

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

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THE MOTHER'S PARTING KISS.

"I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image was distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient: methinks I can now see her large blue eyes glisten with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, 'My child how can you grieve me so?' I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love.' I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and ship were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, 'Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?' Her lips were very cold, and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom; and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not

speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die; for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it: it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me. She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy, but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy.—My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was for ever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err; and I could not would not do it. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten.—It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my *excellent mother*."

REPRESENTATIONS OF RELIGION IN THE BEST NOVELS.

By common consent, (says the "Puritan Recorder,") Dickens and Scott would probably be selected as novelists, the moral influence of whose writings is the most unexceptionable. Dickens is even commended as a public benefactor, on account of the health

stimulus which his writings are supposed to give to the best sympathies of the heart. And yet what are the representations which these writers make of religion?

In "David Copperfield," Dickens introduces to us a man named Murdstone, who married for property, and, by sternness and morose severity, aided by the same characteristics in a maiden sister, to whom he gives the rule of the house, breaks the hearts, and destroys the lives, of two wives in succession. He also treats David, his wife's son, with cruelty; and, after his mother's death, puts him to a low business, washing bottles. This man and his sister are described as professedly pious persons, and their sternness is explicitly declared to be the result of their religion. By this man, David was sent to school, to a master who combined all that was tyrannical to his scholars, with unfaithfulness as a teacher, and unscrupulous cupidity. This schoolmaster, also, is described as a pious man. Later in the story, David finds him in the warden of a penitentiary, diligently engaged in imparting religious instruction to the prisoners; and two of the most consummate of villains, who have figured largely in the story, are described as his converts. In a word, all the characters in the story that are so painted as to awaken the abhorrence of the reader, are described as professors of religion.

Let us turn to Scott, the other boasted author of novels of unexceptionable moral character. In "Rob Roy," the hero's father is a merchant, having no ideas beyond his ledger, stern, and void of the common feelings of humanity. His son, on his return from France, expresses disinclination to engage in mercantile pursuits: the father coldly tells the son that he may have a month to decide, and if he persists in his refusal, shall be turned out of doors, and his cousin, a Papist, established in his place. During this time, the father says nothing to the son, shows no affection, moves before him in distant coldness; the son expresses no change of purpose, and the threat is executed to the letter. The father is described as a Dissenter, and his conduct is declared to be the result of his religion. The son afterwards engages a Scotch servant, Andrew Fairservice, a most rigorous Presbyterian, a sanctimonious reader of the Bible, and observer of the Sabbath, but supremely covetous, and never letting slip any opportunity to steal from and defraud his master. Afterwards, through the frauds of the young Papist whom he had taken into his service, the father becomes embarrassed, and is expected to fail. We are then introduced to

a merchant in Glasgow, who had been the most fawning and obsequious of his customers, who, at the first intimation of his embarrassment, imprisons his agent, and proceeds with the utmost rigor. This Glasgow merchant is described as an Elder in the Kirk, and his zeal in religion, and his attendance at church, are very fully described.

The story of "Kenilworth" is founded on the tradition that the Earl of Leicester, in the hope of wedding Queen Elizabeth, imprisoned his wife in a country-house, under the care of Anthony Foster, and finally caused her to be murdered. This Foster is described in the novel as a crabbed, mean-spirited scoundrel, void of all taste for literature and elegance, burning a whole library for kindlings, sordidly avaricious, and, for money, aiding in the lady's murder. He also is described as a strict Presbyterian, constant in all the worship, and exercised in all the religious experiences of the sect.

These are specimens of the manner in which Scott and Dickens usually exhibit Puritanism, Presbyterianism, and, indeed, all experimental religion. They associate it with the lack of all the genial affections of humanity, with repulsive and forbidding sternness, with avarice, and meanness; and all this odiousness they exhibit as a usual concomitant and result of religion. There is little hazard in asserting that such novels have done more to undermine the belief in the reality, of a change of heart, and spiritual communion with God, and to destroy reverence for the Bible, than has been done within the same period by Paine's "Age of Reason."

POPERY UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The following incident, and the comment thereupon, related by the Chevalier Bunsen, in the course of his contributions to a supplementary volume of the Life of Niebuhr, deserve to be remembered. The French Revolution of 1830 followed. The Revolution of 1848 came. But, as Niebuhr said, and the events have proved, there cannot be an English 1688, until there has been a Christian 1517.

"When, in the summer of 1829, Pius VIII. had been elected successor to Leo XII., the Cardinal's hat was given to Latil, formerly, as Abbé Latil, the Confessor of the Comte d'Artois and of his mistress; later, as Archbishop of Rheims, the Prelate who anointed Charles X. Diplomatic dinners preceded and followed

this great ceremony. At a dinner given on this occasion at the Russian embassy, the Cardinal, after a joyous repast, entered into a private conversation with Prince Gagarin, the Russian Minister, with the import of which the Prince, who was *homme d'esprit*, and very fond of fun, made me acquainted on the spot. The Cardinal had said to him, 'Prince, we, (meaning the King and the Cardinal, or the Cardinal and the King) 'have come to the conviction, that two things are incompatible,—the Catholic Church and the Constitutional Charter. We see that we must choose between them, and our option has been made. You will believe me, Prince, it has not been difficult. You will soon hear more of it. We must modify the Charter, in order to make it compatible with the precepts of the Catholic Church; and we are decided to do so soon.' We both agreed that this was a most important revelation, and that vanity and wine had made Latil say more than a Confessor and a Cardinal ought to have divulged. The manner in which he had said those words was such, that it was impossible not to believe that he spoke the secret of the Cabinet. And indeed, when, a few days afterwards, he received, under a princely dais, the red hat from the Pope's Alegate, instead of answering his congratulations, as other Cardinals used to do, with a few words of thanks, he made a set speech, evidently learnt by heart, and delivered with great emphasis, in which he said, 'Tell the Holy Father, that I am fully aware of the duties and responsibilities which this highest honor imposes upon me in the situation which I hold; my conduct will show my sense of duty, and my gratitude.' Of course, Prince Gagarin and I did not fail to convey this important intelligence to our respective Courts. Now I was particularly anxious to make Niebuhr aware of the state of things thus revealed to me. But, as it was of a very confidential nature, and not exactly fit for my customers at some post-offices on the way, I confined myself, as far as I can recollect, in the next letter to Niebuhr, to general expressions; but in order to leave him no doubt as to my own conviction respecting the fast approaching crisis in France, I dated a series of letters and Notes to Niebuhr, 'Capitol, 1687.' Niebuhr overlooked this hint for a time, but in his last letter (of which I give a remarkable extract) he adverted to it in something like these words: 'I perceive what you mean by 1687, but I cannot yet believe that the crisis is so near at hand in France;' to which I remember to have replied, in something like the following

phrase: 'If I predict a 1688 for France, I do not forget, that it will not be a real 1688, for that is impossible without a preceding 1517, (a religious and moral reformation of the people).'

THE DEATH OF ABSALOM.

Few narratives are more painfully instructive than that of the youth whose ever-lamentable fate is recorded in 2 Sam. xviii.—Abundantly privileged as we are with full, evangelical revelation, we may often review with advantage the earlier historical annals of the Old Testament. And though the examples of effulgent piety, and of its rewards, are most welcome and gladdening, it is our wisdom, nevertheless, to draw warning and counsel from memorials of another class, which vary the matchless page, and thus contribute to the completeness of that Book which appeals to all men in all ages. It will not be in vain to decipher the sculptures on Absalom's pillar, so vainly reared by insurgent ambition, and so significantly mentioned by the historian in connexion with the tragical end and ignominious burial of its founder. On that column the young of every generation may read, instead of those characters of fame and glory which Absalom designed, the madness of pride, and the swift punishment of filial impiety.

And who does not revere the fidelity of the sacred authors, viewed in comparison even with Josephus and other estimable historians? Some parts of the record before us cast a deep shadow on David's renown: yet He whose "thoughts are higher than our thoughts" tells the whole; doubtless, that we may learn to "cease from man," to rely on free grace alone, and to give the glory of our salvation to Him who is "of purer eyes than to behold evil," but of deeper compassion than human thought ever sounded.

It was no common grief that could eclipse the glory of a great national triumph. A vile rebellion had been decisively put down. David's crown had been secured. The timbrel and the cymbal were in readiness; the daughters of Jerusalem were eager to repeat the song, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." But "the King was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (2 Sam. xviii. 33).

It was not *the mere separation* that drew forth so passionate an exclamation. David felt this, indeed; as we may infer from

his lenity toward Absalom, from his easy reconciliation to him after the murder of Amnon, and from his whole paternal conduct.—“Deal gently with the young man,” he had said to the warriors who went to maintain the royal cause; and to those who came with tidings from the battle, the first question was, “Is the young man Absalom safe?” The monarch had been ready himself to die, if the guilty aspirant might be spared a little longer. There is a deeper pang than that of separation. Many a Christian father has been thrilled with solemn joy, while writing on the monumental stone that covers his children,—

“I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH;”—

“TAKEN TO AN EARLY REST
CAUGHT INTO ETERNITY.”

The sad occasion was embittered for David by many considerations; and, especially, by the review of Absalom’s enormous crimes, the fearful thought of that state into which his disembodied soul had passed, and a deep, harrowing conviction that it was a just award which permitted such sorrows to desolate the royal family.

If he could forget the treacherous murder of Amnon in Ephraim, the surviving father must have been stung with the recollection of all that followed it. Absalom had been the very impersonation of guilty ambition,—cold, cruel, resolute to tear the diadem from the brow on which it had been placed by Heaven’s appointment,—willing to lay a *sacrilegious, parricidal, regicidal* hand on “the Lord’s anointed,”—lost to gratitude, to natural affection, and even to shame,—a hypocrite, masking his execrable designs with pretensions to religion, (2 Sam. xv. 7.)—a consummate rebel and traitor, though but a youth, whom the murderous counsels of Ahithopel “pleased well!”—counsels against such a father, and such a Monarch; venerable in age and character; a Prophet, as well as a Prince; tenderly devoted to his children, and glowing with the most refined affection.

One cannot but incline to estimate certain crimes by the sufferings which they inflict. It is considered probable that some of David’s most mournful psalms were composed on this occasion.—(Compare Psal. lv., xlii.; and 2 Sam. xv. 23, 30.) No ingredient of anguish seems to have been wanting. If the most decisive mark of an ignoble mind is the licence taken to insult fallen or

suffering greatness, how keenly, on the other hand, must David, in exiled majesty, have felt the attacks of Shimei! Yet, in the depth of woe, he said, "Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him,"—a strong orientalism of speech, implying, "The Lord hath put David in circumstances which give this Benjamite the occasion of his guilty "cursing."

As it was not the thought of mere separation, so neither was it anything in *the circumstance of dying*, that gave intensity to the father's grief. It is not desirable, indeed, to die amid the hurry and fierceness of battle, especially amid all the humiliations of unsuccessful warfare. Nor is it pleasing to be denied the rites of honorable sepulture. But the passionate sorrow of David was not that the beautiful frame of Absalom was buried under a heap of stones in the wood of Ephraim. It is of little moment *where* our dust is deposited, if it may but rest in hope. But for a son to die in vile rebellion is a grief of griefs!

Now Absalom was beyond David's warnings and prayers. The voice of paternal love could not break the long silence of his ignominious grave, or solace for an instant his unhappy spirit!—And, ah! who shall tell this rebel's thrice-aggravated misery!—Who can follow that disembodied shade, entering the gloomy regions, and addressed by enchained and howling tenants of that abyss,—Art *thou* also become like unto us?—thou, a son of David,—thou, whose ears have listened to thy father's solemn harp—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." . . . But "as for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."—thou, who hast heard, in childhood and advancing life, of HIM who is David's Lord as well as David's Son,—thou, degenerate offspring of one who built the tabernacle, who brought thither the ark with shoutings, who "returned to bless his household,"—thou, the child, of innumerable prayers and vows,—art THOU become LIKE UNTO US?

Once lost, lost for ever! When all the revolutions of time are gone, the spirit of Absalom survives in ever-renewing, ever-increasing capability of woe. "Would God I had died for thee!" groans the heart-stricken sire. "Through mercy I might have been rescued from the bitterness of the second death: but *where, O where is the soul of Absalom?*"

The connexion between the most painful instance of that father's unfaithfulness and this calamity, is neither hidden nor remote.—

at for this, the evil might have been averted, or at least mitigated. The rich man had spared his own abounding flocks and herds, and had seized his neighbor's solitary ewe-lamb. The wronging, who ought to have been "just, ruling in the fear of God," had regarded neither the self-sacrificing patriotism of the one, nor the yet unstained beauty of innocence in the other.— He had even "despised" the Lord,—had insulted His purity, His seeing justice, and His power. He fell, not alone. That sin was heightened in a thousand ways; and Absalom's career tells of the *Nemesis* that prevails in more than fable. David repented, wept, and found grace: but often do the bitter temporal results of transgression survive its pardon. Let the "fools" who "make mock at sin" trace the terrible illustration amid the blood-shed of David's family, down to Zedekiah, and the proscription by the Romans of all who were ascertained or suspected to be of that re-honored lineage.

Let every youth who reads this little essay learn gratitude for the humbler lot, which excludes the particular temptations that beset Absalom. But let each mark the beginnings of evil; especially of revenge, pride, and unfilial conduct. "The eye that looketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." (Prov. xxx. 17.) Never forget the responsibilities that attend a religious training. If you perish, the heaviest chains, the deepest of the "many stripes," the memory of countless mercies, facilities, and advantages, will multiply the terrors of your unblest *eternity*.
Banks of the Thames. L.

A KEEN ARGUMENT.

The name of *James Axley* was rendered familiar to us by being read by himself, during the sitting of the Conference of 1807, from the back of the seat in front of the one in which we usually sit in the little old brick chapel.* Our recollection of his person rather indistinct; but we think he was tall and raw-boned, and a little awkward in his manners and movements. In the matter of delivery of his discourses there was a marked originality, a touch of humor, and even drollery, which, while it interested and frequently amused his hearers, often gave severe point and direct-

in the "Western Conference" of the American Methodist Episcopal Church.

ness to his rebukes. He was, nevertheless, a preacher of very respectable talents and undoubted piety. And if he was not a "polished shaft," in the quiver of the Almighty, yet the arrow was none the less sharp and keen. We have heard many anecdotes of his sayings and doings. The following, related to us about thirty years ago by the Rev. John Collins, we give the reader as a specimen.

In one of his discourses Mr. Axley was descanting upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist, seated at the further end of the congregation, whose supposed pleas and excuses he would state on behalf of his man of straw, in an altered tone: then, resuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent. After thus discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say,—

"But, Sir, some of your Methodist Preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and in air and manner enact the dandy."

"O no, my friend, that cannot be. Methodist Preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves, and the sacred office they hold, by such gross inconsistency of character."

"Well, Sir, if you won't take my word for it, just look at the young Preachers in the pulpit, behind you."

Mr. Axley, turning immediately around, with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably dressed junior Preachers seated in the rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them from head to foot for two or three minutes, while they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye; then, turning again to the congregation, and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as fixed on the apologist at the farther end of the church, he said in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present

If you please, Sir, we'll drop the Subject !"

A BLESSED PROSPECT.

The ties which bind together a family, who all have an interest in Christ, shall never be dissolved. Death comes among them, but we take the Bible in our hands, and inscribe on their tomb

stone, "Pleasant in life, and in eternity not divided." One after another falls, until the last of the circle is carried to his long home; but they were not then divided. The family meet again. Husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, stand within the gates of the New Jerusalem, washed and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

TO YOUNG LADIES.*

PREPARATORY WORK.

LICHENS, and mosses, and decayed leaves are needful to prepare a soil for the trees of the forest: so they who are to be called to some special work, are often led by a way that they know not to some special preparation; and work that may seem unnecessary and unimportant, proves to be the under-soil from whence the fruitful tree is to spring up. We knew a lady who had her mind much returned to the study of German. In her case it seemed a waste of time, and was met with some opposition and discouragement. Still she persevered; and it was not till after she had conquered the difficulties of her favorite language, than an unthought-of door was opened, and she became the wife of a Missionary to the Jews in Germany. Without the probability of so prominent a leading Providence, there are many things that may be cultivated by the Christian in the waiting interval, which he will find useful as auxiliaries when called into active service. Knowledge of all kinds comes under this head. History, languages, logic, mathematics, and the physical sciences, may all be useful in interesting and influencing the young; in enabling us to "give a reason for the hope that is in us;" and in confuting the sophistries of those who, themselves destitute of this good "hope," strive to destroy it in others. Researches into the hidden works of God, as well as into those which clothe the earth in beauty, awakening praise and admiration for their Creator in ourselves, fill up many an idle hour, and create many a busy and blessed thought in the minds of others; while the well-stored memory, the cultivated taste, the quick observation, the keen discrimination into heart and character, if not concealed in the folded napkin, may take their honourable place

*From an *admirable* little Book, which we recommend most cordially. "Work; or, how to do, and how to do it." By Margaret Maria Brewster. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. London, England.

as part of the prepared material, from which are to be fashioned the tools of the vineyard, and the weapons of the armory.

The Christian, therefore, who prays for a blessing upon his studies, and who earnestly desires to consecrate every talent, need not fear that he is wasting time when he is solving the mathematical problem; when he is tracing the physical laws of the storm, and the glacier, the flood, and the geyser; when he is classifying the fronds of the fern, and grouping the stamens of the flower; when he is learning the language of the earth, and numbering the stars of the heavens. Although he may not for a time be able to see the ways and means, yet if his preparatory work be done in faith, nothing doubting, it will yet be turned to good account in the service of God. Only let him take heed that his work degenerate not into self-seeking and self-applause: let him watch for every opportunity of bringing therewith glory to God; and let him remember that without prayer, such things have been, and may be again, as idols in the way. "Apply, and rely" is the only safe motto.

Literary work is not always preparatory only: it may, even when of very humble kind, be important work for God. Is there nothing, however small, that you can do with your pen and your knowledge? Is there no little tract to be written? Is there no homely volume which might reach some hearts, and find entrance into some homes? Is there no translation which might give to good thought wings like a bird to fly, from its own land and its own tongue? Remember the brief yet comprehensive advice which Sir William Jones received from his mother,—"*Try*."—Search and see for yourselves what you can do. "She hath done what she could," is world-wide encouragement. Avoid the false humility of slothful self-depreciation, on the one hand; and the presumption of self-dependent knowledge, on the other. Work for God, and not for yourself, and the preparatory work will soon be found to assume its distinct place in the vineyard of God.—Most of our readers are acquainted with the "*Memoir of Mary Jane Graham*," a remarkable example of sanctified genius and attainments. The following "*Prayer before Study*," was found among her papers after her death; and it seems so applicable to our subject, that we are tempted to transcribe it. No preparatory study will answer its end without a similar dedication, and dependence upon Divine teaching.

“ I desire to thank Thee, my God and Father in Christ Jesus, for this and every other opportunity of improvement which Thou hast given me ! Enable me to receive it with thanksgiving, and sanctify it to me by the word of God and prayer. O, let me know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified ; and other things *just so far* as may be for my good, and Thy glory, and *no farther*. I would mourn before Thee the base ingratitude with which I have hitherto abused my time and talents by loving Thy gifts more than Thee, and seeking myself, not Thee, in them. Now I bring all my things to Thee ; for they are not mine, but Thine own. Take that *accursed thing* SELF out of them all, and condescend to use them for Thy glory. . . . Holy Lord God the Spirit ! who dividest unto every man severally as Thou wilt, *bles*s such of my studies, and in such a degree, as may be most to Thy glory. If it be Thy will, prepare me by them for the work to which I desire Thou wouldst call and separate me. I commit this work to which I would devote myself unto Thy hands. Prosper it or not, as Thou seest good. . . . Even so, Holy Spirit, for the sake of Thy great mercies in Christ Jesus ; to whom, with Thee and the Father, be all the honor, all the praise, and all the glory, now and for ever.— Amen.”

A DIALOGUE ON BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

Mary. I HOPE, papa, you have no meeting to attend to-night.

Mr. Cultus. Why, my daughter ?

Mary. O, I want you to stay at home, sometimes, that we may have the benefit of your instructions. I find so many things in reading that I cannot understand, and no one teaches like you. There is a passage in the lesson I read this morning, which I wish you would explain to me.

Mr. Cultus. Repeat it : where is it found ?

Mary. In Eccles. v. 1 : “ Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools : for they consider not that they do evil.”

Timothy. Why, sister, I can explain that to you : it means that you are to keep your feet still in church, and not scrape them on the floor, or kick the back of the pew with them, to disturb everybody, as Jem Rowdy did last Sunday.

Mr. Cultus. You are a great commentator, my boy !

Timothy. Well, papa, is not that what it means? is not that keeping your foot in church?

Mr. Cultus. I cannot deny that it is; and certainly it is a violation of the wise man's precept not to keep your feet still in church; but I fancy the language has a more extensive meaning. It evidently inculcates a serious, collected, and reverential frame of mind as necessary to acceptable worship.

Mary. But why is it said, "*Keep thy foot* when thou goest to the house of God?"

Mr. Cultus. As we look to our feet when we are walking cautiously and thoughtfully, and as we never rush heedlessly along when we are going into the presence of a superior on an errand of importance, so this outward expression of thoughtfulness and reverence is put by metonymy for a thoughtful and reverential tone of mind, without which we only insult the Most High, and profane His sanctuary, when we enter into the holy place.

Timothy. That reminds me of the hymn which mamma taught me when I was a little boy.

Mr. Cultus. Let me see if you can repeat it, now you are grown so large.

Timothy. I think I can:—

“In God's own house for me to play,
Where Christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane His holy place,
And tempt the' Almighty to His face.

“When angels bow before the Lord,
And devils tremble at His word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

“When death, the king of fears, shall come,
To call me to my latest home,
The thoughts of such a shameful part
With bitter pain would pierce my heart.

Mr. Cultus. Very well repeated, my son; and an excellent hymn it is, too: it would be well if grown-up people, as well as children, could keep it in memory.

Mary. I do not think Robert Nugent and John Popell ever learned that hymn; for the other Sunday I saw them laughing and talking all the while Dr. Smith was preaching: I wonder he did not reprove them.

Mr. Cultus. It does not follow that they never were taught any better.

Timothy. No, indeed; for I saw Sally Salter laughing and whispering with another young lady, in time of service, and her father, you know, is a Minister of high standing; and, of course, he had taught her how to behave in church.

Mr. Cultus. We may presume he had, my son; but some Christians, and even Ministers, are very negligent of their duty in this matter. You remember the case of Eli and his sons.

Mary. Yes, papa; and I do not exactly understand it. In one place it is said that Eli reprov'd them for their profanity, though they hearkened not unto their father; and immediately after he is reprov'd himself by a man of God, for the sins of his sons, and is charg'd with honoring them above Jehovah; and again, he is threaten'd with wrath "because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

Mr. Cultus. There is no inconsistency in these statements. Eli was culpably indulgent of his children: he suffer'd them to grow up without the salutary discipline of the rod; and when they had become entirely profligate, instead of severely reprehending them for their crimes, and forbidding them, as their father, and also as the High-Priest and Judge in Israel, to profane the sanctuary and service of God, he contented himself with a simple reprimand, which had as much effect upon them as the old man's grass upon the young sauce-box in the apple-tree.

Mary. I suppose, then, he ought to have tried what virtue there is in stones! But, papa, I wish you would tell us exactly how to behave in church.

Mr. Cultus. A well-bred person, my child, needs no specific directions: such behaviour as would be improper in a drawing-room, would be improper in a church. What should you think of a lady that would yawn, or loll on the sofa, or turn over the leaves of a book, when on a visit to your mamma; or a gentleman that would take out his comb to comb his hair, or his toothpick to pick his teeth, or his pocket-knife to trim his nails, or that would put his feet on the rounds of the chair, or shuffle them on the floor, or that would mistake the parlor for a bedroom, and the rocking-chair for a bed, and indulge himself in a nap?

Mary. O papa, you make me smile; no one could render himself so ridiculous. I am sure I should not want such ladies and gentlemen to repeat their visits at our house.

Mr. Cultus. Well, do you suppose that less decorum becomes the house of God than what is required in genteel society?

Mary. Of course not, papa. I suppose that good manners require conformity to the rules and customs of those with whom we associate.

Mr. Cultus. Precisely: provided they do not involve anything in itself improper; if they do, we must abstain from such associations.

Mary. But, papa, Mrs. Anger sits all the time of service.

Mr. Cultus. I know she does; but this is because of affliction: she would gladly conform to the rules of the church, if she could. But did you ever see her looking about, or going to sleep, or timing the sermon with her watch? I will answer for you: I know you never did. She enters the house of God with a solemn air and a measured step, as if she had come to the holy place to attend upon the Lord without distraction. How reverently she opens her Hymn-Book and sings, making melody in her heart unto the Lord! How devoutly she bows her head, if she cannot bow her knees, and joins in the addresses to the throne of grace! How eagerly she listens to the word of life, appropriating every sentence suited to her case, and laying up the precious treasure in her heart, instead of dozing through the discourse, or listening to it merely to note its excellencies or defects, or to see what passages will suit her delinquent neighbors! Have you never noticed the venerable old saint?

Mary. Many a time, papa; I am sure she keeps *her* foot when she goes to the house of God.

Mr. Cultus. Well, my children, if you do not want "to give the sacrifice of fools," and to suffer with them the consequences of their profanity, you had better imitate the old lady's example; only bearing in mind that you cannot plead bodily infirmity as an apology for not complying with the decent and edifying rules of public worship in the church to which you belong. But do not forget, that it is very possible to be punctilious in observing all the proprieties of conduct which become the house of God, and yet be entirely destitute of the spirit of devotion. O remember that

"God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found!"

TIME AND ETERNITY.

TIME is a mere parenthesis in the vast history of eternity, and cannot, therefore, teach its mysteries. Eternity must tell its own tale; and time, too, must be its own historian. But what is time, and to what shall we resemble it? An aged man, sweeping through the regions of the nether sky, with a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other; his head besprinkled with life's last snow-dust; and, at the same time, equipped with the youthful caduceus and talaria of an obsolete Mercury! "Yes," should be the universal answer. "But why not," would the sceptic perhaps inquire, "paint a blooming youth, whom wings would better suit, and who might better bear the keenness of the poles and the heats of the equator?" We dare not place such an one upon the canvas, or the child of yesterday would ask the moment of that being's birth, and the pedigree from whence he gained the universal tyranny which lays all prostrate in the dust. Nor could we paint a veteran cowering on the grave; for men would laugh at our presumption, and see time yet pursues an undiminished and untarnished warfare.—We must think time aged; for he throws antiquity on all things. Impatient of death's approach, he puts his hand into his pocket, and sprinkles the snowy seed upon the head not yet congealed to its mother dust. We must think him young; for his flight is as swift as ever, and such as alone the energy of youth could favor. We must place the scythe in his right hand; for with that he conquers all things, and cuts them down as the grass in the field. The hour-glass, too, must be about him; for the great characteristic of the moments is, that they pass away.—Then, what is time? A tyrant, whose existence was never doubted, and whom death has never overtaken. In him are youth and age combined; and, when stripped of his equipments, we see personified before us the youthfulness of an undying age. This may seem paradox; but what can we find in time that should subject him to his own laws; or what can we see in nature that should symbolise him without a contradiction? Time is ever-dying, and yet never dead; ever flowing, still, like the sand in the horologe, unceasingly refilled.

Such is the parenthesis in eternity; and in what respects does it resemble it?

But list! the midnight-bell is tolling! Will this aid us in the mystery? Fresh moments speak upon its iron tongue, and, as each

beat thrills upon the listening ear, its predecessor drops into oblivion. As the eye glides upon the lines of some illuminated parchment, fresh letters, in ever-varied form, present themselves so the moments pass; and yet each, with all its variety, or all the beauty of its incident, forms but part of a marginal note, that shrinks to nothing before the emblazonry of eternity's history,—too extensive for the soul to grasp, and too brilliant to conceive. The stars, in all their bright variety, are but the illumination of this eternal parchment; and the brilliancy of day, with all its light energy, and power, is but as the more exuberant gilding of the wide title-page. If such the margin, such the mere emblazonry, what is the subject of eternity's mysterious history, and what the characters in which it is inscribed, extending over a period that man, however unbounded his capacity, can never comprehend. Deity is the theme, and joy the song: for, from it, exalted spirits in the days of apocalyptic vision, sang the all-comprehensive anthem,—“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come,” for He alone is worthy; and such at this moment, is the theme. Man in paradise was but a dim embodiment of angels in heaven; and the lower sky, with its bright blazonry is but an emblem of that wondrous history which shines in heaven as the solar light on earth. But why this chain of symbolism before men's eyes of things which only angels look upon? The answer is, “God was made manifest in the flesh.” The Father of Spirits became the Son of man, assuming to himself the form and fashion of our nature. This humility in sin-corrupted flesh achieved a crown that shall glitter through eternity, and carries the spirit back to the still margin, where, as the origin of the tie that binds time to eternity, is seen the Cross, our only glory. And why our glory? Because through it we may be like Him who once hung upon it; be filled with light, and happiness, and love, and enabled to look from this margin to the glory that shall be revealed, from the tutelage of time to the happiness and perfection of eternity.—*Collegian, or Wesley-College Magazine.*

THE LESSON OF DEATH-BEDS.

Lord Chesterfield said, at the close of his life, “I have recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise, as he; but now I am old enough to feel the truth of his reflection, that all in the world

of vanity and vexation of spirit." Goethe, the distinguished German philosopher and poet, declared, at the age of eighty-four, that the lights of time went out, and the great load-stars of eternity were beginning to open out on his vision, that he had scarcely passed twenty-four hours' solid happiness in the whole course of his protracted career. Lord Byron, the great poet, gifted beyond measure in genius, destitute more than many of grace, wrote on his experience in his own beautiful but unhappy strain, when he lay upon the verge of the tomb:—

“Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure fill the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

“Ay, but to die, and go, alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go;
To be the nothing that I was,
Ere born to life and living woe.

“Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
’Tis something better not to be.

“Nay, for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been,
Men and the world so much I hate,
I care not when I quit the scene.”

The bitter sarcasm of the poet contrasts, indeed, with the glorious confession of the Apostle, “I have fought a good fight, I am ready to be offered up. There is reserved for me a crown of righteousness.” Voltaire, a French atheist, pronounced the world to be full of wretches, and himself the most wretched of them all.—Moliere, one of the same school, died calling in his last moments for opium, to deaden the terrible forebodings of coming woe.—Rabelais died intoxicated and blaspheming. Hobbes prepared to take “a leap in the dark;” and Hume died joking and jesting about the boat of Charon, very much in the way which school-boys whistle when they walk through a dark and lonely place, just to keep their spirits up, and their terrors down.

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER
DAUGHTERS.

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

LETTER VI.

ON THE DANGER OF EARLY CONNECTIONS.

In the gay enthusiasm of early years, when the mind is invited by interest, and a stranger to deceit, one of its first and strongest propensities is that of sociability. The affections are ardent and sincere; and being guiltless of design itself, it suspects it not in others. Inexperienced and warm, it seeks to assimilate itself with some one in whom it may repose an unbounded confidence, and, not knowing the dissimulation there is in the world, is apt to make a choice too soon and too decidedly; and, giving the preference to one more than all other acquaintances, to call such an one by way of eminence, a *friend*. This disposition is most predominant in young persons of sensibility, who are naturally of an ingenious temper, and thus run the greatest risk. Young persons are so inexperienced, that they are little fit for counsellors to each other; their views are often romantic, and at best they are too sanguine. Still should you meet with an amiable young woman whose education, genius, and taste may harmonize with your own, I would not discountenance such an intimacy, if her station in life be not too much above your own. When this is the case, intimacy is not to be recommended, for obvious reasons,—it induces imitations and emulations, which are natural, but not laudable. On the contrary, if you form an intimate connexion with one below yourself, you are apt to be a loser, as we unavoidably imbibe the spirit and acquire the manners, of those we really love.

But should Providence cast your lot all together, I see no temptation you need be under of forming intimacies with others. Sisters are surely the most fit for each other's confidence; and none have stronger claims to affection. It has often given me the purest pleasure to observe the tender regard you have borne each other from your earliest days. Perhaps the all-wise Disposer of events has implanted this unusual affection to answer some happy purpose for you in future life; that as you are, more than most other classes of children, strangers, in every place, you may be the stead of parents and friends to each other when the places the former are known no more on earth.

To return. It is not from inexperience merely that greater ardent friendship arises to young persons from early friendships. The ardor with which they love opens another path to danger. Hence they are willing to make themselves enemies in the cause of a friend, and will justify every part of her conduct; and should she act imprudently, their zeal prompts them even to participate in the censure, rather than desert *such a friend*. Now it is one of the best tokens of real friendship to detect the faults, weaknesses, or errors of a friend, and with united delicacy and tenderness to point them out. But the ardor of early attachment will not allow any errors.

“Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy.”

The dotting language of the young enthusiast; nay, not unfrequently, the very blemishes are beauties, and will even be copied and adopted. Premature friendships often give a tinge to future friendships; and, from their influence in other connexions, as those of business or marriage, may prove seriously injurious. It is true, there are known exceptions; but they seemed peculiar cases, in which the hand of Providence was evident. I recollect an amiable young woman, who to a graceful person united an excellent understanding, sweetened by an almost unexampled temper, and polished and refined by the advantages of education, and intercourse with the most fashionable circles.

“Thus beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay,”

She became unexpectedly and suddenly acquainted with a cousin of hers, whom she had not had the least expectation of seeing; a young woman whose person derived its chief graces from reflecting charms of her mind. Brought up in a recluse way, but well educated, she had formed scarcely any society but that of the best authors. Naturally grave and thoughtful, reserved and modest, shunned observation, and was from her appearance and disposition the least likely of any other to captivate the heart of the young man named; yet so it was. An intimacy commenced of most happy consequences to the former, as it proved the means of leading her from the gay world to seek eternal salvation. They are now in heaven, rejoicing, I doubt not, that they ever met: and I am happy in being able to bear this testimony of respect to the fine merit of a *sister* and of a *cousin*.

But, however important early friendships, there are connections of a far more serious character, the consideration of which I must postpone to another opportunity. O, my dear children, what anxieties fill the heart of a mother! How is it tremblingly attached to all the interests of her children! what sensibilities peculiar to its nature!

But what a consolation that you are under the care and guidance of One who loves you infinitely more than the most tender mother can do, and whose ability to do you good is equal to His willingness! To this kind, universal Parent direct your prayers. His right hand may you finally have the inexpressible happiness of meeting

Your affectionate mother

MANUFACTURE OF GREEN AND BLACK TEA

When the leaves are brought in from the plantations, they are spread out thinly on flat bamboo-trays, in order to dry off any superfluous moisture. They remain for a very short time exposed in this manner, generally from one to two hours: this depends much upon the state of the weather. In the meantime the roasting-pans have been heated with a brisk wood-fire. A portion of leaves is now thrown into each pan, and rapidly moved about and shaken with both hands. They are immediately affected by the heat, and begin to make a crackling noise, and become quite moist and flaccid while at the same time they give out a considerable portion of vapor. They remain in this state for four or five minutes, and are then drawn quickly out and placed upon the rolling-table. The rolling process now commences. Several men take their stations at the rolling-table, and divide the leaves amongst them. Each man takes as many as he can press with his hands, and makes them up in the form of a ball. This is rolled upon the ratan work-table, and greatly compressed, the object being to get rid of a portion of the sap and moisture, and at the same time to twist the leaves. These balls of leaves are frequently shaken out and passed from hand to hand until they reach the head workman, who examines them carefully, to see if they have taken the requisite twist. When he is satisfied of this, the leaves are removed from the rolling-table and shaken out upon flat trays, until the remaining portions have undergone the same process. In no case are they allowed to lie long in this state, and sometimes they are taken once to the roasting-pan. Having been thrown again into the pan, a slow and steady charcoal-fire is kept up, and the leaves are

rapid motion by the hands of the workmen. Sometimes they are thrown upon the ratan-table and rolled a second time. In without an hour or an hour and a half the leaves are well dried, and their color has become fixed; that is, there is no longer any danger of their becoming black. They are of a dullish green color, but become brighter afterwards. I am not now alluding to teas which are colored artificially. The most particular part of the operation is now been finished, and the tea may be put aside until a large quantity has been made. The second part of the process consists in winnowing and passing the tea through sieves of different sizes, in order to get rid of the dust and other impurities, and to divide the tea into different kinds known as twankay, hyson skin, hyson, young hyson, gunpowder, &c. During this process, it is refined, the coarse kinds once, and the finer sorts three or four times. By this time the finer kinds are of a dull bluish green. It will be observed, then, with reference to green tea, first, that the leaves are roasted almost immediately after they are gathered; and, second, that they are dried off quickly after the rolling process. For black tea, when the leaves are brought in from the plantation, they are spread out upon large bamboo-mats, or trays, and are allowed to lie in this state for a considerable time. If they are brought in by night, they lie until next morning. They are tossed about in this manner, and slightly beaten or patted with the hands, for a considerable space of time. At length, when they become soft and flaccid, they are thrown in heaps, and allowed to lie in this state for about an hour, or perhaps a little longer. When examined at the end of this time, they appear to have undergone a great change in color, are soft and moist, and emit a fragrant smell. The next part of the process is exactly the same as in the manipulation of green tea. The leaves are thrown into an iron pan, where they are roasted for about five minutes, and then rolled upon the ratan-table. After being rolled, the leaves are shaken out, thinly, on sieves, and exposed to the air out of doors. A framework for this purpose, made of bamboo, is generally seen in front of all the cottages amongst the tea-hills. The leaves are allowed to remain in this condition for about three hours: during this time the workmen are employed in going over the sieves in succession, turning the leaves and separating them from each other. On a fine, dry day, when the sun is not too bright, seems to be preferred for this part of the operation. The leaves, having now lost a large portion of their moisture, and having become reduced con-

siderably in size, are removed into the factory. They are put a second time into the roasting-pan for three or four minutes, and taken out and rolled as before. The charcoal-fires are now good and ready. A tubular basket, narrow at the middle, and wide at both ends, is placed over the fire. A sieve is dropped into this tub and covered with leaves, which are shaken on it to about an inch in thickness. After five or six minutes, during which time they are carefully watched, they are removed from the fire, and rolled a third time. As the balls of leaves come from the hands of the roller, they are placed in a heap until the whole have been rolled. They are again shaken on the sieves as before, and set over the fire for a little while longer. Sometimes the last operation, namely heating and rolling, is repeated a fourth time: the leaves have now assumed their dark color. When the whole has been gone over in this manner, it is then placed thickly in the baskets, which are again set over the charcoal-fire. The workman now makes a hole with his hand through the centre of the leaves, in order to allow vent to any smoke or vapor which may rise from the charcoal, as well as to let the heat up, and then covers the whole over with a flat basket: previous to this the heat has been greatly reduced, the fires being covered up. The tea now remains over the same charcoal-fire until it is perfectly dry: it is, however, carefully watched by the manufacturer, who, every now and then, stirs it with his hands, so that the whole may be equally heated. The black color is now fairly brought out, but afterwards improves in appearance. The after-processes, such as sifting, picking, and fining, are carried on at the convenience of the workmen. It may be remarked, therefore, with reference to the leaves which are to be converted into black tea, first, that they are allowed to lie for some time spread out in the factory after being gathered and before they are roasted; second, that they are tossed about until they become soft and flaccid, and then left in heaps, and that this is done before they are roasted; third, that, after being roasted for a few minutes and rolled, they are exposed for some hours to the air in a soft and moist state; and, fourth, that they are at last dried slowly over charcoal-fires. The differences in the manufacture of black and green teas are therefore most marked, and I think fully account for the difference in color, as well as for the effect produced on some constitutions by green tea, such as nervous irritability, sleeplessness, &c.—*Fortune's Visit to the Tea Districts of China and India.*