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

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Vol. II.]

MAY, 1855.

[No. 5.

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THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

AN ETERNITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

BY DR. TYNG.

There is a solemn hour of separation from earth and of trial before God before the impenitent sinner. He may trust in his speculations, while the day of evil is postponed. He may bury his convictions of danger in pressing occupations, while occupation may be pursued. He may riot in his rebellion, while an avenging God seems to stand afar off. But in the hour when he is compelled to yield up his spirit, to be judged by God who gave the fears of his awakened conscience will rarely be suppressed. Then he will be unable to conceal from himself, his actual condition. The awful dangers which encompass him will be acknowledged.— In a death-bed without Christ he will stand out as he is, to receive and to display the real character and tendency of the principles and course which he has adopted. There is an overwhelming majesty in the near approach of God—so holy, so mighty—which causes the unconverted soul to sink in desperation. The heart of guilty man cannot brave out the terrors of that approach. He feels his separation from that glorious being, and his insignificance, and his guilt, while thus separated. He trembles while reflecting upon himself. He feels that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. There is then no room for flattery, and no covering for truth. The awakened conscience testifies; and appetite, and indulgence, and worldly pleasures have lost all their power to repel the charge, or to alleviate pain. The sinner will cry out in the anguish of his soul, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of

this death?" What expressions of sorrow and remorse does the approach of death often extort from the guilty man, in a review of his abused and wasted life! How earnestly does he wish that he might but have his time again—a single further opportunity of knowing and doing the will of God! Deep anguish agitates his soul. The midnight hour has come. The voice of the bridegroom standing at the door, is heard. But he is entirely without a readiness to meet him; and trembles at the prospect of beholding his offended God, face to face. Lamentations, without consolation, make up the whole experience of his soul. Every view of that which is passed, and of that which is to come, fills him with distress. Perhaps his excessive pride may, in a degree, conceal the wants and miseries of his soul. He may attempt to maintain the appearance of an entire indifference, which shall be above any acknowledgment of the deep emotions of his awakened spirit. He may profess full dependence in his own integrity, and go forward to the judgment-seat, avowing his own innocence, and refusing acknowledgments of guilt. Perhaps he may be allowed ignorant to slide into an everlasting world, while deluding friends around combine to conceal the awful fact. Earthly trifles may be presented to his view, to divert him from a possible thought of the eternity which is before him. The glad tidings of the gospel may be shut out, because they will make him anxious and gloomy. Men and devils thus often conspire to destroy a soul that Christ has purchased and would gladly save. But even here, the revelation of the vengeance of God upon his guilt is but for a little postponed. Soon he will awake to discover the real wretchedness of his condition; and in eternal rage and anguish, utter forth his useless imprecations upon his own folly in being thus deluded, and the enormity of the guilt that is combined to deceive him. But even these temporary delusions are exceptions in the history of man. The sinner's death is generally a violent tearing of him from the world beloved—an awful avulsion! He clings to every hope of life, like a drowning man. He cannot bear to die. Hell is stirred up to meet him at his coming. Go, grasp a man, and drag him to the mouth of a heated furnace, and attempt with force to press him into the flames! Take him to the giddy height of a precipice, and try to throw him headlong down! with what desperate violence does he shrink back from a certain ruin! Thus is the sinner driven away in his wickedness; a resistless force constrains him. He dare not go on—he cannot stop. His sins are all pressed upon him. He is unpardoned, pressed down with an intolerable

load. The nearer he approaches to the presence of God, the more he dreads him, and the more anxiously he labours to avoid him. What wretchedness can be greater! What suffering more insupportable! It is all because he is without Christ. An accepted, trusted Saviour would have removed all this load, and filled him with perfect and eternal peace. But he has lived, and he dies, without him: and his soul is far off from peace.

But he has another anticipation still. He must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Dragged from every pleasurable scene and possession, he has nothing there but despair and anguish. He may call in vain upon rocks and mountains, to hide him from the face of God and the wrath of the Lamb. Conscious of his inability to stand in that fearful day, he would gladly shrink into annihilation, in the prospect of its solemn retributions upon his guilty soul. But God cannot be mocked. They who have sowed to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. The sinner can look upon that crucified one, whom he heedlessly despised and trampled upon, only with the most overwhelming fear and alarm. He would gladly avoid him, and fly from him if he could. He would delight to overturn his power, to destroy his right to judge, and to break up the authority before which he trembles in dismay. He sinks in the prospect of meeting him, in unutterable despair.— He has no claim which will stand the test of God's examination; no garment of righteousness, in which he may wrap himself; no argument to plead against the sentence of condemnation from his Judge. His own conscience confesses the justice of the divine determination. His mouth is speechless from all excuse. And God is proclaimed righteous in his judgment upon the ungodly.— He is a judgment-seat, with Christ upon the throne; but without Christ in the sinner's soul. Oh, could he there have this righteous advocate with God, all would be well. His crimson sins would be forgiven, and his guilty soul rejoice in the peace of God. But he is without Christ; this he has chosen as his portion, and he now reaps the harvest he has sown. He is condemned for ever.— There is now a final separation, and another solemn anticipation. He is to be without Christ for ever. Banished from God, and from the fellowship of the redeemed, he is driven into endless woe. The result of his choice is now unchangeable. Eternity will but continue unceasingly to reveal the consequences of his folly.— Assigned to an eternal rebellion, there is an endless punishment for an endless iniquity. He will never be brought to repentance. Though suffering for ever for sin, he will have no true sorrow for

it. He will mourn for his misery, not for his guilt. He will hate God for ever, more and more, but he will never be grieved that he has sinned against him. The presence of Jesus gives all the peace which eternity can bring to man. He goes from the throne of Jesus, cast out from his presence for ever. The compassion of God shines upon him no more. He looks around upon others, without comfort. He is alone in the midst of a multitude. Without sympathy or support, he sinks into the abyss of eternal sorrow and despair. There is before him no ray of hope. He lies under the everlasting condemnation and curse of an avenging God.—Without the possible attainment of relief, he has this at the Lord's hands, that he lies down in sorrow. It is an eternity of darkness—an eternity without Christ. A fearful, awful doom! Oh, may every reader think of it, and flee from it—AN ETERNITY WITHOUT CHRIST!

### MOTIVES TO THANKFULNESS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HARRIS, 1630.

We have blessings private, as many as soul and body, house and field, field and town, town and country can hold. We have blessings public and national beyond number. Other nations bleed; we sleep: others beg; we abound: others starve; we surfeit: others grope in the dark; our sun still shines: others are disjointed and dismembered; they are members without heads, heads without bodies; forlorn men, without law, without Gospel, without churches, or teachers, or books. We have all: Magistrates, Ministers, laws, trades, schools, churches, towns, all, and all of the best: of rulers the best; of courts the best; of law the best; of books the best; of sermons the best; of air, fire, and water, all the best. And can we not yet see matter of thankfulness?

An objector will perhaps say, "O but these blessings are far off. They concern not me in particular."

Do they not? Have we not all our private interests in the public weal? But speak in good earnest. Hast thou no particular favours? no blessings to acknowledge?

"Yes; but where are they?"

Nay; where are they not? Thou hast eyes: ask the blind whether they be not a blessing. Thou hast ears: ask the deaf whether they be not a blessing. Thou hast a tongue: what does the dumb inan think of that? Thou hast hands, feet, wits, limbs, life: mercies enow betwixt head and foot to fill a volume. Is all this nothing? Nay, tell me, which way canst thou look, but thou

seest mercies. What canst thou touch, but thou feelest mercies? What canst thou tread upon, but thou standest on mercies? Of what art thou compounded, but of blessings? Every sense, every joint, every nail is a blessing. Nay, what is thy house made of, but blessings? What is it filled with, but blessings? blessings of the barn, blessings of the field, all are blessings. What is the world made of but blessings? The heavens, stars, fire, air, water, earth, with all in the one and all in the other, are blessings. All persons, all states, all times are blessings. "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.) Now when the Lord so loadeth us with benefits, and that daily, shall we not be thankful? Our Saviour commands us to bless when we are cursed; and shall we not bless when we are thus blessed?

All this while I have spoken nothing of spiritual blessings. Indeed no tongue can reach them. Yet we can express them all in one word. God hath given us Christ. What a gift is that! In Him he hath given us a new world. The old world was forfeited in a day. House, ground, furniture were all lost in Adam. Then came the promised Seed, the blessed Seed Christ; and in Him all things are made new. We have new heavens, a new earth, a new church, a new tenure; all things are renewed with infinite advantage to us, but cost to Christ. What a thing was that, for the Creator to become a creature; for life to die; for happiness to weep; for glory to be buffeted; for immortality to be buried! O Lord Christ, who would have done thus for an enemy, for a friend, besides thyself? But it is done. He was made flesh, seen of angels, slain of men, laid in the grave, raised to glory: and we are now redeemed, justified, sanctified, glorified! What words are these! what things! No man, no angel, can conceive the worth of these blessings. When we have said all, that all amounts to this: God hath given us Christ; that is, God hath given us himself, and all the creatures in heaven and earth. God hath delivered us from all evils, and hath given us all blessings. The earth is ours; the heavens are ours; the word is ours; the Spirit is ours; God is ours; because Christ is ours. Now then, when in Christ our Head we are reinstated in possession of the whole world, have we not matter of thankfulness? Yes, if we had but hearts to feel!

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Then is our life truly blessed, when we can fully rejoice in the truth.—*Augustine.*

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER  
DAUGHTERS.*Written many years ago by the Wife of a Wesleyan Minister.*

## LETTER III.

## ON ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The word "accomplishment" has such a fashionable sound, that my dear girls may perhaps start at the mention of it, and suppose that I am about to desert my own principles, and present to them something quite opposite to what I have already advocated. But no: I shall quickly convince them that I have nothing in view but a wish to promote the design of their Creator in making them useful members of society.

*To read well*, though it may be looked upon as a common accomplishment, is not so common as is supposed. But it is of particular service, in assisting us not only to understand what we read, but to make what we read understood by others.

Such an acquaintance with *grammar* as will enable you to speak and write accurately, is very necessary. It is an endless disgrace, and a shameful disappointment, when a pretty mouth is opened to pour forth a torrent of bad English, and under such appearances as would induce one to form different expectations; or for a YOUNG LADY to be found deficient in orthography. A knowledge of grammar assists in exploring the beauties of different authors; and, indeed, reading good authors almost induces an accuracy both in speaking and writing.

A young woman's education is also very defective if it do not embrace such a knowledge of *arithmetic* as is necessary in common housekeeping, or the usual routine of ordinary business. Most persons, let their situation in life be what it may, find a necessity for this plain accomplishment.

*Geography* is a most pleasing and interesting pursuit. We live upon a globe which affords an endless variety of subjects to a contemplative mind. In this age, when the light of science shines so clearly, when the principles and powers of nature are explored, and so many books recommend the pursuit in familiar and entertaining language, it is a reproach to those who have time and opportunity to be ignorant of such a subject. I do not wish you to obtain any knowledge of this kind with any other view than utility. You will soon discover that, in proportion as you obtain any insight into any science, will your own ignorance appear: new wonders will rise to your view, and you will appear sufficiently defective in your own

eyes to prevent your being vain of what you already know. Besides reading and studying directly on this subject, you will insensibly improve by reading voyages and travels, which impart much practical information. For, after all you may read and learn of poles and meridians, and latitudes and longitudes, the nature and influence of climate, &c., and though you may see their imaginary lines and circles exhibited upon an artificial globe, you will find more pleasure, and acquire better ideas of these things, by accompanying some of our celebrated circumnavigators round the globe, or in penetrating the interior parts of different nations and kingdoms with travellers who have hazarded their lives to bring instruction and entertainment to your firesides.\* Indeed, without some little acquaintance with geography, you cannot well understand a common newspaper, and will find yourselves at a loss in well-informed society, when the conversation turns on subjects above the level of common chit-chat.

*Needlework*, in all its branches, is generally required by all females in our own highly-favoured country. Be as accurate and as excellent as you can in plain work: this is in request in every family. But ornamental needlework, however pretty it may be considered as the product of fancy and ingenuity, ought not to engross the best hours, and the best eyes, and the best time of life. I must confess I never could see the wisdom of consuming days, weeks, and months over a muslin apron, or a child's cap. I think, however, that the present day is wise enough to discard such elegant trifling, and to prefer works of freer design and slighter execution. It is to be lamented that, in most nations, refinement has produced effeminacy and false delicacy: hence the education of daughters is, at present, much too sedentary. The original and valuable art of spinning, which the Princesses of ancient days, and even some of our British dames, did not despise, would form a beneficial exercise, after close attention either to books or the needle.

But there is yet one accomplishment, without which all the others would fail of being such; and this is *that habit of mind and manner which is the result of dignity, affability, and gracefulness blended together*. This is to character, what the best polish is to a piece of fine workmanship. It is widely different

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\* The transcriber of these "Letters" cannot but take this opportunity earnestly recommending to the readers of them the regular perusal and attentive study of the Missionary intelligence supplied by our own and hundred Missionary Societies. Here are "voyages and travels" of unalloyed interest and indisputable truth.



from the affectation of *POLITENESS*, which gives I know not what of awkward grimace and gesture, and inspires the tongue with a multitude of empty compliments. What I would recommend comprises such a behaviour as would make you respectful to your superiors without meanness, pleasing to your equals without familiarity, and condescending to your inferiors without degrading yourselves.

Milton, if I mistake not, expresses in his fifth book what I mean when most elegantly describing Eve. It cannot be more finely expressed than by St. Peter, who when speaking of the proper ornaments of the female character, in opposition to those which were vain and useless, says,—“that of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price.”

Politeness I know has been defined “the art of pleasing; but I have long seen the error of making the desire to please an invariable rule. This lays you under numberless inconveniences and makes you often a dupe to the follies and weaknesses of others but such a politeness as I wish you to possess is scriptural, and therefore, rational and practicable. But as Dr. Young says of friendship, so I would say of this,

“Abroad they find who cherish it at home :”

therefore, would you be graceful and courteous to strangers, be so to each other. And at all times, both in public and in private in word, look, and gesture, recollect the Divine presence, and “walk as seeing Him who is invisible.”

You little know, my dear girls, how much my heart has laboured for your prosperity. I have striven, with all my might, in my little way, to cultivate in you those sentiments, dispositions, and views which have a tendency to form the loveliness of the female character. I have wished you to be *good children*, and, if you grow up, to be *amiable women*,—not what are deemed accomplished ladies: there are many things combined with this term which you have no pretensions, and which, according to my ideas have no place where religion and reason take the lead.

I humbly hope that if providence see not fit to crown my ardent desires with success in my lifetime, He will grant, that when I hence, to be no more seen, you may be a praise in the earth and a seed to serve Him, when your parents are sleeping in the dust. Thus earnestly prays your truly affectionate mother.

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Fear pride and vanity, even in thy best and most virtuous actions

TWO DIALOGUES BETWEEN A CORPORAL AND  
A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

DIALOGUE II.

C. WHAT is the matter, Bob? You have not been so cheerful late as you used to be; are you well?

S. Well enough, thank God; but since our conversation the other day, I begin to think more than I used to do, and I want a deal more of your good advice, for I am sadly puzzled.

C. About what?

S. Why, you must know then, that I have thought a good deal about dying; many of my old acquaintances have fallen in battle, been carried off by sickness, and I have been led to ask myself a serious question, "What would have become of me in another world, had I suddenly fallen like them? Did I know my soul would be safe hereafter, I should not mind dying in or out of the world; but I have been, as you well know, such a wicked reprobate fellow, that my eternal state must be dreadful indeed, and that is what makes me so low spirited.

C. Have you read your Bible, as you promised, and diligently consulted that surest and best of all guides?

S. I have read it at every opportunity I had; but I did not quite so fully understand it.

C. Have you been to the house of God, where it is the minister's duty to explain it, and to instruct such as you how to attain salvation.

S. I have, but do not find myself a whit the wiser. There was a good deal said about a new heart—being changed by grace—made a new creature—and born again; but I really do not understand these things.

C. No, my dear comrade, these things cannot properly be understood but by experience. The Scripture says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. ii. 14.

S. What must I do then?

C. Pray to God to enlighten your understanding—to renew your affections—and to reform your life. You will then find yourself a new man—a new creature, and know what it is to be born again.

S. Explain yourself a little, corporal; you know I am but a simple scholar.

C. Well then, Bob, you remember your first enlisting in the army.

S. Yes, surely.

C. You remember when you put on your regimentals, it was such an alteration in you, that your old acquaintances hardly knew you; you seemed like another man.

S. It did so; my own brother, Jack, hardly knew me when he met me.

C. And when you had been sworn in, came among your new connexions, was drilled into your exercises, and got into the habits of a military life, you then seemed a new man to yourself.

S. I did so.

C. Now this will partly explain my meaning, though not fully. When you become a Christian indeed, you become a soldier of Jesus Christ, engaged to obey his orders, and to fight manfully in his battles, until your life's end.

You wear his regimentals, which are a holy life; and he renders you invincible by arming you with those spiritual weapons, the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Now you become a new man, both to outward appearance, and in your own experience.

S. True, I understand this better; but you say that is not all.

C. No: to explain this fully, I must suppose what I know is not true, that before you enlisted in the army you were a rebel and a coward.

S. God forbid.

C. No, no: I know you were not: but I am obliged to suppose this, in order to explain my meaning, because we are all by nature rebels against our Maker, condemned to die for our rebellion, and as unfit for his service as a coward is for a soldier.

S. But who would enlist a rebel and a coward?

C. None but the Captain of our salvation, Jesus Christ. He is our FRIEND as well as our Captain. He was promised to be our deliverer, when man, at the beginning, had deserted the service of his God, and gone over to the enemies of God: he came, according to his promise; he lived and died for the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." 1 Peter iii. 18; and having taught us his Father's will, laid down his life for our sins, and, in dying, conquered our enemies, and made our peace with God; he rose again as a conqueror, "leading captivity captive, and receiving gifts for men, even for the rebellious," Eph. iv. 8.

S. But how would a coward stand the brunt of a battle?

C. Suppose, Bob, the officer who enlisted you in the army had possessed the power of giving you, then a rebel and a coward, a valiant, obedient, and courageous heart, you would have become a brave man and a courageous soldier, would you not?

S. Certainly; so you mean to say your Captain, Jesus Christ, has such a heart to his soldiers?

C. Just so; and then they, who once loved the world and sin, and the flesh, and the devil, and all that is in the world, the flesh, and the devil, these are now the supreme objects of their love.

S. But I don't believe your captain will ever accept me for a soldier. I have been such a wretch, I should disgrace the regiment. I have nothing to recommend me.

C. Recommend you! Why, what can a rebel do to recommend himself to pardon? Did not I tell you, Bob, we are all rebels?

S. Surely all are not such as I now see myself to be, since you have talked so closely to me about it.

C. Well, I am glad to find you thus abased in your own eyes; now I will tell you a true story of a soldier I am acquainted with, who was as bad as you, and yet by the grace of God became a good soldier of the cross.

S. Pray do, corporal, for I shall be glad to hear it.

C. There was not, perhaps, a more wicked fellow in all the regiment than the soldier I speak of. But one day, while he was gone for three miles from the troop, it rained so hard that he was obliged to take shelter in a farm house.

Now it happened that a good man lived there, who soon began to talk of what lay very near his heart, (as you know we are all rebels to do,) and what should this be but the inestimable friend I would recommend to you! And he talked thus:

A friend in need, is a friend indeed; and there are times in which every man feels the need of such a friend. But vainly do we hope to find him among men: yet I know such a one may be found. Indeed all I have discovered to purpose is, that none but Jesus Christ can do me any good. Trouble was sent to preach of the need of his help, but I was a good while before I knew what to do: at length, however, he that had long called to me by his name, gave me ears to hear, and a heart to follow him. Well, at length, weary and heavy-laden, I came for help to him, and have found it, and all I want in it; and now I cannot help telling others, that there is no malady of the soul but there is an infallible remedy

for it in Jesus Christ; nor anything we can want, but he is willing as he is able to give it."

It still kept raining, and the soldier was kept hearing, while several parts of Scripture were compared, and he saw that the grand design of all Scripture was to show the Saviour to the sinner, and bring the sinner to the Saviour: and it appeared that the good Samaritan, Luke x. 33—36, who bound up the wounds of the man who fell among the thieves, took him to the inn and provided for him, was but a picture of his friend.

At length the weather cleared, and the soldier came away, but not in the state of mind in which he had entered the house. He went, as he lately told me, with the farmer on the next Sunday to hear an eminent clergyman, and then God brought the truth home to his heart. He called at the house of an acquaintance of his who was much surprised to hear him say, after he had sat down a few minutes, "Tom, I have been a mad man all my life, and am now but just recovered." He then related what he had heard and what he felt.

For as a man awakes out of a dream and recovers his right mind after the wild imaginations of the night are past, and tells the first person he meets of the disorder into which his spirits have been hurried, so did the soldier talk to his friend. He plainly saw how dreadfully he had been fighting against God and his own soul by a course of swearing, drunkenness, debauchery, and unbelief. He now felt what a bad example, yea, and what a curse he had been to his fellow-soldiers! what an awful evil sin is, with which he had sported! and what a depth of misery he must have fallen into, had he been cut off in such a course!—He also felt that he never could be sufficiently thankful for the repentance which God had now given him, and for the lively hope afforded him in the gracious promises made to returning sinners.

He did much more: many talk of religion who have none; but this man proved his recovery by a new course of life; and he proved, that when a man has a heart to serve God, he may serve him in almost any station of life. If some, from ignorance, scorn that change in him which he had formerly scorned in others, this man was so ready to forgive, for he felt no man owed so much forgiveness. No man was so faithful to his trust, or obedient to his station; for he served his God while he served his king.

No man bore up more nobly under difficulties, for he knew that he was all appointed of his God, and were working together for his good. No man faced death with so firm a heart, for he knew

whether he stood or fell, he was secure of life everlasting, through the promise and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Besides which I must tell you that he had, and still has more courage than many who can stand only the push of a battle: he calmly dared to confess his friend before men, and to declare upon every proper occasion: "I owe all that I am, and all that I hope to be, to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." \*

S. Well, this is very encouraging, to be sure; I could listen to it all day, but I believe our time is up.

C. It is so; but before we part, I will give you a little tract, containing the life of the brave Colonel Gardiner: you may depend on its truth, and, if you read it carefully, you will find it full both of entertainment and instruction. But, especially, I again entreat you to read frequently the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, praying with the greatest earnestness, that the Holy Spirit who inspired them may reveal Christ in his word to your heart, for he is the sum and substance of all the Scriptures. This is the best advice I can give you: may the Lord afford you grace to follow it.

S. I thank you kindly, dear corporal: may God abundantly reward you, and enable me to practise what you recommend.

Am I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause—  
 Or blush to speak his name?  
 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?  
 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord!  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.  
 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer though they're slain,  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And shall with Jesus reign.  
 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

\* See the Rev. Mr. Cecil's Hints to a Soldier.

## MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

It is the duty of every master and mistress ever to bear in mind that they, by the indulgence of a kind Providence, have authority over persons who are, in reality, only their own fellow-servants; for they both have one common Master in heaven, with whom there is no respect of persons,—in whose eyes the soul of the meanest servant is as valuable as that of the highest master,—by whom all shall be judged with the same impartiality,—by whom the unjust and cruel master, as well as the dishonest and disobedient servant, shall have his portion assigned him with the workers of iniquity. It is the duty, therefore, of every master and mistress to point out to their servants, both by precept and example, the road to heaven and happiness. And for their encouragement, God hath pledged his word, that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever; and commended Abraham, saying, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, that they shall keep the way of the Lord." But it is not only your duty as heads of families to look after the religious improvement of your servants, especially on the Sabbath; it is your present interest. Wicked and hypocritical persons may, indeed, use religion as a cloak, in order to deceive you; but is it not evident that the servant who really has the principle of religion impressed upon his mind, is found to be honest, faithful, and obedient to you, by ties a hundred-fold stronger than the profligate and the profane? That servant who lives under a constant sense that he acts, at all times, under the eye of Him to whom he must soon give his final account, must feel himself bound by ties ten thousand times stronger, to act with honesty, faithfulness, and obedience in your service, than one whose profane and profligate conduct prove that he has not the fear of God before his eyes.

What is it which makes bad servants or dishonest men in any station? It is just the want of a true sense of religion. And the master who disregards the religious principles of his servants, sets an irreligious example, in word or deed, before them, or encourages in any way, irreligious conduct in them, not only sins heinously against God, but with most strange infatuation acts powerfully against his own present interest, and the interest of society around him. Remember it is in the power of your servant to act for or against your interest, in a thousand different ways, to which the law of the land cannot reach, either to force him so to act, or to punish him for neglecting it, but which the law of a pious and well-informed conscience only can effect. And this state of conscience can

wrought in man in no other way than by having a deep sense of religion habitually impressed upon the mind. Is it not, then, a thing most desirable to every master, to have truly religious servants? And how unwise, as well as sinful, is it for a master to show his servant that he wilfully violates and disregards the laws of God, his own Master in heaven, who has a thousand-fold better right to a master's obedience than he can have to that of his servant. From such a master his servant will soon learn to disregard all duty farther than the law of the land can bind him. But what is still more lamentable, the service of such a master becomes a nursery for the worst of servants and the most unprincipled of men; and he sends out, perhaps every six months, a race, poisoned by his example, totally unfit to serve in any family who wish to live in the fear of God, and to treat their servants with Christian kindness. Indeed, there is too much ground to suspect that the profligate insubordination and refractory discontent so common among us, is, in a great measure, the fruit of that unholy example, and open disregard of religion, which many in the higher and middle ranks so unwisely and sinfully show.—*Scottish Christian Herald.*

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### OH, VOLTAIRE! VOLTAIRE!

In the deeply interesting autobiography of the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, which has recently been published, the following anecdote, related of the son of the Rev. Mr. Tupper, (Mr. Jay's predecessor,) illustrates, in an affecting manner, the baneful influence upon youth of infidel publications and improper companions.

Mr. T. was a widower, and had only one child, a son, residing with him, and articled to a solicitor in Bath. This son had more than his father's natural talents, and was a good scholar, and gave such promise of rising above many in his profession. He also seemed much inclined to walk in those ways which are "pleasantness and peace." When, therefore, he had arrived at age, on his birthday, he wrote a paper, entitled, "Rules for my Conduct." It began thus: "I am now come of age, and hope for the favour and blessing of God upon my future years. But in order to this, I know I must adhere to certain principles and rules; the first of which is PIETY. 'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, to depart from evil, that is understanding.'" etc. But, alas! his goodness was as the morning cloud, or early dew, which soon melteth away. These hopeful appearances were in a few months extinguished, and in a few more entirely destroyed.



“ Evil communications corrupt good manners ; and a companion of fools shall be destroyed.” This fine youth became acquainted with some sceptical, or as, by a patent of their own creation, they call themselves, free-thinking young men ; gave up the Sabbath ; forsook the house of God, which his father had built ; abandoned the minister to whom he had been greatly attached ; and “ boldly ” left off to be wise and do good. But as his fall was rapid, so his new course was short. Swimming on a Sunday for amusement and experiment, he caught a chill which brought on a consumption. This for months gave him warning and space for repentance ; but it is to be feared this grace of God was in vain. During his gradual decline, he refused all intercourse with pious friends or ministers ; and when his good nurse entreated him to call me in, as I lived close by, and there had been such an intimacy between us, he frowned and rebuked her, and ordered her to mind her own business. On the last day of his life, unasked, I ventured into his dying chamber. He was sensible ; but exclaimed, “ Oh, Voltaire ! Voltaire ! ” He then raised himself up in the bed, and wringing his hands again, exclaimed, “ Oh that young man ! that young man ! ” I said, “ My dear sir, what young man ? ” With a countenance indescribable, he answered, “ I will not tell you.”

How was my soul agonized, for I had loved him much, and had endeavoured in every way to render myself agreeable and useful to him. But “ one sinner destroys much good.” What have I seen in a long ministry, of the dire effects of evil associates and licentious publications ! He kept moving about, and grasping the bed-clothes ; and after a disturbed silence muttered something about his seeing fire, and then suddenly expired. On the last circumstance I laid no stress ; it was probably from a sparkling of the eye, affected by the imagination or by disease.

Should this solemn and true statement fall under the notice of any youth who has had godly parents and a religious education, and not only outward advantages but serious convictions and resolutions from all which he has turned aside—surely here is enough to awaken his reflections and fears, and to enforce the language of inspired wisdom and love : “ My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it ; turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief ; and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. And thou shalt mourn at the last, when thy flesh and body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof ! and

have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined my ear to them that instructed me! Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

### AWFUL! AWFUL!! AWFUL!!!

Awful sight this! *heartrending*, to see it, or even to think it! After all that has been said and done, after all the light that has been shed abroad, *poured* out, for more than twenty years, through the medium of books, tracts, papers, periodicals, lectures, conversations, prayers, preaching, exhortations, fireside and pulpit appeals; after all the laboring, toiling, sweating, groaning, warning, weeping and beseeching; after all the testimonials of thousands of the most eminent, distinguished, able, skilful physicians, touching the evils of the 'weed': the numerous diseases of body, mind and soul, the premature deaths resulting from this baneful narcotic, this pernicious, poisonous drug—accompanied with dullness, stupidity, dumpishness, sottishness, head achings and heart burnings—notwithstanding these and still more—professing Christians, yes, deacons, class leaders, and even ministers of God's sanctuary, continue to puff the cigar, or pipe, or to chew the *cud*: indulge in a vile, disgusting, soul-polluting habit; poison God's pure atmosphere, besmear their noses and cheeks and bosoms—black their mouth, rot their teeth, and forth a horrible, stenchified breath! deaden their moral sensitivities, harden their hearts, sear their conscience, disgrace their statures, dirty floors, carpets, stoves, grates, fenders, furniture—rest-offices, cars and steamboats—even the white snow is robbed of its virgin purity—God's house is dishonoured, polluted—instead of purity, prayer and praise, it is often a place to gratify a depraved, sensual, appetite, a fleshly lust.

O ye disciples of the Lord who bought you, how *can* you, how *dare* you do this wicked thing, and sin against God?

How *can* you, how *dare* you sin against light, grieve the Holy Spirit and offend God's little ones. 'Wo to the world, because of offences.' 'But wo to the man by whom the offence cometh.' Better hang a millstone to your neck and plunge into the ocean deep, than to 'offend one of these little ones.'

How *can* you, how *dare* you mar the peace of families, and debase your bodies which should be the temples of the Holy Spirit? Do, beloved, do, we beseech you, in the name of God, for Christ's sake and for truth's sake—for the sake of Him who bought

you with his own blood, abstain from this fleshly lust that war against the soul! Break off this intolerable yoke, this galling chain, break it *off*! burst the bands of death and hell! swing loose and assert your freedom.

Brother, will you do it? will you do it *now* and *forever*?

Will you do it for your own good, temporal and spiritual, the good of your househo'd, your family, your wife and little ones, the rising age, the community at large.

Will you abstain from this gross intemperance, this sensual gratification, to redeem a world, *lost*? Save the world? by whom, a company of tobacco chewing and smoking Christian ministers and deacons? Can Satan cast out Satan? 'If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?' 'If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness

'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.' Will you do it?—*Golden Rule*.

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### WARNING TO BLASPHEMERS.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Exodus 20: 7.

Art thou a swearer? if so, seriously reflect upon these words of an omniscient God, and take warning lest here thou read thine own untimely end. Perhaps thou dost not consider that the road which thou art travelling is a dangerous one, and will finally lead thee to a place of eternal torment; and thou knowest not how soon thy time may come. A few short days may pass, a few months may roll from thy uphallowed lips, and then thou must bid adieu to all the pleasure this world affords, and enter upon a scene of untried misery. Dreadful, dreadful will be thy situation, death finds thee as thou now art. Thou must lie down in sorrow. The time of thy departure will soon arrive. Soon will the hand of death seize upon thee. And if it be before thou dost

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\* A young lady, the daughter of sister Parsons, of N. Y., when deeply awakened to the concerns of her soul, objected to visiting the altar in God's house, 'For,' said she, 'the minister's breath is so offensive from the use of tobacco, I cannot endure it.' This is one instance of a thousand similar ones. How often do we dread the approach of an habitual tobacco chewer and smoker! We are compelled to turn from him in disgust and loathing!

at war, thou art irrecoverably lost. All that thou canst do will soon be done. The time for repentance will soon be passed. The cup of thine iniquity will soon be full; and soon wilt thou have to reap the fruit of all thy labour, and with trembling sorrow drink deep of a bitter portion.

Accurately to describe the place for which thou art destined, is beyond the power of mortals. Suffice it to say, it is a place the horror and misery of which no human tongue can tell, nor heart conceive. There thou wilt dwell amidst devouring flames; there thou wilt feel the gnawing of the worm which never dies.

If thou dost feel any solicitude for thy eternal welfare, if thou dost wish for happiness in the world to come, I beseech, I conjure thee, pause, and for a moment think of thy awful situation. Thou standest as it were on the verge of a slippery precipice. Naught but a thin partition separates thee from a never-ending eternity. Ask thyself this question, "How would it be with my poor soul, should God be pleased to call me hence before the rising of another day?" and let conscience give an impartial answer. Perhaps this is the last warning thou wilt ever have. The brittle thread of life may break before thou art aware of it. One misstep may plunge thee into everlasting misery. Consider these things, and break off this wicked habit. Repair immediately to the throne of grace, and ask for pardon and mercy. Delay not a single moment. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." O swearer, if thou couldst realize the torment which thou wilt suffer, thou wouldst no longer pursue the course so contrary to thy own eternal happiness. But if thou art determined to sin away the remainder of thy days, thou must know that thy dreadful sentence will be, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Remember, that if thou dost follow the way of sin, thou shalt be a sufferer for it will be thy own dear Soul.—*American Tract.*

### FAMILY RELIGION.

Family religion is of unspeakable importance. Its effect will wholly depend on the sincerity of the head of the family, and on the mode of conducting the worship of his household. If his children and servants do not see his prayers exemplified in his temper and manners, they will be disgusted with religion. Tediousness and weariness weary them. Fine language will shoot above them. Formality of connexion or composition in prayer they will not comprehend. Gloominess or austerity of devotion will make them dread religion as a hard service. Let them be met with smiles. Let

them be met as for the most delightful service in which they be engaged. Let them find it short, savoury, simple, plain, tender, heavenly. Worship, thus conducted, may be used as an engine of vast power in a family. It diffuses a sympathy through the members. It calls off the mind from the deadening effect of worldly affairs. It arrests every member, with a morning and evening sermon, in the midst of all the hurries and cares of life. It says, "There is a God!"—"There is a spiritual world!"—"There is life to come!" It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind. It furnishes a tender and judicious father or master with an opportunity of gently glancing at faults, where a direct admonition might be inexpedient. It enables him to relieve the weight with which the ordination or service often sits on the minds of inferiors.

Religion should be prudently brought before a family. The Dissenters wearied their families. Jacob reasoned well with Esau about the tenderness of his children, and his flocks and herds. Something gentle, quiet, moderate, should be our aim. There should be no scolding: it should be mild and pleasant.

I avoid absolute uniformity, the mind revolts at it: though I would shun eccentricity, for that is still worse. At one time I would say something on what is read; but at another time, nothing. I make it as natural as possible: "I am a religious man; you are my children and my servants: it is natural that you should do so and so."—*Cecil*.

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### LET ME PRAY FIRST.

A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was called for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, father; not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears, under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and will love every child that calls upon His name. Let every boy learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw words.

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### ALONE AT THE JUDGMENT.

There is no escape alone or in the crowd at the judgment-day. It is not a multitude amid which we may hide ourselves and escape notice. At that solemn tribunal each man will be as transparent before the searching eye of the Son of God, as if that man and his were the only twain in the whole universe: such will be the intense light of that day, that one reason why the lost will call out to the hills to cover them, and the mountains to overshadow them, will be, that they cannot bear the intensity of that searching and terrible splendour; and such will be the dread silence of that day, that each man will hear the very pulsations of his own heart, and if that heart be unregenerate, each pulse will sound a death-knell to his hopes and prospects for ever. There is no escape in the crowd; there is no escape by wealth; there is no escape by talent; there is no escape any way; for "how, if we expect so great salvation," says the apostle, as satisfied that there is no escape whatever, "shall we escape?"—*Dr. Cumming.*

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### ADVICE TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

Schokke, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a newly-married couple:—  
 In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bride-groom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another secretly, never, not even in jest, to quarrel with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humour. Never, I say, never! Wrangling in jest, and going on an air of ill-humour merely to tease, becomes earnest practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom.—When one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, confess it freely: let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you must be nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage-state, and heart, from father,

mother, sister, brother, aunt and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world: every third or fourth of whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah! if many a young pair had, on their wedding-day, known this secret; how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!"

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### PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

A mother related the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example.

As I was about to enter my nursery, to look after my little one, I observed the youngest, a boy of three years of age, looking at a book, which he had taken from a shelf, resembling a family Bible, used before morning and evening prayer.

Struck with the unusual solemnity of his manner, I watched unobserved, his movements. With great precision, and apparent devotion, he went through the exercises of reading, singing, then kneeling for prayer, in imitation of his father's daily example. And never was manner, voice, or gesture more perfectly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, so deep and solemn was the impression made upon my mind, that to this time I find myself mentally exclaiming, "What manner of persons ought parents to be in all holy conversation and godliness!" Never till this moment had my mind dwelt upon the momentous fact, though so often repeated, that the future characters and the eternal destinies of children are usually, at a very early period, stamped by parental example; and I now felt what an amazing influence must be exerted upon young children by the manner of performing family prayer.

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### WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS?

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.—*Solomon.*

It is said to be a property of a tree-frog, that it acquires the colour of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus, if found on growing corn, it is commonly of a dark green. If on the white-oak, it has the colour peculiar to the tree. Just so is it with men. Tell me whom you choose and prefer as companions, and I certainly can tell you who you are. Do you love the

of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choicest friends?—He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among such than the highest among others? Then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be a companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself and wise for eternity.

Pray for Infidels; but never give up thy creed in compliment to them.

## Poetry.

### M O R N I N G .

When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
To do the like; our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;  
Give him thy first thought, then, so shalt thou keep  
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should  
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours  
'Twixt heaven and us: the manna was not good  
After sun-rising: far day sullies flowers:  
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,  
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush  
And whisperings amongst them. Not a sprig  
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush  
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?  
Or leave thy cares and follies? go this way,  
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go  
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign  
The whole unto Him, and remember who  
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine:  
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,  
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.



Mornings are mysteries : the first, world's youth,  
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,  
 Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,  
 Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :  
 Three blessings wait upon them, one of which  
 Should move,—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each day :  
 Despatch necessities. life hath a load  
 Which must be carried on, and safely may ;  
 Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart  
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

VAUGHAN

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 A P R I L .

BY MRS. M. C. BOWMAN.

Hail, thrice hail, to joyous April !  
 Nature proudly greets thee Queen ;  
 See the jewelled, silvered maple,  
 And the lawns in robes of green,  
 Golden sunbeams, genial showers,  
 Warbling birds on bush and spray ;  
 Verdant meadows, woodland bowers,  
 Blooming now on April day—  
 Think thou not that sweet spring flowers  
 All belong to boasting May.

See the peach's rosy blossom  
 And the plum with petals white,  
 Twining wreaths to grace thy bosom,  
 Showing forth their glad delight :  
 All performing pleasant duties—  
 Flowers sweet, in varied tints,  
 Violets blue and sweet spring beauties,  
 Daffodils and hyacinths.  
 But infant buds, now young and tender,  
 Fed and nurtur'd by thy hand,  
 Ere their grateful fruits shall render  
 Thou wilt be in Fairy-land.  
 Many are the charms thou bringest,  
 Ere we see thee pass away ;  
 Then thy mantle kindly flingest  
 O'er thy younger sister May.