowers. Meantime, agile lizards, remarkable for their form, size and brilliant colours: dark-coloured, poisonous, or harmless serpents, which exceed in splendour the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the leaves, the hollows of the trees, and holes in the ground, and creeping up the stems, bask in the sun, and lie in wait for insects and birds. From this moment all is life and activity. Squirrels, and troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap, whistling and chattering, from tree to tree. Galinaceous jacks, hoppers, and pigeons, leave the branches, and wander about on the moist ground of the woods. Other birds of the most singular forms, and of the most superb plumage, flutter singly, or in companies, through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, or red parrots assemble on the tops of the trees, or, flying towards the plantations and islands, fill the air with their screams. The toucan, sitting on the extreme branches, rattles with his large hollow bill, and in loud, plaintive notes calls for rain. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange trees: and their sentinels announce with a loud screaming cry the approach of man. The fly-catchers sitting aloof, watching for insects, dart from the trees and shrubs, and with rapid flight, catch the hovering Menelaus, or the shining flies, as they buzz by. Meantime, the amorous thrush, concealed in the thicket, pours forth her joy in a strain of beautiful melody; the chattering manakins, calling from the close bushes, sometimes here, sometimes there, in the full tones of the nightingale, amuse themselves in misleading the hunters; and the woodpecker makes the distant forest resound while he picks the bark from the trees. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the urapanga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, which appearing nearer, or more remote, according to the position of the songster, fill the wanderer with astonishment. While thus every living creature by its actions and voice greets the splendour of the day, the delicate humming-birds, rivalling in beauty and lustre diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers. When the sun goes down, most of the animals retire to rest; only the slender deer, the peccari, the timid agouti, and the tapir, still graze around; the nasua and the opossum, the cunning animals of the feline race, steal through the obscurity of the wood watching for prey; till at last the howling monkeys, the sloth, with the cry as of one in distress, the

croaking frogs and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day ; the cries of the macuc, the capueira, the goat-sucker, and the bass tones of the bull-frog, announces the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now begin to fly about like ignes fatui ; and the blood-sucking bats hover, like phantoms, in the profound darkness of the night.—*Caldcleugh's Travels in Brazil.*

THE MOTHER'S CALLING.

The mother's calling is *appointed of God*. The parent and the pastor alone are honoured by receiving their commissions directly from Heaven, since to them are mainly committed the vital interests of the undying soul. The parent, in the family, as in the primary department of the great institution of life, is to prepare men to enter the Church militant, where by pastoral teaching and training, and more active Christian duties, they are graduated into the Church triumphant in heaven. We say to *the parent* is intrusted this great responsibility; but practically the commission is given to *the mother*. The father organizes his family, and provides for it. He presides at its head, directs its location and its outward circumstances. The internal arrangements, by far the most important in their moral and eternal bearings, are left for the mother to accomplish. Her silent influence, whatever it may be, constitutes the atmosphere of home. She moulds the character and determines the destiny of the succeeding generation. Though the "weaker vessel," yet is she designated by God, as the one to whom, in an eminent degree, is entrusted the welfare of the race,—the greatest, the most solemn trust ever put into mortal hands. *En passant*, we may inquire, would this have been so ordered, if she were not recognized of God as equal to the work,—if she were not by Him amply endowed and thoroughly fitted for it? Is it not an indication that in the eyes of her Creator, she is in no degree inferior to the man in her *intellectual and moral nature*? We tarry not here, however, to discuss the relative value of woman, but pass on to speak of the especial calling to which God, in his infinite wisdom, before which our human ignorance, folly, and vain speculations should bow in mute adoration, has assigned her.

The mother is called of God *to suffer*. We allude not here to her physical sufferings, which we have always been taught to regard as the direct, deserved and unavoidable curse of Heaven upon the descendants of our tempted, erring mother, Eve,—though these, if rightly considered, may be turned to great account as needed and salutary discipline. But we refer to that continuous series of mental sufferings, which she of necessity assumes in behalf of her little ones. "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," says our "proverbial philosopher,"—and the mother's relation is talked of in prose and poetry, as one of the most exquisite pleasure. It is all true. No heart so abounds

in joy, in gushing tenderness, in fond hope, and the most sacred affection as that of the mother. And yet, who that has had the experience of maternity does not know that beneath and around it all—the very substratum of her life,—the element which nourishes these delicious joys into growth and efflorescence, is *suffering*, sacrifice, toil, and trial? We speak of the *true mother*; not of the vain, foolish, wicked woman who receives her little one at the hands of its Creator with reluctance and dissatisfaction, to complain of it as a burden, an annoying and wearying care, to tear it away from its helpless clings, and leave it solitary and unsoothed, to suffer, and perchance to die, that she who gave it birth may busily ply every means of gratifying her own selfishness at the fount of worldly pleasure. We have known the young mother to give to the feeble infant in her arms a dose of poison to lull its senses into an unnatural and protracted sleep, that she might join the aimless throng in Broadway, to display a pretty person, or becoming and fashionable dress. We have seen the nursery forsaken for the ball-room, a sick child laid from the fitting pillow of a mother's breast into the cheerless, uncomfortable crib, for the gay, frivolous chit-chat of heartless visitors. We have known a mother to pass from one scene of indulgence and pleasure to another, and boast that she had not seen her child for days. There are those who have turned from the cold grave which had just opened to receive a *moitié* of their own being, and secretly congratulate themselves, that now they could read their novels, and ride, and walk, and please themselves without interruption. Cold, heartless, cruel women, unworthy of the hallowed name of *Mother*!!!

But the *true mother* yields herself uncomplainingly, yea, cheerfully, to the wholesome privation, solitude, and self-denial allotted her. She no longer lives for herself, but gives her life to nourish up the little one entrusted to her keeping, and as one after another the birdlings crowd into the home-nest, with each one a new life seems given to her, that all may share alike in her affectionate care and solicitude. Every favourite pursuit, taste, and inclination, however dear, incompatible with her maternal duties, is relinquished. Was she fond of travelling—of visiting the wonderful in nature and in art, of mingling in new and often-varying scenes? Now she has found “an abiding city,” and no allurements are strong enough to tempt her thence. Had society charms for her, and in the social circle and the festive throng were her chief delights? Now she stays at home, and the gorgeous saloon and brilliant assemblage give place to the nursery and the baby. Was she devoted to literary pursuits? Now the library is seldom visited, her cherished studies are neglected, the rattle and the doll are substituted for the pen. Her piano is silent, while she chants softly and sweetly the soothing lullaby. Her dress can last another season now, and the hat—oh, she does not care if it is not in the latest mode, for she has a baby to look after, and has no time for herself. Even the ride and the walk are given up, perhaps too often, with the excuse,

"Baby-tending is exercise enough for me." Her whole life is reversed. "She seems not the same being," says one, "to stoop from such a course as hers has been of high, intellectual, refined pursuits, to become so absorbed with the petty occupations and wailing weaknesses of infancy." But do you not understand? She is executing a heaven-drawn commission—"to the weak she becomes as weak, that she may gain the weak." She lays down her life, that the young life rooted in it may grow up to a perfect and blessed maturity. She wraps herself in the robes of infantile simplicity, and, burying her womanly nature in the tomb of childhood, patiently awaits the sure-coming resurrection, in the form of a noble, high minded, world-stirring son, or a virtuous lovely daughter. The nursery is the mother's chrysalis. Let her abide for a little season, and she shall emerge triumphantly with ethereal wings and a happy flight. Yet she *suffers* in all this. It cannot be otherwise. Were she to consult her own inclinations, her personal feelings, she would not submit to all these self-denials, she would indulge herself in far different pursuits. Were it not for the "joy set before her," she *would not* "endure the cross, despising the shame." Her daily life is a constant sacrificing of self, an hourly crucifixion of her own cherished wishes. She loves quiet better than the noise and confusion of romping, uproarious childhood. She would rather read than tell stories, the wee baby stories, that must be told over, and over, and over again to the untiring ear of interested little ones. She would like to be at the piano, or the guitar, with sweet melodies to soothe and comfort herself, but she must not, for the little prattler at her side, or on her knee, wants mamma to sing "chick-a-dee-dee," or "bob-o-linkum" for the hundred and fiftieth time. She is weary, but she must not rest yet. Wait until the children are all sweetly sleeping, affection whispers. It is done, and in the evening she seats herself by the side of her husband to rest and refresh herself, in pleasant converse, for the morrow, when lo, a wailing cry of sudden sickness comes through the half-open door, and again she starts to add a night's watching and feverish anxiety to the day's toil. How hard it is for the fond, loving mother to deny the many beseechings of impetuous and misjudging childhood, when it asks for what would only cause it harm! It does not, cannot, understand why the indulgence it so much craves should be injurious. And as our tender father "pities his children," and "grieves them not willingly," so she denies her child, with sorrow and with tears. Perverse and wayward infancy must also be checked, restrained, and disciplined. How often would her soul "spare for its crying" How is she punished ten-fold in punishing her child! But love—love which overlooks the present trial, fixing its steadfast gaze on the glorious finale, impels her to the work. And days, and weeks, and years of such patient care, unceasing sacrifices, unmitigated toil must she pass through; yea, with heart-struggles, scalding tears, importunate pleadings, unknown to all but the Eternal, before her work is done. Blessed, thrice blessed are they, who can look back upon the arduous task *well-achieved*.

Yet with all this before her, the true mother, ordained of Heaven, baptized into suffering, her hand linked in that of her Divine Master, shrinks not and murmurs not. She knows that, like "the great Captain of her Salvation," she too must be "made perfect through suffering." Why did a God of love, and wisdom, and infinite resources, give into her hands such a work of trust and responsibility? Because she was so pure, so perfect, that she was *qualified* to train his children for their eternal destiny? Was it not rather, because in his prescient wisdom he saw that it would a disciplinary and educating process for herself? Her child was to be the mirror in which she was to see herself—its relation to her to furnish the analogy of her relation to the good Father above, and by His ministrations of love, forbearance, tenderness and sympathy towards her she was to be taught how to love, and pity, and train those committed to her charge. The parent was to be the acknowledged teacher of the child; but the child also was to be a teacher, silent and unacknowledged, save by the humble, amiable, tractable spirit of the child-like mother. Ah, what an interplay of sweet educating influences is ordained of God between the mother and her child! Its involuntary instructions and constantly imposed restraints are to develope in her the simplicity, purity, and quietness of the subdued and Christ-like spirit. The daily self-denial is to her soul what muscular exercise is to the body; it gives vigor and strength to the system, flexibility and grace to every movement, and causes the heart-pulses to beat warmly and truly. Her round of duty is a book of study, deeper study than the dead languages or dry metaphysics, higher than poetry or the arts. She applies herself to find out her child, to learn its character, its disposition, its intellectual and moral organization, and as she looks down, down into the depths of his heart, and searches out its motives, its principles, its hidden springs of action, behold, she sees reflected there *herself*, with infirmities, defects, obliquities she had never dreamed of possessing. Now she applies herself with diligent watch and prayer, to correct, reform, improve herself. Why? That she may furnish herself with the capability wherewith she may do the very same for her child. She learns that, to govern her child she must first govern herself; to make him noble and magnanimous, she must be so herself; to infuse into him a hatred of falsehood and deceit, she must ever be true, artless, and sincere; to make him self-sacrificing, she must annihilate self; to teach him gentleness, she must put on the "meek and quiet spirit." In short, the mother *must be what she would have her child become*.

And can such a two-fold work be accomplished without enduring toil, assuming crosses, submitting to hardships? No; the law of love is, in all cases, the law of suffering. It led the dear Saviour from his home of glory above, to bear all our human infirmities, that he might win us to himself, and lift us up to heaven. The *Christian Mother* walks in his bleeding foot-prints, and bears her children in the arms

of her love, along the rugged but heavenward pathway. The time will come when every pang she has borne on earth will prove to have been the seed of an immortal joy.

H. E. B.

(To be Continued.)

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY T. J. HEADLY.

Late one night when all was still, around a rude hostelry in Judea save perchance the rippling of the wind through the tree-tops : a young mother gave birth to a son. She was one of a company of poor travellers who had taken up their night-lodgings in the stable. Such a birth was no uncommon thing among the poorer classes ; and yet heaven never bent over a universe just rolled into being with such intense, absorbing interest, as it did over that unconscious babe, as it lay, with feeble fluttering breath, upon its mother's bosom. The heavens were quiet above—the inmates of the low inn slumbered peacefully ; the shepherds were dreaming, free from care, amid their flocks on the fresh hill-sides, and all nature was at rest when the birth of that fair young mother's Son brought troops of angels from the throne of God.

But suddenly a change seemed to pass over nature : mysterious influences were in the air ; the slumberers on the hill-side and in the valley felt a strange unrest, and arose and came forth into the open air. Whisperings were about them, and sounds like the passage of swift wings, all sweeping onward to one place ; and then on the darkness of night a new star arose, bathing the landscape in mellow splendour, and flooding that rude inn, and ruder stable, with light that dazzled the beholder. There it stood, beautiful and bright, pointing with its steady beam to that slumbering babe. Encompassed in the still glory, the wondering shepherds turned in alarm one to the other, but saw in the shining countenance of each only cause of greater fear. While they thus stood hesitating what to do, an angel hovered above them, saying : " Fear not, for behold, I bring good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Suddenly crowds on crowds of radiant beings swept around them, saying, " Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." O, how that glorious anthem arose and fell along the Judean mountains ! " Glory to God in the highest !" from voices tuned in heaven for ages to melody, and sent up in one exultant shout from that excited host, burst again and again on the ear. The heavens trembled with the song, and far away beyond the reach of watching shepherds, or listening men, were louder shouts and more enchanting melody.

With that shout and that song on their lips, the host of glad angels wheeled away to heaven, and all was still again. But that star

pt shining on ; and, lo ! the shepherds from the hill-tops and wise men from afar, guided by its finger of light, came to where its beam fell on the infant in the manger, and worshipped him there. Strange occupants were in that stable. The wise and the proud were there kneeling. Angels had been there adoring. The Son of God was there sleeping in a human mother's arms. That stable was greater than the palace of a King ; for its manger cradled the "King of kings," Emmanuel, Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace, Redeemer," Saviour of men, all were embraced in that helpless infant. There it lay, calm, and fair, and lovely ; the companion of cattle, and yet the Maker of earth, and the adored of heaven ; the son of a carpenter, the "Son of God." The feeble arm could scarcely lift itself to its mother's neck, but on the everlasting arms of its Godhead-nature the universe stood balanced. Its voice was faint, low and infantile : and yet at its slightest cry, myriads on myriads of angelic beings would crowd to its relief. A few hours measured its existence, and yet it lived before the stars of God. Born to die, and yet the conqueror of death. No wonder that star beamed on its face ; for it did more than declare its heavenly birth, or direct the wise men to where it was cradled. It was pointing to the great solution of the problem of life, and of the profoundest mystery of heaven. For four thousand years the world had summoned its thought and energies, and exhausted its wisdom, on the single question, "How shall man be just with God?" The smoke on the great altar-fire kindled on the yet unpeopled earth, as it curled slowly heavenward, was burdened with this question. From the borders of deserted Eden, from the top of Mount Ararat, from the tents of Abraham, and from the Bethel of Jacob, had the sacrificial flame burned upward in vain. The Priests of Aaron had stood before the altar, and struggled for ages with the mighty problem ; and, lo ! the "Star of Bethlehem," pointed to that babe as its solution. The long wanderings of the Hebrews ; the miracles that preserved them ; the imposing ceremonies of their religion ; the "Ark of God," the "Mercy-Seat," the pomp of temple-worship,—what did they mean ? That silent star pointed to the reply. Altars and sacrifices, prayers and prophecies all were to end here. For four thousand years the earth had been rolling on its axis, to bring about one event ; and lo ! it was accomplished. To the thousand inquiries of the human heart, to its painful questionings, to its hopes and fears for so long a period, this was the answer and the end.

The long line of David, unbroken through so many centuries, was maintained solely to secure the birth of that child. Rapt in holy enthusiasm, Isaiah and Jeremiah, and all the Prophets of God, had spoken of a king of Israel yet to come, whose throne should excel all the thrones of earth ; and in the sublimest strains of eloquence, had spoken of the glory of His Kingdom, and the splendour of his reign. Through ages of oppression, through long years of captivity, from the

depths of suffering, had prophets and people looked forward to the coming of the "Redeemer of Israel;" and now as if to mock their hopes, that silent star pointed to the babe of a carpenter's wife as the fulfilment of all.

THINK, YOUNG MEN !

Want of thought is one simple reason why thousands of souls are cast away forever. Men will not consider—will not look forward—will not look around them—will not reflect on the end of their present course, and the sure consequences of their present ways—and awake at last to find they are damned for want of thinking.

Young men, none are in more danger of this than yourselves. You know little of the perils around you, and so you are heedless how you walk. You hate the trouble of sober, quiet thinking, and so you form wrong decisions, and run your heads into sorrow. Young Esau must needs have his brother's pottage, and sell his birthright: he never *thought* how much he should one day want it. Young Simeon and Levi must needs avenge their sister Dinah, and slay the Shechemites: they never *considered* how much trouble and anxiety they might bring on their father Jacob and his house. Job seems to have been specially afraid of this thoughtlessness among his children. It is written, that when they had a feast, and "the days of their feasting were gone about" Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt-offerings, according to the number of them all; for Job said, "It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually," Job i, 5.

Believe me, this world is not a world in which we can do well without thinking, and least of all do well in the matter of our souls. "Don't think," whispers Satan; he knows that an unconverted heart is like a dishonest tradesman's book—it will not bear close inspection. "Consider your ways," says the word of God—stop and think—consider and be wise. Well says the Spanish proverb, "Hurry comes of the devil." Just as men marry in haste, and then repent at leisure as they make mistakes about their souls in a minute, and then suffer for it for years. Just as a bad servant does wrong, and then says, "I never gave it a thought," so young men run into sin, and then say, "I did not think about it—it did not look like sin." Not look like sin. What would you have? Sin will not come to you saying, "I am sin; it would do little harm if it did. Sin always seems "good, and pleasant, and desirable," at the time of commission. O! get wisdom, get discretion. Remember the words of Solomon, "Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let thy ways be established," Prov. iv, 26. It is a wise saying of Lord Bacon, "Do nothing rashly. Stay a little, that you may make an end the sooner."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE VICIES OF GOSSIPING AND SARCASM.

The habit of gossiping, is a habit that degrades alike the intellect and the heart. The soul of gossip is a contemptible vanity that imagines itself, or at least would have others imagine it, superior to all that it finds of evil and absurdity in the characters of those whom it passes in review. A very little observation will serve to show any one that every body sees his neighbours faults, while very few open their eyes upon their own ; and that not unfrequently a person condemns with the utmost vehemence in others precisely the same follies and vices in which he himself habitually indulges. Those who study their own character with most care, and who best understand themselves, are apt to say least of the characters of their neighbours ; they find too much to do within themselves in curing their own defects, to have time or inclination to sit in judgment upon the defects of others.

It is impossible to indulge habitually in this vice without weakening the powers of the intellect. The heart never suffers alone from the indulgence of any wrong passions. The intellect and the affections ever sink as well as rise together. Where the love of gossip becomes a confirmed habit, the mind loses its power of accurately appreciating the value of character—of distinguishing truly between the good and bad. The power of discrimination is weakened and impaired, so that no confidence can be placed in the opinions of the mind in relation to character or life. In addition to this, we must bear in mind that all the mental power we bestow in criticising and ridiculing our fellow-beings is just so much taken from our mental strength, which we might have applied to some useful, intellectual exercise. The strength of the mind is no more indefinite than that of the body. We have but a certain limited amount ; and all that we apply to idle or bad purposes is just so much abstracted from the good and the useful.

Sarcasm is a weapon we are almost sure to find constantly used by the gossip ; and whether it be shown in the coarse ridicule of the vulgar, or the keen satire of the refined, it springs ever from the same source, and is directed to the same end ; as surely as the clumsy war-club of savage lands was invented from the same impulse and wrought with the same intent as the graceful blade of Damascus. Its source is vanity, its end to make self seem great by making others seem little. It is a weapon that, however skillfully wielded always cuts both ways, wounding far more deeply the hand that grasps it than the victim it strikes. Of all the powers of wit, sarcasm is the lowest. There is nothing easier than ridicule ; nothing requiring a weaker head or a colder heart.

The sincere lover of truth will never be found habitually indulging either in gossip or sarcasm : for those who are addicted to these vices never tell a story simply as they heard it, never relate a fact simply as it happened. A little is added here or left out there to give

the story a more entertaining turn or the satire a keener point. As the habit grows stronger, invention becomes more ready and copious, till at length truth is covered up and lost under an accumulation of fiction.—*Elements of Character*.

THOUGHTS.

To be universally intelligible is not the least merit in a writer.

In nature there's no blemish but in the mind ; none can be called deformed but the unkind.

The poet's soul should be like the ocean, able to carry navies, yet yielding to the touch of a finger.

The more nearly our minds approach to a state of purity in this life, the greater will be our chance of realizing true happiness.

If men would but follow the advice which they gratuitously bestow upon others, what reformation would be effected in this world.

Teach self denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brains of the wildest dreamer.

MAXIMS.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.

He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.

Poetry.

HYMN FOR THE NATIVITY.

And there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—*Luke* ii, 13, 14.

Uplift the voice of melody
Your choicest numbers bring ;
Of grace divine the song shall be,
And mercy's flowing spring :
We'll celebrate the mighty love
Of Him who, throned on high,
Descended from that throne above,
To suffer and to die.

Uplift the voice of melody,
To hail the glorious morn
That saw in Bethlehem's manger lie
The wondrous virgin-born :
We'll follow in the shining train
Of the seraphic band,
Whose voices here, in choral strain,
The tidings through the land.

Uplift the voice of melody :
"To us a son is giv'n ;"
Shout peace, good-will, and victory ;
The Bonds of sin are riv'n.
He comes the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings ;
He comes a ransom'd world to bless,
And reigns the King of kings.

Uplift the voice of melody,
Hosanna to the Lord ;
Let earth, let ocean, and let sky,
Take up the joyous word,
And hail, with us, the glorious day
That gave the Saviour birth :
To him united homage pay,
Immanuel, God on earth.—*Blaise*

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THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND
AND
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

FOR THE YEAR 1854.

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We feel it our duty at the close of the first volume of our little publication, to erect an Ebenezer of gratitude to the Almighty. Through the gracious assistance of the Holy Spirit, and the merciful superintendance of a Divine Providence, we have hitherto been enabled to proceed in our humble efforts, to promote the moral and religious welfare of our reader. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise."

In that important day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, we trust we shall have reason to renew this grateful ascription to God, for having been inclined and aided to carry on this work, in conformity with the doctrinal, experimental, and practical parts of His Holy Word. Yet, we would fain hope, that, at this solemn period, some immortal souls will have to stand forward and thus declare:—"Next to the Almighty grace, we owe our first real concern for salvation, and many a spiritual blessing in our Christian course, to reading the plain and simple pages of the *COTTAGER'S FRIEND*."

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