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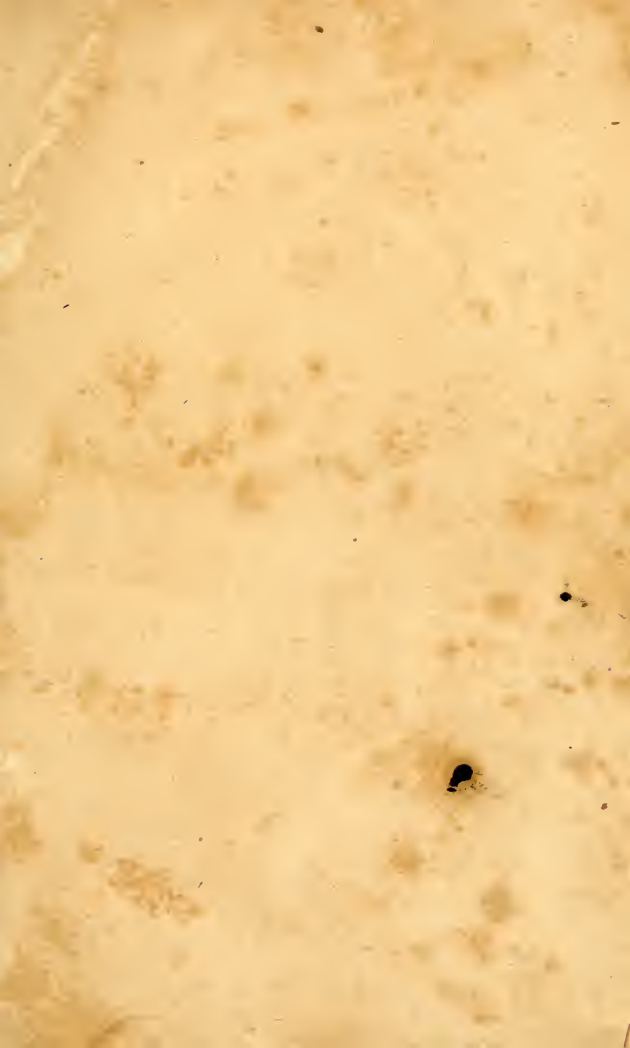
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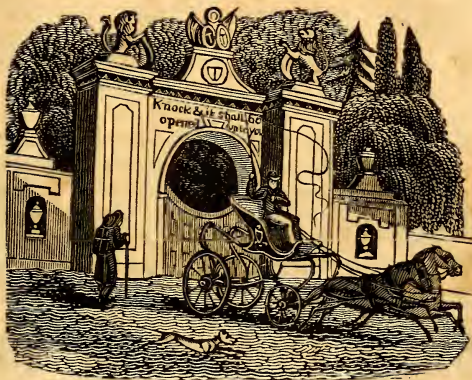








THE
CHILD'S MAGAZINE.



VOLUME XV.

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THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE.

COCHIN CHINA.

COCHIN CHINA, the place to which our travellers were now directing their course, had been visited by them on their passage to Bombay, but their stay had been then too limited to allow them accurately to inspect it. It is the chief city of a district, as we have already mentioned, on the western coast, and belonging to a native prince or rajah, who is under the protection of the British. It is built in the form of a semicircle, on a small island, which stands at the mouth of the Cali Coylang river. The streets are wide and commodious, and the style of the buildings so like that of the Dutch, that, were it not for the oriental costume of its inhabitants, and the vegetation about it, a stranger might suppose himself in a town in Flanders. The harbour is on the north-east side of the town, and though the approach to it is difficult, owing to the bar which the river makes, and which can be passed only at high water, it is a place of much commerce; exchanging its commodities with the whole coast of India, Arabia, Persia, China, and Bengal. This part of the Malabar coast is much visited by sharks, for as

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Captain Blisset and William walked over the green which adjoins the town, they saw a large collection of the fins and tail of this fish, exposed to the sun to dry, and which they were told was intended for the China market.

In the course of their stay at Cochin, it was observed by our travellers that scarcely one of the natives had his legs equally paired. This is owing to a swelling to which they are subject, which commences at the knee, and descends to the ankle, but does not hinder them from walking about as well as if both were perfect; some impute it to the water, and others to the fish diet, which they principally use; such a limb is known throughout India by the name of a Cochin leg.—*Travels in Asia.*

JAMES LACKINGTON.

Without genius, and with no great share of what, in a modified sense, is termed ability, James Lackington, the bookseller, has yet contrived to write his autobiography to be read and remembered. The account he gives of himself shows nothing of the struggles of latent talent seeking to distinguish itself—no deep aspirations of heart and mind after what we may term heroic greatness—none of that burning sense of immortal powers, kept down and crushed by circumstances of poverty and obscurity, which gives such soul-stirring interest to the early

confessions of those who have subsequently risen to great literary distinction, and proved an honour to the country that gave them birth.

The autobiography of Lackington illustrates little more than the desperate and deadly struggle of a man, surrounded by obstacles apparently insurmountable, for the means of existence; and prove subsequently how much in a worldly sense may be achieved by economy, hope, and that plodding industry which scarcely ever ceases, and never tires. In this view, the Life of James Lackington is practically and highly useful. It reads a lesson about the common world, and the way of succeeding in it, by which every man, without exception, and the young in particular, may profit much.

Lackington wrote, as we have observed, his own memoirs. After stating that he was born at Wellington, in Shropshire, in 1746, and having detailed at some length the difficulties of his mother in obtaining support for eleven children, which she was obliged to do almost single handed, in consequence of the dissolute habits of her husband, (a journeyman shoemaker,) the author proceeds to speak of himself. His schooling, which was on a very small scale, and, according to the old-fashioned system, and his mischievous propensities when a boy, next occupy his pen.

At fourteen years of age he was bound an apprentice to a Mr. Bowden, of Taunton, a man in the same business as young Lackington's father. And the space of seven years did he

devote in acquiring the practice and secrets of the "gentle craft." At fifteen he appears to have been seized with a kind of phrensy for the study of theology, in consequence of having attended the discourses of a Methodist preacher. In his own words, "a religious fervour overspread my mind and engrossed all my faculties." This, however, had one good effect—it led me to the study of the Bible.

"In the fourth year of my apprenticeship," says he, "my master died, but as I had been bound to my mistress as well as my master, I was, of course, an apprentice still; but after my master's death I obtained more liberty of conscience, so that I not only went to hear the Methodists, but was admitted into their society, and I believe they never had a more devout member. For several years I regularly attended every sermon and all their meetings; but alas! my good feelings at length suffered interruption."

A general election took place at Taunton; six months of young Lackington's time were bought out in order to give him a vote, and, although he refused direct bribes, he ate and drank at the cost of the candidates, and mingled in scenes of riot and dissipation, amid which he adds:

"I had nearly sunk for ever into meanness, obscurity, and vice; for when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink in at free cost; and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. I began the world

with an unsuspecting heart, and was tricked out of about three pounds (every shilling I was possessed of) and part of my clothes, by some country sharpers. Having one coat and two waistcoats left, I lent my best waistcoat to an acquaintance, who left the town and forgot to return it."

However, he continued to work hard at his trade, and in various towns, Bristol included.

"I had not long resided a second time with my good Bristol friends, before I renewed my correspondence with an amiable young woman, whom I had formerly known, named Nancy Smith. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with travelling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any, and that, while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with; and married we were, at St. Peter's Church, toward the end of the year 1770, nearly seven years after my first declaring my attachment to her.

"We kept our wedding at the house of my friends, the Messrs. Jones, and retired to ready furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half a crown per week. Our finances were but just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day; for the next morning, in searching our pockets, (which we did not do in a careless manner,) we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with.

“ We made four shillings and sixpence per week to pay for the whole of what we consumed in eating and drinking. Strong beer we had none, and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread; at other times we fried some wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of. But we were quite contented, and never wished for any thing that we had not got.

“ Unfortunately, our health failed under these circumstances, and we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to our bed; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room and did a few trifles for us.

“ I recovered without the help of medicine; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greatest part of the time.”

His wife after a time recovered, and we next find them in London.

Lackington, during all these years of trial, had sought some consolation in books. He appears from youth to have had a particular love for literary recreations amid starvation and trouble, and to have searched the old book-stalls of his neighbourhood, in hopes of picking up some printed relic to console him in those deplorable days when he and his wife took roasted bread instead of coffee.

In 1774 he set up shop in Featherstone-street, his stock consisting of “ a bag full of old

books, chiefly on divinity, and some old scraps of leather, worth together about five pounds.

“I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five pounds to twenty-five pounds. This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone-street, and a shop and parlour being to let in Chiswell-street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterward, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfield's weavers on hanging days, proceeding toward Tyburn ; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone-street. A few weeks after I came to this street, I bade a final adieu to the gentle craft, and converted my little stock of leather and tools into books.”

In 1775 his wife died : an event at which Mr. Lackington expressed himself “involved in the deepest distress.” It was not so deep, nevertheless, as to prevent his very soon looking out for another. This was a young woman of the neighbourhood who kept a school, and had kindly attended his first wife in her illness.

“I embraced the first opportunity to make her acquainted with my mind, and being no strangers to each other, there was no need of a formal courtship ; so I prevailed on her to be my wife, and we were married on the 30th of January, 1776.”

From this time we went on prospering. In 1784 his shop contained thirty thousand volumes. He then lived in a superior style,

having a country house, and a chariot to take him to town. In 1792 his profits amounted to five thousand pounds. Six years later he retired into Gloucestershire, leaving his business to a relation; but subsequently he went to reside in Alverstone. Some twenty or thirty years he had abandoned the Methodist connection, and spoke very harshly of that body in his published memoirs.

In his retirement he repented of this proceeding; and again joined that persuasion; besides building and endowing various chapels. He died at Budleigh, Sullerton, in Devonshire, on the 22d November, 1815, aged 70 years.

TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION.

“A friend called on M. Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time after, he called again. The sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the picture, exclaimed, ‘Have you been idle since I saw you last?’ ‘By no means,’ replied the sculptor. ‘I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb.’ ‘Well, well,’ said his friend, ‘but all these are trifles.’ ‘It may be so,’ replied Angelo, ‘but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.’”

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipp'd with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead
That moulder'd round the ancient pile.

There many an humble green grave show'd
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest :
And many a flattering stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept ;
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take ;
And yet they seem'd so much a prey
To want, it caused my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear ;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer?

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased,
“Lady, we’ve not enough to eat ;
And if we had, we would not waste.

But sister Mary’s naughty grown,
And will not eat, whate’er I say ;
Though sure I am, the bread’s her own,
And she has tasted none to-day.”

“Indeed,” the wan starved Mary said,
“Till Henry eats I’ll eat no more ;
For yesterday I got some bread—
He’s had none since the day before.”

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech
I silent sat upon the grave,
And press’d the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of wo,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy did near me draw,
And thus their tale of wo impart.

“Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o’er the sea,
Sister and I did naught but play,
We lived beside yon great ash tree.

But then poor mother did so cry,
And look’d so changed, I cannot tell ;
And told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

She said, that when the war was o'er
Perhaps we might our father see ;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our Father then would be.

She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have ;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together, on poor mother's grave.

But when my father came not here,
I thought, if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

We, hand in hand, went many a mile,
And ask'd our way of all we met,
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

But when we reach'd the sea, and found
'Twas one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drown'd,
And cried, and wish'd we both were dead.

So we return'd to mother's grave,
And only long'd with her to be ;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said, father died beyond the sea.

Then since no parents have we here,
We'll go and seek for God around,
Lady, pray can you tell us where
That God our Father may be found ?

He lives in heaven, our mother said,
 And Goody says, that mother's there,
 So, if she knows we want his aid,
 I think, perhaps, she 'll send him here."

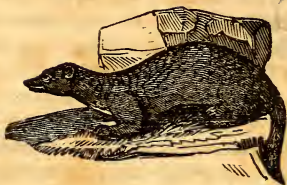
I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
 And cried, "Come both, and live with me,
 I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
 And will a second mother be.

And God will be your father still,
 'Twas he in mercy sent me here
 To teach you to obey his will,
 Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

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SUNSET THOUGHTS.

I've stood to gaze on the sunset hill
 When the winds were hush'd and the waves
 were still ;
 As the sun sank slowly down the west,
 I thought of the good man dropping to rest
 When his race is run—he yields his breath,
 And softly sinks in the slumber of death.
 When I gazed on the gorgeous western sky
 I thought of those blissful bowers on high
 Whose brightness, blessedness serene,
 Ear hath not heard—eye hath not seen.
 When I saw the golden glories die,
 I thought on life's uncertainty.
 And as night came on in her ebon gloom,
 O! I thought of the dark and the dreamless tomb,
 How soon man's fairest prospects flee,
 The curtain drops—"and where is he?"



THE ICHNEUMON.

The ichneumon is of the weasel kind, with a longer and narrower body than the cat. The ordinary colour of its coat is chestnut-brown and fawn, the nose and paws deep chestnut or black. It is about eighteen inches long, exclusive of the tail. The eyes are of a bright red: the ears small and rounded: the nose long, slender, and pointed. The legs are short, and each of its feet has five toes. Its tail is very long; its teeth and tongue much like those of a cat. It is a very cleanly animal, very brisk and nimble, and of great courage; being neither frightened by the anger of the dog, the malice of the cat, nor even dreading the bite of the serpent. It is quite inoffensive to mankind, being kept tame in Egypt, and running about the house, playing tricks like a spaniel. It may easily be tamed, and is then more affectionate and obedient than a cat, and more useful in destroying rats and mice. It is a great enemy to poultry; and will often feign itself dead until the prey comes within reach, when it suddenly leaps upon it.

When wild it cannot overtake any nimble animal, but it makes up for this defect by assiduity. The legs being short, it is not much seen; yet it has a way of concealing itself still more, by crawling with its belly close to the ground. But on the least noise it starts up erect upon the hinder legs. If the noise is made by any reptile, bird, or small beast, it observes whereabouts it is, places its nose directly in a line with it, and begins cautiously to move toward it. It often stops to hear, or look forward, and knows exactly where the creature is. When within about five feet it stops. Nature, which has denied it speed, has given it strength to leap beyond most other creatures. Having taken good aim, it leaps from the place, and falls directly upon the prey.

Thus he deals with beasts and birds; but to serpents he gives chase, and, to avoid their bite, always seizes them by the neck. If at any time it should be bitten by the serpent, as soon as it begins to feel the effects of their venom it goes immediately in search of antidotes; particularly a root that the Indians call by its name, and which they say is one of the most powerful antidotes in nature against the poison of the viper. It not only kills serpents, but feeds upon their eggs. It sucks the eggs and kills the young of the crocodile, when the latter are scarcely out of their shell. In a wild state they swim and dive in the manner of the otter, continuing beneath the water for a great length of time, and supporting themselves by fishing.

Gesnes tells us, the ichneumon hunts after and destroys the serpents' eggs with great diligence. How mercifully has God given this animal in such countries as Egypt, where serpents, particularly the terrible crocodile, abound, and which, without some arrangement of his providence to lessen their numbers, would be so overrun with them as to be uninhabitable.

From the Lutheran Observer.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS FROM THE GERMAN.

UNSHAKEN CONFIDENCE IN GOD EXEMPLIFIED.

Taulerus gives us an account of a certain divine who was engaged for eight years in unceasing supplication to God, that he would direct him to some person who could show him the way to heaven. At length he heard a voice which bade him go to the church, and there he would find a man at the church door who would give him the long asked-for direction. When he came to the church door, he there saw a poor miserably looking beggar with torn clothes and a haggard countenance. He saluted the beggar with these words: "God send thee a happy morning."

The beggar replied, "I do not remember of ever having had an unhappy morning."

"Well," says the divine, "I hope God may bestow upon you much joy; what do you say to that?"

The beggar replied, "I have never had any sorrow!"

The divine knew not what to say, but at length requested the beggar to explain himself.

"That I will cheerfully do," says the beggar.

"In the first place," says he, "you wished me a happy morning. I replied, I never experienced an unhappy one, and this is actually a fact: for when I am hungry (which is often the case) I praise the Lord;—when the bleak storms of the north bend upon my thinly clad body, I praise the Lord;—when the rain descends in torrents, and the snow falls rapidly—when the thunders roll tremendously in the heavens—when the vivid lightning blazes from the clouds—and, in short, let the weather be what it will, I always praise the Lord; and this is the reason why I have never seen an unhappy morning!"

"In the second place, you wished that God might bestow upon me much joy. I replied to that, that I never had any sorrow, and that too is certainly true; for I know how to confide in God, and I know too that every thing he does is right. Whatever, therefore, God suffers to befall me, be it sweet or bitter, joy or sorrow, adversity or prosperity, I consider it all for the best—all things shall work together for good to them that love God."

Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

THE THREE ROMAN LADIES.

If our modern matrons would look with more intensity and with greater self-reliance on their own powers, and their own sources of happiness—if they would live with greater desires for the enlargement of and perfection of that holy nature of the soul which is oftentimes like an unopened bud, they would be like, not the renowned Roman matron Cornelia, but the latter of those ladies mentioned in the annexed anecdote.

Three Roman ladies being met, whereof Cornelia, great Scipio's daughter, was one, the other two were of Campania, but lived in Rome, there fell out a contest between them, which of them had and kept the rarest and richest jewels. The day was appointed to visit one another. Coming to the first, she showed her diamonds, carbuncles, gold bracelets, ear-rings, collars, and coronets of rubies and precious stones, set in gold, together with her rich and various attires and perfumes; and these are all mine, says she. So coming to Cornelia's house she showed them her children at their books, with their schoolmaster, and here are mine, says she. But going from thence to the third lady, she showed them a large room full of poor men's children, while she kept her own in good order and industry; and here you see mine; I will not lose them nor change them, for all yours, said she: and the truth is, she deserved the praise and honour, for relieving so many poor orphans.—*Hartford Pearl.*

FACTS ON LONDON.

London is one of the largest and richest cities in the world, occupying a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four, and five stories high; it contained, in 1831, a population of 1,471,941. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In the year before last there entered the port of London 3,786 British ships, 1,280 foreign ships; 2,669 were registered as belonging to it, with 32,786 seamen. The London docks cover 20 acres. The two West India docks cover 51 acres; St. Catharine's dock covers 24 acres. There are generally about 5,000 vessels and 3,000 boats in the river, employing 8,000 watermen and 4,000 labourers. London pays about one-third of the window duty. In England the number of houses assessed are about 120,000, rated at upward of five millions sterling; about one-third are not assessed. The house rents are probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and public houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are upward of 10,000; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhere about a fourth of this number. Numbering all the courts, alleys, streets, lanes, places, and rows, they amount to upward of 10,000.

London Trades and Professions.—4,700 public houses, 3,000 tailors, 2,800 boot and shoe makers, 2,500 attorneys, 2,000 bakers, 1,700

butchers, 1,600 schools, 1,600 apothecaries, 1,600 green grocers, 1,100 barristers, 1,000 cheesemongers, 1,000 coal merchants, 490 pawnbrokers, 450 fishmongers, 400 confectioners, and 250 physicians.

CHURCH LOUNGERS.

Men stand in groups about the doors, and in the yards of the church, talking often about what they should not, gazing at every passing object, and plainly entertaining themselves in a manner unbecoming the Sabbath and the sanctuary. Such persons are unfitting themselves for the devotional exercises in which they are in a few moments to engage; they embarrass others and injure the church where they attend. The modest female shrinks from their ungentle gaze, and, perhaps, seeks to worship where she can have an unmolested entrance into the Lord's house. How much more becoming and profitable, did such persons enter the sanctuary as they come to it, go each one reverently to his own seat, and there employ his moments before public service in reading the Bible, in reflection and prayer—prayer for himself, for the minister, and for the whole congregation! “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.”

TRY AGAIN.

Perseverance is one of the surest ways of success in any thing that we may undertake. That man will never be rich who begins an employment, but soon becomes discouraged, and so changes from one occupation to another, without continuing in any one long enough to give it a fair trial. The boy will never get his lesson, or become a wise man, who stops at every difficulty, in despair, instead of trying and persevering, until he overcomes them all. Men have become great astronomers, painters, chymists, or whatever else they have been eminent in, by long, patient toil. They did not allow difficulties to discourage them. On the contrary, the greater the difficulties, the more earnestly were they determined to keep at their work. It is because they have done hard things that they have become so celebrated; and they learned to do them by trying and persevering.

Youth should acquire this habit in the very beginning of their lives; for it is a habit, and one that is easily gained. Make up your mind to study out the difficulties of your lessons, and when you have thought, and tried, and laboured, till you are ready to throw away your books, or paper, or slate with impatience, try it again, and if you do not accomplish it—try once more. The pleasure of doing things by ourselves, or finding out things by ourselves, is in proportion to the trouble they have given us.

Apply this advice to your character as well as to your mind. Persevere in your resolutions to conquer bad habits, and to form good ones ; to avoid evil company, and to do that which is right ; to keep from sinful and silly words, and to speak the truth, and to say nothing that is not proper. In all your attempts to persevere in what is right, you should remember that God alone can make them successful, and therefore forget not to look to him, while you use the strength he gives you. With this understanding, let me advise you to learn the following lines, and to recollect them whenever you are disposed to give up in despair.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
 Try again, try again ;
If at first you don't succeed,
 Try again, try again ;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear —
 Try again, try again.

Once, or twice, though you should fail,
 Try again, try again ;
If you would at last prevail,
 Try again, try again ;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we may not win the race ;
What should you do in the case ?
 Try again, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try again, try again;
 Time will bring you your reward,
 Try again, try again;
 All that other folks can do,
 Why, with patience, should not you?
 Only keep this rule in view,
 Try again, try again.

Youth's Friend.

EUROPEAN LIVING.

Norway.—The peasantry live on bread and gruel, both prepared of oat meal, with an occasional intermixture of dried fish. Meat is a luxury they rarely enjoy.

Sweden.—The dress of the peasantry is prescribed by law. Their food consists of hard bread, fish, and gruel, without meat.

Russia.—The nobles own all the land in the empire, and the peasantry who reside upon it are transferred with the estates. A great majority have only cottages, one portion of which is occupied by the family, while the other is appropriated to domestic animals. Few, if any, have beds, but sleep upon hard boards, or upon parts of immense stoves, by which their houses are warmed. Their food consists of black bread, cabbage, and other vegetables, without the addition of butter.

Poland.—A recent traveller says, "I have travelled in every direction, and never saw a

wheaten loaf to the eastward of the Rhine, in any part of North Germany, Poland, or Denmark." The common food of the peasantry of Poland—the "working men"—is cabbage and potatoes; sometimes, but not generally, peas, black bread, and soup, or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat.

Austria.—The nobles are the proprietors of the land, and the peasants are compelled to work for their masters during the day, except Sunday.

Hungary.—The nobles own the land, do not work, pay no taxes. The labouring classes are obliged to repair all highways and bridges, are liable at all times to have soldiers quartered upon them, and are compelled to pay one-tenth of the produce of their labour to the church, and one-ninth to the lord whose land they occupy.

TRIALS,

Moral ballast that often prevents our capsizing. Where we have much to carry, God rarely fails to fit the back to the burden; where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port; but the vessel without ballast becomes so completely the sport of the winds and waves, that there is danger of her reaching it at all.

THE BLIND ORPHAN. H

Elizabeth Queen was left by her mother, when only seven weeks old, to the care of an aged woman with whom she lodged, in the neighbourhood of Chatham. Instead of returning in an hour, as she promised, she was never again heard of. The poor woman became so attached to the helpless infant, that she determined not to part with her. At an early age she sent her to a Sunday school, because she could not afford to procure any other instruction for her. Elizabeth soon learned to read remarkably well, and, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was made wise unto salvation.

When she was about thirteen years old she was seized with illness, and entirely lost her sight; then, indeed, appeared the value of her instruction in the Sabbath school. It had been her delight to commit large portions of the Holy Scripture to memory, and never will those who visited her forget the interesting manner in which she used to repeat whole chapters. She had learned a great many psalms, several chapters in Isaiah and the New Testament; indeed, nearly, if not the whole, of the gospel of St. John. She said she had always learned those parts she had found most precious; and she saw and acknowledged the goodness of God in thus disposing her, while she had her sight. She also delighted in repeating and singing hymns.

When in health the aged woman had employed herself in the fields to procure daily

bread ; but now they were in great poverty, so much so that at length they were removed to the poor house. It was thought advisable to take her to London, and have an attempt made to restore her sight : the operation was performed, and she exclaimed with delight, " I can see ;" but darkness again returned. Her strength rapidly declined ; and, before her friends knew of her return to Chatham, her heavenly Friend removed her from the parish poor-house, to dwell in a mansion above, prepared for her by the Saviour whom she early sought and found. The poor woman who acted toward her a mother's part died soon after, at the age of eighty-four.

SABBATH-BREAKING MAKES INFIDELS.

Many in this nation are rapidly becoming infidels, and why ? Not because *infidelity* makes Sabbath-breakers ; for men must first cast away all reverence for that day, before they can disbelieve the Bible, ridicule its truths, and condemn its author. All those who habitually trample on this institution must, from self-respect, or love of consistency, profess to disbelieve in the claims of those precepts which condemn them. . Therefore, having learned, by national sanction, and individual and state examples, to desecrate God's holy day, they fly to infidelity, in self-justification, waxing worse and worse ; and contaminating almost every thing that comes within their reach.

Should it be asked, Who are becoming infidels? the answer is ready—stagemen, boatmen, carmen, post-masters and their clerks, custom-house officers, toll-gatherers, forwarding merchants, innkeepers, their families and domestics, porters, barbers, milkmen, and others, who, by any means, or in any way, violate this day—they, to appear consistent, *must* say there is no law by which we are obliged to suspend our labour one-seventh part of the time.

THE SABBATH A DEFENCE.

Among the prairies of the west are frequently found large enclosures. A man owning many hundred acres of them, if a good, industrious, and wise manager, does his utmost to surround them all with a good and substantial fence; such a one as shall ensure the protection of all his crops from any thing without it. And within this large enclosure are a number of smaller ones, all of which are guarded by a temporary fence, or something known to be insufficient against any thing without: but, under his watch and care, the animals within can be kept from destroying his crops. But his great dependance is upon the large fence. If this be broken down, all his hopes are gone, unless it can immediately be repaired. He knows too much to set himself about guarding or repairing the smaller fences, to the neglect of the larger, but without

delay clears his fields of all animals from without, and never rests until his principal dependance is made perfectly secure.

Now apply this to the Sabbath, which, like the outward fence, is the safeguard against all encroachments upon the Christian religion. Your Bible, tract, missionary, and other benevolent societies are like the insufficient fences within. Without the Sabbath all these societies will unavoidably fail. Not one of them can be made of much use while the Sabbath is profaned. For a little time they may have the appearance of life, but their vitality cannot long be maintained. Imitate then the good and wise farmer alluded to, and fly to the rescue of the Sabbath; and rest not until its wastes have been fully repaired, and every enemy to our religion driven from within the sacred enclosure. But if you neglect to do this, be assured all your beloved objects will sink into as deep a grave as that which entombs the Sabbath.

SORROW.

Born unto sorrow is each child of dust,
 The portion of the evil and the just.
 While dwelling *here*, the difference between
 The good and bad is not distinctly seen.
 Yet there's a solace for the righteous here:
 His griefs will ever claim the good man's tear.
His sorrows work the end for which they're
 given,
 And his affections lead from earth to heaven.

MORNING HYMN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

“ *Let there be light!* ” th’ Eternal spoke,
And from th’ abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow’d.

The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch’d by sin.

“ *Let there be light!* ” O’er heaven and earth
The God who first the day-beam pour’d,
Whisper’d again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel’s light abroad :

And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer’s praise
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come when in the orient first
Flashes the signal light for prayer ,
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God’s bright throne of glory there.

Come, kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watch’d above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.



THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

In a review of Bucke on the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," which is the first article in the Gentleman's Magazine for the present month, there is the following passage:—

"All our readers not living north of Lincolnshire, or west of Wiltshire, have heard the nightingale; but none have ever read their written song in Mr. Bucke's work, which we give as a curiosity. It was made by a German composer on a bird esteemed as a capital singer."

Tiou, tiou, tiou, tiou.

Spe, tiou, *squa*.

Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tix.

Coutio, coutio, coutio, coutio.

Squo, squo, squo, squo.

Tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu

Corror' tio, squa—pi pi qui.

Zozozozozozozozozo zozo—zeshaling.

Tsissi, tsissi si si si sisisis.

Dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, hi.

Tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, tzatu, dzi.

Dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio, dio.

Quio tr, rrrrrrr itz.

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AN INTERESTING CHILD.

Charles Augustus M'Calla died in the eleventh year of his age, beloved and lamented by all who knew him. This little boy, who, although not eleven years of age, was still far advanced in the experience of God's goodness and mercy to the perishing children of men. He was naturally endowed with strong intellectual powers, and employed them in frequently meditating on the plan of redeeming love—on the benevolence which induced the Saviour of sinners to leave his throne of light and glory to visit this dark world of wo, to rescue fallen man from his ruined condition. He was early led to attend the Sabbath school, by the example and precept of his parents; and, as he grew in years, his attachment to the Sabbath school became stronger and stronger. It was a pleasure to him to join in singing the hymns of praise and gratitude that arose from many a

youthful bosom to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift; and in offering up his infant petition to the throne of grace that God would bless the instruction imparted. In the class, as a general rule, he was very attentive to what was said, and his questions and answers clearly proved to his teacher that his mind was deeply exercised about eternal things. Nor was the Sabbath school the only place that afforded him pleasure—the sanctuary, the social prayer-meeting, and the Youths' Missionary Society, (of which he was a member,) were alike places he loved to visit. Indeed, wherever the people of God assembled for his worship, there he wished to be. After being deprived of the privilege of meeting in the Sabbath school and sanctuary by disease, he would occupy his time, when his strength would permit, in reading religious works; and among the many books which he read, the Bible was his favourite. From it he drew the promises on which he built his hope of being accepted of God, through the atonement of Jesus Christ. He was deeply sensible of the total depravity of the unsanctified heart, and sometimes he would be found with his cheeks bathed with tears. On being asked why he wept, he would reply, "O, my heart is so wicked!" Frequently has he desired his father to pray that God would "create in him a clean heart and a right spirit." At other times, his hope of heaven appeared firm and bright: his faith was strong and vigorous, and joy lit up his countenance. The most

prominent feature in his illness, the one that shone most brilliant, was patience. During the most severe stages of his disease he manifested submission to the will of his heavenly Father. When asked if he would be willing to leave all he loved here, if it was God's will to remove him, he answered, "Yes." Often have I stood at his bedside, or looked at him as he lay in his mother's arms, and seen his wasted form racked with pains, and never did I hear him murmur or complain of his lot, but willingly waiting the time when God would bid him "come up higher." A short time previous to his death, as he lay on his mother's lap, the warm tear of parental love left her eye, and, as it fell upon his cheek, he raised himself up and told her not to weep. She said she could not help it, it was natural; but if she was confident that he had made his peace with God, she would be satisfied to give him up. He replied, "I have—Jesus is precious." And in that sweet frame of mind he left this world of sin and sorrow, and the mouldering body of disease and pain, to receive his crown.

In view of this dispensation of Providence, it becomes his surviving relatives and friends to be resigned, knowing that

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

We cannot now see why he was permitted to tarry with us so long—why the bond of affection was allowed to grow so strong but to be

severed. But we shall know hereafter; and we should be content, and rejoice, that God rules and reigns, and that "all things work together for good to those that love God."

Philadelphia paper.

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WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Tyndale was of a noble family, and was born at Nibley, Gloucestershire, England, about the year 1477. He was educated at Oxford, and was ordained as a Catholic priest in 1502. He became a truly pious man, and imbibed the principles of the Reformation. He soon attracted the attention and incurred the displeasure of the Catholic clergy. One of them told him one day, "We had better be without God's laws than the pope's." Tyndale's indignation was roused by this impious declaration, and he replied, "I defy the pope and all his laws; and if God give me life, ere many years the plough-boy shall know more of the Scriptures than you do."

In pursuance of this resolution, he translated the New Testament into English, from the Greek, the version of Wickliffe, in 1520, having been made from the Vulgate. He was, however, forced by persecution to leave England. He went to Germany in 1523, where Luther encouraged him to proceed in his design. In 1525 or 1526 he printed the first edition at Worms or Wittemberg. Two copies only of

this edition are known to exist. One of them, the best and most complete, is in the library of the Baptist Seminary, at Bristol, (England,) having been bequeathed to it by Dr. Gifford, the librarian of the British Museum. From this latter copy this new edition was printed.

Great efforts were made in England to prevent the circulation of Tyndale's Testament. The bishop of London interdicted the sale and reading of it in his diocess, and he sent a sum of money to Germany to purchase all the copies which could be found. Tyndale himself sold the books to the bishop's agent, and employed the money in preparing a more correct edition. The books were publicly burned in England, but in vain ; for they increased rapidly in number, were widely circulated, and eagerly read.

Tyndale continued his labours at Antwerp, and elsewhere, on the continent. He published new editions of his Testament, translated a great part, if not the whole, of the Old Testament, and wrote a number of books in defence of his principles. His popish enemies in England succeeded at length in arresting him. He was seized by their emissaries in Holland, and, after an imprisonment of nearly two years, he was strangled, and his body burned at the stake, at Vilvoord, near Brussels, in September, 1536. His last words were, " Lord, open the king of England's eyes !" The biographer adds:—

" It rests on very tangible evidence, that his voice was hardly hushed in death, before his last prayer was answered. The king's vision

became so clear as to issue an injunction, ordering that the Bible should be placed in every church, for the free use of the people. In this year (1536) were published seven or eight editions of the New Testament in English."

The whole Bible, in English, was printed for the first time, in 1535, by Miles Coverdale. A part of it was the work of Tyndale. This venerable reformer and martyr deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance. His Testament is the best monument.

From the Sunday School Friend.

CHILDREN GOOD LISTENERS.

Children are good listeners as well as acute observers; and we should therefore be careful in every conversation carried on in their presence. Many a passing remark, forgotten as soon as uttered, by the person who spoke, and by those to whom it was addressed, has sunk deeply into the mind of childhood, and wrought an influence upon it, either for good or evil, little suspected.

We were forcibly struck by the necessity of taking this heed to our words before children, by the following little incident.

A week or two since, a gentleman, being in his son's store, found a few pictures among some waste paper. He put them into his

pocket for his grand children, and, upon taking them out, at home, some one asked him if he bought them. "No," said he, jestingly, "I stole them." No notice then appeared to have been taken of it by the children; but when one of them, not quite five years old, was going up stairs to bed, he said to his aunt,

"Did'nt grandpa say he *stole* these pictures? It is not right to steal, is it?"

Upon the aunt's attempting to explain the sense in which the word was used, that his grandpa did not *mean* that he *stole* them—

"Then," said the child, "grandpa told a story, aunt, did'nt he?"

DAY.

Most of the inhabitants of Europe begin their hours of the day at noon, from whence they reckon twelve to midnight, and twelve more at noon again. The Italians begin the day at sunset, and reckon twenty-four hours from thence to the following evening. The Turks begin their day at a quarter of an hour after sunset. The Jews, on the contrary, begin their day at sunset, from thence they reckon twelve equal hours to sunrise, and as many to sunset, consequently their hours of the day are longer and shorter than those of the night, in proportion to the length of the day and night. They also divide their days into four equal parts, called watches; the first watch from six to nine o'clock, the second watch from nine to twelve o'clock.

FOOLISH TALKING AND JESTING.

St. Paul, in all his writings, is remarkably clear and explicit in regard to the particular kind of behaviour which should characterize the life of Christians. There is one passage in his Epistle to the Ephesians, which struck me forcibly, and made an indelible impression on my mind when quite a youth, and has followed me up to manhood; and has, doubtless, often checked my inclination to engage in "trifling mirth," when in the company of the thoughtless throng, surrounded by the gay and giddy multitude. The passage to which I refer is the one that follows; and O! listen to it ye vain and unthinking, ye unwary and unsuspecting. After warning the Ephesians in their intercourse not even to *mention* certain gross sins which were, and still are, prevalent in the world, he proceeds to say, "Neither filthiness, nor *foolish talking*, nor *jesting*, which are not convenient." And throughout this whole epistle it seems to be St. Paul's chief aim and intention to impress upon the minds of those to whom he was writing, not only the *importance*, but *absolute indispensableness* of a strict, undeviating, and uncompromising adherence to that propriety of conduct, in *word and action*, which should *mark* the life of every follower of the meek and lowly Saviour, who was *never seen to laugh*, "but the whole world has frequently seen him weep."

Here are some of St. Paul's expressions; and they may serve as a *test*, by which pro-

fessing Christians may *try* their *words and actions*, and thus *know* whether or not they live in accordance with the precepts of the gospel. Let none refuse to bring their conduct to the test, through fear of being "found wanting," for, unless we are acquainted with our disease, it is impossible to apply the proper remedy; and we cannot deceive the "Physician of souls," although we may *deceive ourselves*. The apostle thus writes to the Ephesians: "*Speaking the truth in love—walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind—put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man—be ye angry and sin not—let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth—and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice—have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them; for it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done in secret.*"

The above quotations are, it appears to me, sufficient to convince all who are in *search of truth*, of the great impropriety and sinfulness of professing Christians who are guilty of "*foolish talking*" or "*jesting.*"—*Sunday School Friend.*

Never apply twice for the same favour, unless the circumstances of the case are changed. A second refusal is always more bitter than the first.

From the Sabbath School Messenger.

THE BOY AND THE INFIDEL.

Said a gentleman in Boston who does not believe the Bible, to a young Sabbath school teacher one day, not long since,

“Do you know how Jesus Christ learned to work his pretended miracles?”

“I have no doubt they were real miracles,” answered the youth; “and that they were wrought by the mighty power of God.”

“Nonsense! superstition!” said the gentleman—“nothing but superstition. Why, he learned it of the Egyptian magicians. Do you not know that he spent all his early life in Egypt?”

“I know he was there a short time, when he was quite young,” answered the teacher, “but not long.”

“You cannot prove,” said the gentleman, “even from the Bible itself, that he did not live there till he was about thirty, except that he was at Jerusalem once, when he was about twelve years old.”

The youth drew his Bible from his pocket, and opened to the fourth chapter of Luke's gospel, at the sixteenth verse, and asked the gentleman to read it.

“No,” said he, “read it yourself, if you please; I do not wish to take the trouble.”

So the youth proceeded to read as follows: “And he (that is Jesus) came to Nazareth,

where he had been brought up; and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read."

"Well, what of that?" said the gentleman, who did not perceive the drift of the passage, or else feigned ignorance; "what do you make of that?"

"Make of it?" said the youth, "why, if he was brought up in Nazareth, he was not brought up in Egypt, surely."

The gentleman turned on his heel, and went away. Thus it is with many cavillers at the Bible. They have never examined it for themselves. They take their arguments, many of them, at second hand. A mere boy, who is a thorough Bible student, can often foil them with their own weapons.

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"YOU CAN'T SLEEP, JANE."

"Now Jane, you had better get up, you can't sleep," said a little girl to her sister who had got into bed without praying—and she added, "I have done so, and I found I could not sleep, until I had got up and said my prayers on my knees." And it was so with little Mary, she thought it would do as well as if she said her prayers after she was in bed, but she could not sleep—something troubled her and kept her uneasy until she had risen and fallen on her knees by her bedside and prayed. And how could she expect to feel comfortable and go to

sleep sweetly, when she had neglected her duty or thought of doing it lazily? And how could she expect to have God's blessings through the night when she treated him so unkindly? Little children as well as grown persons depend altogether on God; it is he who keeps the breath in our bodies while we sleep, who preserves us from all harm, and who awakens us in the morning. What an awful thing would it be, for any persons, either large or small, to sleep away their lives and find themselves in eternity without having prayed? What a dreadful night would that prove to such? And should not every one who goes prayerlessly to bed fear that this may be the case with him? should he not fear that God is angry with him and should say, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee?" My dear children, have you never been troubled when you went to bed without prayer, and found it difficult to get to sleep? What was this? why conscience in your heart disturbing you, seeking to raise you to your duty. Beware how you trifle with conscience—beware how you trifle with God, whose voice within you conscience is. God commands us to pray—and how much do all who love God love to pray? It is delightful to see children growing up with a love for prayer. We may expect good things of such children. God will take care of them and make them his dear children. My little reader, will you forget to pray to God to-night—will you pray every night? Let us see?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TEMPERANCE ADMONITIONS.

1. Never violate your pledge.
2. Keep away from public houses which sell intoxicating drinks, and from all dram-shops.
3. Discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance.
4. Endeavour to make your family temperate.
5. Take and read some temperance paper.
6. Be punctual at temperance meetings.
7. Be generous in circulating temperance tracts and papers.
8. Boldly advocate the temperance cause on all suitable occasions.
9. Patronize temperance grocers, taverns, and labourers.
10. Exercise charity to your fellow-members.
11. Never fail to remember the temperance cause at the throne of grace.

Temperance Journal.

INTELLECTUAL HEARERS.

A clergyman whose congregation pride themselves in being *intellectual* has been known to say that he has repeated a discourse within one year after its first delivery, and not a person among his hearers has been conscious of ever having heard it before!

“The truth so *intellectually* embraced,
Soon lost its credit, and was all effaced!”

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I heard the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
“Where is that red-brow'd hunter-race
Who loved our leafy screen?
They humbled 'mid those dewy glades
The red deer's antler'd crown,
Or soaring at its highest noon
Struck the strong eagle down.”

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
Those vales so meekly blest:
“Their rear'd their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roof'd cabins fell,
And where that exiled people fled
It is not ours to tell.”

Niagara of the mountains gray
Demanded from his throne,
And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolong'd the thunder tone,
“Those chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christ'ning day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors—where are they?”

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
“Show me, once more, those stately forms,
Within my mirror clear;”

But they replied, " Tall barks of pride
 Do chase our waters blue,
 And strange keels ride our farthest tide,
 But where's *their* light canoe ?"

The farmer drove his ploughshare deep—
 " Whose bones are these ?" said he ;
 " I find them where my browsing sheep
 Roam o'er the upland lea ;"
 But startling sudden to his path
 A phantom seem'd to glide,
 A plume of feathers on his head,
 A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
 Then raised his hand on high,
 And with a hollow groan invoked
 The vengeance of the sky ;
 O'er the broad realm, so long his own,
 Gazed with despairing ray,
 Then on the mist that slowly curl'd
 Fled mournfully away.

DIVINE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS.

The hinges in the wings of an earwig, and the joints of its antennæ, are as highly wrought as if the Creator had nothing else to finish ; we see no signs of diminution of care by multiplicity of objects, or of distraction of thought by variety. We have no reason to fear, therefore, our being forgotten, or overlooked, or neglected.



CULTURE OF RICE.

The least reflection on the products of the different parts of the globe compels us to admire the goodness of that Providence which, in each climate, has regulated its bounties according to the wants of its inhabitants. In the burning regions of the tropics, the animals destined for the subsistence of man are few in number, and

their flesh is of a very inferior quality to that of the same species in the temperate zones. Belzoni relates that, in the country which extends between the Nile and the Red Sea, the weight of a sheep does not exceed fifteen pounds. All who have paid attention to this subject know the pernicious effects of a too great indulgence in animal food in these hot climates; and it is doubtless for this reason that Providence has not permitted such nutriment to be abundant there.

The different species of grains distributed over the face of the earth follow the same law; a truth of which the subject of this article is an example. Rice, by its natural dryness, is less liable to fermentation than either wheat or barley, and therefore an aliment more suitable to hot countries. The same may be said of Indian corn, the qualities of which bear some similarity to those of rice. The culture of this grain occupies a large part of the population of the east, especially in India, China, Sumatra, and the neighbouring isles; at the Philippines, also, rice is extensively cultivated. Rice grows abundantly in Egypt, Spain, and parts of Italy. In America it is an important product of some of the southern states.

The manner of cultivating rice varies according to climate and local circumstances. We shall give the details of the method employed in China, where vast tracts of land, in the middle and south of that great empire, are devoted to the culture of rice. Each year, the low

lands are overflowed by the Kiang and the Yellow River, when those streams are swollen by the abundant rains of the Himalaya Mountains, where they have their source. When the waters abate, they leave a thick bed of mud, which fertilizes the soil as much as the best manure. The patient and laborious Chinese begins his toil by surrounding the tracts which he intends to cultivate with raised banks of clayey earth. It is necessary that the rice-field should be in the neighbourhood of a rivulet. The earth is then harrowed several times over, and while it is undergoing this process, the seed-rice is macerated in water, mixed with a certain quantity of marl. The growth is thereby quickened to such a degree, that the young shoots sprout above the soil in two days after they have been deposited there.—*Am. Mag.*

REPUTATION.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumnation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but is also the only service he will perform for nothing.—*Lacon.*

Drunken porters keep open gates.

GENIUS.

Genius of any kind, or in any age, is a being of an extremely tender and susceptible nature ; its strength, temper, and dimensions depend much on external accidents ; it may be stifled in its birth, enervated in its nonage, or curtailed of its fair proportions by defect of education ; it has no irresistible tendency toward maturity, it has an indefeisible claim upon immortality. Whether itself shall be consummate, or its creations everlasting, rests upon other causes besides the power of its own physical essence. It is not merely a tree, the fruits of which may be sweet or sour, according to the measure of its cultivation ; it is also not unfrequently a flower, which dies or blooms as it is visited with light, or fostered by dews and gales from heaven.—*H. N. Coleridge.*

THE NEWSPAPER.

A good newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events that are passing in the busy world—it is a never-failing source of amusement—and furnishes a fund of instruction that will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the ranks of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man

who, possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, and surrounded with children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity, and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of censure from his intelligent neighbours.

THE FAMILY STATE.

To render the family state what it should be, pains must be taken, constant and unwearied, by the heads of the family, to make it the scene not only of subordination and good order, but of improvement in interesting, useful knowledge, and of rational, innocent enjoyment. Home, to be an attractive spot to the buoyancy and cheerful vivacity of youth, must be made pleasant and delightful. It must have a hallowed charm shed over it, so that, even amid the novelties and fascinations of the fresh, and fair, and beautiful world around him, the son, the clerk, the apprentice, may turn to it at all hours with fond anticipation of its quiet joys. Are effectual means used by parents and heads of families to make it so?

He who teaches religion without exemplifying it loses the advantage of its best argument.

THE ROOK AND THE STARLING.

That the rook is the benefactor of mankind is now pretty generally known, and to the rook must be added the starling. The great usefulness of this bird is well known in some quarters, and the husbandman is not wise who permits rooks and starlings to be wantonly killed. We are under very great obligations to both these kinds of birds; and though the rook may sometimes take a few grains of corn, and the starling occasionally invite himself to a little fruit, yet their public services, in freeing the ground from vermin, which would, in spite of the efforts of man, go on increasing in numbers, till famine would be the result, do entitle these pretty creatures to the kindest treatment. Let the farmer content himself with employing children to frighten away their friends when the seed is newly sown, or when the crop is approaching to maturity, but let the lives of the rook and starling be religiously spared.—*London paper.*

[The sparrow and the robin of this country serve the same purpose, and are the husbandman's best friends; yet with what wantonness and cruelty are they destroyed by those brave huntsmen who think they have performed an exploit when they have shot one of these little harmless creatures.]

NATURE'S TEACHER.

When I was a child, I knew an old gray-headed man. Age had given him wisdom, and I loved him, for he was kind as well as wise. Once he said to me, "I know a way to be happy."

"Who taught it you?" I inquired.

And he answered, "I learned it in the fields."

Then I drew near and entreated him to teach it also to me. But he replied,

"Go forth into the fields, among the living things and learn it for thyself."

So I went forth and looked attentively upon all that was moving around. But no voice spoke to me. Then I turned to the gray-headed man. And when he asked, "What hast thou seen in the fields?" I answered:

"I saw the brooks flowing on among sweet flowers. It seemed to sing a merry song. I listened, but there were no words to the music. The sparrow flew by me with down in her beak, wherewith to line her nest, and the red-breast, with a crumb she had gathered at the door to feed her chirping young. The ducklings swam beside their mother in the clear stream, and the hen drew her chickens under her wings and screamed at the soaring hawk. The spider threw out her many threads like lines of silver, and fastening them from spray to spray, ran lightly on the bridge made from her own body. The snail put his horrid head

through the door of his shell, and drew it suddenly back. The ant carried a grain of corn in her pincers, and the loaded bee hastened to her hive, like a labourer to his cottage. The dog came forth and guarded the young lambs, frisking fearlessly by the side of their serious mother, who cropped the tender grass. All seemed full of happiness. I asked them how I also should be happy. But they made no reply. Again and again I asked, 'Who will teach me to be happy?' Yet nothing answered, save the echo ever repeating my last words, 'happy—happy,' but not to tell me how to become so."

"Hast thou looked upon all these, young man," said the aged, "yet received no instruction? Did not the brook tell thee that it might not stay to be idle, that it must be in haste to meet the river and go with that to the ocean, to do the bidding of the ocean's king, and that it had pleasure by the way, in refreshing the trees that stretched their roots to meet it, and in giving drink to the flowers that bowed down to its face with a kiss of gratitude! Thou didst see the birds building their nests, or flying with food to their little ones; and couldst thou not perceive that to make others happy is happiness? The young duck gave diligence to learn of its mother the true use of its oary feet, and how to balance its body aright in the deep water; and the chickens obeyed the warning to hide under the broad wing, though it knew not the cruelty of the foe from which it fled.

And did they not bid thee seek with the same obedience the lessons of thy mother, who every day teacheth thee, and every night lifts up her prayer that thy soul may avoid the destroyer, and live for ever? When the spider's silken bower was swept away, and she began another without ill temper or complaint, and the snail willingly put forth all her strength to carry her house upon her back, and the ant toiled with her load of corn to her winter store-house, and the bee wasted not the smallest drop of sweetness that could be found in the honey cups—came there no voice to thee from their example of patience, prudence, and wisdom? Thou didst admire the shepherd's dog, minding so readily the word of his master, but fail to understand that faithful continuance in duty is happiness. From all these teachers of the field, came there no precept unto thee? When they all spake with different voices, wert thou deaf to their instruction? Each in his own language told thee that industry was happiness, and that idleness was an offence both in nature and to her God."

Then I bowed down my head, and my cheek was crimsoned with shame, because I had not understood the lessons of the fields, and was ignorant of what even birds and insects know. But the man with hoary hairs smiled on me and comforted me. So I thanked him for the good teachings of his wisdom. And I took his precept into my heart, that I might weigh it and see if it were true. And though I was

then young and am now old, I have never had reason to doubt that industry is happiness.

L. H. S.

From the Christian Watchman.

EFFECT OF NOVEL READING.

On casting my eye over the piece headed "*Truth and Fiction*," in your paper of the 18th ultimo, it brought immediately to my recollection the impression made on my mind, when quite young, by commencing, for the first time, the reading of a *novel*. I had proceeded to read the book until my feelings were deeply interested in the subject, and my curiosity much excited to know what would be the end of the story. Perhaps I had got half through the book, and was obliged to lay it by until a proper time to finish it. In the meantime, as my excitement began to abate, my mind became restored to its natural equilibrium. Left to cool reflection, I was led to reason thus with myself: "How foolish I am to get so excited with this story, which is not founded on fact!" This was the first impression made on my mind, and it was so deep and lasting that the book was never finished, nor have I ever read a novel since. I mention this to show that the mind of a child, in its first openings, naturally seeks for the *truth*, or things real, and will not be satisfied with any thing short of it. If ever the child loves fiction, or untruth, it is because he

learns it from others ; and not because he has any natural relish or desire for it.

How often is it the case that when a parent presents a book to his child, the voluntary, honest, and simple question is asked, "But, father, is it a made-up story? If it is, I shan't like it." Teachers should be able to say to the scholars that the book is *true* ; then it will be read with deep interest, and have a good impression on the mind, which will not be easily forgotten. Truth is immutable like its divine Author, and will abide and prevail, while falsehood and fiction will pass away or leave a bad impression.

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

Mr. Buckingham gives it as his opinion that there are not less than one hundred millions of mummies entombed in Egypt ; and he describes three singular uses that are now made of them.

For fuel. The peasantry of Egypt procure them, break them in pieces, and use them for fuel—and as they have little or no wood, those dried human bodies serve them in its stead. The resinous matter and spices which were used in embalming them, render them quite inflammable, and the odour which is given out at the period of burning is said to be quite delightful.

For medical purposes. In most of the bodies there are found solid portions of the bitumen, or resinous drug, which was used in embalming.

This is taken out of the bodies and sold in large quantities to merchants at Cairo, and from thence it is sent to Portugal, Italy, France, and England even, where it is pulverized by the apothecaries, done up in small papers, and sold as a most excellent drug to cure inward bruises. And for this purpose hundreds of pounds of this stuff is eaten every year, taken from the inside of Egyptian mummies.

The other use made of them is, for painting. A celebrated painter in London informed Mr. Buckingham that the back bone of an Egyptian mummy, when it was ground sufficiently fine, made the most excellent brown colour of any material known.

Among the ancient Egyptians the practice of embalming was universal. And Moses informs us, that Jacob and Joseph were embalmed, according to the ancient custom. For its prevalence among the ancient Egyptians Mr. Buckingham gives the following reason:—

They believed in the transmigration of the soul: and that after the soul left the body and had finished its transmigration, that is, after it had lived in the bodies of the cat, dog, monkey, ox, or what not, at the end of three thousand years it would return and re-occupy its first body, provided it should be found in a suitable state of preservation. And to preserve the body, so that it might be a fit receptacle for the soul at the end of three thousand years, it was embalmed and stowed away in the large subterraneous vaults which abounded in that country.

PRIDE—AN EXTRACT.

Pride is a common and fashionable vice ; instilled into childhood, nurtured in youth, and matured in age. There are various ways in which it is manifested in individuals :—some in authority—in power ; and others in dress. The child is proud with some trifling object ; the hero, in the achievement of some splendid victory ; the politician, when his party gains the ascendancy ; the ambitious and aspiring, when successful in their enterprises.

How many have been ruined by pride !—ostentatious display ; superfluity of dress ; arrogance of manners ; distortion of the human system—to conform to the alamode of the day.

Kings have been lifted up by pride to their own destruction ; princes have been crushed by its unhallowed car ; the rich are made poor by it, and the poor made poorer ; the wise are not honoured, and the foolish are disgraced by it. On the high mountains of pride but little grows, while in the valley of humiliation every virtue blossoms and never to fade. The high are liable to fall, while the lowly may be exalted. “Pride,” said an early writer, “is the never-failing vice of fools.” Pride is an empty bubble, likely every moment to burst ; it is like a vessel with all sail and no ballast. “It costs us more for pride,” said President Jefferson, “than it does for meat and drink.” To be humble, is a virtue—to be proud, is a sin. Men of worth are seldom proud.

J. A.

From the Sabbath School Messenger

THE ROBIN.

The spring is here, with its warbling throng,
 And the robin is on the tree;
 Through grove and garden he speeds along,
 He comes with a song,—he comes with a song,
 And he'll be a neighbour to thee.

See, that is his mate by his side, I ween,
 And who are so happy as they?
 Their chamber is shaded with curtains green,
 Three little blue eggs in its bed are seen,
 And their rent with a song they'll pay.

She broods o'er the nest, while his wing is
 spread
 Wherever her food may be found;
 'Tis to her that he hastes with that morsel of
 bread:—
 The shot of the fowler!—alas, he is dead!
 He lies bleeding on the ground.

And all day long that widow'd bird
 For her partner call'd in vain,—
 At midnight, the rustling branches stirr'd,
 And she thought 'twas his well-known wing she
 heard,
 But he never return'd again.

Half famish'd, she sped, in her deep despair,
 To search for a crumb, or seed,
 When a truant boy, with a reckless air,
 Climb'd up to her nest,—but I cannot bear
 To tell of his cruel deed.

She hasted back, but what met her view,
As she soar'd with an eager eye ?
Her home was wreck'd, and its treasures too,
And round and round, in her anguish she flew,
With a loud and frantic cry.

And so, through many a summer's day,
Her piercing wail was heard,—
Till once, near that desolate nest, there lay
A poor, dead robin, as cold as clay,
And I knew 'twas that mourner-bird.

Then I thought of the boy who had rifled the nest,
How bitter his tears must flow,
When conscience should wake in his sinful
breast,
And trouble his dream and break his rest,
With the cry of that robin's wo.

Mrs. Sigourney.

FAITH.

There is a flower, a holy one,
That blossoms on my path,
No need of dew or daily sun,
Or falling showers it hath ;
It blooms as brightly in the storm
As on the cloudless day,
And rears unharm'd its humble form
When others fade away.

That plant is Faith ; its holy leaves
Reviving odors shed
Upon the lowly place of grief,
Or mansions of the dead.

God is its sun : his living light
 In happy hours he lends,
 And silently in sorrow's night
 Religion's dew descends.

Plant of my soul, be fading things
 By other hands caress'd,
 But through life's weary wanderings,
 I'll bear thee to my breast ;
 And when the icy powers shall chill
 The fountains of my breath,
 Thy loveliness shall cheer me still,
 E'en in the hour of death.

“ SONGS IN THE NIGHT.”

When courting slumber,
 The hours I number,
 And sad cares cumber,
 My wearied mind ;
 This thought shall cheer me,
 That thou art near me,
 Whose ear to hear me
 Is still inclined.

My soul thou keepest,
 Who never sleepest,
 Mid gloom the deepest,
 There's light above.
 Thine eyes behold me ;
 Thine arms enfold me ;
 Thy word has told me
 That “ *God is love.*”



From Wellsted's Travels in Persia.

FISHING IN THE PERSIAN GULF

“The pearl bank extends from Sharja to Biddulph's Group. The bottom is of shelly sand and broken coral, and the depths vary from five to fifteen fathoms. The right of fishing on the bank is common, but altercations between rival tribes are not unfrequent. Should the presence of a vessel of war prevent them from settling these disputes on the spot, they are generally decided on the islands where they land to open their oysters. In order to check such quarrels, which, if permitted, would lead to general confusion, two government vessels are usually cruising on the bank.

Their boats are of various sizes, and of various construction, averaging from ten to fifty tons. During one season it is computed that the Island of Bahrein furnishes, of all sizes, three thousand five hundred; the Persian coast, one hundred; and the space between

Bahrein and the entrance to the gulf, including the Pirate coast, seven hundred. The value of the pearls obtained at these several ports is estimated at forty lacks of dollars, or four hundred thousand pounds.

Their boats carry a crew varying from eight to forty men, and the number of mariners thus employed at the height of the season is rather above thirty thousand. None receive any definite wages, but each has a share of the profits on the whole. A small tax is also levied on each boat by the sheikh of the port to which it belongs. During this period they live on dates and fish, of which the latter are numerous and good, and to such meagre diet our small presents of rice were a most welcome addition. Where polypi abound, they envelope themselves in a white garment; but in general, with the exception of a cloth around their waist, they are perfectly naked. When about to proceed to business, they divide themselves into two parties, one of which remains in the boat to haul up the others who are engaged in diving. The latter, having provided themselves with a small basket, jump overboard, and place their feet on the stone, to which a line is attached. Upon a given signal, this is let go, and they sink with it to the bottom. When the oysters are thickly clustered, eight or ten may be procured at each descent, the line is then jerked, and the persons stationed in the boat haul the diver up with as much rapidity as possible. The period during which they can remain under water has been

much overrated; one minute is the average, and I never knew them, but on one occasion, to exceed a minute and a half.

Accidents do not very frequently occur from sharks, but the sawfish (the *Antiguorum* of Linnaeus) is much dreaded. Instances were related to me where the divers had been completely cut in two by these monsters, which attain, in the Persian Gulf, a far larger size than in any other part of the world where I have met with them. As the character of the fish may not be familiar to the general reader, I will add a few words in the way of description. They are of an oblong rounded form, their head being somewhat flattened from the fore part, and tapering more abruptly toward the tail. They usually measure from thirteen to fifteen feet in length, being covered with a coriaceous skin, of a dark colour above, but white beneath. The terrific weapon from whence they derive their name is a flat projecting snout, six feet in length, four inches in breadth, armed on either side with spines resembling the teeth of a shark.

Diving is considered very detrimental to health, and without doubt it shortens the life of those who much practise it. In order to aid the retention of the breath, the diver places a piece of elastic horn over his nostrils, which binds them closely together. He does not enter the boat each time he rises to the surface, ropes being attached to the side, to which he clings, until he has obtained breath for another attempt. As soon as the fishermen have filled their boats,

they proceed to some of the islands with which the bank is studded, and there, with masts, oars, and sails, construct tents. They estimate the unopened oysters at two dollars a hundred."

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From the Sabbath School Messenger.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

On the border of a sea-port town in England, near a cold and blustering shore, stood a small, low, yet comfortable cottage, in which lived a poor but honest fisherman. He had a number of children, and among them was a little boy named George, who was a scholar in the Methodist Sunday school.

Little George was only about ten years old, but his father being poor, he was obliged to go with him and assist him in fishing. This was very hard for so small a boy, as they had to go out early in the morning, when it was sometimes extremely cold; and poor George often trembled and shivered as he sat in the boat and blew his benumbed fingers to keep them from freezing. But he loved his parents and his brothers and sisters, and was willing to suffer a little pain, that he might assist in earning money for their support. This was right, and thus far George was a good boy.

But children have other duties besides loving their parents. They ought to keep the Sabbath; study their lessons; love their teachers; refrain

from all naughty practices, such as stealing, telling lies, quarrelling, or calling bad names. No boy can be truly good who does not attend to all these things.

George seemed to forget this, for he sometimes said wicked words, often quarrelled with his playmates, and even at Sabbath school was very idle.

As you may suppose, his teachers were very sorry to see these things, and they used to talk to him, and pray that he might become good; but it all seemed in vain, for he grew worse and worse, so much so, that they thought of turning him out of the school, lest he should make the other boys as bad as himself; for they knew that

“One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.”

Perhaps my dear young readers wonder how it could be that George could love his parents, and yet be so wicked in other respects. But they will not wonder so much, when I tell them, that he was not favoured with pious parents; they did not care about religion, and it is said that his father sometimes used profane language.

One Sabbath day, one of the teachers addressed the children upon the sufferings and death of the blessed Jesus. He told them of his being a little babe, cradled in the manger at Bethlehem, of his painful life, and cruel death on the cross, and also that all this was endured

that little boys and girls might be saved from sin and made happy in heaven. George was much affected by this address; he wept much, and, on leaving the school, was uncommonly quiet and orderly.

He now became an altered boy. He left off swearing and quarrelling; he was no more idle George, but behaved himself so well that every body admired and loved him.

One morning, his father having called him up very early, and he not being ready as quick as usual, his father went up stairs to his chamber, supposing him not to have heard his call. As he came to the door, he heard a low murmuring, and, on listening, he found that his little son was earnestly praying for his parents, brothers and sisters, and for his schoolmates and teachers. Ashamed of himself, this prayerless father retired. How severely must he have felt reprov'd. So you see, my little readers, how it was George became so good. He learned to pray, and praying boys are always good.

It happened one morning that he was sent to moor his father's boat, when, falling overboard, he was unfortunately drowned. No doubt his soul went to Jesus, for he loves all praying children. He was buried soon after, when a large number of Sunday school scholars attended the funeral, and a great many tears were shed over his grave; for all the scholars loved him very much.

If any of the readers of the Messenger are

wicked and idle, I hope they will do as George did. O let them begin to repent, let them pray, and, like him, they will become good and happy, and, when they die, their souls will be admitted into heaven, to dwell with Jesus and to become kings and priests unto God for ever D. W.

Hingham, Mass., May 9, 1838.

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PROFANE SWEARING.

The following remarks of the editor of the Southern (Columbus, Miss.) Argus, apply, we are sorry to say, to our own city :—

“ In passing through one of our streets a few days since, our attention was arrested by two little boys, one apparently about ten, and the other about eight years of age, who were playing together, but who, it seems, could not utter a sentence without accompanying it with an oath that would do credit to a West India pirate. We were surprised that children so young should have thus early learned to take their Maker's name in vain, and to use so adroitly so large a number of vulgar and profane exclamations. Our surprise, however, was lessened, when it occurred to us that so many ‘ children of a larger growth’ in our city, daily—nay, hourly set them the example, and that even in some of our public prints—the oaths of political opponents, in all their unblushing depravity, are printed, letter for letter, for poli-

tical purposes. Children hear oaths and profanity from those they are taught to look up to as being high and respectable in society, and so ardent are their aspirations to become men, that they imitate the very errors of those whose virtues only they should copy; and seeing emblazoned in public prints the most profane oaths, they soon begin to think that it is all right to 'curse,' and that they never can become men until they are expert in this disgraceful vice. If the rising generation is thus taught, what will our country become in a few years? How important then is it that parents who are in the habit of using profanity should deny themselves the *privilege* of indulging in it, and that those who are not addicted to the vice should exhibit it to their children in all the horror of its wickedness;—and how careful should the conductors of the public press be to exclude even the abbreviation of a profane oath from their columns."

From the Sabbath School Messenger.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was one summer evening of 1833, that a cautious step upon the floor of my study made me aware of the presence of a visitant, who had entered, unperceived, while I was immersed in a page of Bridge's Conic Sections. The result of my first hasty glance was any thing but complimentary to the stranger. His coat was a thing of mere shreds and patches; and

his youthful features were deeply marked with the traces of dissipation ; but there was still in his demeanor, in his anxious but subdued expression, something which stirred my sympathies, and seemed to say, like those Greeks in sacred story, " Sir, I would see Jesus."

" I have seen you once before," he began, " and I have felt that I must come and tell you my story. Yesterday, for the first time after an absence of more than three years, I touched this, my native shore."

" You have friends, then, in the city——"

" Not one, sir ; every face is a stranger's. My father has been dead many years ; but I have a mother and three younger brothers still living, I hope, in a neighbouring state. My mother used to pray and go to the class meetings, and the preachers would sometimes visit our cottage home ; but I chose the company of wicked boys like myself. Instigated by these, one night, while all those who ever loved me were sleeping sweetly, I stole away to a ship bound for the South Seas—I need not tell you what a miserable life I have since led. If it be in suffering and remorse to atone for ingratitude and folly, surely I have made ample amends for mine. These rags, this crippled arm, and these scars speak to you of my sufferings and degradation. My captain treated me with merciless severity, and my shipmates rarely spoke to me except in cursing and bitterness. For three years I had heard no prayer—known no Sabbath."

“ But you spoke of once seeing me—where ?”

“ I was just coming to that. Last night, as I wandered down Cherry-street, my ear caught some sounds—now strange, but once most familiar. They made me think of sweet home and my sorrow-stricken mother. Would that she could have seen her boy as he stood before that house of prayer—not daring to enter—unwilling to go away. I never felt so before. It was a class meeting, and I suffered not a word to escape me. What would I not give to feel like those whom I heard speak of salvation and heaven. You, sir, were the leader ; and now tell me, I pray you tell me, if there be any hope for the most miserable of sinners ?”

It might have been three or four weeks after this affecting incident that I was accosted in one of the public streets by a quite decent looking young man : “ Have you forgotten the poor sailor boy ?” he asked ; “ how much I have wished to see you and tell you all about it ! The next evening after I saw you, I went to the prayer meeting you told me of ; and, when the minister began to call upon sinners, I was instantly on my feet to let them know that I felt the utmost need of a Saviour ; and it was not in vain, for then and there I found a Saviour.”

“ But your mother—surely you cannot have forgotten her ?”

“ O no : I wrote to her the next morning, praying her to forgive me, since God had done so. I would myself have been the bearer of

the blessed tidings; but I had no money. I have now found good employment, and, if you have no objections, I should like to join your class."

His name was accordingly enrolled, and he proved one of the most exemplary and devout members of the church I have ever known.

Trivial as the above incident may seem to some, it may certainly claim the prime charm of truthfulness, and affords a practical commentary on that primal truth of our holy religion, "By grace are ye saved." H.

THE BIBLE A SOURCE OF TEMPORAL COMFORT.

We have somewhere seen it stated that there is a little parish in England, where the Bible is not read, which pays for the support of the poor \$5,772. There is also a parish of the same size in Scotland, under the influence of the Bible, which pays for the same purpose \$106. A Roman Catholic bishop, in a certain district of South America, proclaimed to the people, that they must not read the Bible, and promised that he would feed all their poor. One morning before breakfast he counted 1,700 beggars before his door.—*Christian Register*.

Ridicule, though trifling in appearance, is often found to spring from great depth of malice.

ANECDOTE.

Some years ago an Indian hired out in a place called Mohegan, in Connecticut. He was a professor of religion, and he was particularly opposed to what is called close communion or shutting the door of the kingdom against each other—a curse which Christ rebuked as an abominable practice in the sight of God. He thought if the Lord should treat him in heaven as they treated each other on earth, heaven would afford them little enjoyment. At a certain time he undertook to describe the situation of the sectarians, and of himself in heaven, allowing that they and he were treated according to their conduct here.

Now, said he, supposing you get to heaven; the Lord Jesus asks you who you be? you say, A Presbyterian; then, says he, You sit there on that *little seat*, and there you stay. Don't go any where else; keep your place.

Another comes to heaven. He asks, Who are you? He says, I am a Baptist. Then you sit there on "that" little "narrow" seat; let no one sit or eat with you, or come near you; have all your seat to yourself; keep all your singing and rejoicing to yourself.

Another comes. He says, What are you? He replies, I am a Methodist. Then, he says, You sit in that corner, and let one stand to keep all away that do not make as much noise as you do in your worship.

Another appears, and he says, What are you?

He answered, I am a Quaker. Then Christ says, You sit away out yonder alone, that the noisy ones may not disturb you, while you worship by *thinking*.

Indian comes. The Lord Jesus asks him who he be? He says, I love the Lord Jesus with my whole heart and soul, and love all who love him with sincerity. Then the Lord Jesus says to him, "You may sit where you please; walk all over heaven; eat when and what you will; enjoy all the liberty heaven affords, be equal to angels, and not be 'confined' to any seat."

THE FATHER THAT NEVER PRAYED.

A little girl of my acquaintance, about twelve years of age, was taken sick and felt that she must die. She began to be alarmed about her soul, and asked her father to pray for her.

"My child," said the father, "*I never prayed in my life.*"

"Then I will pray for myself," said the little girl. She died soon after, but I hope her prayer was answered. What a father that must be! *Never prayed in his life!*—then he never prayed for his children. How thankful should children be who have parents to pray for them. Yet, children, you must not depend on their prayers. No, like the little girl, you must pray for yourselves. This little girl's father has since died as he lived—without praying. P.

PURITY OF MIND.

It is supposed by many who have studied the operations of the human mind, that impressions made on the memory can never be effaced; and facts confirm this opinion. Impressions made years before often come unbidden to our minds. A person who indulges impure thoughts, or listens to improper conversation, will be liable, as long as he lives, to have these impressions renewed in his mind, however unpleasant they may be; and they will often come to him at times and seasons when most unwelcome.

Strive then earnestly to maintain *purity of mind*; which occupies the same place in the cause of moral reform as is occupied by the pledge of *total abstinence* in the temperance cause. It is the *gateway* which, if kept closed, will secure the citadel. But there is no safety when it is left open. But, to accomplish this, you must keep a guard over that unruly faculty, the *imagination*. Remember the words of the wise man, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls." Here is no defence against the enemy; any one that pleases may come in, and take up his abode there. So with the mind. If the fancy is permitted to roam without control, the wall is broken down, and the mind becomes the "cage of every unclean bird."

We copy the following from the Maine Wesleyan Journal, the editor of which has good reason to congratulate himself on the possession of such a correspondent.

CHILD'S MORNING SONG.

Soft is the morning dew
Resting on flowers ;
Gentle the balmy breath
'Mid summer flowers ;
Green is the moss couch,
Spread for repose ;
Sweet o'er the heather hill
The wild flower blows.

Dew on the bright flowers
Soon glides away ;
Calm breath of summer
Speeds on its way—
Yellow the moss bed,
Bleak is the hill,
Gone are the silver buds,
Hush'd is the rill.

Days without number,
Thus on the wing,
Fly as the shadow
Glides o'er the hill ;
Star of the morning,
Gilding our bloom,
Lights up at evening
Our path to the tomb.

Not this our Eden home
 Rock'd by the blast—
 Not this our beacon star
 Fading so fast ;
 Dark though the stormy hours,
 Fleeting and short—
 Bark of our pilgrimage
 Soon is at port.

MARY.

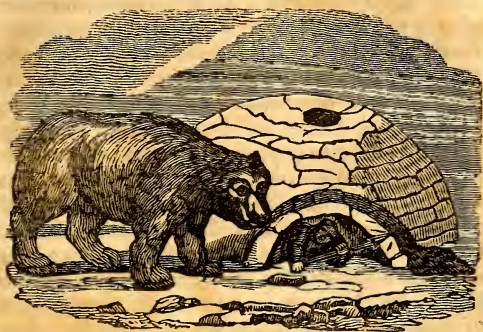
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY REV. J. RUSLING.

How beauteous is the sight
 Where little children meet,
 How rich is the delight,
 Their youthful songs how sweet !
 And Jesus loves his name to hear
 When children round his throne appear.

How happy is the place
 Where children meet the Lord,
 And banquet on his grace,
 And learn and love his word !
 The place where they received their birth,
 The happiest spot on all the earth.

A holy Bethel this,
 Which Sunday schools do prove ;
 How pure indeed the bliss,
 How sweet the youthful love !
 And cherub hosts with children join
 To mingle praises all divine.



THE BEAR.

Of this animal there are three distinct kinds : the brown bear of the Alps, the black bear of North America, and the white bear, famous in the Icy Seas. These, though different in their form and appearance, were, doubtless, originally of the same race, and owe the distinction which now marks them merely to the effect of climate and food.

The brown bear, in its nature, is both savage and solitary ; and either resides in the hollow of a tree, in some unfrequented wood, or takes up its abode in those mountainous precipices that are so difficult of access to the human foot ; in these solitary retreats it passes several months in the winter in a state of torpidity, without motion or sense, and never quits them until it is compelled by hunger to search for a

fresh supply of food. At the commencement of the winter, the bear is so fat that for six or seven weeks it sleeps without a supply of food; but the nutritious covering of fat being exhausted, it is again compelled to seek for more.

Savage and surly as this animal is in disposition, when taken young, it submits, in a certain degree, to be tamed: and, by being taught to erect itself upon the hinder legs, moves about to the instrument in an awkward kind of dance; though, at the method adopted to produce this motion, both feeling and humanity ought to blush; for the poor creature is set upon plates of hot iron, and, from the agony produced, naturally withdraws its paws.

In Canada, where the black bear is very common, they reside toward the top of some old tree, where they would bid defiance to every kind of molestation, did not the hunters judiciously set fire to their retreat; the old one is generally foremost to make her escape, while the hunters watch her appearance with their muskets cocked; and, in attempting to escape from one danger, she falls into another, from which there is no retreat. The young ones, as they descend, are caught in a noose, and are either tamed to be exhibited, or killed to eat; their paws are considered a great delicacy, and their hams are universally known to be good.

The white Greenland bear differs, both in size and proportion, from the two former animals already described; the brown bear of the Alps is seldom above six feet, and the black

bear never is equal in size; while that of Greenland, and the icy regions, is often known to be thirteen feet in length. The brown bear is formed strong and sturdy like the mastiff; while the figure of the white one, though concealed under its long hair, is infinitely more slight and slender, and rather resembles the greyhound in shape. All other species of animated nature diminish in figure as they approach the poles; but the bear, being unmolested in those desolate climates, increases in size from the abundance of its food. As they entirely live upon fish and seals, their flesh has a strong and unpleasant taste; and, though their destruction is attended with great danger, the skin, which is valuable, is the only reward.

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S RULES.

Morning.

1. To lift up the heart to God, in thankfulness, for renewing my life.
2. To renew my covenant with God in Christ—by renewed acts of faith, receiving Christ, and rejoicing in the height of that relation. Resolution of being one of his people, doing him allegiance.
3. Adoration and prayer.
4. Setting a watch over my own infirmities and passions, over the snares laid in our way.

Day Employment.

There must be an employment. Two kinds:

1. Our ordinary calling, to serve God in it. It is a service to Christ, though never so mean, Col. i, 3. Here, faithfulness, diligence, cheerfulness. Not to overlay myself with more business than I can bear.

2. Our spiritual employments. Mingle somewhat in God's immediate service in this day.

Refreshments.

1. Meat and drink, moderation, seasoned somewhat of God.

2. Recreation, first, not our business; second, suitable. No games, if given to covetousness or passion.

If alone.

1. Beware of wandering thoughts; fly from thyself, rather than entertain these.

2. Let thy solitary thoughts be profitable; view the evidences of thy salvation, the state of thy soul, the coming of Christ, thy own mortality; it will make thee humble and watchful.

Company.

Do good to them. Use God's name reverently. Beware of leaving an ill impression or ill example. Receive good from them, if more knowing.

Evening.

Cast up the accounts of the day. If aught amiss, beg pardon. Gather resolution of more vigilance. If well, bless the mercy and grace of God that hath supported thee.

From the Sabbath School Messenger.

THE CORONATION.

As two little girls were returning from school, before me, the other day, I heard one of them say to the other, "I wish I lived in England; then I would go to see the queen. O! I would give any thing to be at her coronation. I should so like to see how a queen *does* look."

"So should I," said the other; "I do not really know what 'coronation' means, but I heard some one call it a 'splendid event.'"

"My father," said the first, "was telling me about it last night; he said it was the ceremony of placing the crown upon her head, in token of her royalty. And then, you know, she will be a queen always; her dress all gold, and rubies, and diamonds; and every body will bow themselves as she passes; and the whole nation be anxious to gain her favour, and do her some service. I should like to be a queen—would not you?"

And the other replied, "Yes, if I knew how to *govern well*, I should."

And I would like to have said to them, as I now say to these little readers, You may be queens. I do not mean that you can ever hold the sceptre of a nation, but you can govern yourselves. Be queen of your own heart, that you may banish every evil thought or wish, as a queen would a rebellious subject; nor would this be without its glory and reward.

We may imagine, in part, the scene of the

coronation as it will occur—the long galleries of that stupendous building—the old Westminster Abbey—filled with all the beauty, wealth, and nobility of the nation; the throng of horsemen and officers, their armour gleaming in the sunbeams, reflecting light upon the diamonds of their gold and crimson dress; jewelled coronets sparkling in profusion amid waving plumes; then the music, loud and deep, as it rolls above the crowd—the prayer—the queen kneeling before the altar, while upon the stillness of the ceremony we often hear the shouts of the people as they echo and echo through the high arches of that ancient edifice.

But let us remember, these “splendid events” are not the things “into which the angels desire to look.” These affairs which so agitate the breasts even of a nation, calling forth the long, loud acclamations of a multitude, break not upon the still rapture of heaven. From His holy presence no hasty glance, no truant thought wanders back to earth, for scenes like these. The magnificence which so dazzles our eyes is dim and valueless when we remember how soon the light of eternity will be shed upon it.

Life's journey is short and soon accomplished. Our errand here is not with the “pomp and circumstance” of earth; a destiny is ours higher than an earthly throne; more glorious than the gifts of gold and diadem; more enduring than the world itself.

○ The mighty and the loftiest of other ages

have passed like the noiseless mist from earth ; they have forsaken their kingdoms and gone to lie down in the grave ; whence they return not to rekindle the light of their fame, extinguished in the shadows of mortality, nor revisit their palaces in which the dust of centuries has gathered.

But from these comes a voice, saying, "God alone is great." If humble, we are his children. Though the place of our repose be unknown ; though our names are unwritten in treasured records, yet we are not forgotten before God ; for we know that "when he shall appear we shall be like him ;" by his word born again from the dust, with which we may have mingled for ages, to receive an inheritance "in his presence where is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

H. M. T.

A NOBLEMAN PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

From the Rev. Mr. Ely's Journal at Marseilles.

A very genteelly dressed and quiet young gentleman called upon me a little after candle-lighting, and introduced himself in a manner of most winning modesty, as a clergyman. He was on his way to Italy, and hearing of the work in which I was engaged, he wished to give me a trifle toward our chapel, and to inquire if he could preach on the coming Sabbath. Our conversation took a spiritual turn, and developed,

on his part, a soul full of piety, and well versed in the Scriptures, and in the knowledge of the heart. After a pretty long conversation he gave me a Napoleon, and was about taking his leave, when I asked him to favour me with his card, that I might have the pleasure of calling upon him. As he handed it to me he was a little embarrassed, and held it turned up that I should not see the name; to relieve him I did not look at it, but laid it upon the mantelpiece, and accompanied him toward the street door; but he would not allow me to go farther than the head of the stairs. On returning to my room I looked at the card, and was not a little surprised to read, written on a very plain card, Rev. Lord A—— H—— There was so much sweetness and delicacy in his manners, and so much refined feeling in his soul, as well as piety, that I believed him to be a *noble man*, before I knew him to be a nobleman. Wherever he passes, on his journey toward Italy, he seeks the opportunity of preaching the word, and to afford pecuniary aid to every good work. May the great Head of the church reward him, and make him an instrument of turning many to righteousness! In watering others may he be abundantly watered himself! Would that travellers of this description were multiplied a thousand fold! That they *are* increasing, is one of the joyful signs of the times. Did Christian travellers know how much it cheers and strengthens the servants of God labouring in lonely fields, and the little flocks that surround

them, they would never pass through the places where they are to be found without stopping to salute them in the name of the Lord, and to bid them God speed. But alas! how many *ministers* as well as laymen, like the priest and the Levite, "pass by on the other side."

LIGHTNING.

The laws of electricity are now pretty well understood, and it is just as reasonable to live in accordance with them as with any other laws of nature. To remove from a strong current of air to escape a stroke of lightning is just as philosophical as to step aside to shun a precipice; it is equally as wise to insure your building from lightning, by a good conductor, as to insure it from our common fires, at a premium of one and a half per cent. To betray symptoms of fear in any case is unmanly, but to use one's reason to avert danger is altogether a different thing. The best safeguard against lightning is a good conductor kept in complete repair, and next to this a group of lofty trees; but where a dwelling is protected by neither, it is highly prudent for its inmates to betake themselves, during a heavy thunder storm, to the safest place in it. As the air is a very bad conductor of electricity, it always seeks to move in and with the current, and hence it is always dangerous in a thunder storm to sit between

two windows or at the entrance of a door. Again, the air in a chimney being rarified by the heat below, the electric fluid often enters a house in this direction. Hence persons should never seat themselves immediately before a fire-place in a dangerous storm. When the electric fluid does not enter the door or chimney of a house, it usually strikes one corner of the roof, and passes the rafters, timbers, or sides of the building, until it enters the earth. On this account it is unsafe to sit in the corner or to lean against the side of the room, during heavy electric discharges. It is also dangerous to stand before a mirror; the quicksilver and gilt of which is a good conductor of lightning; indeed the presence of all metallic substances should be avoided on the same principle. The safest position in a house as regards lightning, is in bed, the feathers of which it is composed being a bad conductor of electricity. It is said that no person has ever been struck by lightning in this position, unless their limbs were in contact with the frames. As a proof of this remark, we once saw a house, containing twenty-five persons, literally torn in pieces by lightning without injury to any one. They were all in bed. Next to a bed, the centre of a room, closed up on the windward side, is the safest position in which we can place ourselves.

Those only go under God's protection that follow God's direction.

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE BOYS WASTEFUL.

1. *Books.*—Books are cheap; so Alexander is always saying; and he knocks his geography about, and strains it open, and soils it, and tears it, so that in six months he must have another. Thus he has two in a year. John sits next to him and takes care of his, and when Alexander has worn out two, John's is almost as good as ever. Now yonder, on the upper end of that low seat, sits Peter without any book; for his father is either too poor—or thinks himself too poor—to buy him one. Suppose Alexander had been as careful as John, and, instead of buying the second new book for himself, had bought one for Peter, and made him a present of it: would it not have given him pleasure?

2. *Clothes.*—Lucius is ever tearing his clothes. I do not pretend that accidents can always be avoided. Clothes are not made of iron or copper, and they will sometimes get torn. But Lucius seems to take no pains to avoid tearing his. “My father is able to have them mended, or get me more,” he is apt to say or think; and, if we may judge by his behaviour, there is reason to think that he is as willing to tear and injure his coat as not, in order to have another more new and handsome. He does not appear to remember that Mr. N.'s family suffer every winter both for clothes and shoes; and that what he might save would do them great good.

2. *Food.*—I have seen many a boy waste his

food. Does he not know that there are multitudes around him in the world hungry, and perhaps starving? By what rule, then, does he allow himself to waste things? Is it because he does not happen to see any body who is in want? Why, we may not *see any body that is sick*; and yet there is no day, or hour, or minute, when somebody is not sick and dying. Nay, there is not an hour that can be named, when there are not more than one individual in a large city who feels the pangs of want; and to whom a few cents to buy food or medicine would not afford relief.

4. *Money*.—Thomas and Robert have twelve and a half cents a month each to spend as they please. It is given them by their father. Thomas says to himself, when he receives his, "This I'll save, and use it better than I did the last. I'll buy nothing but what I want." Well, he goes out to the common in the evening, and meets a boy with candy. His mouth waters for some of the candy. Says he, one cent is but little; I have eleven and a half more. So down his throat goes the candy. Next day he meets the orange man. "Cheap oranges! cheap oranges! only two cents apiece." Well, an orange is at last bought. The month is but half through, when lo! he spends the last cent. It goes rather hardly, but then he thinks, "Why, it is *only* a cent, and not worth much alone, if I keep it: so I'll spend it." The rest of the month he goes without any money at all, sometimes much to his sorrow.

RELIGION A CONTINUAL EXERCISE.

They that will, with profit, make use of the proper instruments of virtue, must so live as if they were always under the physician's hand. For the counsels of religion are not to be applied to the distempers of the soul as men used to take hellebore ; but they must dwell together with the spirit of a man, and be twisted about his understanding for ever ; they must be used like nourishment, that is, by a daily care and meditation, not like a single medicine, and upon the actual pressure of a present necessity. For counsels and wise discourses, applied to an actual distemper, at the best are but like strong smells to an epileptic person ; sometimes they may raise him up ; but they never cure him. The following rules, if they be made familiar to our natures, and the thoughts of every day, may make virtue and religion become easy and habitual ; but, when the temptation is present, and hath already seized upon some portion of our consent, we are not so apt to be counselled ; and we find no gust or relish in the precept ; the lessons are the same, but the instrument is unstrung or out of tune.

He that gives alms does best not always to consider the minute and strict measures of his ability, but to give "according as God hath prospered him." A man must not weigh grains in the accounts of his repentance ; but for a great sin have a great sorrow and a great severity, and in this take the ordinary advices,

though, it may be, a less rigour might not be insufficient. Arithmetical measures, especially of our own proportioning, are but arguments of want of love, and of frowardness in religion, or else are instruments of scruple, and then become dangerous. Use the rule heartily and enough, and there will be no harm in the error, if any should happen.—*Dedication of Holy Living.*

NATURE'S HOMAGE.

BY M. S. LOVETT.

“ He is King of kings and Lord of lords,” Rev. xix, 16.

Lord of the sterile wastes,
 The sands, the rocks, the snows ;
 Or flower-crown'd sods, or fruitful fields,
 Where rich luxuriance grows.
 All that we see,—the forest king,
 The cedar, and the pine—
 Each shrub, each leaf, each blade of grass,
 Lord of the world ! is thine.

Lord of the raging main,
 The boundless and the deep,
 The foaming cataract, or the lake
 Which rude winds never sweep ;
 Each murm'ring rill, each little stream
 That leaps unto the sea—
 The beautiful and bright, belong
 Lord of the world ! to thee.

Lord of the trackless air,
 The pure, free air of heaven—
 The rushing blast, the gentle breeze,
 The low, sweet breath of even :
 Earth's melodies, the nameless ones,
 The glad, or dirge-like tone,
 Alike are songs of praise—and all,
 Lord of the world ! thine own.

Lord of the frozen north—
 Of evening's pensive star—
 Of all the myriad lights that gem
 Earth's canopy afar,—
 Hast thou not fashion'd orb and sphere,
 And taught *all things* to raise
 A voice of melody, to hymn,
 Lord of the world ! thy praise ?

From the Poughkeepsie Telegraph.

THE TEAR OF FRIENDSHIP.

There is an hour most lovely
 In this sad vale of tears !
 Where hope, alas ! can only
 Dispel our rising fears !
 'Tis when from friends we're parting,
 We heave the heart-felt sigh—
 The tear unconscious starting
 From the love-beaming eye.

Not pearly drop of morning,
Nor diamond's glittering light,
Nor stars the sky adorning,
Shine so divinely bright,
As does the tear drop falling,
That native gem of heaven!
When shed at friendship's calling,
A tribute to her given.

In humble strains and lowly,
Sweet friendship! thee I sing;
Thou art as pure and holy
As balmy breath of spring!
Yet still thou art deceiving
As blush of orient morn;
For when our friends we're leaving,
We feel thy sharpest thorn.

But hope in voice consoling
Does promise not in vain,
While onward time is rolling,
That we shall meet again;
Then hush'd be every sorrow,
And calm'd be every fear,
Peace from reflection borrow,
And dry the glist'ning tear
Poughkeepsie, May 30, 1838.

The wise and prudent conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
And make th' impossibility they fear.—*Rowe.*



THE RISING GENERATION.

In walking through the streets, particularly
 "When evening draws her crimson curtain round,"
 a person cannot fail being struck with the ill
 behaviour of the boys who crowd about the
 corners, cellar doors; engine houses, and other
 conspicuous places. It is really shocking to
 pass within ear-shot of these wicked urchins,
 and hear them discourse on all the mysteries
 of vice. There is something truly awful to
 witness such early perversion of all the best
 and noblest feelings of our nature; to listen to
 the language of the tavern and theatre poured
 forth by voices which, from their childish mo-
 dulation, should utter nothing but the accents

of sweetest innocence. If these boys have parents, they are highly censurable for this utter neglect of the temporal and spiritual welfare of their offspring, whom they thus allow to grow up a nuisance to society and a future torment to themselves. If any of these lads have some rational employment during the day, they should not for that reason be turned loose upon the streets at night. Why not improve their minds by acquiring the elements of sound knowledge, and learn their catechisms, which would teach them the evil of their ways? We would not deprive them of healthful exercise; but is it conducive to health to lie on damp cellar doors, smoke abominable segars, and learn the first rudiments of the gin shop? O when shall we have a municipal establishment under which quiet citizens can walk along the streets unmolested, and old age can drag its feeble steps along without irreverence being shown to its gray hairs!

PRAYER.

There is an efficacy in the bended knee, in the uplifted heart, and outstretched hand,—in the accents of prayer arising from the lips of a *mother*, supplicating God to bless her child, which faith may interpret for its encouragement, and the future will one day bless.—*L. Richmond.*

THE CLOCK PEDLAR.

I had heard of Yankee clock pedlars, tin pedlars, and Bible pedlars, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (all in English) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American sells his wares at whatever price he pleases, where a blue-nose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the clock maker the secret of his success.

“What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,” (for such was his name,) “what a pity it is,” said I, “that you who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time.”

“I guess,” said he, “they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts, but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about ‘house of assembly.’ If a man don’t hoe his corn, and don’t get a crop, he says it is all owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you.”

“But how is it,” said I, “that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, (which

certainly cannot be called necessary,) among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question; then looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone—

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of soft sawder and human natur. But here is deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable looking farm-house stood deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of every thing about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had scarcely entered the house, before the clock maker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said,

"If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this, away down east here, in Nova Scotia, they would'nt believe me—why, there aint such a location in all New-England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dyke"—

"Seventy," said the deacon, "only seventy."

"Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why, I could run a ramrod into it."

“Interval, we call it,” said the deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

“Well, interval, if you please, (though Professor Cumstock, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms,) is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding mill on it: the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and”—

“Too old,” said the deacon, “too old for all those speculations.”

“Old!” repeated the clock-maker—“not you, why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see now-a-days; you are young enough to have”—

Here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

“But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed,” saying which, he went out to order them to be put into the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an under tone—

“That is what I call soft sawder. An

Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or," said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, if he could. Now I find"—

Here his "soft sawder" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

"Jist come to say good by, Mrs. Flint."

"What, have you sold all your clocks?"

"Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn—no, I am wrong, in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it. I had but two of them, this one, and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the secretary of state for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one: it has composition wheels and patent axles—it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake—genuine superfine; but I guess I'll take it back. And besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder harder, that I did not give him the offer."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Flint, "I should like to see it—where is it?"

"It is in a chest of mine, over the way, at Tom Tate's store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

"That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock, a gaudy, highly varnished trumpery looking affair

He placed it on the chimney piece, where its beauties were pointed out, and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock. He, too, thought it a handsome one, but the deacon was a prudent man. He had a watch, he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

“I guess you’re in the wrong furrow, this time, deacon; it aint for sale,” said Mr. Slick; “and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel’s wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it.”

Mrs. Flint said, that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

“It’s no consarn of mine,” said Mr. Slick, “as long as he pays me what he has to do; but I guess I don’t want to sell it—and, besides, it comes too high: that clock can’t be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. Why, it aint possible,” said the clock-maker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, “why, as I’m alive, it is four o’clock, and if I hav’nt been two hours here—how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I’ll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I’ll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States. I’ll set it agoing, and put it to the right time.”

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon, with a sort of serio-comico injunction to wind up the clock.

every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

“That,” said the clock-maker, as soon as we were mounted—“that I call human natur! Now that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal—nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not ‘in human natur’ to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to ‘soft sawder’ to get them into the house, and to ‘human natur’ that they never come out of it.”

ANECDOTE OF ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, being told that his library was burned down, immediately exclaimed, “Thank God, that it is not a poor man’s cottage destroyed!” and on no occasion was a murmur ever heard to escape his lips, although he met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions.

An intimate friend of his, who highly admired his virtues, one day asked the prelate "if he could communicate the secret of being always easy."

"Yes," replied the good man, "I can teach you my secret with much facility: it consists in nothing more than making a right use of your eyes!"

His friend begged him to explain himself.

"Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and I remember my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a portion I shall occupy in it, when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are, in many respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end; and then see how very little reason I have to complain."

CHARITY.

It is wonderful to consider how a command to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing at all to *give*, who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend.—
Dr. South.

From the Sunday School Journal.

YPSILANTI.

This is the name of a flourishing town in Michigan, situated on each side of the River Huron, a small river emptying into Lake Erie, about twenty miles below Detroit. It is thirty miles west of Detroit. The Detroit and St. Joseph's railroad passes through this village; it is completed as far as Ypsilanti, and has been in operation since the first of February last. The settlement of Ypsilanti was commenced during the year 1827, at that time a desert place; few, if any, white inhabitants, and no communication with Detroit, except by an Indian trail. Let me tell you here, as perhaps some of you may not know, that an Indian trail is a narrow footpath, often worn to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches and not a foot wide at top. The Indians, in travelling, whether on foot or horseback, follow one after the other, and though, as is now the case, roads have been made, yet they prefer their own narrow footpath, winding along among the trees or across the open space, so but they pursue their own beaten track—a striking example of the force of habit, showing us the importance of forming *good* habits in early life. The lady of the house where I board has given me many particulars of the early settlement of Ypsilanti. I will give you an account of the first Sunday school established here in her own words.

She said,—“ We came here in the spring of 1828 ; at that time there were but two frame houses in the town. There was no regular school of any kind. There was no meeting for worship on the Sabbath. Quite a number of families and many transient persons were residents here, but all seemed indifferent to every thing of a religious nature. The Sabbath was a day of resort to the only tavern in the place, where games of all descriptions were practised with impunity. Horse-racing and card-playing were prevalent, and some who came from other and better society were fast sinking in character, and becoming as depraved, as those around them. About two months after we came here, (July, 1828,) I found a pious female who felt on this subject as myself ; we agreed to make an effort to collect the children on the Sabbath to read the Scriptures, and give them such instruction as we were able. About ten were thus assembled at first, but afterward increased to twenty or more ; but in the whole place not a man was found who could pray in our little Sunday school. Yet, with the assistance of our heavenly Father's aid we persevered and found our reward in the moral improvement of the children, and, in some instances, of parents ; for, there being no religious meetings, many came to hear and see the improvement of their children. Thus commenced our first Sabbath school in Ypsilanti.”

I might add there is indubitable evidence, that from that date commenced the moral im-

provement of the people. The next year they were encouraged by the labours of a circuit preacher, and the little Sabbath school steadily advanced. In 1831 the school became auxiliary to the American Sunday School Union. A donation of books was granted, and the first Sunday school library was established, which gave new interest to the cause. It has received additions from time to time as the population has increased, and its friends persevered. There are four churches gathered here, viz.: Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, and Baptist, each of which, except the Baptist, now have Sunday schools. The one at the Presbyterian church is the original Union school, and numbers (including the adult classes) over two hundred scholars. I consider it one of the first schools in the state. There have been, since its commencement, more than twenty conversions among the scholars, some of which were very interesting. The superintendent is a converted *Jew*. He came to this country from Germany some three or four years since; had been educated in all the strictness of the ceremonial law, had never even read a chapter in the New Testament. During a revival in the church, two years since, he came out decided, and publicly professed faith in that neglected Saviour so much abused by his people and kindred, and now displays a commendable zeal in the cause of Sabbath schools.

Last summer I proposed to the Ypsilanti Sabbath school and others, in the adjoining

towns, to meet on the 4th of July, in the village of Ypsilanti, to celebrate the day with appropriate religious services. The plan was most cordially adopted; at nine o'clock might be seen the wagons coming in at all the avenues of the village, freighted with parents and children of all ages, and I might say of almost every variety of costume. From one town alone, (Superior,) twenty wagons, each with two horses, carrying from eight to ten individuals, came in in a line, one after the other, affording a cheering evidence of the interest in the cause.

Clergymen from the different denominations were present, and united in the services of the day. The children occupied the body of the house during the exercises. The children were then formed in procession, and walked to a grove, where suitable refreshments were gratuitously provided by the ladies of the village and vicinity, for all who wished.

Could you, my young friends, have seen this interesting collection of children, numbering more than seven hundred, the youngest seated in the centre of the circle, and the larger ones arranged in the rear according to their size, and the parents and friends surrounding the whole; could you have seen their smiling intelligent faces, and taken a view into future years, seeing in them the hope of the state, I am sure your hearts would have received a new impulse in your benevolent zeal for Sabbath schools in the west. Think of Ypsilanti ten years since,

and the two female friends of Sabbath schools, with their ten or twelve children assembled in the log cabin on a Sabbath morn, and see it now with its increased population, its moral renovation, and all its cheering prospects, and well may we exclaim, What hath God wrought!

NOT TOO YOUNG.

Child.—This world is very beautiful,
And sweet and fair to me ;
They say that heaven is fairer still ;
Tell me how this can be.

Tutor.—O yes, heaven is all happiness,
A summer day of joy ;
'This bright glad earth, that better world,
God made them both, my boy.

Child.—O, then, if God is wise and good,
And heaven is bright and fair,
Tell me, dear friend, of God and heaven,
And show me where they are.

Tutor.—Know, God is like a Father kind
And merciful to thee ;
Serve him in life ; and, after death,
Heaven shall thy portion be.

Child.—When you and I together stood
In that still burial ground,
You told me they were dead who slept
'Neath those cold stones around.

Were their hearts ever blithe as mine,
 Their limbs as light and free ?
 And shall I die, and sleep like them ?
 Say, what is death to me ?

Tutor.—Dear boy, these things are deep and
 sad ;

Too deep for such as thou ;
 We'll talk of them in future years,
 Thou couldst not bear them now.

The child a moment paused, and o'er
 The infant cheek and brow
 A shade of doubt and wonder past,
 Then with a sudden glow

Of quick intelligence, he spoke,—
 “ O, no, that cannot be,
 For 'midst those lonely grave stones
 there
 Is many a one I see.

(For I have measured them myself)
 They're shorter much than I :
 Tell me of God, and heaven, and death ;
 I'm not too young to die !”

PRAYING SINCERELY.

O let me never, never dare
 To act a trifler's part,
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 Which comes not from the heart.

THE DISCIPLES ON THE SEA.

BY THE REV. J. RUSLING.

Once on a time Christ's little band,
To escape from ruder company,
Resolved to leave the solid land,
And brave the dangers of the sea.

The evening came and it grew dark,
And Jesus was not with them there ;
The wind blew hard upon their bark,
The sea tumultuous did appear.

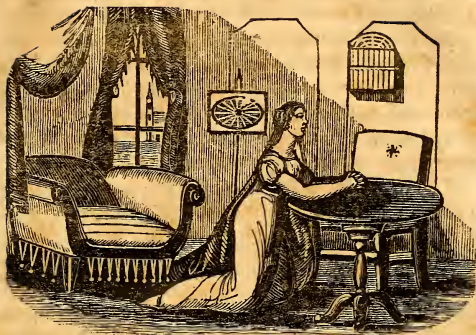
Now hard they row, and careful steer,
While still the howling tempests rave ;
When lo ! they see approaching near,
The Saviour walking on the wave !

Peter then cried, Bid me, O Lord,
On the rude billows walk with thee ;
He bade him come, and at his word
Assay'd to walk the dangerous sea.

But soon his trembling faith gave out,
And he fell sinking in the main ;
His Saviour said, " Why dost thou doubt ?
I will thy sinking feet sustain."

Then he with kindness reach'd his hand,
And Peter walk'd upon the deep ;
The winds were hush'd at Christ's command,
And the rude waves were lull'd to sleep.

Alas ! how often we essay
To venture the unruly wave ;
And sink, unless the Lord display
His gracious readiness to save.



FOR THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

In dependance on the promised grace of my covenant God and Saviour, through continued prayer for the presence and aid of the eternal Spirit, I will carry into effect the following resolves :—

1. I will value my soul more than my body, consecrating both to the service and glory of Almighty God.

2. I will improve my mind in the knowledge of the doctrines and duties of the gospel.

3. I will supplant the evil propensities and affections of my heart, and cultivate the same to high attainments in personal holiness.

4. In my conversation I will introduce subjects of a religious nature, seeking to make them experimental and searching. I will not allow

myself to spend time in idle and frivolous talking.

5. I will avoid conformity to the extravagances, fashions, and follies of the world!

6. I will, when invited to places of amusement and parties of pleasure, ask myself, Shall I, by complying, increase my spirituality, and benefit the souls of my impenitent friends?

7. I will improve the opportunities to pray with my Christian and impenitent friends.

8. I will be constant in attending the means of grace, the sanctuary, the prayer meeting, the conference, the monthly concert, Sabbath school, teachers' meeting, and other occasional meetings. I will allow myself no excuse, extraordinary excepted.

9. I will be active in benevolent objects, and will engage in none that render me censorious and suspicious.

10. I will seek to retain truth which I hear from the pulpit, and which I gain by reading. I will converse upon it, and pray that it may be sanctified to myself and others.

11. I will read portions of the Bible, and perform the duty of secret prayer daily.

12. I will speak evil of and hate no one—will be kind to all—looking upon and treating every human being as a neighbour and a friend.

13. As I may die suddenly and soon, I will, in the secret place of prayer, peruse these resolutions on Saturday evening of each week—or, if prevented doing it then, will do it on Sabbath morning or evening. Trusting in the blood of

sprinkling, and in the grace of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God of the everlasting covenant, I will seek to be ready for death and the judgment.

LIGHT.

There are two ideas generally connected with the word "light" in Scripture, when used in a spiritual sense; one primary idea, knowledge, because light shows us things as they are; and then a secondary idea, joy, because a right knowledge of spiritual things imparts joy. When, therefore, we are told that there is light in heaven, that God dwells in light there, that the inheritance of the saints there is an inheritance in light, we are to understand that heaven is a word of knowledge as gives rise to pleasure and joy; that we shall not lose our character as intellectual beings there; that our minds and understandings will go with us to heaven, and be called into exercise in heaven, and have every thing brought before them that can expand, and elevate, and delight them. Here on earth the Christian is not a creature of mere feelings and sensations, of joys coming he knows not whence nor how; he is not a mystic or enthusiast; he is a sober-minded, rational man, more so in his religion, perhaps, than in any thing else. In heaven he will rise higher still in spiritual understanding. He will comprehend the happiness that fills him. It will

all flow from knowledge imparted to him, from knowledge received by an active, vigorous understanding into a clear, holy, and enlarged mind. But whence is this knowledge to come? The text tells us. It traces it, observe, to the glorified Jesus as its source. God in Christ, it says, and in Christ as the Son of man, is the author of it. "Christ the light of heaven."—*Bexley's Practical Sermons*, vol. ii, 1838

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OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

In the winter of 1809, Mr. Wilberforce, meditating a trip to Bath, wrote to Mr. Perceval to ascertain the day of the meeting of parliament.

"Parliament," was the reply, "will not meet, unless something unforeseen should occur, until Monday, the 16th of January. I hope, therefore, you will lose no time in getting your health well set up at Bath."

His watchfulness for public morals at once suggested to him the amount of Sunday travelling which such a day of meeting would create; and he begged, in answer, that it might, if possible, be altered.

"I thank you for your note of yesterday," rejoined the conscientious minister, "and am really sorry that I have given occasion for it. I feel myself the more to blame, because, upon the receipt of your note, it brought back to my

recollection (what I had till then forgot) some observations which the speaker made to me some time ago upon the same subject; if they had been present to mind when we settled the meeting of parliament, I would not have fixed it upon a Monday. We were, however, almost driven into that day. * * * Notwithstanding all these considerations, however, if I had thought, as I ought to have done, of the Sunday travelling, which the meeting on Monday will too probably occasion, I would have preferred meeting on a Friday in the sessions week, with all its inconveniences. You have the whole state of the case before you. I am open to your judgment—for inadvertence is certainly never felt by me as any excuse."

Two days later he wrote again.

"Dear Wilberforce, You will be glad to hear that it is determined to postpone the meeting of parliament till Thursday the 19th, instead of Monday the 16th, to obviate the objections which you have suggested to the meeting of that day. Yours, very truly, Spencer Perceval."

Mr. Wilberforce has, in his diary, without any allusion to the part he had in it—

"The House put off nobly by Perceval, because of the Sunday travelling it would have occasioned."—*Wilberforce's Life*.

Envy cannot exist in perfection without a secret esteem of the person envied.

NEGRO AFFECTION.

A remarkable instance of this is related by Bryan Edwards, in his History of St. Domingo. It occurred during the revolution of 1791.

“ Amid the scenes of horror, one instance occurs of such fidelity and attachment in a negro, as was equally unexpected and affecting. Monsieur and Madame Billion, their daughter and son-in-law, and two white servants, residing on a mountain plantation about thirty miles from Cape François, were apprized of the revolt by one of their own slaves, who was himself in the conspiracy, but promised, if possible, to save the lives of his master and his family. Having no immediate means of providing for their escape, he conducted them into an adjacent wood; after which he went and joined the revolters. The following night he found an opportunity of bringing them provisions from the rebel camp. The second night he returned again with a farther supply of provisions; but declared it would be out of his power to give them any farther assistance. After this, they saw nothing of the negro for three days; but at the end of that time he came again, and directed the family how to make their way to a river which led to Port Margot, assuring them they would find a canoe on a part of the river which he described. They followed his directions, found the canoe, and got safely into it, but were overset by the rapidity of the current, and, after a narrow escape, thought it best to return to their retreat in

the mountains. The negro, anxious for their safety, again found them out, and directed them to a broader part of the river, where he assured them he had provided a boat; but said it was the last effort he could make to save them. They went accordingly, but not finding the boat, gave themselves up for lost, when the faithful negro again appeared like their guardian angel. He brought with him pigeons, poultry, and bread; and conducted the family by slow marches in the night along the banks of the river, until they were in sight of the wharf at Port Margot; when, telling them they were out of danger, he took his leave for ever, and went to join the army. The family were in the woods nineteen nights."—*History of St. Domingo*, page 74.

THE LOST CHILD.

There was a very small boy who lived in a village in New-Jersey. His name was John. One day his mother sent him into the woods to look for the cow. She said to him, "Now, John, you must be sure to go no farther than the brook; if you go on the other side of that brook, I think you will be lost."

John told his mother that he would not go over this brook. He put on his hat and set off to look for the cow. As he walked along he picked a great many red and blue flowers, and stuck them in his hat.

John went along a great way, but could not see any thing of the cow. Sometimes he stopped to listen and try to hear the cow's bell, for she had a large bell hung to her neck. Then he looked in the soft muddy places, to see whether there were any cow tracks. At last he came to the brook, where his mother had said he must stop. There was a log over the brook. Something in his breast seemed to say, *John, you must not disobey your mother.* But John thought he heard the cow's bell on the other side. He sat down and thought. At last, he said, I will go over a little way.

It was wrong for John to do so. Children ought to obey their parents. Little boys are not able to tell what is right for themselves. John walked and walked, and at last he came to a place where there was another brook. He could not find his way back. He ran till he was out of breath, but he could not see any path. Then he sat down and cried. He was in the woods all day, and then it began to be dark. He was very cold and hungry. His limbs ached, and he was frightened. He said, "O what a wicked boy I have been to disobey my dear mother."

John was very sorry. He thought he might die in the woods that cold night. Then he remembered that God is everywhere, that he also forgives sinners. He remembered that God hears prayer. He knelt down under a bush, and put up his hands. The tears ran down his face. He prayed to God to forgive

his sin, for Christ's sake, and to bring him back home. Then he arose, and tried again to find the path. After he had walked a little, he heard the cow's bell; then he saw her; he knew in a minute it was his mother's cow. The cow went straight home, as she did every evening. And John followed her, and so got back.—*Sunday School Friend.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Christian life is like a journey. The road lies through a wilderness. It is difficult, narrow, steep, and rugged; intersected at every point with well-trodden paths, beautifully studded with flowers, cooling brooks, and gurgling waterfalls, for the refreshment and repose of the weary traveller. No sooner has the unwary pilgrim set foot in these by-paths, than he loses sight of the straight and narrow way. For a while he wanders on, perhaps unconscious of his error, till suddenly the clouds gather blackness; the thunders peal, and the lightnings play over his head; the serpents hiss, and his ears are stunned with the howlings of savage beasts of prey. Terrified and affrighted, he turns to seek the "good old way." But alas! he knows not whither to flee. He is enveloped in midnight darkness. He wanders farther still. Affrighted and wounded, he gives up in despair; till at length, by the kind hand of him

who first directed his feet to the narrow way, he again finds himself at the entrance, to begin his journey anew. The traveller, entering upon such a journey, would rejoice to find some one who had passed that way before, and could point out to him its difficulties and dangers. We suppose this to be the case especially with young people, who have recently entered upon this journey. We propose, therefore, to give them such hints as we suppose to be adapted to their circumstances and wants. We shall greatly rejoice if we may be able to afford any aid to those who have determined to give the warmth and freshness of their early affections to the Saviour. We look on such young persons with delightful emotions; and though we may not flatter them, yet we may say, we love them, because they have "chosen that better part, which shall not be taken from them." And O, why should they not choose it? Is not Jesus worthy of their first and best affections? Who has such a claim upon the supreme devotion of their hearts? Let them not, therefore, live unto themselves, but unto him who died and rose again, that they might live.

SELF.

I have read of many wicked popes; but the worst pope I ever met with is *Pope Self*.
—*John Newton*.

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IRON GUARDED FROM RUST.

An important discovery has been made in Paris, if we may rely upon a statement in the Commercial. According to that, a Mr. Sorrel has found out a means by galvanizing iron to prevent its undergoing the process of oxidation. No description is given of this method, which seems to be a secret, but that a galvanized powder is employed. It is affirmed that the experiments of several members of the Society for the Encouragement of Art have fully confirmed the statements of M. Sorrel, and that there is a strong hope that his process may be applied to every species of iron employed in machinery or in the arts, however large, which it is desirable to preserve from rust. Cannon balls, and even the cannon themselves, may be preserved; and a statement is made of the saving it would cause to the French government were only the cannon balls which rusted away in twenty years saved from the effects of the air. Watch springs and jewelry of polished steel are said to have remained perfectly bright though they were a long time immersed in water, saturated with a galvanic powder. The experiments of Sir H. Davy in preserving copper from the effects of salt water by galvanism are noticed, and those experiments give countenance to the statement that it may be possible by galvanism to guard iron from rust.

From the Maryland Temperance Herald.

E. Taylor, Esq.,—I have often observed with sorrow that the poor drunkard's family have been unjustifiably neglected, and, although his wife may be ever so amiable, as soon as her husband becomes a drunkard, she and her children must be consigned over to infamy, and that too without a crime, when it should have been our pleasure to carry consolation and comfort to this unfortunate family. Lately observing something of this kind, the circumstance prompted the following lines, which, if you think worth publishing, please give them an insertion. Yours, truly, J. P. COFFIN

O, pity me lady, I'm hungry and cold ;
Should I all my sorrows to you unfold,
I'm sure your kind breast with compassion
would flame,
My father's a drunkard—*but I'm not to blame.*

My mother's consumptive, and soon will depart—
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart.
My poor little sisters are starving ! O shame !
Our father's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

Time was we were happy, with plenty and peace,
And every day saw our pleasures increase ;
O, then with what kindness we lisp'd forth his
name—
But now he's a drunkard—*yet, we're not to blame.*

Time was when each morning around the fire-
side,

Our sire in the midst like a saint would preside,
And kneel, and for blessings would call on
God's name—

But now he's a drunkard—*can we be to blame?*

Our father then loved us, and all was delight,
Until he partook of this withering blight,
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame—
O yes, he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

Yet we must be censured and shunn'd by man-
kind—

Trodden down with contempt and to sorrow
consign'd,

Our friends all forsake us and leave us! O
shame!

I own he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

My poor dying mother, must she feel the scorn?
Must she be forsaken, to perish forlorn?

O grief! when I call on that affectionate name,
I might well ask the world—*can that saint be to
blame?*

My sisters, poor orphans! O, what have they
done?

Why should you neglect them, or why will you
shun?

Let not foul disgrace be attached to their
name,—

Though their father's a drunkard—*they are not
to blame.*

ADVANTAGES OF AFFLICTION.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

O thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not flee to thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants, that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanquish'd too—

O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom—
Our peace-branch from above !

Then sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright,
With more enraptured ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

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