

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

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THE AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

HE was a disbanded soldier, belonging to the old New South Wales corps, and was of that class of men, who, in one way or another, *must* make themselves prominent. Educated or uneducated, possessions or no possessions, servants of sin or servants of righteousness, in office or out of it, they stand before you in bold relief. If you turn to the annual Wesleyan Missionary Report for the year 1850, under the head of "Former Donations and Benefactions of Ten Pounds and upwards," you read, "Lees, Mr. John, 1826-29, £36. 1s.9d." This is the man, and his name no disgrace to that immortalizing record of benevolence. Illiterate, "the chief of sinners," before his conversion, and not without his failings afterwards, he was a man of God, possessing and exhibiting an extraordinary character, rescued from sin and wretchedness, want and woe, by "the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Drunkenness and the last Pig.—John had a small allotment of land granted him by Government, and some other little aid to commence the "settler's" life. He was married and had a rising family. Hard work was not irksome to him. Several acres of tall timber-trees were felled by his axe, and the wood was burnt off. He was often seen diligently at work with his spade and hoe, amidst the usual array of standing "black stumps," the remains of the former occupants of the soil. His live stock increased, and was in a thriving way. But his strong propensity for drink, checked for a while by his industry, again grew on him, till he bore the marks of a reckless, confirmed drunkard. It happened in

his case, as in a thousand others, one article after another went till part of his land, and all his stock, were gone, except *one pig* now fat in the sty. The intemperate, unhappy man, "sold under sin," was contemplating the taking of this "last pig" to pay off a *score* run up at a neighboring house, where they sold intoxicating liquors, when God, by a remarkable instrumentality, suddenly arrested him in rapid progress to destruction, and made him a striking monument of his mercy.

Conversion by the bite of a venomous reptile.—Stepping out of his hut one night for a log of wood to lay on his fire, while in the act of laying hold to lift it from the ground, he accidentally grasped in his hand a *deadly snake!* The fearful reptile instantly bit him in the wrist. As death often ensued shortly after a bite of this kind, he was seized with violent alarm for his life. Eternity, and "the wrath to come," opened before him. He hastened to Windsor, a neighboring township, to seek relief. On entering the house of the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, he fell fainting on the threshold. Recovering from insensibility, medical aid was obtained; and by a gracious providence he was saved from dying in his sins. The event was sanctified. He was awakened by the Spirit of truth; and the more deadly bite of the "old serpent, the devil," now engaged his anxious thoughts. He thirsted for the water of life. His fervent soul sought refuge in Gilead's balm, the atoning blood of Jesus. Soon the opening heavens with the sacred beams of mercy shone around him. He obtained to his guilty conscience the inward "whisper" of pardon and salvation. Old things were done away; all things became new. "The same man was just and devout, and the Holy Ghost was upon him."

Bearing the trial of the Blessing.—We had had a gracious season at the chapel in the wood. John Lees had built it, and delighted to repair thither to meet a few of his neighbors at the "hour of prayer;" to call upon God together; to hold with them sweet Christian communion in the class-meeting; to teach a little Sunday School; "to hear God's most holy word." The "Blue Mountains" were at the back of the loved little wooded sanctuary and between it and John's humble cottage lay the ground first broken up by his own hands, and a peaceful well-fished lagoon which was passed and repassed by a small boat, to attend worship. I had left the chapel, in company with my good friend, and we walked homeward in silence. Our souls had been greatly refreshed. We were happy. John, mostly talkative on ordinary occasions,

sions, had scarcely uttered a word since we left the house of prayer. There was no sound floating on the soft breeze that gently wafted over the lofty evergreens, embosoming the cultivated patches. It was a beautiful, serene Australian evening. At last the solemn silence was broken. In a firm and devout tone of voice, John said, "*I have been praying, Sir, for grace to bear the trial of this blessing.*" More than four times seven years have passed away since the sound of that sentence broke on my ear, in the stillness of the Australian night; but the incident is yet very vivid in my recollection. The little fact, and the great principle of spiritual instruction contained in it, have a thousand times pleased and profitted me. Yes, it is true: every cheering blessing of grace must be tried as by fire, especially the blessings of religious excitement. When they are given either in public or private devotion, indeed in any way, so that we are made partakers of joyous animation within, how needful it is to call to mind the principle of "the Australian settler," and imitate his example of silent, mental, devout effort, to obtain grace from heaven to "*bear the trial of the blessing!*"

The weather will always be right.—On another memorable occasion, returning from the same house of prayer in the wood, and passing together in the same direction, and over the same spot of ground, one other striking sentence was uttered by my devout friend. It was the season of harvest. John had reaped his wheat. It stood in shocks around us. The weather was very unfavorable. Rain had been almost incessantly descending for several days preceding. The corn was at the point of sprouting in the sheaf, and being greatly damaged; and the heavens were yet hung with the black and threatening clouds. I expressed my sympathy for him as the owner of the property now seen in danger, and my fears as to general results from the then unsettled state of the weather.—In doing so, I used a sort of common phraseology, indicating that it was now bad weather for the harvest. At the sound of "*bad weather*" from my lips, he appeared moved in an extraordinary manner. Instantly standing still in the midst of his dripping, discolored sheaves, feeling for the honor of his God, as the God of the weather, he looked at me with mingled seriousness and astonishment, and, with a kind of frown on his countenance, said, in an air of authority, "*I think, Sir, the weather will always be right.*" The next day, by a sudden change, the weather proving very fine, the heat of the sun from the bright heavens quickly

drying the wheat, and John carrying it into his barn, comparatively uninjured, I was left to meditate on the lesson of "instruction in righteousness" which I had received. Few harvests have since passed, or other occasions in which unfavorable weather has been concerned, but I have fancied I heard ringing in my ears this ungrammatical sentence, but telling and righteous thought,—“diamond in the rough:”—“I think, Sir, the weather will always be right.” Certainly the state of the physical elements, governed only by the hand of God, *is ever right*. Right, although, at certain times, God may very strikingly use them in chastening and correcting the erring, unrighteous race for whom they were created, and are now sustained in mysterious operation.

“*Put me down six Guineas.*”—It was the first Missionary meeting held in the colony, now just thirty years ago. We were assembled in the Wesleyan chapel, Prince-street, Sydney. John had come down in his jolting cart thirty-five miles to attend this meeting. He had heard much of Missionary meetings in England. They suited his taste, and he came on tip-toe of expectation.—Various persons had addressed the meeting; it was drawing to a conclusion; and the Secretary had taken down a pretty long list of subscribers, with their respective subscriptions annexed to their names. John, who was sitting near my right hand, just below the platform, now stood up with his tall, lean figure, and mean costume, amidst the better dressed and better pursed, and said, with great seriousness in his countenance, and great firmness in his tone of voice, “Mr. Secretary, *put me down six guineas.*” Astonishment took hold of all in the meeting. Those were not the days of great givings. So large a sum had not been named, although some present were getting their thousands annually. The Secretary, knowing his narrow circumstances, and large family, could not bring his pen to set down in his list, “John Lees, £6. 6s.”—And while all proceedings were thus taken aback in this storm of benevolence from the “Blue Mountains,” John, guessing the cause of the deep embarrassment, was again on his feet to relieve his friends. His heart was full at the thought of God’s love to himself and his family. Amidst flowing tears, and with broken accents, he assured the meeting of his deep, heart-felt obligations to Christ his Saviour, and that he must be permitted to present that sum, to promote a cause to which he was so great a debtor; concluding with a most touching reference to two of his children,* whom God

* One of these had married a Lay-Missionary belonging to the Church-Mission in New Zealand, and had returned to the colony, and died happy in God.

had recently taken from his embrace to the happiness of heaven. Every heart was affected and subdued; his name was now readily entered at the head of the subscription-list, and his speech pronounced by the attorney Secretary the best of the evening. As John *literally* "sought *first* the kingdom of God," he found ways and means in due time to pay his noble subscription. Nor was he long content even with this gauge of Christian benevolence. The next year, when we went up from Sydney to hold a Missionary meeting at his little chapel in the wood, he rose and spoke as follows:—"Mr. Chairman, I shall this year give for *myself* six guineas, as I did last year. But I wish also to give something for my family. Put down *one guinea* for my wife; *one guinea* for Richard; and *one guinea* for John." These several subscriptions, munificent and princely for one in his circumstances, were as promptly paid as his subscription on the former year.—"Him that honoreth me. I will honor."

Benevolence in trial and in triumph.—One of those distressing droughts with which New South Wales is not unfrequently visited, occurring the following year, John's crops, in common with others, failed. His "fields yielded no meat," and he was greatly put to it, to know how he should keep up his subscription of *nine guineas* to the Missionary Society. His liberal heart devising still more liberal things, he resolved to accomplish it by making sale of one of his horses. For some months great pains were taken by him, his wife and children, to make it as marketable as possible. It was often seen tied under a shady tree, and the children were employed in the woods cutting grass for it. On the week immediately preceding our anniversary Missionary meeting at Sydney, I happened, on the day of the market, to cross the market-place, and saw John, my most benevolent friend from the Nepean, in the act of mounting his horse to return home. Not knowing his errand there, nor the state of his mind, I spoke cheerfully to him about attending the meeting; for we could not well afford his absence, "having no man like-minded." He returned no answer. I spoke a second time: he was still silent. On lifting my eyes to his countenance, as he sat on the horse, I saw he was overwhelmed with grief. As well as tears and heart-rending sorrow would permit, he said, "No, Sir, I shall now be ashamed to be seen there. I can't pay my subscription; for I can't sell my horse." More astonished at this speech of tried, noble benevolence, than anything about "giving" that had before dropped from his lips, or

any other, I attempted to render him a word of consolation, such as, indeed, the circumstance well admitted. But the sorrow was too genuine and too deep to admit of any such comfort. He broke from me while I was in the act of speaking; leaving me to wonder at what was "*in his heart*" while he bore the burden of his painful disappointment the thirty-five mile journey, to the door of his distant abode in the bush. Apologizing for his absence at the meeting, and non-payment of his subscription, the incident did not fail to draw tears from the audience. But, improving culture, fruitful showers, and the blessing of God on grounds so connected with the skies, gave him a very plentiful crop the following year. On leaving his lowly roof to go with him to the Missionary meeting at his own chapel in the wood, his wife—in very homely attire, sitting on a stool with an infant on her lap—called loudly after us, "*John, mind; you did not pay your subscription last year: you must pay two year's now.*" Considering that Mary was not a member of the society, that she did not in everything see eye to eye with her zealous husband, and that the *rate* of subscription stood at a point *so elevated*, this word of exhortation, I could but think far above things of common place. John did his duty at the meeting. He put down various subscriptions *in kind*; the whole of which, when disposed of, I think amounted to fourteen pounds. "*There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.*"

Giving as the lord prospers.—The next year, 1824, was a prosperous year with John Lees. His grounds brought forth extraordinarily, and his barns were filled with plenty. He came to our Missionary meetings at Windsor. After some animating remarks about the duty of giving to God's cause, John said, I "*wish to encourage my friends at Windsor to give. Put down my name for twenty bushels of wheat, as my subscription to this Branch Society.*" The next day was the meeting at John's chapel. Here he was full of gratitude to God for the abundant prosperity He had given him. "*In addition,*" said he, "*to what I gave yesterday, I shall now give forty bushels of wheat more. And, as my tobacco crop is good, I shall give ten pounds of tobacco also.*"—After the meeting was over, he added to these subscriptions *a cow and calf*. He sold the whole for the benefit of the good cause. The amount was forty-five pounds. This was the sum which he presented to the Auxiliary Treasurer, (the late Mr. James Scott, of Sydney,) as his subscription to the Missionary Society for that year.

Religion prompted John Lees to give in this liberal manner.— But he was not “hurt” by it. When he began to pray and to give, he was in abject poverty. Now he was in respectable life. Giving he had found “the surest and safest way of thriving.” It may be added, that for some years previous to the date of the Missionary meetings, he set apart a portion of his ground for the church of God, and cultivated it gratuitously from year to year for the benefit of the mission. He had the honor, also, of raising three chapels; one of which was, I think, the first Wesleyan chapel in the southern hemisphere. Notwithstanding his diligence in business, he found opportunity to sing and pray with his family three times a day. It is five-and-twenty years since we parted; and some ten or a dozen years since I received a letter from a friend, in which were these words about him, and no more: “Good old John Lees is gone to heaven.”

B. CARVOSO.

YOUTH CAUTIONED AGAINST WORLDLY PLEASURES.

I have to warn you against dangers of various kinds. This world is full of peril to the soul. Of all the paths of life, there is but one you can tread with safety.

“A thousand ways to ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high.”

And O, how many miss that way to bliss! Some through ignorance; while others, though knowing it, refuse to walk therein.— Hence, with truth, I may add,—

“What thousands never knew the road;
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!”

Of this way our Lord declared few would find it. It is the lonely and unfrequented way of happiness. The world turns from it with disdain.

But it is otherwise with the thousand ways which end in ruin. Many walk therein. To the eye they appear inviting and full of promise. No danger being apprehended, the ignorant and unwary do not hesitate to tread them. Multitudes of the *young* dance along these sunny and flowery paths of pleasure and of passion, heedless of their termination. Inexperienced and unsuspecting, they are the early victims of those temptations, to which their

warm affections, emotions, and hopes, render them susceptible. — Your heart has happily been chastened by a religious training, and restrained by a measure of the fear of God. But you will soon have to leave the comparative seclusion of the school, to enter upon the business of the world. This will necessarily throw you more into society, and you will often come in contact with those who are actuated by evil principles and selfish motives. Temptations will surround you, many of which will be entirely new. Sinful pleasures will allure and evil company entice. Against both these evils, in every stage of your life, I most earnestly warn you. I apprehend great danger to youth from what are termed the amusements and pleasures of the world. There are parents who grant, in reference to these things, many indulgences, from which they anticipate no moral injury, but from which I fear the most serious evils will result. It is natural enough that the youthful mind, stimulated by curiosity, and the exciting descriptions of others, should seek permission to attend upon them. “What harm can there be in visiting such a place, or in seeing such a sight?” is a question frequently proposed. The harm is often in attendant circumstances, the character of those who chiefly resort to places of amusement, and the effect of the whole upon the mind. Thousands of the children of religious parents have buried in these pursuits their best feelings and desires.

And pleasure, my dear boy, is sure to tempt you. Even now she leads you to anticipate the day when, freed from parental restraint, you may have liberty to join her followers. Be on your guard against her subtle influences. She works upon the imagination, by presenting to it such a picture of delight and satisfaction, that desire is excited to possess it.

But you must know that all her representations are false, her promises deceitful, and her hopes delusive; yet by many she is believed, and hence she counts her followers by millions. She leads many astray by means of the senses. The eye loves beauty, and the ear harmony; and in both these respects she endeavors to meet the tastes of her admirers. She also maintains her authority by her influence over the passions. She inflames their ardor, renders them ungovernable, and then falsely promises satisfaction in their indulgence. No wonder that she draws the world after her, when she chains the imagination, senses, and passions of mankind to the wheels of her chariot.

It is one of the old artifices of pleasure to assume the name and

le. — garb of happiness; and under this disguise she has deceived thou-
 , and sands. But between her and happiness there is no real re-
 soon semblance. They have not one attribute in common. Pleasure
 r up- has never yet been able to make the most devoted of her followers
 you happy; they may have sown in hope, but they have always reaped
 those a disappointment and sorrow.

pta- I trust that you will never be numbered among her victims.—
 Sin- Pleasure has ruined the reputation, health, and peace of myriads.
 both Multitudes of the young she daily seduces. And what shall pre-
 you, serve you from her gilded baits and destructive influences? What,
 the but religion. Its light will enable you to see her in her own true
 who character, and you will know that the only reward she can bestow
 -hich is "vanity and vexation of spirit." In respect to the pleasures
 most and amusement of the world, I present, for your imitation, the ex-
 thful ample of Moses. When the pleasures of a court and kingdom
 s of were open to him, "he chose rather to suffer affliction with the
 harm people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."
 it? This decision was both wise and pious: and may your choice be
 dant like his. — *A Father's Religious Counsels to his Son at School,*
 aces by the R. . . David Hay.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

ow. In opposition to the recorded statements of sacred Scripture,
 re- and numerous well-authenticated facts, few will be so sceptical as
 our to deny all visits from the invisible world by the unclothed inhabi-
 ina- tants of that world. Equally it might be deemed an infidel con-
 ion, clusion to question all supernatural agency employed, when no visi-
 her ble form is manifest to the sense of sight or feeling. Yet, it
 e is would be an unwarrantable stretch of faith to give credence to the
 she numerous statements which have been handed down to us from our
 ity, credulous progenitors, or presented to our acceptance by the crea-
 or- tions of a frightened, fruitful imagination. It ever should be re-
 jty, membered that the world of spirits, as well as the world of bodies,
 eu- is under the government of the one mighty Creator of all, and
 in- that none can pass from thence to us without His permission; and,
 er, when such a permission is given, the object must be worthy of the
 ind solemnity and character of the commission;—not to scare the
 nd young, or terrify the nervous, but to effect some special purpose,
 make some important discovery, or, what may be considered the
 chief and general design, direct the attention of careless, thought-

less man to the consideration of a disembodied eternal state of being—which, indeed, with the Bible in his possession, he is too apt to forget or exclude from reflection. Neglecting thus to reason on the subject, the hour of darkness has been dreaded, the solitary chamber avoided, the precincts of the quietly reposing dead clothed with terror, life spent in slavish fear, and even reason, at seasons, made to tremble on its disturbed throne. This might be avoided, by the aged, instead of entertaining the young with ghostly histories, teaching them to confide in the wisdom and goodness of God, and not to allow themselves to be imposed on by mysterious circumstances, when a little calm, persevering inquiry might be rewarded by a satisfactory solution of the dubious event. It may confidently be affirmed that the mass of such histories are dubious, and admit of solution, as the following examples may serve to show; and which are adduced, not to destroy belief in supernatural agency, but to dissipate groundless fear, and prompt, in similar perplexities, to deliberate investigation.

The writer was once domiciled in a dwelling which previously had been for some time uninhabited. Why and wherefore, he knew not. But he had not long been the tenant, before his family became the subjects of serious alarm, and that especially if he was not present with them. When duty called him from home in the evening, on his return he would find them, young and old, standing at the door, or not daring to sit with it closed. In the dead of night, and even at noon-day, (for the supposed visiter did not confine his visits to the hours of darkness,) consternation would be excited by the ringing of the parlour-bell. In the daytime, the servant would obey the summons, and learn that she had not been called for. The children would cling to their mother, and their father in vain endeavor to allay their agitation. Indeed, to him, the affair began to assume a serious character: rest was disturbed, and family quiet destroyed. Examination after examination was instituted, but all in vain: and notice was given to leave the bell-ringing abode. Before, however, it was abandoned, the cause of the alarm was fully ascertained, and domestic tranquility restored. The watchful observations of the head of the family led to the remark that, after the noisy ghost had rung the bell, he was so obliging as not to ring it again until some member of the family did so; and then, and never till then, did he take his turn. This order was no sooner observed than the cause was ascertained. By the pulling of the cord of the bell-wire, it was found that a certain

crank, placed in the corner of the room, stuck fast against the wall; which, in the course of time, by the pressure of its own spring, was liberated, and off went the tinkling bell. Alas, poor ghost! It never more was heard, and the haunted house lost all its mysterious celebrity, and sunk to the common order of other less famed habitations. Yet the head of the affrighted family is free to acknowledge that, had not the timely discovery been made, he should have left the dwelling with the strong impression that it had occasionally more inhabitants than were always visible.

Our second haunted house was yet more fearful and perplexing. Many years ago, when the noter of these events was a young man, at stated seasons he took up his abode with the kind, hospitable inmates of a large old farm-house. In the centre was the spacious kitchen, in which the family generally resided. To the right and left were other rooms and chambers, which placed the occupiers of them at a considerable distance from each other. If one only slept in the west wing, he could have no communication with those who lodged in the east, without coming down the stairs, and crossing the kitchen; so that his apartment was very solitary. It was the frequent custom of the good grey-headed farmer, after supper, to treat his guest with the history of the past inhabitants, and present state of his dwelling. Some of them had been notorious in their day; and one within its walls had, unsommoned, passed into the eternal world, and since that awful event the habitation had most assuredly been haunted by some unearthly visiter. Instances were given and minutely described. It was after one of these gloomy relations had been detailed, that the young man retired to his chamber for rest; and the other members to theirs, in the very opposite direction. The stairs were creaky, the door was far from being firm, and the room was large, having a bed besides the one occupied. Though confident in the protection of Him who has promised to be with those who fear Him in their up-rising and down lying, yet he felt he was not entirely free from an undiminished timidity; and his degree of fortitude was soon put to the test. Scarcely had he extinguished the candle and reclined his head on the pillow, but he heard a faint, plaintive cry, sometimes from one, and at other times as from different voices. The light he could not rekindle, and to find his way in the dark to the distant part of the house seemed equally difficult. Still the noise continued: it appeared near, but nothing could be seen. The cry frequently sounded like the feeble plaint of a weakly child on the

point of expiring. For several hours he was doomed to hear it. Sleep was unknown, and the perspiration of fear bathed his body. The morning's dawn was hailed with fervent gratitude; and, having dressed, he commenced diligent search for the cause of the cry, which still was heard, but seemed to become the more feeble as the light of day increased. He looked under and over the beds, in every corner and every accessible place, yet nothing could he find. And he was brought to conclude that the character of the house given by his host was correct; that, if apparitions were not to be seen, unaccountable cries were to be heard. He had taken the clothes from the bed on which he had reclined, but in vain; and as the other was in an undisturbed order, he concluded that there was no necessity to examine it. Resolving, however, before he left the room, to do everything, likely or unlikely, to discover the cause of his alarm, he began to take away the close from the other bed; and lo! if not the ghostly, the bodily disturbers of his rest were present to his view. The cat had found her way between the blankets, and deposited three kittens, and then had been shut out of the room. But for this explanation of the affair, nothing could have induced him to have slept in that room again; and he should have left his friends with the full persuasion, that indeed they did inhabit a haunted house.

Now, it is the firm conviction of the writer, that ninety-nine out of every hundred similar circumstances might be fully accounted for, if effort was made to ascertain the cause; and young persons might thus be saved from impressions which may often mar their comfort through life.

In recording these facts, there is no design to amuse at the expense of propriety. By them a profitable lesson of instruction may be learned. Placed in circumstances for which you cannot account, calmly exercise reason, institute judicious inquiry, and "trust in the Lord, and be not afraid."

MATRIMONIAL.

A WORD TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

'Can two walk together except they be agreed?'

'A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished.' Solomon.

In how many instances, to the present day, is marriage merely a union of hands—the affection not being even taken into considera-

tion. The question on the one side 'Is she handsome? has she money?' On the other, 'Can he support me in style? shall I be able to make an appearance?' How much better would it be to ask, Has the woman a heart capable of pure affection? will she be willing to share with me adversity as well as prosperity? will she forsake all others and cleave only to me through weal or wo?

And woman, yes, woman, she whose very nature ought to stimulate her to higher and holier motives for taking upon herself the marriage relation, is too often only anxious as to the length of her husband's purse, and the amount of his bank stock. The heart, the mind, the intellect, yes, everything really worth marrying for, being nonessentials.

But Oh, the misery which too often follows such marriages!—The husband, when it is too late, laments his blindness and his folly. The wife is made to realize that riches take to themselves wings and fly away; and then comes the consciousness of a want of sympathy and congeniality of feelings. Both are thrown back upon themselves, for not a chord in the breast of one vibrates in unison with the other.

Let the young beware how they enter the marriage state from such motives, lest they wake too late from the delusion. Consult the judgment, and hesitate when that says 'Beware.' Let the property be *in* rather than *with* the companion.

Oh, the loneliness of an unwedded heart! The hands may be united, but to feel that in heart you are separated, must be misery indeed. True, the routine of duties might be regularly performed, and with that exactness which would exclude the possibility of a complaint; but with a knowledge that it was not prompted by love—that it was not the spontaneous expression of a heart all your own—may be endured, it can hardly be enjoyed. Many, alas, too many, can testify to the truth from practical experience. Let their experience prove a warning to others, against the shoals and quicksands of this uncertain sea.

Examine the heart, not the purse; the soul, the mind, not the tenement it dwells in. Consult judgment not fancy. Let pure, heartfelt affection be the incentive to marriage. To think of being obliged to associate for life with one who has not a feeling of sympathy with you, and who is moreover, in sentiment, taste and feeling, directly opposed to you—how revolting the thought!

Then, let love, not ambition, lead you to form those ties that nought but death can honorably sever.

THE TRUE REFORMER.

Who is he? What is he?

1. He must take scriptural grounds and be consistent with scripture.

2. He must take the Bible as it is a whole, comparing scripture with scripture.*

3. He must believe 'that all scripture is given by the inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for correction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'

4. He must have a right spirit—the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.'

5. He must have boldness, great moral courage.

6. He must be willing to make great sacrifices—take the spoiling of his goods joyfully; yes, like Paul, not count his life dear.—'He that saveth his life shall lose it.'

7. He must be perseveringly indefatigable in his efforts, in the midst of the greatest obstacles and opposition.

8. He must have strong faith in God, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

9. His hope of success and final triumph must be in God.

10. He must do all to glorify God.

Is any reformer a *true* reformer except as he possesses these requisitions and qualifications? 'Beware of false prophets, which come unto you in sheep's clothing.' 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

PRIDE.

The examples of pride and its consequences, as set forth in the Scriptures, one would think were sufficient to lead every reflecting mind to repress a spirit so hateful and ruinous. How unlovely and how fatal was the pride of Pharaoh!

Pride was the sin of Nebuchadnezzar. It deposed him from his kingly throne, and reduced him to a fearful state of madness. Haman and his tragical end, Herod and his loathsome malady, are equally signal instances of the consequences of a proud and haughty temper.

* Reformers based on any other foundation aside from Christ—the Bible plan—God's own book, will sooner or later come to naught.

These provocations of the judgment of God, did not rise at once. They commenced with small beginnings. The pride of Pharaoh did not spring up suddenly from an humble and gentle nature. It must have been nurtured in childhood. The mortification and scorn of Haman, and the diabolical plot to which his pride excited him, were not due to a sudden temptation. Nebuchadnezzar's boast was not like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, and Herod's boastful spirit was not suddenly put on like the robe of silver that enveloped his form, and glittered gloriously in the sun. The power of a bad passion is the result of a long continued growth. It is first small and unobserved, like a bubbling fountain in a deeply secluded recess. It trickles noiselessly through the grass. Thence it comes quietly forth, flashing in the sunlight. Anon it bubbles along the declivity of its course, 'making sweet music with the enamelled stones,' till swelling to a river, it sweeps on in resistless might, prostrating every barrier that opposes its progress.

Let the young be warned against the dangerous vice. It grows like your frame when you think not of it. It destroys confidence, weakens friendships, awakens enmities.

God has pledged himself to abase the proud. The whole scheme of divine grace assumes the necessity of an humble temper.—Every Christian who has had a conscious struggle with skepticism before he embraced the gospel, will admit that this great difficulty was pride. The scheme of mercy was mortifying to his unhumiliated spirit. This was the foundation of his difficulties regarding the divine nature of the Messiah, the atonement, and forgiveness through the sacrifice of Christ. Cowper has beautifully expressed the thought:

'Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride, above all, opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought and kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.'

Pride is a hateful spirit. If it could enter heaven it would unstring every golden harp, and change the sweet songs of that blessed word into voices of lamentation and woe.

'Before destruction, the heart of man is haughty.'

DRESS.

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

Young women frequently err in their understanding of what it is that gives them a good name, and imparts their chief attraction. Many seem to imagine that good looks, a gay attire, in the extreme of fashion, and a few showy attainments, constitute everything essential to make them interesting, and attractive, and to establish a high reputation in the estimation of the other sex.—Hence they seek for no other attainments. In this, they make a radical mistake. The charms contained in these qualities are very shallow, very worthless, and very uncertain. There can no dependence be placed upon them.

If there is one point more than another, in this respect, where young ladies err, it is in regard to *dress*. There are not a few who suppose that dress is the most important thing for which they have been created, and that it forms the highest attraction of woman. Under this mistaken notion—this poor infatuation—they plunge into every extravagance in their attire: and, in this manner, squander sums of money, which would be much more profitably expended in storing their minds with useful knowledge, or, in some cases, even in procuring the ordinary comforts of life.

There is a secret on this point I would like to divulge to young women. It is this. That any dress, which from its oddness or its extreme of fashion and display, is calculated to attract very particular attention, is worn at the expense of the good name of its possessor. It raises them in the estimation of none; but deprives them of the good opinion of all sensible people. It gives occasion for suspicion, not only of their good sense, but of their habits of economy. When a young woman is given to extravagance in dress, it is but publishing to the world, her own consciousness of a want of other attractions of a more substantial nature. It is but virtually saying, 'I seek to excite attention by my dress, because I have no other good quality by which I can secure attention.'

Could a young woman who passes through the streets decked out extravagantly in all that the milliner and dress-maker can furnish, realize the unfavorable impression she makes upon sensible young men—could she but see the curl of the lip, and hear the contemptuous epithet which her appearance excites, and know how utterly worthless they esteem her—she would hasten to her home,

throw off her foolish attire, and weep tears of bitterness at her folly.

PARENTS TO BLAME.

Parents are often to be much b'amed for this indiscretion in their daughters. They should give them better advice! and instruct them to cultivate other and worthier attractions than the poor gewgaws of dress! Do they not know that the worthless and abandoned of the female sex dress the most gaily and fashionably? Should they not urge their daughters to seek for a higher excellency, a more creditable distinction than this?

Here is a *secret* for young ladies:—All the attraction they can ever possess by means of dress, will be derived from three sources, viz. Plainness, Neatness, and Appropriateness. In whatever they deviate from these cardinal points, they will to the same degree make themselves ridiculous—weaken their influence, and lose the good opinion of those they are the most anxious to win. I beg these truths to be impressed deeply on the mind.

Dress, personal beauty, and showy accomplishments, go but a short way to establish the reputation on which the happiness of a woman really depends. Instead of placing reliance on these, they should seek to cultivate those qualities, habits, and dispositions, which will give permanent merit and in the estimation of those whose attention and regard they are desirous to cultivate. A sweet and gentle disposition—a mild and forgiving temper—a respectable and womanly demeanor—a mind cultivated, and well stored with knowledge—a thorough practical acquaintance with all domestic duties; (the sphere where woman can exhibit her highest attractions, and her most valuable qualities.) tastes, habits, and views of life, drawn not from the silly novels of the day, but from a discriminating judgment, and the school of a well-learned practical experience in usefulness and goodness:—these are the elements of a good name, a valuable reputation in a young woman. They are more to be sought for, and more to be depended upon than any outward qualification. They form an attraction which will win the regard and affection of the wise and enlightened, where the fascinations of dress, and other worthless accomplishments, would prove utterly powerless.

I desire the young, of both sexes, to remember that it is one thing not to have a bad reputation, but quite another thing to have a good one. The fact that an individual does nothing criminal, or offensive, although creditable in itself considered, does not bestow

the amount of merit after which all should seek. They may do nothing particularly bad, and nothing very good. It is meritorious to refrain from evil; but it is better still to achieve something by active exertion, which shall deserve commendation. The Apostle exhorts us not only to 'cease to do evil,' but to learn to do well.' The young, while striving to avoid the evils of a bad reputation, should assiduously seek for the advantages of a good one.

‘ IN A MINUTE: ’

OR,

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Lucy Lathrop was a little girl of mild temper, and obliging disposition. These qualities secured her many friends; but she had one fault which caused herself, and her friends too, much trouble. If anything was to be done, she was always *too late*. Her almost invariable reply was, "in a minute;" but it so happened that her minutes were more than sixty seconds in length. This fault threw a shade over all her good qualities. It was not, it is true, the most serious fault of which a little girl might be guilty, but it was serious enough to cause much trouble.

The shortest way, I think, to convince my young readers of this, will be to give them a history of the troubles which this bad habit brought upon Lucy in a single day.

She was weeding in her garden, one morning, when her mother called her to breakfast.

'In a minute, mother,' said she, as she continued her employment.

But, when at last she came in, and was ready for breakfast, the family had been seated at the table some time. Her father told her that she must wait till they had finished their breakfast before she could sit down; for this habit she had of coming to the table after the rest of the family were seated, must be broken up.

Lucy was much mortified about this, and one would suppose that it would have cured her, at least for that day, of the habit of waiting a minute. But, bad habits, when firmly fixed, are not so easily cured. For this reason, children should be very careful not to form bad habits.

'In a minute,' said Lucy.

do But Lucy's brother knew something of the length of her min-
ous es ; and being something of a punctual boy, he did not choose to
by ait for her.

After a time, Lucy too, was ready, and started for school. The
stle teacher had been much annoyed by the tardiness of some of his
ill. pupils. The night before, he had told them he was resolved to
on, break this habit, and the next morning he should lock the school-
room door, at precisely five minutes past nine. If any of them
came after that time, they would be obliged to return home again.
Lucy knew this ; but, she thought as she always did, that she
d time enough. When, however, she reached the school-house,
e found the door locked, and was obliged to return.

In the afternoon. Lucy's mother placed her little infant sister
the cradle, and left the room, telling Lucy to sit beside the cra-
e and watch her.

'In a minute,' said Lucy, who was sitting by the window,
e. reading.

st But, before Lucy's minute had expired, her little sister dropped
er rattle-box over the side of the cradle, and, as she reached
w ter it, the cradle dropped over. The loud cries of the babe,
e to was some hurt, and more frightened, soon brought Lucy's
s mother back again. She was much displeased when she found
w inattentive her daughter had been. She told her that although
f she was naturally a kind-hearted and affectionate girl yet she could
l never be trusted, because she was never ready to do anything at
e proper time.

It was a long summer's day, and, after tea, some of Lucy's
companions called for her to take a walk with them. Her mother
ere her permission to go, and the party set off in high spirits. —
their path lay through fields and meadows : at length they came
a little brook. It was so narrow they could almost, but not
ate jump over it. They found a board, which they laid across,
d all passed over except Lucy

She was busy plucking flowers which grew by the side of the
ook.

'Come,' said one of her companions, 'we are all waiting for you.'

'In a minute,' said Lucy, as she sprang from one flower to
other.

They were willing to wait one minute, or even more ; but she
ried so long that their patience was almost exhausted, and
other called out —

‘Come Lucy, or we shall go on and leave you.’

‘Well, I will come in a minute,’ said Lucy; as soon as I can get that flower yonder.’

At last, when she was ready, as she came toward the brook, one of the party playfully took up the board, intending to make her, on her turn, wait ‘one minute,’ and then place it back again. But Lucy was a sprightly girl, and seeing a large stone a little way from where she stood, she stepped on to it, thinking from there she could jump over to the other side. But, she failed in the attempt and fell into the brook! It was very shallow, and she was soon out again; but she was as thoroughly saturated with water as an drowned rat, and covered with mud!

While the rest continued their walk, Lucy was obliged to return. As she bent her steps homeward, she called to mind all the trouble she had brought upon herself, during the day; and, by this habit of never being ready to do a thing when it should be done. Her friends had often reasoned with her about it; but she had never tried in earnest to break herself of it. She now resolved to do it without any longer delay.

If any of our friends, who read this story, have formed this habit, I hope they will not wait ‘a minute,’ before they begin to break themselves of it.

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS.

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

LETTER VII.

ON DOMESTIC QUALIFICATIONS.

Before proceeding with the “Danger of early Connexions,” I will enter at some length upon the subject named at the head of this letter. It appears as though the constitution and disposition of women determines their attention to domestic concerns. These, however they may be despised by some, are yet so important, that no female can be considered a perfect character, whatever her talents or her education, who is deficient herein. The happiness of life, both as regards men and women, is more closely connected with these duties than many imagine. All that depends upon attention to family occupations may, I think, be resolved into these two excellencies,—*industry* and *order*. I shall devote this letter to the first of these.

Idleness is so much the bane of exertion, and the opposite of good, that the wise man has characterized it and described it as to excite abhorrence. Let me beg of you before reading another sentence of mine, to turn to the book of Proverbs, and look at the passages you will find in chap. xiii. 4; xv. 19; xix. 15; xx. 4; xx. 4; xxi. 25, 26; xxiv. 30—34. Had the renowned monarch of the East yielded to this shameful vice, he would not have discoursed upon the nature of *plants*, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon; which extensive knowledge in only one branch of science was but a small part of that for which he was named the wisest of men. Idleness has been the parent of almost every evil. Numbers have been brought to an untimely end, who, having no means of subsistence but what industry or time presented, have preferred the latter, and have sacrificed their honesty and honor, rather than earn a maintenance by the labor of their hands. On the contrary, how often has it pleased the Almighty to crown with large success the efforts of honest industry!

But there is a sort of industry which some practice, which is no means beneficial. True, they are employed; but the books they read are trilling, the works they perform are insignificant, and domestic duties are thought beneath their attention. Ever direct your attention to what is useful, and never be unemployed, whether at home or abroad.

It will be no disgrace here to be singular. If the principle of industry be truly fixed in your mind, you will not be ashamed of any employment to which your situation in life may call you, and which your strength is able to encounter. And you will have a double advantage in any such occupations, if you have received and enlarged upon the few hints I have before offered in these letters. You will be able to employ your minds upon the most exalted objects, while your hands are engaged in the humblest duties of domestic life. Our Saviour, whose Divine example we are called to imitate, has left us a pattern of unremitting diligence. In the years of His minority, (if we may thus speak,) His sacred hands were engaged in daily manual labor; and "when Jesus began to be about thirty years of age," His blessed feet were ever going out on errands of love.

Learn of Him, and thus delight

YOUR MOTHER.

OUR CHOIR—ROBBING GOD.

A public abuse or nuisance requires sometimes a public rebuke or notice to remedy it; and as the choir nuisance is becoming general in our churches, public measures are called for to abate it. Our choir, though not remarkable for very superior voices, yet long since were acceptable as Christian members, and because, selecting familiar tunes, the congregation generally had an opportunity of joining in the praises of God. Congregational singing was so general with us, that our pastor expressed his gratification publicly on the subject. Lately, however, they have caught the choir disease, and are apparently endeavoring to monopolize that part of Christian worship, and to make a show of themselves. They began by singing before service what are supposed to be meant for chants or anthems; but they may be selections from operas, or any thing else, as they appear to be in an unknown tongue, or so sung that you cannot understand a word. About once in three months one can make out the twenty-third psalm or the Lord's Prayer. Now and then a single word can be made out; in a late one, the word salvation was believed to be heard. It is called by some an orchestra performance. It certainly is not worthy of being called a part of Christian worship, and should not be allowed as part of it. Commencing when the service should commence, they consume part of the allotted time, and lately made our pastor shorten one of his best sermons, so as to dismiss in due season. Their next step was to introduce new tunes; and the necessary consequence is, that, in having several new ones almost every Sabbath, and often at the close of service, when the doxology is sung, our congregation are beginning to join less and less in that part of Christian worship. We had, not long since, a "advertised" sermon; and it being by a popular preacher, and of a more agreeable subject with most people than the gospel, of course we had a crowded house. There being many persons from other churches, one would have supposed that courtesy would require familiar tunes, that all might join in. But no; the choir thinking perhaps that it was a time of performances, thought, probably, that they had a right to their share, and they took and monopolized the music, such as it was. There was one time that the congregation came nigh joining in. It appeared to be a mixture of Old Hundred and Park Street; so some began to sing the one and some the other; but they soon got aground, and the

choir had it to themselves. The organist, however, helped them by throwing in apparently a double quantity of notes. Afterwards we had a very interesting missionary meeting; the church very crowded. Our choir started well with Old Hundred, and the large church fairly shook with the sound poured forth by the great congregation. After solemn addresses, it was hoped that the congregation would all again join in the farewell hymns, for they showed they had the heart to do it. But no; they were forced to listen to the choir. It was downright robbery! It was robbing the congregation of the Christian's privilege. It was robbing the missionaries of the congregation's sympathy going forth with their voices; and it was, *as most of choir singing is, robbing God of that praise and worship which a Christian congregation should give him.* The papers wisely omitted to state, in giving an account of the meeting, that the proceedings were made more entertaining by the able assistance of Dr. So-and-So's choir. It is said that in Dr. Alexander's church, on the Fifth-Avenue, they have gone back to the old custom of having the leader under the pulpit, stopping the extra flourishes of the organ, and the people singing praises themselves, instead of doing it by proxy. It is to be hoped others will follow their example. Those who have not the heart to praise here, have reason to doubt whether they will ever join in the praises of heaven. There is no religion by proxy nor performances there. Christians arouse to your duty and your privilege. Have you nothing to praise your God and Redeemer for? "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." Say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him." Will not you especially, whom the Holy Ghost has made overseers, take heed, therefore, unto yourselves and to all the flock in regard to this evil?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

God has never promised a charter of exemptions *from* trouble, but He hath promised to be with us *in* trouble. Better be in a prison with God's presence and promises, than on a throne without them.—*Rev. Thomas Watson.*

Poetry.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame
 Was a little to blame
 To stray far from his humble abode;
 Hot, thirsty, bemired,
 And heartily tired,
 He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
 A man who was blind
 Came by, and entreated his aid:
 "Deprived of my sight,
 Unassisted, to-night
 I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
 Of the the place where you live,"
 Said the cripple: "perhaps I may know it:
 In my road it may be:
 And if you'll carry me,
 It will give me much pleasure to show it.

"Great strength you have got,
 Which, alas! I have not,
 In my legs so fatigued every nerve is:
 For the use of your back,
 For the eyes which you lack,
 My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
 "What an excellent plan!
 Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother:
 I see all mankind,
 If they are but inclined,
 May constantly help one another."