



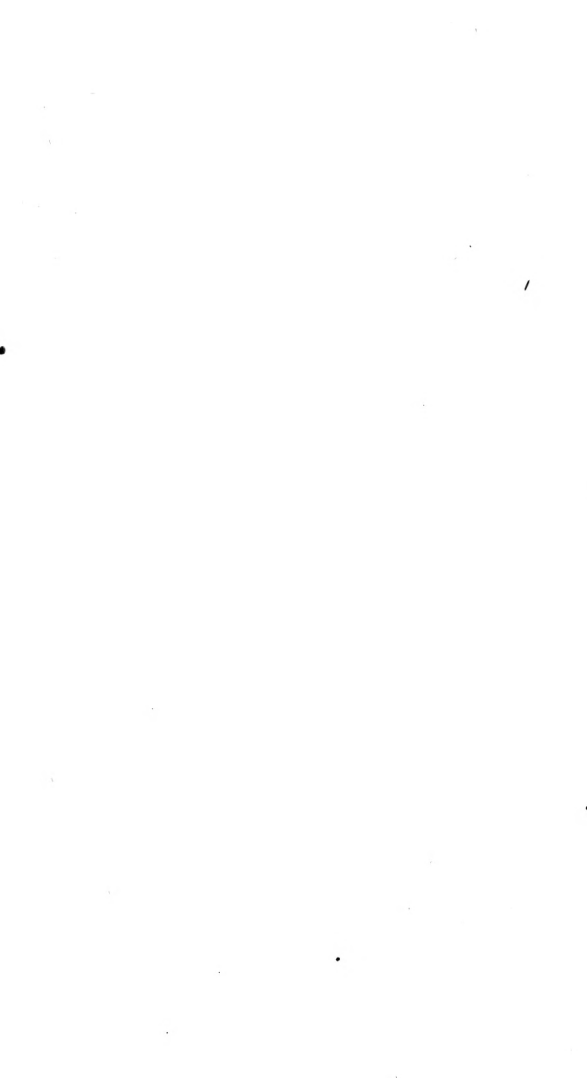
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Wells, Lucy K.

A mother's plea for the
Sabbath

Am.
... ..



A
M O T H E R ' S
P L E A ' F O R T H E S A B B A T H :

I N A S E R I E S O F
L E T T E R S T O A N A B S E N T S O N ,

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y F A C T S ,

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

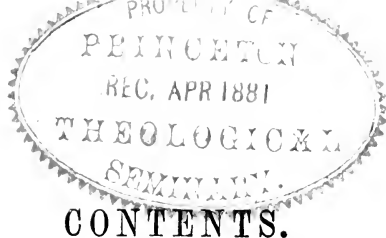
S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

W I T H A N I N T R O D U C T O R Y E S S A Y .
B Y R E V W I L L I A M W A R R E N .

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

THE SABBATH is among the oldest institutions on earth. It does not, however, derive its value from its antiquity, but from its appropriateness to the wants of man. Its establishment at the dawn of time, when every thing was fresh from the divine hand, bespeaks its value. The illustrious example of Sabbath-keeping, set by God himself, when he had finished the work of creation, argues its value. The blessing he pronounced upon it, when resting from the six day's work, reveals its value. The experience and testimony of Sabbath-keeping men and nations, demonstrates its worth. All history, sacred and profane, shows it to be a gift from God, and a blessing to man. The connection which this ancient ordinance has with each dispensation of God to man, and every other institution of religion, proves its worth, and the fact, that the Sabbath was made for man.

There is a sublimity in the conception of the Deity in repose, for moral purposes; and what higher illustration can we have, of the value of the Sabbath, than such a representation of the Divine interest in it. How

could the law of action, so necessary and so mighty in the Divine nature, be, for a moment, suspended, but for the highest of all moral purposes. During one whole day, an infinite miracle was passing in view of the universe; could such phenomena have appeared, but for a purpose commensurate in moral grandeur. God did not need this suspension from labor for his own benefit, or repose. As easily and joyfully might he have contemplated his works, and listened to the anthem of the morning stars, without resting from labor, as with it. It was to stamp the day as divine — to mark it as *His own*; it was to illustrate its value, and point out to man his duty. This act fixes upon the day a deep and binding sacredness. It labels it — HOLY. And creation must be melted down, and made over again, before the Sabbath can be spared from it. Every principle and spring must be cast and set afresh, to make it safe to dispense with the conservative influences of the Sabbath. Man and the laboring animal must be formed anew, and empowered with fresh energies and resources, before they can go the perpetual round of labor without Sabbath rest. The universal mind must be set in a new organism, and endowed with fresh powers, before the friendly influences of the Sabbath can be foregone. In a word, the moral universe must be reconstructed; the machinery, throughout, calculated over again; each power and purpose, set upon a new basis, and every part, impelled by a new impulse, before the Sabbath's influence — the great mainspring of the whole — can be spared from it. God planted in his creation, at the first, the necessity for the Sabbath;

and so long as the present system stands, the Sabbath will be essential to it, and must remain. Abolish it, and, in the words of Milton,

"Earth feels the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gives signs of woe,
That all is lost."

Abolish the Sabbath, and the animal nature languishes, the general mind droops, and piety perishes from the earth.

The bee, taught by instinct, constructs its cells, so as to hold the greatest amount of treasure, with the greatest degree of safety. And the one is found to be consistent with the other; the greatest capacity, with the greatest safety, or strength. So that the geometry of instinct, here, laughs at man's highest mathematical ingenuity. Thus in the moral world. The great Author of instinct, and all things, has so balanced and tempered the resources and moral elements in man, that the highest amount of effort and moral good, is gained only by suspension from labor, with moral refreshment, one seventh part of the time. And here, too, the arithmetic of morals laughs at the vain calculations of mercenary men.

But man is angel as well as animal. And the Sabbath is essential to the immortal, as well as the mortal. So that his interests for both worlds, suffer vitally, from a desecration of this day. And experience has generally proved that an attempt to rob God of his day, is, in effect, a robbery committed upon ourselves. God will not prosper sabbath-gotten gain. He will not sanction, by the smile of his providence, the violations of his law.

And the mind — the part made in his own image — must follow the example of its great prototype, the Divine Mind, while resting from the work of creation, on the seventh day, or its powers can never ripen into that perfection for which they were formed. An incessant tasking of the intellect without Sabbath relaxation, tends to enfeeble and derange its powers. The highest degree of mental expansion can never be reached, but by observing the natural and moral laws of God.

If God then by his word, and his providence, and example too, has shown such marks of respect and regard for this institution, how ought man to treat it? man, for whom it was made. What though the rigor of its ritual observance—needed in the darker ages of the world—has been somewhat abated! Has its authority and force, as a part of the moral law, been relaxed? No! The Sabbath is a *life-artery*, running through every part of the moral system. It is incorporated into all the laws, designed either for Israel, or for man. Abolishing one of God's laws, then, does not annul that statute which is common to all his laws. If several lines cross each other at a single point, the obliterating of one of those lines, or all but one, does not obliterate the point in those lines common to each, and where each is the same. So when the national and ritual laws of Israel fell, each embodying the Sabbath, the Sabbath did not fall. It stood on a higher and more permanent basis. It belonged to the moral law, embracing a system of principles that were designed for all men, and destined to last through all

time. And the idea that the distinction which God has made in the days of the week, may be destroyed by elevating the week to an equality with the Sabbath, is, if anything good, an improvement upon divine wisdom. It is a philosophy or wisdom, whose work will never be done, till all God's laws are revised, or effaced from the moral system. It is easy, however, to destroy this distinction, not by elevating the week to an equality with the Sabbath, but by lowering the Sabbath to a level with the week. It is like certain false theories of perfection, which, instead of elevating the world to the high standard of moral attainment and purity set forth in the Gospel, bring that standard down to a level with common attainments; and when this is done, even ordinary attainments sink usually to the level of indifference. So the attempted elevation of the six days of the week, to a level with the seventh will be, in the result, an *ascending downward*: for instead of elevating the week, the Sabbath will be sunk to its level. And this is not all; for the sinking of the Sabbath, will sink the week; so that a loss of this heaven-ordained distinction, would give us one general degraded monotony of *mongrel* time! God made this distinction; and man cannot destroy it, without destroying the most precious of his works. For the Sabbath is as valuable as earth; it is as valuable as heaven; it is as valuable as religion; it is as valuable as the blessings which itself brings. Efface it from the earth, and immorality abounds. Efface it from the earth, and ignorance sleeps upon its surface; revolution, tyranny or anarchy, in turn, would sweep over the

world The sanctuary would fall ; the Holy Bible be closed ; every moral influence and avenue sealed ; and religion with its precious ordinances and hopes would take their farewell of man. Is it not treason, then, against the divine government, and against human government, to trample the Sabbath in the dust ? Is it not a war waged upon the great interests of God on earth, and the very dearest rights and interests of man ?

It would be a sad business for man, had he the power, to set himself to the work of destroying God's natural creation ; the six day's work of his hand. But would it not be a far worse work, for him to destroy the holy Sabbath, God's seventh day's work ? Give man the power, and let him go to the work of destroying God's natural creation. Let him dry up the rivers ; blot out the seas ; beat down the mountains ; blow out the sun ; and quench the thousand lights that twinkle over heaven ; what a business this ! And who would not remonstrate against such a work of destruction, wrought upon the fair creation of God. And yet the Sabbath, though not measured by revolutions of the earth or heavenly bodies, as were days, and months, and years, when God's fiat was put upon finished time ; still it had a higher origin ; it had for its creation a moral act ; more important, immeasurably, than the external revolutions of planets and suns. It was a division struck by the hand of Deity. And he that should destroy the holy Sabbath, marked by the first and last change of Deity from labor to rest, would do a far worse work, than he who should destroy the visible creation of God. For the seventh day blesses

the six. Tear from time the Sabbath, and time had better end. Existence would be a curse to man. Creation's ends would remain unanswered. Show me an interest on earth, either divine or human, that could long survive the wreck of the Sabbath. The Sabbath is the key-stone in the arch of Christian ordinances; take it from among them, and they all fall. In another point of view, it is a bow of blessings and of promise. But, unlike the natural bow, it precedes, rather than follows, the diffusion of blessings upon the earth. It is hung high in the moral heavens; betokening God's purposes of love to men. He has set this bow above the clouds, to bind heaven and earth together, in beauty, and moral harmony. In fine, it is a standard, which, if the host of God desert, the ark of God is gone. And it is left for the church to decide whether this day of blessings shall stand or fall. If christians do not honor it, who will? If they undervalue, and desecrate it, who will not? Let the Sabbath have its place in the moral system. Let it become the *inclined plane*, along the ascent of which, the earth shall be elevated from its moral corruptions, and fall to the millennial state. And who will dare lend his influence to tear up this plane, so that the trains of influence and engines of moral power shall run at random, or be dashed in pieces. The Sabbath is destroyed by littles. Apparently trivial violations, growing into a habit, weaken the sanctions, and destroy the sacredness of that day.

Here stands a pillar, supporting an immense roof or dome. It is cut, and hacked, and chipped, till its

beauty and strength are gone. At length it bends, the dome settles, and thousands are buried in the ruins. And who will not say that each act of whittling and gashing that stately pillar, upon which so much rested, was a great evil. But by a similar process, the Sabbath is destroyed. Every little violation is like the cutting of that pillar. It helps to bring this institution into reproach. One such act, tempts another to do the same, till the beauty and strength of this pillar of our institutions are gone and every thing lovely and of good report, sinks into ruin.

A
M O T H E R ' S
P L E A F O R T H E S A B B A T H .

P A R T F I R S T .

L E T T E R S F R O M A M O T H E R T O A N A B S E N T S O N .

L E T T E R I .

D I V I N E A U T H O R I T Y O F T H E S A B B A T H .

MY DEAR SON:—The most painful circumstance attending the early dispersion of our household band, is the impossibility of my imparting instruction on topics most nearly connected with your present and future welfare. As I endeavor to penetrate futurity, and picture your coming destiny, my bosom swells with anxious thoughts. Your habits and character are now forming; and as you now sow, you will hereafter reap. While you were with me, I endeavored to impress upon your young mind

the sanctity of the Sabbath, and I trust, though years have since passed, the impressions then made are not wholly obliterated. But you were then too young to understand the reasons for devoting one day in seven to holy rest, or to feel the preciousness of this gift of Heaven to erring, sinful man. Feeling assured, as I do, that on the manner in which the Sabbath is kept, the whole character depends; that it lies at the foundation of all that is pure and lovely, and truly noble in man, I cannot be content with the instruction you have already received on this all-important topic. Temptations to encroach on its holy repose will continually assail you; and objections to its sacred obligations will be urged by the enemies of our faith, and even by some of its professed friends. You will see it desecrated by those who profess even to love the Savior; and treated as if it were a matter of indifference whether they even *remembered* the Sabbath day. To stem this fearful tide, which threatens to sweep away what has been in all ages the safeguard of the true religion — its preserver alike against the influence of ancient heathenism and modern infidelity, you will need to have the high authority and inestimable value

of the Sabbath, deeply engraven on your heart. This I shall endeavor briefly to do in a series of letters, and likewise show what is included in keeping it holy. At the close I shall add a copious selection of facts tending to prove that the Sabbath was made for man; given for his best good in this life, as well as a season of preparation for eternity — and that the blessing of divine Providence specially favors those who conscientiously keep it holy.

The keeping one day in seven holy, is generally regarded as merely a duty; as a penalty, I had almost said, inflicted for our forgetfulness of the things of eternity. A *duty* it certainly is. But if we recur for a moment to the circumstances attending its first announcement, we shall feel that it is in truth a precious boon.— It was given to man in Paradise, while he was yet holy, and enforced by the example of the God of purity. Did he need rest? His own word declares that he fainteth not, neither is weary; nor was it necessary for him to employ that space of time for the work of creation.— He could have spoken it into existence, swift as our fancy can frame a thought or call up an image before the mind; but for our sakes he

condescended thus to perform the work, that he might set an example which should be binding on man in all ages, under all circumstances.—It was given to man as *man*, as something essential to his well being, and without which the end of his creation would not have been answered. Before the tree of knowledge was prohibited, before even the sweet charities of domestic life were his—even then was the day of holy rest bestowed. There was no command.—It was then unnecessary. While God yet walked with man, and the heart of man rose spontaneously in grateful adoration, it was enough for him to know that his Creator had blessed and hallowed that day as a season of holy rest. He needed only a permission to turn his thoughts to themes more delightful than even contemplating the virgin earth, fresh from the hand of the great Former, and resplendent in yet unsullied beauty. He knew not then the weariness of an exhausted, dying body. He trod the earth with the firmness of immortal vigor; yet even then, after six days of toil—light, indeed, in comparison with ours—for it was not till after the fall that man ate his bread in the sweat of his brow,—one day was to be devo-

ted to sacred repose, and religious worship. Was not then, the Sabbath made for *man*. To the Creator, that periodical homage could not be necessary. If no voice of grateful adoration had ascended from this little dim speck in the creation, that single note could hardly have been missed amidst the full choir of seraphim and archangels, and when all the morning stars sang together. For the good of man alone was it then bestowed, not enjoined as a penalty, not required as a painful sacrifice, for the image of the Almighty was yet undimmed by sin, and man was the favored, obedient child of Heaven. If it was then a blessing to man, shall we lightly esteem this high privilege? With bodies on which sin has entailed disease, infirmity and weakness, needing rest after even a few hours of toil, to restore our exhausted nature, and longing for it as for our necessary food, methinks we should wait only a permission from him who enjoined severe labor as a penalty of transgression, to enjoy repose after six days of toil. And with hearts sullied by the mournful heritage of sin, chained down to earth-born cares, and forgetting in the flitting pageantry of this life, our immortal destiny; thrice welcome to us should

be the season when we may forget our toils and cares, and turning our thoughts heaven-ward, commune with him who still condescends to meet the penitent on that blessed day. It should almost seem that our Creator thought these motives would be sufficient to ensure the observance of the Sabbath; that man would cherish as his most precious heritage, this only remaining vestige of the holiness and happiness of Paradise, and that therefore a period of many hundred years elapsed before we have any record of the giving of a positive command.

That the Sabbath was remembered as a day of holy rest, commemorating the glory of God in the works of creation, wherever he was worshipped, there can be no doubt. In the history of Noah, we have an intimation of it not to be mistaken. You remember the simple narrative. When Noah had once sent out the dove who returned with no emblem of peace to the captives, why did he wait seven days before sending her again to explore for him the waste of waters? Why, but because he considered it a solemn appeal to Heaven for direction; and for such an appeal, what time so appropriate as the Sabbath? And when the winged messenger at length

returned with an olive leaf, we may well imagine the delight with which that token of peace and safety must have been viewed. The waters were indeed abated, and vegetation was springing forth anew in all its loveliness, and the eyes which had so long viewed, through the window of their floating prison but one shoreless ocean, must have longed to look once more on the green earth. Still the Patriarch stayed yet other seven days before again sending out the dove, thus giving the most convincing proof of the sacredness attached to that day. But the knowledge and worship of Jehovah were soon lost and buried amidst the multiplied forms of idolatry, except in the family of Abraham. There, no doubt, the Sabbath was still regarded, and through the long season of oppression, in Egypt, when religious knowledge must have been reduced to the lowest ebb, still the memory of it was preserved. Read again the history of the descent of the manna, in Exodus, and you will find the Sabbath referred to, as a day whose design was well known. A complaint was made to Moses on the sixth day, that the people were gathering twice the usual quantity, to which he replied, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy

Sabbath of the Lord your God." There is no allusion to a new institution; the law of the ten commandments had not been given, yet he speaks of the holy Sabbath as a season with which they were familiar. Still, though it was not wholly forgotten; though the miseries they endured in Egypt had not forced them wholly to relinquish this precious heritage; we may suppose great ignorance prevailed as to its real design, and the manner in which it was to be observed. They needed instruction, and more than this, they needed the high and holy sanction of a positive command, to induce them to observe it as they ought. In what manner that command was given and its demands upon us for obedience, shall be the subject of my next letter.

And here, my son, I would pause for a moment to remind you of the patience and long suffering of our heavenly Father in promulgating that command. The Sabbath which was given to man in Paradise, as Heaven's choicest gift, was mercifully continued to him after the fall. On that day especially would the just and holy God meet man again as a friend, and hold communion with the penitent heart. Yet, al-

most the whole world disregarded and threw it from them as a worthless thing; and even among the descendants of Abraham, the friend of God, very few loved the Sabbath. Yet he would not take it from them. He first shows his own regard for it; honoring it by a threefold miracle, and then, with the most imposing solemnity, promulgates a command to set apart that day as holy; a command, not for that nation alone, but binding upon all people to the end of time. Think on these things, my son, value as your most precious heritage this type of eternal rest; and that the God of the Sabbath may so write his law in your heart that you may remember to keep it holy, is the prayer of your affectionate mother.



LETTER II.

MY DEAR SON:—Before proceeding any farther, I wish you to read again, with deep attention, the 10th and 20th chapters of Exodus, and if you are not impressed with deep reverence of com-

mands given with such solemnity, words of mine will avail nothing. There you will find it recorded, that the Lord descended upon Mount Sinai, with thunderings and lightnings and the voice of a trumpet, exceeding loud, so that all the people of the camp trembled. One man alone remained fearless and unmoved. Moses, calmly relying upon the rectitude of his purposes, went up to the mount, though it was enveloped in smoke, because the Lord had descended upon it in fire. He spoke, and the Lord answered him by a voice, and audibly proclaimed that holy law which was to be thenceforward the rule of man's obedience. Ten commands were given at this time, and among them we find the following: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work: thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

It not only holds an equal place among the other commandments, but it is guarded with a special care; and there is a peculiar minuteness in the details prescribing the portion of time to be kept holy—those who were to rest on that day, and the reasons of the command. That law has never been annulled: it is as binding upon us as the command, “Thou shalt not kill.” It was given before the ceremonial law, was entirely distinct from it, and is the law to which our Savior refers when he says, “I came not to destroy the law but to fulfil; and whosoever shall break one of the least of these commands, and teach men so, the same shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven.”

The perpetuity of the Sabbath is clearly taught in Isa. 56: 6, 8, “Every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer—for my house shall be called a house of prayer for *all* people.” You perceive from this, that in the latter day, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, even then it will be a duty to keep the Sabbath from polluting it. During the whole of the Mosaic

dispensation it was regarded with deep veneration. Read the Psalms, where it is said, "a day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Read the longing desires there expressed for the public worship of Jehovah, if you would learn to value it. And by the inspired prophets, no duty is more strictly enjoined, than its observance,—no sin threatened with more awful punishment than its neglect. All this is acknowledged by many who yet maintain that under the gospel it is abrogated. But I trust a few words will suffice to show the futility of this objection. I have already alluded to our Savior's declaration respecting the law, meaning the law of the ten commandments, of which the fourth is certainly one. In his practice, he honored the Sabbath day. He went into the synagogue, as his *custom* was, on the Sabbath day, and repeatedly, he is said to have taught the people on that day. It is true, he removed some of the restrictions, but they had been imposed by the Jewish doctors of the law, and formed no part of the original command. We see it coming from his hand in its original simplicity and beauty, as a precious gift bestowed, not only to glorify God, but to promote the

holiness and the highest happiness of man. Perfectly consistent with this original design of the institution, was his exertion of miraculous power to relieve the distressed; showing his glory and manifesting his divine mission. If the Sabbath was soon to pass away, why did he manifest such anxiety to rescue it from abuse? No such care is shown for the stated sacrifices, though doubtless abuses had crept into these also; but they were soon to cease, therefore he is silent respecting them. Not so with the Sabbath. That was a precious boon; it was to preserve the memory and the worship of the true God; on that day, the glad tidings of salvation through an incarnate, crucified Savior, were to be proclaimed to the end of time. It was to be a day of giving good gifts to men, and therefore it must be preserved inviolate; cleansed from the rubbish of error, and held up for grateful adoration, as being indeed made for man; for man in his highest, noblest capacity, as an accountable, immortal being, placed here to prepare for a state of endless blessedness. One expression of Christ, I wish you particularly to notice, as sufficient to answer every objection against the Christian Sabbath. When speaking of the

destruction of Jerusalem, he says, "pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day," thus clearly intimating that the Sabbath would remain when the Jewish institutions were done away.

With regard to the change from the last to the first day of the week, but one word will be necessary. He who was Lord of the Sabbath had surely a right to make such a change, nor did it at all alter the spirit of the institution. The proportion of time was the important point; and as the original Sabbath commemorated the work of creation, surely the gospel dispensation would lose much of its glory, if our Sabbath did not commemorate that far more glorious work, the redemption of man, and his new creation through a crucified and risen Redeemer.

I hardly need refer you to the New Testament for proof that the first day of the week, was from the time of our Lord's resurrection, regarded as holy time. Repeatedly is it mentioned that on the first day of the week the disciples were assembled. The Savior himself honored the day by then appearing to his disciples—the deeply interesting interview on the way to Emmaus, when he opened to them the scriptures

till their hearts burned within them, occurred on that day. And the day of Pentecost, which learned men have shown, occurred on the first day of the week, set the seal of heaven upon its sacredness; then the Holy Spirit descended, and the last gift promised by the Redeemer was bestowed upon man. Through the writings of the Apostles, you will find frequent mention of the Lord's day, and where the canon of the Scripture was about to be closed and sealed up forever, the disciple whom Jesus loved, now the sole survivor of that little band, gave his dying testimony to the blessedness of that sacred season, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." Thus, my dear son, I have rapidly sketched the history of this sacred institution from the creation to the close of the holy volume. At every step it is invested with new sacredness, and higher claims upon our love and reverence. Since that period, Christians in all ages have united in welcoming and hallowing the day of holy rest, and many a humble believer has echoed the words of the aged apostle, "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." Though they have not seen the heavens opened, nor beheld the glittering crowns cast before the throne of him who,

on *that* glad day, triumphed over death and the grave; though the alleluias of the redeemed have not rung on their ears, yet blessings, such as God alone can give, have descended upon their souls.

If under the comparatively dark and imperfect dispensation of the Old Testament, the Psalmist could say, "This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it," with what emotions of holy joy and fervent gratitude, should we hail the dawn of this sacred season. To them it merely commemorated creation and the deliverance of Israel—wonderful indeed, but only a dim shadow of the redemption which we celebrate. But there are other views of this subject which should deepen our gratitude for this inestimable gift. Its perfect adaptation to the physical, intellectual and moral nature and wants of man, is worthy of attentive consideration. But these themes must be deferred to another letter. In the mean time, I request your careful attention to the passages of Scripture to which I have specially referred, with prayer to God that he would enlighten your understanding, and incline your heart to keep his commandments.

LETTER III.

PHYSICAL BENEFITS OF THE SABBATH.

MY DEAR SON :—I trust the few hints which I have given are sufficient to convince you of the sacred obligation to keep holy the Sabbath day. But I love, when that blessed day dawns upon me, to think of it as my Father's day, and as a token of love from him. In this light I would fain have you regard it; and if you ever find yourself feeling it to be a weariness, and wishing its hallowed hours were ended—remember you are despising your mother's choicest treasure. You may perhaps recollect the time when sorrow pressed heavily upon us, and our hearts were sad while looking forward to a speedy separation. Then every hour of the week was occupied by toils and cares—my way was dark and thorny, but I dared not pause to rest; onward, onward I was obliged to press, though pale and weary, and my heart was faint within me. Then, how sweet, how precious was the Sabbath, with its holy rest and peace—its permission to forget my toils and cares, and plans for the present wants, and future welfare of my helpless little ones.

How sweet to turn my thoughts from this world of weariness and pain to that rest which remaineth—of which those sacred hours were but the type and emblem ; and when I could mingle my prayers and praises with God's people in public worship, I realized the fulfilment of that blessing, " 'The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble ; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee ; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.' "

But it is not merely to the children of sorrow, that the Sabbath is a blessing, though others, perhaps, cannot know *all* its value. Man is so framed, that this period of repose from ordinary duties is as necessary for him as his daily food. Our physical organization is such, that long continued exertion, even of a part of the body, will weaken the energies of that part and finally destroy them altogether. The Hindoo devotee, who keeps his arms raised constantly above his head, for years, finally loses all power over them ; they become shrunk and withered, and in fact dead, while attached to a living body, simply because no period of relaxation was given to the muscles. This, it is true, is an extreme case, but labor without repose, produces effects similar

in kind, though not equal in degree. "Night is the time for rest," but it does not afford all the rest required by our bodies, exhausted by days of successive toil. The period is so short, that after intense exertion, it but serves to relax the system enough to make us conscious of weariness. But the Sabbath does more. It takes the weary body just where slumber left it, and restores its vigor and tone, not merely by rest, but by sympathy with the mind, in its peaceful thoughts and occupations during the day. This is not mere theory. Facts and investigations show beyond the possibility of doubt, that more physical labor is performed by those who rest on the Lord's day, than by those who disregard it. I say nothing now of its intellectual or moral influences. I take the lowest view of its benefits, and I repeat without fear of contradiction, that such is the nature of man, that he will accomplish more labor if he does all *his* work in six days, and rests the seventh, according to the commandment.

Is it not strange my son, that men should fancy themselves wiser than their Creator?—that they should imagine they better understand their own frames and their own necessities, than

He who is the framer of their bodies and the Father of their spirits? He says, "Blessed is the man that keepeth my Sabbath;" but man says, "Nay, I want all the time for myself; I cannot afford to rest. I am surrounded by wants and necessities, and if I do not labor, I must starve." He forgets, surely, that the blessing of the Lord alone, maketh rich; that without this, it will be in vain for him to rise up early, and to sit up late, and to eat the bread of carefulness. In the sequel, I shall exhibit facts illustrating this one grand truth—that the Sabbath is perfectly adapted to the frame and the wants of man. One fact which fell under my own personal observation, I will now mention, as showing its adaptedness to the animal creation, as well as to man.

When my home was among the hills of New Hampshire, I was often interested in watching the hardy teamsters trudging slowly by the side of their heavily loaded wagons or sleds; and in the fierce winter storms which visit those regions, my sympathies were often interested for them. They are the sailors of the hill country, transporting the produce of the rich mountain dairies to the sea-ports, and bringing in return, the

productions of Europe and the Indies. One old man, in particular, passed so regularly, that he at length awakened my curiosity. His locks were white, but his broad chest and shoulders were still unbent, and his face always looked bright and cheerful, even when he was compelled to "Bare his teeth to the blast." I fancied too, that his horses partook of the cheerful spirit of their master, for they always looked sleek, and toiled willingly, though the wheels creaked and groaned beneath the heavy load. At length I inquired respecting his history, and learned he had pursued that life of hardship, for many years; and was one of the very few who had made it profitable. Others, said my informant, lose so many of their horses, that it takes off all their profits; but he has always been lucky. He says it is because he always rests and lets his horses rest when Sunday comes; and I don't know but he is in the right — certainly there is not such another instance of health, vigor and uniform good luck, among the whole of them. This, my son, was the testimony of an irreligious man, to the necessity and benefit of the Sabbath.

A far more impressive testimony was borne a few years since in England. Through the

influence of some individuals in Parliament, who were deeply grieved by the profanations of that day, a committee was appointed by that body, to inquire into the subject and report accordingly. They had power to send for persons and papers, and were engaged eighteen days in the investigations. At the close of that period, they reported that such was the overwhelming proof of the salutary effects and necessity of that season of rest, that as patriots and legislators, it was their duty to do all in their power to preserve it from desecration. Their report was voluminous, and comprised a vast amount of valuable information, with which I could wish you to make yourself familiar, for the more you think on this theme, the more deeply grateful will you be to your Father in heaven, that he has given you his Sabbath.

LETTER IV.

INTELLECTUAL BENEFITS OF THE SABBATH.

MY DEAR SON— You will think, perhaps, that the Sabbath may not be equally necessary to the man whose pursuits are purely intellectual;

that the mind cannot, in the same degree as the body, need rest, and that the man whose business it is to think, read and study during the week, may safely pursue his avocations on the Sabbath day also. This, however, is a great mistake. The mind, though immaterial in itself, acts only through the medium of bodily organs. Whenever the mind is excited, there is a corresponding increase of action in the brain, and when this excitement is continued for a long period, in defiance of the laws of our Creator, the most fearful consequences often ensue; and paralysis or apoplexy, tells that not one of his laws can be violated with impunity. True, the duties appropriate to the Sabbath do not suffer the mind to lie wholly dormant, but the subjects on which it is employed, are different from the pursuits of the student during the week, so that the same portions of the brain are not exercised. Ministers of the Gospel, are, indeed, an exception. Their employments on the Sabbath are the same as during the week, with only this difference, that their toils on that day are still more exhausting. But this only confirms the truth I am trying to establish; for it is a well known and startling fact, that but a small

proportion of our clergymen reach middle age. Their lives are, upon an average, shorter by some years, than thirty years since, when their employments were more diversified, and the labors of a little parsonage alternated with the intellectual toils of the study and the desk. Now they imagine public feeling, and the various branches of duty which require their attention, forbids this; their minds are intensely occupied on one class of ideas, and the result is, that many, very many become old in early life, and drop into premature graves, when their work seems but just begun.

The seasonable and necessary rest which the Sabbath affords to the mind, is, however, but one among many ways, in which it is adapted to the intellectual nature of man. He who regards the spirit of the command, and keeps the Sabbath from polluting it, will have his thoughts employed on subjects the most ennobling to the immortal mind. I speak of them now as regards their influence upon the intellect merely; and ask you, my son where can you find themes to call into exercise your highest and noblest powers, if not in the thoughts and occupations suited to that day. You turn aside

from the beings of a day who are flitting before you, to think of Him whose duration is eternal. The wonders of creation and of providence, the character and works of him who "has meted out the heavens with a span," and who "layeth up the depth in store-houses," are on that day open before you. But yet higher and sweeter themes of thought may be yours, the mysteries of redeeming love, the triumph of our Savior over death and the grave, things which even the angels desire to look into, are on that day commemorated; and would you have higher, more ennobling themes than these? Believe me, my son, you may explore all the treasures of earthly knowledge, and yet, if the Sabbath does not duly, as it returns, turn your thoughts heavenward, if you do not, especially on that day, become conversant with the wisdom revealed by the Lord of the Sabbath day, your thoughts will be low and mean, and your pursuits will be grovelling, like the earth-worm, that never raises itself above the clod where it crawls, and with which it must soon mingle. He who framed your mind, with its lofty aspirations, knew what would be necessary to satisfy its longings. In the Bible he has given you themes which you

will not be able, through eternity, fully to comprehend ; and, blessed be his name, though you are compelled to eat your bread in the sweat of your brow, he has given you one seventh part of time to become acquainted with those truths which alone can make you wise unto salvation.

The testimony of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice, in the reign of Charles II., is well worthy of being repeated here. His employments were intellectual ; and so close and diligent a student was he, that he was both a learned and eminent lawyer, and a great divine. "I have found," says he, "by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observing the duty of the Lord's day, hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time ; and the week that hath been so begun, hath been blessed and prosperous to me. And, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments ; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes in my own secular employments the week following, by the manner of my passing this day. And this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and

experience." In another place he says, "I thank God, I have ever found, that in the strictest observation of the times of his worship, I ever met with the best advantage to my worldly concerns, and that whenever my worldly occasions encroached upon those times, I ever met with disappointment, though in things of the most probable success; and ever let it be so with me. It hath been, and ever shall be to me, a conviction beyond all demonstration and argument, that God expects the due observation of his day; and that, while I am thus dealt with, God hath not given over his care of me. It would be a sad presage to me, of the severe anger of my Maker, if my inadvertance should cast me upon a temporal undertaking on this day, and that it should prosper." So spake this learned and pious man, after a long and critical observation of Divine Providence.

I have already spoken of its influence upon individual character; but it is no less visible in its effects upon communities. Some years since, there lived in a secluded parish in Vermont, a Judge, who had not the fear of God habitually before him. He revered intellect and learning; but thought comparatively little of moral

excellence. His practice accorded with his sentiments: he withheld his influence and pecuniary aid from the pastor, and was seldom seen in the house of prayer upon the Sabbath. Some years passed in this manner, when with his wife, he spent some months in travelling in the N. E. and middle States. On their return, a change was observed; they were regular attendants on public worship, and they cheerfully afforded to the pastor the pecuniary aid which devolved on them. A neighbor expressed his surprise at the change, when the Judge replied, "I have seen enough on my journey, to convince me that the observance of the Sabbath and public worship are necessary for civilized man. After travelling a few weeks, I could tell by the very aspect of the people whom we met in the road, by their manner of replying to the inquiries of a traveller, whether they had a pastor, and regarded the Sabbath. I saw in those who enjoyed and prized these privileges, a gentleness and kindness, and a degree of intellectual culture that I found nowhere else." The sequel of their history, as connected with these facts, is most instructive. The God of the Sabbath day was pleased to honor his own institution, and bless its observ-

ance to their salvation. The wife became, while yet in the meridian of life, totally blind; but she was not comfortless, for the Lord Jehovah was her God, and he whose day and worship she had thus remarkably been led to remember, supported her in that hour of darkness and trial. Her bodily eye was indeed darkened,

“And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out,”

but light from heaven illuminated her soul, and all was joy and peace within. She has long since joined the assembly of the redeemed, and entered upon her endless Sabbath of blessed rest; and now that the seal is taken from her eye, and she retraces, with unclouded vision, the way in which she was led, how, think you, does she regard that period when she first learned the value of the holy day.



LETTER V.

MORAL BENEFITS OF THE SABBATH.

MY DEAR SON:—I come now to treat of the moral benefits of the Sabbath, and its adaptation to the moral nature and wants of man. And

here so many thoughts crowd upon me, that I know not what to select, for I feel that it lies at the foundation of all that is pure and excellent in the moral and religious character. One of its most obvious effects is, its softening and humanizing influence upon the heart. Where the duties of that sacred season are regarded, the asperities of the character are in some measure worn off. There is a feeling of brotherhood among those who weekly assemble under the same roof as children of one parent, to supplicate blessings which all equally need. It is, however, to man as an accountable, immortal being, that it is especially valuable. During the week, the things about us occupy all our attention. The wants of the body, and the common duties of life, banish the thoughts of our eternal destiny. We know indeed, that we have a soul, and sometimes a sudden and startling death causes a thrill of fear that we may be called unprepared; but week-day cares clamor for attention, and we forget the warning. We do not love to think of it, for the heart is alienated from God, and eternity is an unwelcome theme. Our heavenly Father knew that it would be thus with his rebellious, erring children, and therefore

has he, one seventh part of the time, released us from the necessity of providing for our future bodily wants, and commanded us to devote the day to his service. Such being the case, would you not expect, my dear son, to find keeping the Sabbath day holy and moral, worth going hand in hand. Such is the fact. Just in proportion as that is disregarded, do the other institutions of religion, and even of morality, fall into disrepute. A *Sabbath-breaking, moral people*, is what the world never saw, and never will see. This sin, more perhaps than any other, brings along with it a fearful train. I wish especially to warn you on this point, as you will be very liable to be led into temptation and sin, before you even suspect danger. Then let this truth, my son, sink deep in your heart, that the Sabbath is so perfectly fitted to your moral nature, that you cannot disregard it and not be a sufferer in your own soul. I speak not now of the remorse which ever follows known sin. I speak of its effects upon your moral character, and assure you with the deepest conviction of its truth, that if you allow yourself in any known desecration of this holy day, you are in the way to utter ruin, both for time and eternity. Ask the wretched inmates



of our prisons — those abodes of living death — what brought them there, and if they tell you truly, they will say that one of their early steps was Sabbath-breaking. That led them into temptation; that opened the flood-gates of iniquity; that was like the letting out of water; a little rill at first, trickling silently along, but gradually wearing a broader and deeper channel, till it becomes an overwhelming flood.

A deeply interesting fact, furnished by a foreign missionary, has a direct bearing on this point, and may increase your gratitude for your own privileges. In a foreign port, where is stationed a seaman's chaplain from England, the Bethel flag was hoisted, one Sabbath, on board the American ship —. The congregation consisted of upwards of forty American and English captains and seamen, all of whom listened, apparently with deep interest, to a plain and faithful exhibition of the claims of the Gospel, by the Rev. Mr. —. The preacher seemed unusually animated, and there was a response to his own feelings, in the fixed and solemn attention of his audience.

The ship was going to sea on the following day, and immediately after the services, the crew

were ordered to work, in order to put the vessel in preparation for taking advantage of the early ebb tide of the next morning. The captain, though not a religious man, yet professed to regard the Sabbath day; but in this case, interest took the precedence of every other consideration. At an evening hour, when the work was all finished, and the men were leisurely eating their evening meal on the forward deck, a passenger who felt an interest in their spiritual condition, went forth to hold some conversation with them on the vast concerns of the soul. Their minds seemed unusually obdurate, and it was some time before they would quietly listen to a word from his lips. At length the passenger succeeded in getting them seated around him. He found that their peculiar state of mind had been induced by the fact that *they had been compelled to work on the Sabbath day.*

One of the hardiest among them, at length made the following most affecting concession: "That gentleman," said he, "did preach beautifully to-day; I must confess, I did, to-day, what I have not done for twenty years before; I shed a tear, when that gentleman told us how great sinners we are: *but as soon as I went down into*

the hold to work, it was all gone. There is no chance for a man to attend to his soul in such a ship as this."

While even the prodigal still remembers holy time, and takes down his neglected Bible, and goes to the house of prayer, there is yet hope for him; one sweet and sacred influence yet remains. One day in seven, he will hear a gentle voice, whispering "This is the way, walk thou in it." A case that came within my knowledge some years since, illustrates this.

J—— was the son of a country pastor. At an early age he left the parental roof, to seek the boon so coveted by New England boys, a collegiate education. After various toils and vicissitudes, he was at length admitted to the bar, and devoted himself to his profession, with a determination to stand among the first. He had been not only religiously but strictly nurtured, and for a long time the hallowed influences of home, were sufficient to keep him from vice. But now that the prize he had so long sought, seemed within his grasp, one after another of his early shackles, as he thought them, were thrown aside. He became eminent, indeed, in his profession; the wealth and honors of this world

were heaped upon him, but in the sight of heaven, he was throwing from him treasures that gold can never purchase. The pure affections, the kindly sympathies of early life were gone. He became a libertine in principle and in practice; and while the unthinking were dazzled by his brilliant powers, the good looked sorrowful at the sound of his name. They cast their eyes forward for a few years, and beheld him a lost prodigal, a melancholy wreck of all he now was. But amidst all this darkness, one ray of light remained. The *Sabbath* he had never forgotten. Indeed, strange as it may seem, his outward manner of observing it, might have shamed many a professed christian. At this period, I lost sight of him for several years, and when I again heard of him, Sabbath truths had shed their own healing influence upon his soul, and he had become a consistent, devoted christian.

Since that period, his course has been uniform, and he has been distinguished for his efforts to maintain the sacredness of that day, which was the means of his salvation. This is merely one instance among thousands, to show that the Lord honors his own day; that it is emphatically a day for giving good gifts to men — gifts, not of

gold, or silver, or lands — no! these are given to the toils of the other six days. This day our heavenly Father reserves for heavenly gifts. This day he gives a hope full of immortality; possessions in that house where are many mansions, and whither our Savior has gone to prepare a place for us. It is indeed an earnest and foretaste of heaven, and so necessary do I feel it for myself, even at the comparatively advanced stage of my homeward way, that were it now struck out from my days, I should have little hope of ever reaching my father's home.

And for you, my beloved son, separated as you are from the dear domestic circle which once gathered around our hearth-stone, let this blessed day of quiet, and rest and peace, remind you of that home, where parting words are no more heard. Let nothing tempt you to rob your Father in heaven, of the time, which for your own best good, he permits you to employ in his service. Does that service ever seem wearisome? O! remember it is the employment of the just made perfect, of these bright spirits around the throne, who have never sinned; and the more you love and prize this sacred season, the nearer you approach to their exalted charac-

ter. Whatever others may do, let this resolve be firmly made in your heart, "I will remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and if you find you do not love its holy employments, take the alarm at once, humble yourself before your Father in heaven, and pray him to give you a heart to love his day, and his service more than all other days beside. I close with an extract from a sermon by one of the most eloquent of our divines.

"The various means of grace, so abundantly blessed of God, are all, by his own appointment, brought into action on this holy day. But for the Sabbath, they would not once be thought of on other days; but for the Sabbath, they would soon be erased from the recollections of men, and blotted out from the record of human affairs. Is the soul enlightened, convinced of sin, humbled, renewed, invigorated, comforted, assisted in its struggles with this conflicting world, brought forward on its spiritual pilgrimage, sanctified, prepared to triumph over death and the grave, made meet for heaven, clothed as an angel of light, and presented before the throne of God without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing? All this light, and purity, and consol-

tion, and honor, and glory, she owes instrumentally to the Sabbath. Is this the happy allotment of the church of God collectively? Are such the possessions of the nations of the saved, composed as they are, of a great multitude, which no man can number, from every kindred, and tongue, and people? With one voice must they ascribe their inestimable inheritance to the influence of the Sabbath. Blot out the Sabbath, and you blot out the last beam of hope from the troubled and desponding heart. Blot out the Sabbath, and no longer will the salutary lessons of the Bible, lead ungodly men to repentance and salvation. No longer will the silver clarion of the gospel, proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of death's prison doors to those that are bound. No longer will the voice of supplication ascend from this ruined world, to draw from heaven the blessing now so munificently imparted by the hearer of prayer."

LETTER VI.

MANNER OF KEEPING THE SABBATH.

MY DEAR SON:—It now remains that I give you some general directions as to the manner in which you should “remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” Mere rest from labor is not sufficient; it must be sanctified, set apart from common and secular uses, and consecrated to the service of God. Every thing unhallowed should be removed from it; not only worldly occupations, but worldly books, and words, and thoughts, should then be laid aside, and you should as far as possible, prepare your heart to commune with the holy, all-seeing Jehovah.—As I dwell on this theme, recollections the most tender and sacred, rise before me. In my father’s home, the Sabbath was indeed a holy day but it was far from being an idle or a melancholy one. We considered it as commencing, like other days, at midnight; but the Saturday evening was in some measure a season of preparation. Though my father’s labors, as a pastor, were arduous, yet his sermons were almost uni-

formly finished at an early hour on Saturday evening, that he too, might have a season of rest and preparation with his family. Family worship was always attended at an early hour, that even the little ones might not be excluded from the privilege ; and then we gathered around the domestic hearth, while a religious newspaper, the *Missionary Herald*, with conversation on the good tidings they brought us from distant regions, employed the remaining hours, till we went to our pillows with a soothing quiet upon our spirits. On the Sabbath morning, my father always rose, and wished us to rise, earlier than usual, though there was little labor for us to perform, as clothing and food were prepared on the previous day, so as to encroach as little as possible on that sacred season. But it was never too long a day for him ; and the look of heavenly peace and serenity with which he always met us, told that this was indeed to him, “ The day the Lord had made ; he would rejoice and be glad in it.” His public duties were exhausting to his feeble frame, but he never permitted them to preclude attention to his duties as a father and master of a family. Hymns, the catechism, the Bible, with plain and affectionate instruction,

occupied the hours after public worship; and his prayers, when he bowed before the family altar, told that he had been sitting at the feet of Jesus, and learning of him who sought not his own good, but the good of others. We were not permitted to read worldly books, nor to indulge in worldly conversation; yet such a variety did my father infuse into our employments; so deep, and yet so cheerful, was his own interest in the duties of the day, that the hours seldom seemed wearisome to me. But I must check myself, nor dwell longer on these recollections, pleasant as they are, but proceed to explain what is prohibited in the fourth commandment, and mention some of the many ways in which the Sabbath is profaned.

The command does not prohibit *all* labor, for in that case, ministers must cease to preach the gospel; on the contrary, in its spirit, it is a type and emblem of that glorious abode, where the inhabitants "Rest not day or night, saying, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." But it prohibits all labor which has not for its immediate object, the glory of God, and the good of our own souls, or the souls of others. Just fix this simple rule in your mind, that *you are to do nothing on*

that day inconsistent with directly serving God, benefiting your own soul or the souls of others, and you will seldom be perplexed as to the path of duty. Cases may arise when a plausible reason for violating this command will be placed before you; when this occurs, try this rule, and I believe your doubts will cease. Let us apply the test, remembering there must be nothing inconsistent with either of the above named obligations.

You are at school; a moral, perhaps a religious theme is given you to write upon. You are obliged to toil late and intensely over your books, from the necessity of laboring a part of the usual study hours, to supply your own wants. On Monday, your theme will be called for; the Sabbath comes, and it is still unprepared. You might, perhaps, have written it the past week, by neglecting a favorite recitation, or a book in which you were deeply interested; and now you say to yourself, this is a good subject; I know not how I could more profitably employ my time than in thinking and writing upon it. Stop, my son, and before you put your pen upon paper, tell me what you are doing. Are you serving God! or are you doing a part of your six days'

work, merely to escape censure from your instructors? “*Six* days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.”

Take another case. Your mercantile employer wishes you to write some letters of business for him on the Sabbath, telling you it must be done, or he shall be subjected to heavy loss. He says to you, “I regret it, but it is a case of necessity; our Savior permits us to loose our animals on that day and lead them to water, and I think, for the purpose of saving property so necessary to my family, I may require this of you.” Such cases have frequently occurred, and they are trying ones. But are the cases analagous? In loosing the ox from the stall and leading him to water, we *directly* serve God by a work of necessity and *mercy*. The dumb animals would suffer were this duty neglected; and the Lord will have mercy rather than sacrifice. In the case supposed above, there is no positive suffering to be relieved; it is merely doing week-day work, from the fear of losing property which may, or may not, be necessary for the comfort of some person concerned. In instances of this nature, it is an easy matter for

God so to order events in his providence that the property of the conscientious Sabbath-keeper shall be safe ; and he often does this, as you will see by reference to the facts at the close of this volume, particularly the articles, " Hay Making " and " The Traveller. " But setting this question aside, you know not how to refuse to do what is required of you without violating your duty to your employer. In ancient times, a question resembling this arose, and the reply of the heroic, yet quiet and obedient Apostle was, " Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. " You would disobey the command of God, merely from the fear of offending your employer ; and for the sake of avoiding some temporal evil. In such a case, do not hesitate. Mildly, but firmly, state your objections ; obey God, let the consequences be what they may ; and the God of the Sabbath can and will take care that you do not ultimately suffer for your obedience. Your employer has no right to exact this of you. He who says to the master, " Six days shalt thou labor, " adds, " In the seventh, thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy *man-servant*, nor thy maid-servant, thy cattle, nor the

stranger that is within thy gates." How broad, and how merciful are the provisions of this day of sacred rest. All are included; even the poor wearied animals, the innocent sufferers from the penalty of the fall, may on that day, lie down in safety and quiet.

This branch of the subject is so copious that I cannot compress all I would say in one letter, but must defer the remainder to another.



LETTER VII.

MY DEAR SON:—We will now consider some other cases in which you may be tempted to desecrate the Sabbath; trying them by the simple rule laid down in my last letter. We will first look at a case which may doubtless occur to you, in the life of toil and self-dependence Providence has marked out for you. Your business during the week, confines you constantly within doors, with scarcely an hour for exercise and relaxation in the open air. The Sabbath morn arises bright and balmy. You pine for the air and blessed sunshine of heaven. You

envy the liberty of the birds that may roam and warble

“ — At their own sweet will,”

and while you bless God for the welcome rest of that day, you inwardly add, “ O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away.” Just at this moment, a friend steps in from an adjoining room, saying, “ You look pale and sick; you are absolutely dying for want of air; come, let us walk out two or three miles, and talk of good things, and you will be all the better through the day for it.” If I were at your side, I think you would turn to me with a beseeching look, and say, “ Had I better not go, mother?” Let us talk a little about it. While walking, you may perhaps employ your own time profitably, but that lad in the opposite dwelling, who has been trying to find an excuse for stealing away to some haunt of vice, will seize upon your example as an apology for himself. You walk out; why should not he? and his reluctant parent, without considering the different circumstances which palliate your seeming offence, at length consents. You see, then, that in this instance, there was something *inconsistent* with the *duty* you owe

the *soul* of your *neighbor* on that day; and the more moral and virtuous your general character is, the more pernicious will be your example in this respect. I would then say, go not with him, my son; release yourself as soon as possible from an occupation which is thus undermining your health, but while you must continue in it, obey God, "And the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep your heart;" and will do more towards preserving even your bodily health, than an indulgence snatched from the hours belonging to your Father in heaven.

You will at once perceive that the fourth command, thus explained, prohibits all travelling on the Sabbath, for secular purposes. Cases may, and do occur, when it is necessary for a physician to travel many miles to visit a sick person; but he thereby serves God by ministering relief to the suffering. A missionary, too, may meet with such unexpected hindrances, that it may be necessary for him to travel some distance, to dispense the bread of life to people famishing for lack of knowledge. But the ordinary travelling on the Sabbath, which so disturbs its sacred repose, on all our great thoroughfares, and makes

our Inns places, where both masters and “man-servant and maid-servant” are compelled to labor as on other days, is of a widely different character. “I travelled all one Sabbath day,” said a lady who was a professed disciple of the Saviour. “We were absent on a journey, and thought we could not afford to lose a whole day; so I shut up my eyes and meditated, and never enjoyed a Sabbath better.” I doubt not her sincerity, but believe she grossly deceived herself. She forgot that every one who passed them in the street, added the item of their example to the already long score against the sacred obligations of that day. She forgot, that at every Inn she entered, its rest was broken, and a new apology given to the host for keeping his family from public worship; and, more than all, she forgot, that when she arrived at home, in that little circle where the influence of woman is most deeply felt, the *example* of that day would do its appropriate work on many a heart, which would forget her instructions and her prayers, almost as soon as uttered. My son, remember you live not for yourself alone; you must have influence upon others, either for good or for evil; and every instance in which you violate the Sabbath, en-

courages others to do likewise. They see only the act; that tells upon their depraved hearts, ready to catch at every excuse for evading the strictness of God's commands, while the excuses by which you silence your own conscience, can be known to but few, and with those few, will have, perhaps, but little weight.

Applying the test with which we began, how must we view the practice of suffering vessels to sail out of port on the Sabbath, which is sometimes tolerated by owners who profess to fear God. This is a violation more flagrant than any of the foregoing, inasmuch as more individuals are thus compelled to sin, and men who rarely hear the sound of the "church going bell" are deprived of one day, when they might have heard of the Savior. Let us look at an individual instance. The vessel has been waiting day after day, for a favorable wind, in vain. Heavy fogs have hung over the coast, or He who holds the winds in his fist, has caused them to sweep fearfully over the deep, so that both the owner and the sailor have rejoiced that they were yet in the harbor. At length the Sabbath morning comes clear and bright, and a gentle breeze invites the sails to be unfurled. No, rather it

invites alike the mariner and him who has embarked his all in that frail wanderer over the ocean, to go to the house of prayer, and ere they commit themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves, where God alone can preserve them, implore his protection and guidance. Have they done so? Ah no! I fear not; for the deck of yonder vessel exhibits a scene of unwonted bustle and confusion. The anchor is up, the sails unfurled to the breeze; they are filled with the breath of heaven, and gleam brightly beneath the cloudless sky; and the vessel rides proudly "like a thing of life" on the untamed and mighty deep. It is indeed a beautiful sight, and one of the proudest monuments of the power and skill of man, as it swiftly cuts for itself a way over the pathless ocean. But it is a little, a very little thing—a mere speck in the sunbeam—and as I trace its course, and remember immortal beings are embarked there, I tremble. I tremble to think how easily that God, whose laws they despise, might "blow with his wind; the sea would cover them, they would sink as lead in the mighty waters." Now, it is far away on the verge of the horizon, and with solemn step the owner has gone up to the house of prayer.

Think you he can join in the petitions offered for "our brethren who go down to the sea in ships?" Will not a feeling of remorse choke his "amen," as he remembers he has that day sent men under his control, out upon the waters, in defiance of the laws of Jehovah? After such an example, can he complain if his mariners should prove unfaithful, disobedient and rebellious to those placed over them? He sowed the seed himself; and, as he sowed, he must expect to reap.—Perhaps I have dwelt too long on this point; but less I could not say, for I deeply feel that a fearful responsibility rests on the owners and captains of vessels for the example they set in regard to the Sabbath. Perhaps you, my son, may never be placed where you will be exposed to this temptation, but among the readers of this little book, there may be some, to whom these hints, at some future period, may not be altogether useless.

There are, likewise, in the domestic circle, and even in well ordered families, many seemingly trifling encroachments upon the sanctity of the day, especially among females. What is absolutely necessary for present comfort during the day, may lawfully be done, and no more. Of

course, this will vary very much in different families, according to the different degrees of health, etc. But, in all cases, all that can be, should be done on Saturday, to lessen the necessity for labor on the Sabbath, and no labor performed on that day, which could be omitted till another day. To make myself more clearly understood, in some families it is customary to bake on that day sufficient to supply the family several days; to do more sweeping, dusting, etc. than on other days; or, as the evening draws to a close, to make preparations for washing on the ensuing day. These may seem trivial things; but in their effect upon the principles and the heart, they are not trivial; they are manifest and open violations of its sacred rest, and their influence upon the spirit must be evil, only evil.

One more remark upon the desecration of the Sabbath, and I have done. It may be, and often is, outwardly kept, while the spirit of the command is broken, by reading, or intellectual pursuits unsuited to holy time. Our simple rule applied to Sabbath-day reading, would, I fear, banish a great part of what is allowed even in religious families; history, the papers, periodicals, and light reading of the day, are as unsuited to the

season given us to prepare for eternity, as any secular employment whatever. So likewise is the continuance of week-day studies, on that holy day. Even the theological student, should then turn from merely literary or critical discussions, to subjects more purely devotional and heavenly.

Your "Mother's Plea for the Sabbath," now draws to a close, yet I cannot leave the subject without once more directing your attention to its inestimable value as a means of the soul's salvation. This I shall do in an extract from Chalmers, who has expressed, with equal truth and beauty, the christian's love for this precious season.

"We never, in the whole course of our recollections, met with a christian friend who bore upon his character every other mark of the spirit's operation, who did not remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. We appeal to the memory of all the mothers who are now lying in their graves, that, eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new creature, the religiousness of their Sabbath day shone with an equal lustre, amid the assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every christ-

ian household, it will be found that the discipline of a well ordered Sabbath, is never forgotten amongst the other lessons of a christian education; and we appeal to every individual who hears us, and who carries the remembrance in his bosom of a parent's worth, and a parent's piety, if, on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant hymn, and lisp his infant prayer. Rest assured, that a christian, having the love of God in his heart, and denying the Sabbath a place in his affections, is an anomaly that is no where to be found. Every Sabbath image, and every Sabbath circumstance is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn. He loves the church bell sound which summons him to the house of prayer. He loves to join the chorus of devotion, and to sit and listen to that voice of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the retirement of this day, from the stir of worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul is the exercise of that hallowed hour, when there is no eye

to witness him but the eye of heaven, and when in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, and all the secularities of an alienated world behind him." That such, my beloved son, may be the language of your heart, that you may so remember and love the Sabbath on earth, as to be prepared for an endless Sabbath of rest in heaven, where sin and sorrow, and sad feelings are unknown, is the daily, fervent prayer of your affectionate mother.

A
M O T H E R ' S
P L E A F O R T H E S A B B A T H .

P A R T S E C O N D .

N O T H I N G L O S T B Y K E E P I N G T H E S A B B A T H .

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y F A C T S .

T H E P R A Y I N G S H I P .

T H E letter from which the following extract is made, was written by a pious ship-master, to a friend of his, but with no idea of its publication. The statements made, are, however, too important to be lost :

D E A R S I R : — You recollect the time when I first met you in — Hospital. I then resolved, that if the Lord raised me up to such health that I could again go to sea, I would endeavor to become useful to seamen ; and I cannot but hope that this desire had some influence when I

sought to obtain the command of a vessel. While I was before the mast, the Lord permitted me the privilege of having prayers daily in the fore-castle; and while I was chief mate, I conducted religious services in the cabin, on the Sabbath. But this always appeared to me like doing the work by halves, and served only to increase my desire to have command of a vessel, that the worship of God might be regularly established on board. At length I had the command, and on the first night out of New York, when the watch was set, I told the men that it was my wish that they should use no profane language, as neither myself nor officers made use of it. I also informed them that there would be prayers in the cabin every morning and evening, and that it was my request they should all attend. I also told them that all hands should be allowed Saturday afternoon, to wash and mend their clothes, as I should have nothing of that kind done on the Sabbath. To all this, they very readily consented. On the afternoon of the Sabbath, we all sat down together, and, having read two or three chapters in course, we studied them over with the Union Questions. Every evening in the week, we employed the

“dog watch,” from six to eight o’clock, in the instruction of all who were disposed, in navigation, &c., endeavoring thus to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of men. I am now on my third voyage, as master, and, during the whole time, every thing has gone on with order and quietness, and there is even more attention to religion on this voyage, than I have seen among the men before. Possibly some may think there has been too much time spent in these things, and that the interest of the owners might suffer; but I think I can prove to the contrary. When I was about to sail from New York, on my first voyage as master, there was a ship ready to sail from Boston for the same port, and, as she was a much swifter vessel, my owners were fearful of her arriving first, and the profit of the voyage depending, in some measure, on that, they were anxious to get me away as quick as possible. On Saturday night we were ready for sea, and one of the owners, being in New York, urged that we should sail on Sabbath morning, as the wind was then fair. I remonstrated, in a gentle manner, and prevailed, and went with most of my crew, to the Mariner’s Church. On Monday, the wind shifted to the southward, and

we could not get out, but the owner was so anxious for me to sail, that he employed a steamboat in the afternoon of that day, to tow us out to sea. But on reaching towards Sandy Hook, the wind was very fresh at the south east, so that I lay in the roads until Tuesday morning, and then made sail. The Boston vessel, as I afterwards found, sailed on Sabbath morning, getting the start of us at least forty-eight hours, besides being several degrees to the eastward of us. "But the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but the battle is the Lord's, whose servants the winds and waves are. I arrived at —, three days before the Boston ship, which violated the Sabbath; discharged and took in my return cargo, and sailed for Boston; arrived in the Vineyard Sound, after a passage of forty-nine days. Thence I went to Boston and discharged, took in another cargo for the same place, and on my arrival home after the second voyage, found that I was twenty-five days in advance of the other ship. I mention this to show that there is nothing lost by keeping the Sabbath.

G. S. H.

THE TRAVELLER.

FURNISHED BY A GENTLEMAN OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

THERE is not a truer declaration between the two covers of the Bible, than this in the beautiful language of the nineteenth Psalm, "In keeping the commandments of the Lord, there is great reward." It must be so in the very nature of things, independently of any reward which may be supposed to follow from the immediate and direct intervention of Providence. These commands were imposed upon us for our own good, temporal, as well as eternal; and nothing is more self-evident, than that a cheerful and conscientious obedience to them, must be attended with "great reward." It is not very uncommon to see instances in which the "reward" follows so closely upon the "keeping of the command," that the doubter, even, is struck with the coincidence; but sometimes the faith of the believer is put to the test, when he sees the scoffer prospering in the midst of his iniquities; but it may always be relied upon, that the testimony of the Lord is sure, that, sooner or later, it will be evident, that "the righteousness of the righteous

shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

A year or two ago, a case came to my knowledge, in which the "reward" followed so closely upon the "keeping of the commands," that I think it worth relating; and while the Sabbath breaker may regard it as an ordinary coincidence of circumstances, I am sure there are many who will consider it an additional proof that the Lord cannot lie, and that the promise, "In keeping his commands there is great reward," will be kept to the very letter.

A friend of mine determined to go to New Orleans to seek his fortune, as there appeared to be few opportunities of obtaining one here. He invested his little all, therefore, in articles of merchandise suitable for that market, and shipped them on board a vessel bound for that port, while he went by the way of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. It was stipulated by my friend, with the master of the vessel, on board which his adventure was shipped, that on his arrival at New Orleans, if he did not find him there, he should keep his adventure on board a certain number of days; when, if he did not arrive, he should be at liberty

to store it. My friend was in the heart of Pennsylvania, with a stage full of pleasant fellow travellers, on the last day of the week, when he introduced the question, as to the propriety of travelling upon the Sabbath, which he was resolved not to do. The question was discussed with great animation, one of the passengers siding with my friend, but the rest against him. They endeavored to shake his resolution, by setting before him the chances of a traveller upon that route ; that if he stopped over the Sabbath, thereby giving up his seat to Pittsburg, the succeeding stages might be full for several days in succession, and unable to take him ; that on his arrival at Pittsburg, he might find, by his delay, he had lost his passage in the only boat which would sail for New Orleans, in many days, and on his arrival at Cincinnati, he might be delayed again from a similar cause ; and that finally, on his arrival at New Orleans, he might find that his adventure had been stored, thereby adding to it heavy charges of drayage and storage ; that in that fluctuating market, the price of the articles he had, might have had a sudden fall. All these representations were calculated to have a powerful effect upon a young man who was at

the moment seeking a fortune; but he recollected the promises of God, to those who keep his commandments, and he determined to rely upon their fulfilment, at all events.

On the Sabbath morning, accordingly, the stage drove off, leaving my friend and one fellow passenger behind, to keep the Sabbath at a small retired country Inn, in the interior of Pennsylvania, where they had abundant leisure to reflect upon the course they had taken, and to repent, when it was too late, their want of worldly wisdom, or to rejoice that they had obeyed the law of the Lord. It may readily be supposed, that they felt no small anxiety about their prospect of getting on without losing more than one day, but their only alternative was to trust Providence, that the stage which would arrive Sabbath night, might have room for them; which, however, proved not to be the case. They determined not to be cast down at the very outset, but to put entire confidence in the declaration, that "the testimony of the Lord is sure." The stages continued to arrive, crowded with passengers, much to their disappointment and chagrin, and after a long delay, they succeeded in obtaining a private conveyance, for about twenty-five

dollars; the cost, if they had kept on in the stage, being about six dollars. My friend habitually looks upon the bright side of things—and he has besides, a firm, practical belief, in the superintending care of Providence—and although it did not seem a quick way of making a fortune, to be delayed so many days upon the road, when he had so many reasons for expedition, and to pay twenty-five dollars for six dollar's worth of riding, yet he trusted without wavering. On his arrival at Pittsburg, he found that his fellow-passengers, the Sabbath-day travellers, had arrived in time to take the only boat which was to depart for many days, for Cincinnati. After a long delay here, he obtained means of conveyance to Cincinnati, and on his arrival, he found no boat ready to depart for New Orleans. The water being very low, the departure of steamboats was not a daily occurrence, as is the case under other circumstances. But my friend's faith held out, notwithstanding his acquaintances of the stage-coach had taken their departure from Cincinnati for New Orleans, several days before.

At last a boat was prepared to sail, and my friend had no interruption to his progress during the remainder of his journey. On his arrival at

the point of his destination, he found the brig had arrived before him; that the stipulated time for keeping the freight on board had expired, and that his goods were already stored, and what seemed more unfortunate than all, the residue of the cargo of the brig was all sold to one man, who took it from the vessel, and who wanted that part of it which belonged to my friend, at a handsome advance on the cost and charges: but as the owner was not present, nothing could be done about it.

Such was the situation of affairs, when my friend arrived at New Orleans. So far, every thing had been adverse, since he left the regular line of conveyance in Pennsylvania; he had been subjected to frequent and expensive delays, and to heavy extra travelling charges; had lost an opportunity to sell his adventure from the vessel, at a handsome profit, which he would have done had he kept on with his stage companions, and in addition to all these disadvantages, his property was burdened with additional charges for drayage and storage, which in New Orleans, are considerable. But the catalogue of misfortunes ends here. In a short time there was a large advance on the articles which he

had — and which he sold to great advantage — and the purchaser of the cargo of the brig in which his freight came, failed before his notes for it became due, and the cargo was a total loss. Had my friend not been delayed upon the road, in an extraordinary manner, he would have arrived before the vessel discharged her cargo : would have sold his adventure, consisting of all his property, to the purchaser of the rest of the cargo, and on the same time, and of course would have lost the whole. Had he travelled on the Sabbath, this would have been the result ; and my friend takes pleasure in considering the circumstances connected with this affair, as an earnest that there is great reward in keeping the commandments of God — either directly or indirectly — and often in this world, as well as in that which is to come.



THE TEAMSTER.

FROM A CLERGYMAN IN MAINE.

IN the winter of 18 —, I removed with my family from —, in Vermont, to —, in Maine. The long journey was to be performed by land,

and household furniture to be transported in the same manner. There still lingers among the hills, a class of men who will soon be swept away by the canal and the rail-road. The wealth of the teamster, for so is he called, consists in his horses and the rude vehicle constructed for transporting heavy loads over the wild mountain passes, and through the deep valleys. His life is a weary and toilsome one. If diligent in his calling, he must be, for the better part of his life, an exile from his home, with little prospect of ease and rest in old age. The profits are small; the accidents to which both he and his horses are exposed, are numerous. Yet are they a hardy and cheerful race; day after day, in storm and in sunshine, they trudge patiently along by the side of their wagons or sleds, alternately whistling, singing, or if, as is frequently the case, three or four are in company, beguiling their slow progress by the joke or tale, coarse and dull perhaps, but yet sufficient to call the merry laugh from hearts willing to be happy. The greatest hardship of their lot however, is, that they are in a great measure, removed from social and religious influences. The Sabbath often overtakes them far from the house of

prayer, and their scanty earnings and the heavy expense attending the rest of a whole day, with a team of six or eight horses, are often made a pretext for disregarding the rest of the holy Sabbath.

The man whom I engaged to transport my household furniture, followed this occupation. The journey was too long to be performed in a single week. Saturday night came, and with his weary horses he sought the shelter of an Inn. Several brother teamsters were there, who were on the same route. The next morning he arose early to attend to the wants of his faithful animals, and found, to his surprise, that the others were harnessing their horses, and preparing to go on their way. "How now; do you travel to-day?" "To be sure," said one, "we can't afford to lie still all day and pay for the keeping of our horses while they do nothing; and look ye, there's a heavy snow-bank in the south; 'twill be heavy doings to-morrow, and if you are wise, you will go too." "I think not," said he dryly. "Why not, pray? I think for my part, the Sabbath was made for man, and poor hard working folks like us, are not required to lose one day in seven." "True; I am of

your mind, but I can't afford to do otherwise than rest. I think the Sabbath was made for man, and I mean to make the most of it, by resting and letting my horses rest too; and as to losing the day, I have never found out yet, that I lost any thing by giving the Lord his due, any more than by paying my neighbor what I owe him." A contemptuous laugh, and the cracking of whips followed, and they drove off, leaving our teamster alone.

The short winter day was soon over; but long before night, the snow fell in one continued sheet; and the traveller drew closer to the fire, with the book he was reading, and thanked God in his heart, that the storm had come on a day when it was right for him to rest. The next morning, the storm had passed over; when, thinking the roads passable, he harnessed his horses, and started off at a slow pace. Just before night-fall, he espied a long line of loaded sleighs in advance of him, toiling heavily onward, and a quiet smile passed over his weather-beaten face, as he thought it might be his companions of the previous day. In a short time he overtook them, and it was indeed the same. Weary and jaded, man and horses, they had been all day

breaking paths for him. He soon passed them, with a kind "How fare ye?" Some looked up at his cheerful face and sleek horses, and scarcely deigned an answer; but the speaker of the previous morning, replied, "Well, parson, I believe, after all, yours was the best policy, for you and your horses look as bright as if you had only just been to a merry-making, instead of dragging all that 'housen-stuff' through the snow."

"Well, neighbor, I feel more light-hearted, I can tell you; and let me tell you, the Sabbath was made for man, and there is never any thing lost in this world by keeping it. Good night;" and with a cheerful "chirrup" to his horses, he drove forward, and left his weary companions to adjust with themselves the policy of robbing their Maker.

HARVESTING.

FROM REV. A. C.

In the town of M——, in Vermont, lived a professor of religion, who, like many others, was depending on the produce of his farm for the purchase money which he was to pay for it. He had a very extensive field of wheat, which he was

intending to turn into money. About the time it was ripe for the sickle, there was a season of rainy and foggy weather, which continued so long as to threaten the ruin of this kind of grain in that region. On a Sabbath morning, the clouds were all cleared away. It was a beautiful, lovely morning. His first care was for his wheat.— He moves betimes, and musters all the hands he could find willing to work, to cut down his wheat. They engaged, and reaped a vast quantity. As the day began to decline, there were appearances of returning rain. They then proceeded to bind it into sheaves, and conveyed what they could into the barn; the remainder they “stoked up.” The next fair day, he was under the necessity of removing from the barn all he had transported thither, and of unbinding and spreading out in the sun, all that he had reaped. The straw was mouldering and rotting, the kernel had grown, and the whole was lost; while that which he left standing, suffered no material injury. Had this man been employed in rendering thanks to God on that delightful Sabbath morning—had he gone to the courts of the Lord, instead of going into his field—he would have saved his property, and his soul would have

escaped the contamination of this dreadful guilt. But, distrusting God's providence, the measures he took to preserve his property, were the direct cause of its destruction. It is to be hoped that this man received his punishment in this world, for he afterwards most feelingly lamented, and humbly confessed his crime before the church.



HAY-MAKING.

FROM A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

WHEN I was about twelve years of age, my father removed from the banks of the Connecticut river, and took the pastoral charge of a parish in the then District of Maine. Religion and morality were at a low ebb, and we were often pained by the open violation of God's commands. The Sabbath in particular, was shamelessly desecrated. A large society of Friends, some of which sect do not acknowledge the divine authority of the Lord's day, occupied the centre of the town, and their influence with regard to the Sabbath, was most pernicious. A single hour alone, was occupied in their silent meetings; then, in the season of haying and harvesting, it

was their uniform to practice to have some hay or grain left in such a situation as to require attention for an hour or two; and afterwards the hours of that sacred day were employed in visiting from house to house. I know not what may be their practice in other places; I speak only of them as I have seen and known them. It may easily be supposed what an effect such examples must have had in a community long destitute of a settled pastor.

We lived at some distance from the parish church, and, as we rode along, on the bright mornings of the holy day, all, but man, seemed praising their Creator. The little birds warbled His praises as they soared upwards. The mists and vapors rose towards heaven in token of adoration. The trees made glad music with their rustling leaves, and the richly clothed green sward reflected in beautiful lights and shades, the beams of that sun which was but an emblem of his goodness. Man alone withheld his voice in this general chorus of grateful praise; young as I was, my heart ached to see him marring the beauty of that day, by his impious, worldly labor. I was pained, too, because a cloud would pass over my father's brow,

generally so placid and happy on that day, "of all the week the best."

That look and the half stifled sigh which I often heard, when his eye followed these erring ones, spoke volumes to my young mind of the sin and danger of their practice. This was not all. I saw his principles put to the test on an occasion I shall never forget. The salary he received was small; insufficient for the support of a numerous family. To increase his income, he rented a small farm, of which hay was the principal produce. With the avails, he hoped to pay some debts which pressed heavily on him. Early in the week, the weather promised well, and the merry hay-makers were engaged to cut down at once, a large quantity of grass, with the prospect of having it ready to put in the barn before Saturday. It was dried sufficiently to be made into cocks, as they termed it, when the weather changed, and day after day of cloudy skies followed, threatening the utter ruin of the hay. Sabbath morning, the sun rose bright and clear, and the man who had the care of the grass, assured my father that it would be ruined if it remained longer in its present situation, but a few minutes' work in just opening the cocks to

the air, would save it. "Shall I not do it?" said he. "No," replied my father, mildly, but decidedly. "You will lose it all, and you know Sir, you can but ill afford that." "I know it," replied my father, "but I cannot disobey God to save property. I would rather lose all I have, than violate the Sabbath." The man went away, muttering, "It's a clear tempting of providence," while my father, with a countenance over which earthly cares seemed never to have passed, turned to the delightful duties of the day. I rode with him in the old fashioned family chaise, to meeting, and, as we passed the fields of our neighbors, he sighed audibly, as he saw that many had been out opening their hay to the morning sun. I confess my principles almost wavered; and when I remembered how troubled we had been with the debts which we hoped this year to be able to pay, I thought for a moment my beloved parent had been over scrupulous.

The services of the day were but thinly attended. Men and women were too weary with the labors of the week, to worship God in his sanctuary.

As we returned home, a cloud was seen rap-

idly rising. It was borne swiftly on by the wind, and before much of the hay which had been opened in the morning, could be again secured, it was so completely drenched, as to be nearly ruined. The little which was put in the barns, heated and moulded so as to be unfit for use. The next day, my father went into the field, expecting to find his hay not worth gathering into the barn; to his surprise, he found the mass of it wholly uninjured, and he could but recall the words of the Psalmist, "In keeping thy commands, there is great reward."

INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF WESLEY.

SOUTHEY, in his life of Wesley, tells us, that John Nelson, a Methodist preacher, being once desired, by his master's foreman, to work on the Lord's day, on the ground that the king's business required despatch, and that it was common to work on the Sabbath, for his majesty, when any thing was wanted in a particular haste; Nelson boldly declared, "That he would not work upon the Sabbath, for any man in the kingdom, except it were to quench fire, or some-

thing that required immediate help." "Religion," says the foreman, has made you a rebel against the king. "No, sir," he replied, "it has made me a better subject than ever I was. The greatest enemies the king has, are Sabbath-breakers, swearers, drunkards, and such like men; for these bring down God's judgments upon the king and country." He was told that he should lose his employment if he would not obey his orders; his answer was, "he would rather want bread than wilfully offend God." The foreman swore that he would be as mad as Whitefield, if he went on. "What hast thou done," said he, "that thou needest make so much ado about salvation? I always took thee to be as honest a man, as I have in the work, and would have trusted thee with any sum." "So you might," answered Nelson, "and not have lost one penny by me." "I have a worse opinion of thee, now," said the foreman. "Master," rejoined he, "I have the odds of you, for I have a much worse opinion of myself than you can possibly have." The issue, however, was, that the work was not pursued on the Sabbath, and Nelson rose in the good opinion of his employer, for having shown a sense of his duty as a Christian."

NO SABBATH IN OUR BUSINESS.

FROM THE BETHEL MAGAZINE.

The terrible disaster, which occurred some-time since, on board the steamboat Helen Mc'-Gregor, by the bursting of the boiler, is, to the present day, fresh in the minds of not a few. It was on the morning of the 24th of February, 1830, on the Mississippi river, where the boat stopped for a short time to deliver freight, and to land passengers. A few minutes after she was drawn off to proceed on her trip, the explosion took place. The scenes of agony and distress were indescribable; nearly one hundred lives were lost.

“I was on board that boat,” said a sailor to me, the other day, “just before the sad catastrophe took place. It was wonderful how I was led to quit the boat, at almost the very crisis of the awful occurrence. I have thought of it a thousand times, with gratitude to my Maker. My captain ordered me to assist in handing freight on the Sabbath. This, I told him, I could not conscientiously do; that I had never

done unnecessary work on the Lord's day. The captain replied, " *We have no Sabbaths here at the West, in our business.*" Very well, I told him; as for myself, I endeavored, wherever I was, conscientiously to keep the Sabbath. "Procure some one in your stead," he then ordered. I said, this I can't do, but pay me my wages, and I will leave the boat. The captain did so, and I left his employ. However, I was soon urged to come back, with a proffer of higher wages. I persisted in my refusal, and in a few days, shipped at New Orleans for Europe. On my arrival, the first newspaper I took up, contained an account of the dreadful destruction of life on board the Helen McGregor. I was truly thankful for my escape. It has taught me a lesson, always to be prompt and decided in refusing to do wrong, whatever consequences may appear likely to follow.

FACTS ILLUSTRATING THE RESULTS OF SABBATH BREAKING.

THE following facts, collected from authentic sources, are designed to exhibit the consequences which follow Sabbath breaking, in its influence upon the character, and secular interest, and likewise to show that this heaven-daring sin is frequently followed by peculiar manifestations of the displeasure of God. I cannot better introduce this part of the subject, than by the following extract from an excellent article published some years since in the *Christian Mirror*, written, it is believed, by a clergyman, alike eminent for piety, candor and discretion.

“Whoever should seriously read the fourth commandment, and weigh well each separate clause, must be impressed with its solemnity, and the importance of the object it was intended to secure. The form of injunction is peculiarly solemn, and the particularity with which all servile employments are prohibited, and “the reasons annexed,” cannot fail to convince us that the breach of it must be regarded with peculiar displeasure by the Lawgiver. He

seems to have set a double guard, so to speak, about this commandment, invariably following the reverential observance of it with blessings, and frequently accompanying the violation of it with appalling judgments. The advantages which result to society, from the public religious observance of the Sabbath, are seen and acknowledged by many, who have no particular relish for the pleasures of worship; but, like true patriots, they generally make their appearance in the house of God, from a sense of what they owe to their country, and to society, and would, even if the services were disgusting and painful. And even this external observance, does not go without its reward. Such persons are usually favored with a large share of worldly prosperity. On the other hand, the curse of God may be seen to follow habitual Sabbath breakers, even in this life. Every attentive observer, can doubtless recollect instances which have passed within his own personal observation, confirming the truth of this assertion. And what a melancholy story would that be, which should be filled up with a detail of all the parties that have sailed for pleasure, or gone into the water for diversion, on God's holy day!

Probably more, while thus engaged, have been drowned on the Sabbath, than on all the other days of the week. The fate of Sabbath breakers occupies a large paragraph in the "chapter of accidents."

It is a delicate, if not a presumptuous employment, for a mortal to undertake to weigh sins, and estimate their relative guilt; yet the scriptures do afford a warrant for saying that "some sins in themselves, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God, than others." Among these, may be classed *Sabbath breaking*; certainly if extreme horror of conscience on a review of sin committed, be evidence of extreme guilt. The master of a vessel, in a neighboring town, who was hopefully brought into the liberty wherewith Christ makes free, was, while under conviction, filled with anguish, on the remembrance of a particular violation of the Sabbath. Once, while in the West Indies, he employed his crew, and others whom he hired for the purpose, in loading his vessel, on the Sabbath. The pretence by which he then tried to justify himself, was, that the sickly season was fast approaching, or some other about as plausible, and which would, doubt-

less, have satisfied the consciences of nine out of ten in the same situation. But this sin caused him many a pang, many hours of agonizing reflection, and "fearful looking for of judgment."

This anecdote was recently related in a circle of christians, several of whom declared that the profanation of the Sabbath, was the sin that distressed them most, during the period of their convictions. It is certain, that God has a most bitter punishment for this sin, even for those who escape visible punishment, and are not visited with any externally awful tokens of God's wrath. What an impressive warning should this be to those who pursue worldly conversation on the Sabbath; what a warning to those young persons who employ the hours of intermission, and of going to and from the house of worship, in making arrangements for visits, parties, balls, or other diversions, and methods of dissipating time. The Lord of the Sabbath sees them; and ere long they will feel the tormentor within, if a future season of reflection is allowed them; for in punishing this crime, God sometimes deals in a more summary way.

THE YOUNG SERVANT GIRL.

MR. WHITECROSS a Scottish clergyman, relates that a young person who had been a Sabbath school scholar, went to live in a family, in which religion was wholly neglected. On the other side of the street a pious family resided, who strictly observed the Sabbath. The young woman perceived that the servants were allowed to attend public worship twice on the Lord's day, while she could not go once to church, as her master generally invited company to dinner on that day. She reminded her mistress of this circumstance, and requested that she might go to chapel one part of the Sabbath. This was refused, on the ground that she could not be spared. She then resolved, that if any vancancy occurred in the family opposite, she would offer herself. This happening soon after, she waited upon the lady, who observed, "I am afraid that as you have higher wages where you live, my place will not suit you, as I give but five pounds a year; but if you will come for that, I will try you." The young woman consented, and entered the family. A gentleman visiting in the house, being made acquainted with the case, presented her

with a Bible, on the blank leaf of which he wrote, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man who hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting."



INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF KILPIN.

THE father of the Rev. Samuel Kilpin was an iron-monger, and kept a general retail shop, in that line. One circumstance in relation to the Sabbath, which made a deep impression on the infant mind of Samuel, deserves to be mentioned. A nobleman in the neighborhood, was among his best customers. One Sabbath morning, the steward came to the house, and said with an insolent sneer, "are you afraid of the devil, Mr. Kilpin?" "No," replied the good man, "I am not." "Will you, then, sell me some articles to-day?" "No, I will not; it is the Sabbath day, and the God of the Sabbath, I both love and fear. To-morrow I shall feel much obliged by execu-

ting his lordship's command's." "Very well, if you will not serve me to-day, you shall not to-morrow, nor on any other day." The steward then retired in a violent rage. This scene was never forgotten by the young family group; and it is pleasing to add, that the *nobleman increased his favors, when told of the circumstance.* The effect of the example was seen long afterwards in the life and spirit of Samuel, then a little child. It is related of him, that, after he entered the ministry, he was always very anxious to promote the right observance of the Sabbath. In the neighborhood where he resided, in Exeter, he saw much of the dreadful effects resulting from the neglect of that holy day; and he used his best endeavors to check the torrent of iniquity. Exertions of this nature became the more needful, as many, even professedly religious people, discontinued the due observance of the Sabbath. In Mr. Kilpin's family, the preparation commenced on Saturday evening, when the neighbors were invited to the little chapel, that the mind might be relieved from worldly cares, and prepared for the approaching festival.

On descending from the pulpit, one Sabbath morning, a stranger very politely requested him

to dine with him, at the Inn. He replied, "Dine with you, Sir, at an Inn in Exeter, on a Sabbath day! No, sir, not if you would give me the city. A minister, who has to address souls on the subjects connected with eternity, dine at an Inn with company on the Sabbath day! No, sir; except from necessity, I never sit with my family but at a short meal on the Sabbath. I have to preach to myself, as well as to others. Excuse my firmness; I feel obliged by your kindness." Will not *parents* feel that nothing is lost, but much gained to their dear children, by a conscientious observance of the Sabbath?

THE CONVICT.

FROM AN AGED CLERGYMAN IN PORTLAND, ME.

MANY years since, I was called to visit a man, under sentence of death for murder. He was scarcely 25 years of age, handsome, and intelligent, beyond what was then usual among mechanics. When I first visited him, he had strong hopes of pardon; and I could not succeed in awakening any remorse for the past; and to all

my inquiries as to what had brought him into that state, he returned evasive answers. He was professedly a Universalist; and while the hope of life lasted, he still clung to this delusion. But at length, every hope of life was taken away; he found that he must die; and deep remorse began to prey like the undying worm upon his heart. I seized this opportunity, to renew my inquiries as to the cause of his wicked course, and what was his first step in vice. He replied, "It was *Sabbath breaking*. Till I was fourteen years' old, I conducted well. I was brought up to regard the Sabbath and attend meeting regularly. But about this time, I began to absent myself from meeting, and spend the Sabbath, in amusement. This quickly *brought me into vicious company*. I went on from bad to worse, till every virtuous restraint was removed, and I lost all control over my own temper and passions. Still I served the time of my apprenticeship regularly, and afterward engaged to work as a journeyman. There a quarrel arose between my master and another man. It was no concern of mine, but evil passions had now the mastery of my reason, and when the officer came to arrest my master, I opposed him; a scuffle ensued, in

which I struck the officer a blow on the head, which fractured his skull and proved fatal." Such was, in this case, the fearful, bitter fruit of *Sabbath breaking*: that was the first step in the career of crime which hurried him to the gallows, at the early age of twenty-five.



ABUSE OF THE SABBATH.

THE son of a professor of religion, in affluent circumstances, began, about the age of fifteen, to be intimate with a circle of youth who were remarked for their thoughtlessness and lightness of behavior on the Sabbath. They devised various methods of passing away, what they thought, the dull hours of worship. They used their penknives, read fragments of newspapers, and committed little impositions on their seat-mates. In all this, he soon learned to be foremost, and gloried in his freedom from superstition. He arrived at manhood, and entered the family state; but, heedless and reckless in his character, he was uncomfortable to his friends, and quickly squandered the inheritance he had received from

his father. He forsook his family, and some few years after, was seen by an acquaintance, who visited one of our southern cities, in a state of abject and haggard poverty. He has not been heard from since, and doubtless, ere this, he has died, a sad witness to the guilt of choosing companions who violate God's holy day.



DEATH-BED VIEW OF THE SABBATH.

FROM INNES, ON DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A GAY and thoughtless young man, who had often opposed a pious father's wishes, by spending the Sabbath in idleness and folly, instead of accompanying his parents to the house of God, was taking a ride, one Sabbath morning. After riding for some time, at great speed, he suddenly pulled up his horse, while the animal, by stopping more suddenly than he expected, gave him such a sudden jerk, that it injured the spinal marrow: and when he came to his father's door, he had totally lost the use of the lower extremities of his body. He was lifted from his horse, and laid on that bed, which was destined to prove

to him the bed of death; and there, he had leisure to reflect on his ways. It was, when in this situation, I was asked to visit him, and he then discovered the deepest solicitude about the things that belonged to his eternal peace. He eagerly listened to the representation that was given him respecting the evil of sin, its dreadful consequences, and the ground of hope to the guilty. He seemed much impressed with a sense of his need of pardoning mercy, and thankfully to receive it in the way that God had revealed. Many parts of the conversations I had with him have now escaped my recollection, but some of his expressions, I shall not easily forget. On one occasion, when referring to his past life, and finding himself now unable to attend public worship, he exclaimed, "O! what would I now give for some of those Sabbaths I formerly treated with contempt." He seemed deeply to feel and to deplore his guilt, in having so heinously misimproved the precious opportunities of waiting on the public ordinances of religion, which, in the day of health, he had enjoyed.

THE INFIDEL'S SABBATH.

FROM WHITECROSS' ILLUSTRATIONS.

A society of infidels were in the practice of meeting together, on Sabbath mornings, to ridicule religion, and to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness. At length they proceeded so far, as to meet, by previous agreement, to burn their Bibles! They had lately initiated a young man into their awful mysteries, who was brought up under great religious advantages, and had seemed to promise well; but, on that occasion, he proceeded as far as his companions, threw his Bible into the flames, and promised with them, never to go into a place of religious worship again. He was soon afterwards taken ill. He was visited by a serious man, who found him in the agonies of a distressed mind. He spoke to him of his past ways. The poor creature said, "It all did well enough while in health, and while I could keep off the thoughts of death;" but when the Redeemer was mentioned to him, he hastily exclaimed, "What's the use of talking to me about mercy?" When urged to look to Christ, he said, "I tell you it's of no use

now ; 'tis too late, 'tis too late. Once I could pray, but now I can't." He frequently repeated, "I cannot pray, I will not pray." He shortly afterwards expired, uttering the most dreadful imprecations against some of his companions in iniquity, who came to see him, and now and then, saying, "My Bible ! oh the Bible !"

COST OF SABBATH-BREAKING.

FROM PASTOR'S JOURNAL.

THE following is substantially the statement of a man, who for years, had been living a stranger to the sanctuary, and utterly neglectful of all religious concerns. It was made without any inquiry or knowledge of the facts, till he stated them. "I am determined on one thing," said he, "to break the Sabbath no more. I believe the judgments of heaven will follow the Sabbath-breaker. I believe they have followed me. I will state my case. My sloop, loaded with wood, got aground. There was no danger, and no necessity, as she was in a safe harbor, but I worked most of the Sabbath to get her off; I

succeeded, but she grounded again, and I lost a week before she would float once more. But few hours from port, she went ashore in a squall, on N—— Island, and there another week was lost. Getting off, and into a neighboring harbor, a gale drove her ashore again, where she lay another week. I reached the port of N——, but so late as to be frozen in, and another week was lost. Returning home, and just entering the harbor, a heavy easterly gale drove the sloop to sea; and after a dreadful night of suffering and danger, the vessel was driven high and dry upon the rocks, on the opposite side of the bay. She could not be got off, and was sold for a trifle. Thus, to save one day, by working on the Sabbath, I lost more than thirty, lost my vessel, and came near losing my life and with it, my immortal soul! I shall take care how I violate the Sabbath hereafter. These events have produced more reflection in my mind, upon the subject of religion, than all the rest of the events of my life.

There are cases on record so well authenticated, that we cannot doubt their truth, where the wrath of Heaven has manifestly, and in a most remarkable manner, fallen upon the daring violation of the Lord's day. Of this class, are

the following, which must make a solemn impression even upon those who deny the retributive justice of God, in such cases; for who would wish to be called into the presence of his Maker, while openly bidding defiance to his commands?

THE DAUGHTER.

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

As I was walking down street, on my way to church, I saw a party of young people going on before me, whose volatile manners ill accorded with the sanctity of the day; and just as I was passing them, I heard one say, "Indeed, I think we shall do wrong; my conscience condemns me; I must return." "There can be no harm," replied another, "in taking an excursion on the water; especially as we have resolved to go to church in the evening." "I must return," rejoined a female voice, "My conscience condemns me; what will my father say, if he hear of it?" By this time, they had reached the water, and one of the party was busily engaged with a waterman, while the rest stood in close

debate, for the space of five minutes, when they all moved towards the water.

I watched them going down the stairs, and thought I perceived an air of peculiar melancholy in the countenance of the female who had objected to the excursion, but whose firmness had given way to the importunity of her companions. Two of the gentlemen stepped into the boat; two more stood at the water's edge, and the females were handed in, one after another; but still I could perceive great reluctance on the part of the one who had previously objected; till at length, being surrounded by all the gentlemen of the party, she yielded, and the boat pushed off. It was a fine morning, though rather cold; the tide was running at its usual rate; many were gazing on them, like myself, when a naval officer, standing near me, called to them and said, "A pleasant voyage to you." One of the gentlemen suddenly arose to return the compliment; but, from some cause that I could not perceive, he unfortunately fell into the water. The disaster threw the whole party into the utmost consternation; and each one, instead of retaining his seat, rushed to the side of the boat, where their companion had fallen, which

upset it, and all were plunged into the deep. The shriek the spectators gave, when they beheld the calamity, exceeded any noise I had ever heard. Boats were immediately put off, and in a few minutes I saw the watermen rescuing one, and another, and another, from a watery grave. Having picked up all they could find, the different boats rowed ashore, where some medical gentlemen were in waiting; but when the party met together, no language can describe the horror that was depicted on every countenance, when they found that two were missing.—“Where’s my sister?” said the voice which had said only a few minutes before, “There can be no harm in taking an excursion on the water, especially as we have resolved to go to church in the evening.” “Where’s my Charles?” said a lady, who had appeared the most gay and sprightly, when first I saw them.

At length the boats, which had gone a considerable distance up the river, were seen returning; and on being asked if they had picked up any one, replied, “Yes, two.” The reply electrified the whole party; they wept for joy, and so did many others who stood around them. “Here’s a gentleman,” said the waterman, as he was

coming up the foot of the stairs, "but I believe he's dead." "Where's the lady?" said her brother; "Is she safe?" "She's in the other boat, sir." "Is she alive? has she spoken?" "She has not spoken, sir." "Is she dead? O! tell me." "I fear she is, sir."

The bodies were immediately removed to a house in the vicinity, and every effort was made to restore animation, and some faint hopes were entertained, by the medical gentlemen, that they should succeed. In the space of little more than ten minutes, they announced the joyful news that the gentleman began to breathe, but they made no allusion to the lady. Her brother sat motionless, till the actual decease of his sister was announced, when he started up, and became almost frantic with grief; and though his companions tried to comfort him, yet he refused to hear the words of consolation.

"O! my sister, my sister! would to God I had died for thee!"

They were all overwhelmed, and knew not what to say. "Who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?" said the brother, pacing backwards and forwards in the room, like a maniac. "O! who will bear the heavy tidings to our

father?" He paused; a death-like stillness pervaded the whole apartment; he again burst forth in the agonies of despair." "I forced her to go, against the dictates of her conscience; I am her murderer; I ought to have perished, and not my sister. Who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?" "I will," said a gentleman who had been unremitting in his attentions to the sufferers. "Do you know him, sir?" "Yes, I know him." "O! how can I ever appear again in his presence? I enticed the best of children, to an act of disobedience, which has destroyed her."

How the old man received the intelligence, or what moral effect resulted from the disaster, I never heard; but I would say to the young, resist the *first* temptation to evil, or your ruin may be the consequence.

THE PLEASURE PARTY.

FROM THE LONDON BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

Six young men belonging to the town and vicinity of Ulverstone, Lancashire, resolved on having a pleasure excursion, in a boat, on the Lord's day. They set off from Ulverstone, very

early in the morning, and intended to proceed down the bay of Morecambe, and visit the southern extremity of the island, called Walney.—The evening passed over, the night arrived, and they did not return. On Monday, their friends were extremely anxious concerning their safety, and made inquiries, in all directions, but to no purpose. The result proved, alas! too plainly, that all had perished: not one having escaped to communicate to their friends, the tidings of woe, or relate the particulars of the fatal accident. It is supposed a squall had upset the boat,—which was found empty,—and precipitated all within, into the deep. Four of the bodies were found. The writer of this, was called on to discharge the painful duties of the funeral service, at the interment of one of them. He was a young man, about thirty-one years of age, the son of religious parents, members of the independent church at Ulverstone. They accustomed him, from his infancy, to attend the house of God; but when he arrived at manhood, he broke through the restraints of education, associated with the profligate, and became himself a profligate character. Not long before the awful catastrophe, in conversation with a pious relative,

he expressed himself, to this effect: "What is there," said he, "of pleasure, that I have not tried? yet I cannot obtain happiness. I know the good man is the only happy one. I would give the world to be such; but I cannot pray."

His relative wished him to attend public service, in the chapel. "I would," he replied, "do any thing almost, that you wish me to, except attending there; that I cannot do." Such were the sentiments of his heart, and such the despairing condition he had brought himself into by his sins. Did he find satisfaction in his iniquity? No, he confessed the contrary; he was wretched; he honestly acknowledged that; for, with all his crimes, he abhorred deceit, and urged, as one reason why he could not attend the house of God, that he should seem, by hypocrisy, to disgrace the cause of religion. His *Sabbaths*, of course, were misspent, and it is said, some former escapes from a watery grave, might have taught him wisdom. Being an excellent swimmer, he thought himself always secure; but the time was come when divine forbearance grew weary. He was found at a great distance from the place where it is supposed the boat was upset, and probably sunk, after contending with

the waves for a long time. He was naked, and so disfigured as scarcely to be recognized by his relatives. Had it been another day, and not the Sabbath, his skill in swimming might have availed to save him; but probably, in this case, as in many other cases of drowning on the Lord's day, where it has seemed as if they might easily have been saved, the *consciousness of guilt made him powerless*.

Reader, remember if thou contendest with the Almighty, thy skill and courage will avail thee nothing; remorse will render thee helpless as an infant, and thou wilt sink as lead in the mighty waters.

THE LAUNCH.

FROM A CLERGYMAN IN MAINE.

DURING the late war, the writer had his residence within an hour's walk of one of the United States navy yards. He was one of many thousands who resorted thither to witness the launching of a seventy-four gun ship. It was on Saturday. The bridges, the tops of houses,

the neighboring eminences and wharves, were thronged with spectators; besides a great many acres of water, literally covered with small vessels, and boats filled with people. A few minutes before the expected time, this elegant and most sublime and wonderful work of art, began to move slowly towards its destined element; but, to the inexpressible disappointment of thousands, she stopped on her *ways*, and did not float that day.

The next day, (Sabbath) all hands, or as many as could be employed, were summoned to work, and prepare to "get her off." Before night, the master, in a particular department of the work, was suddenly killed, by something falling upon his head from above. These facts were of public notoriety, but the writer was afterwards told that this man was a professor of religion, a communicant in a Methodist church, and hopefully a religious man; that, on the morning of this Sabbath, he had most distressing conflicts of mind, and hesitated a long time, whether to go or not. But he thought he could ill be spared, as he was a master-workman; that, if he should fail to go, he should certainly lose his place, and in that case he knew not how he

should provide for his family, who were dependent upon his labor for subsistence. He went, but did no more for the support of his family. The writer puts the more confidence in the correctness of this statement, because the circumstances were told him by a man belonging to the same communion, and the same particular church with the deceased. It is believed, too, that this man was the only professor of religion, engaged on the vessel that day.

When will professors learn to “trust in the Lord, and do good?” But if judgment first begin at the house of God, what shall be the end of them that obey not the gospel?



THE MURDERER'S CELL.

THE editor of the Missouri and Illinois Temperance Herald, gives the following sketch of a visit to Buchanan, who was hanged at St Louis, on the third of March, 1840.

We were met at the entrance, by a good looking man of three or four and thirty, attired in the garb, and having the deportment of a gen-

tleman. As we surveyed his features, and discovered not the least expression of savage malignity, but, on the contrary, what we considered the fair index of benevolence and kindness, we could not but exclaim, is this the man that on Friday next, is to expiate the guilt of murder, upon the gallows! He appeared dejected, in view of his awful condition, but was communicative. In answer to our inquiries, he stated that he was a native of Princeton, N. J., where he was brought up. When he was a child, he went to Sunday school, for several years, and had faithful teachers. He lived in the family of Judge Bayard, where they worshiped God, daily, morning and evening. The ladies of the family would instruct him on the Sabbath, out of the Bible. His mother was a godly woman, and is still living, an aged and deeply afflicted widow. He has not seen her for three years. He showed us letters he had received from her, since his imprisonment, in which she mentioned the mournful fact, that a younger son had become insane, since his brother's melancholy fate had been decided.

The prisoner was brought up to the trade of hat-making. It injured his health, and he was

advised, by his physician, to engage in some light occupation. He accordingly engaged as bar-keeper, at the age of twenty-five years, and then, said he, "I barely knew what liquor was. I soon began to taste a little, but for the last three or four years, I kept stimulated most of the time, though I took care not to drink enough to show it." After various changes, he came to St. Louis, as bar-keeper, and remained in that employment, till the 28th of July, the day he murdered Brown. They had been on good terms. He had nothing against Brown, and did not know that Brown had any thing against him. IT WAS SUNDAY. *There was more drinking on that day than any other. It was generally our best day.* There were six or seven boarders; all but one had been drinking, and were so intoxicated, that when they came to testify, they did not know much about it. Brown had had two fights, one below, and the other above stairs. Prisoner had parted him from his antagonist, both times. He was not in the habit of carrying pistols, but during the fracas, he had picked up the pistols and put them in his pocket, for fear mischief might be done with them. Brown was angry with prisoner, because he had interfered, came up to the coun-

ter, drew a knife from his pocket, and swore he would kill him. Prisoner instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and shot him. "I was intoxicated," said he, "but not drunk; if I had not been intoxicated, and engaged in that business, I would never have been here." And may we not add, if he had not been trampling on the laws of Jehovah, he might not have been left to bring, by the indulgence of ungoverned passion, such a fearful doom upon himself!

THE KENNEBEC DAM.

A few years since, when the prosperity of the eastern section of our country was at its height, a company was formed with a large capital, for the purpose of constructing a dam across the Kennebec, just above the flourishing village of Augusta. It was a daring attempt, and marked the spirit of enterprise, which distinguishes the hardy sons of Maine. The noble river, which bears to the ocean the gathered waters of a wide tract of country, had hitherto rolled on in quiet, undisturbed, except by the numerous vessels which were wafted on its bosom. The village

is built, in part, upon a narrow strip of land, between the hills that rise, abruptly, a short distance from the river. When the rains are heavy, and the snow melts rapidly, in the spring of the year, the river is liable to a sudden rise of its waters, from the mountain torrents that pour into it, in the early part of its course. It then acquires a tremendous power, which might well deter the boldest, from attempting to stay its progress. But the attempt was made, and a man of great energy of purpose, undertook the superintendence of the work. It proved even more difficult than had been anticipated, and the architect began to fear he might not accomplish it before the river should again rise in its strength, so that it could not be pursued. Great interest was felt in the undertaking, and the papers in the vicinity, reported its progress, and speculated on its probable success. In this state of affairs, the manager told his men, that the work must proceed on the Sabbath. It was done; and for weeks, the scene of action resounded with the din of labor, on that holy day. Multitudes of the idle and thoughtless were attracted thither, and the day was desecrated by numbers who had hitherto kept it holy. The hearts of those who

loved the Sabbath, were deeply pained, and many predicted that a work thus prosecuted in open violation of the command of Jehovah, could not prosper. At length the stock holders interfered, and forbade any further labor on the Lord's day. The Dam was finished; the proud river was arrested in its course, and compelled to obey the bidding of man; and the proprietors, as well as the artificers, exulted in their success. In a short time after its completion, the river rose unusually high, and fears were excited for the safety of the work. Some slight injury was sustained, but it resisted so firmly, that it was proudly pronounced safe; able to sustain any mass of water that could be brought to bear upon it.

But he who tramples the law of God under foot and boasts that he has escaped with impunity, must learn sooner or later, that he has known but "a part of his ways." A large mill of excellent workmanship, containing six saws, had been completed, and they were just ready to commence operations, when by rain of several days continuance, the river was suddenly raised to an unusual height. The rush and roar of the water was fearful, but still the dam resisted and bore it unmoved. But the purposes of Jehovah

were not to be thwarted; and the elements were to “accomplish that whereto he had sent them.” The river, at his bidding, left its old channel, and cut a new one, carrying with it houses, gardens, shrubberies, mills, and the solid walls on which they stood, destroying property to a large amount, forming a frightful chasm, nearly a hundred feet in depth, and leaving the dam a *useless, solitary thing*.

It was an appalling scene; and what rendered it the more thrilling, was the circumstance, that the work of *desolation was completed on the Sabbath*, and on that day, men were employed in tearing down and removing an elegant mansion, belonging to some of the stock-holders, to save it from being carried away by the flood.

The public prints of the day, describe this scene, as one of desolation and terror to bystanders, and involving an immense pecuniary loss to the proprietors of the dam. It is not for us to say, how far this was a retribution, for *permitting* so gross a violation of the Sabbath, but certain it is, that the elements, under the control of the God who said, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,” fought against the work in a terrible and unprecedented manner.

SCENE IN NANTUCKET.

FROM THE N. Y. EVANGELIST.

"The sea is his, and he made it." *Psalms.*

The *Joseph Starbuck* was one of the most beautiful and perfect ships that ever sailed from any port. On the last *Sabbath* in November, 1842, this ship was towed out of the harbour of Nantucket, and across the bar, to be taken to the port of Edgarton, about thirty miles distant, on Martha's Vineyard, there to be loaded for a voyage of four years, round Cape Horn. About thirty seamen were on board the ship, and five ladies, relatives of the officers, were in the cabin, accompanying their friends to Edgarton, to remain with them, for the two or three weeks, during which they would be receiving their stores into the ship, for their long and adventurous voyage. Soon after crossing the bar, the wind freshened, and blowing directly against them, impeded their progress, and at eleven o'clock, it was so strong that the steam boat could not tow the ship against it; and it became necessary for the boat to return to the harbour, and for the ship to cast anchor till the wind should abate.

The wind, however, continued to increase, and in the afternoon it was blowing almost a gale. The latter part of the afternoon, a small coasting vessel which ran into the harbour for protection, brought the intelligence, that the ship had parted one of her chain cables, and that she was then riding by one anchor only. Great apprehension was consequently felt for the fate of the ship and those on board. But no relief could be afforded them. As the darkness of the night closed down around us, shutting out the distant ship from the reach of any glass, the cold and freezing wintry gale seemed inspired with new fury. It rushed with awful, with terrific power over our sea-girt island, and seemed actually to howl and yell, as it shook the very foundations of our dwellings. Few slept that night who were aware of the situation of the ship; and while longing for the dawn of the morning, they almost dreaded its approach from fear of the revelations they felt assured it must make.

Early in the morning, I went upon my house-top with a spy-glass, and immediately saw the ship four miles off, driven upon the bar, a melancholy wreck. It was intensely cold, the gale still raged with unabated fury, and the ship was

lying on her side, about a mile from the nearest shore, evidently bilged and full of water, her mizzen-mast gone, and the terrible billows of the ocean breaking over her, and throwing the spray topmast high. As I saw the ship rolling in those dreadful breakers, every wave apparently sweeping the deck with resistless power, the frozen sails floating in the gale, and the shrouds coated with ice, I thought it impossible that a single individual could have survived the horrors of the night. Soon learning that an attempt was to be made with the steam boat *Massachusetts*, to go to the wreck, as I had personal friends on board the ship, I could not resist the desire to accompany those who were bound to the rescue. The maddened wind rushed with but slightly abated fury, over the ocean, as the steamer left the wharf, and battling its way out of the harbor, faced the storm, and plunged through the foaming billows. As we drew near the wreck, hardly a hope remained, that any one on board could be living. The ship was lying upon her side, on the north-east end of the bar, a mile from the shore, evidently bilged and full of water, her shattered spars and rigging dashing in the foam around her, every thing swept from

the deck, the shrouds coated several inches thick with ice, the sea washing over her, and often breaking topmast high, and occasionally a wave of great magnitude would lift up the ship, and dash her against the bottom with indescribable fury. Some said, "it is impossible that any one can be living." Others said, "if there be any survivors, we can afford them no help, it will be impossible to take them from the wreck, in the midst of these breakers." There was sufficient depth of water between the bar and the shore for the steamer, and moving in that direction, we soon discovered a number of the crew, drenched with the waves and clinging to the icy rail of the ship, thus slightly protected from the fury of the sea. Many of them were bare-footed, and but slightly clothed, probably thus prepared to attempt to swim, as the only resort left them, should the ship go to pieces, as was momentarily feared. When the ship struck the bar, she fell upon her side, with her deck towards the shore, the lower rail being entirely under water, and the upper rail high in the air. It was under this upper rail, over which the sea was continually breaking, that the drenched and half frozen crew were clustered, clinging to it

in constant danger of being washed down the steep and slippery deck. The steamer, when opposite the ship, turned at right angles with it, and ran her bow directly upon the wreck, crushing the lower rail which was under the water, and a cable being immediately thrown over, the men on board the wreck siezed it, and made it fast to the capstan. While this was doing, we heard the cheering intelligence that all were living, and we saw standing in the companion-way, the entrance to the cabin, the ladies clustered together with drenched bonnets and dishevelled hair, and faces pallid with anxiety and suffering. The moment the engine stopped, as we threw over the cable to the crew, the gale blew the steamer with great rapidity from the wreck, and we were soon riding some twelve rods distant, held to the wreck by the cable.

A large surf-boat was then launched from the deck of the steamer into the boiling surges of the agitated ocean, and a select crew of hardy men, familiar with such dangers, leaped on board. No pen can describe the sublimity of the scene as they were "borne like a bubble onward," over these magnificent billows. At first they attempted to reach the deck in the face

of the gale, by pulling themselves along by the cable. But now a wave would lift them high in the air, above the cable, or dash them against it, and again sinking in the trough of the sea, the straightened cord would be vibrating far above them. No advance could be made in this way, and they therefore resorted to their oars. Slowly they made headway towards the wreck, and passing to and fro five several times, succeeded in removing all the sufferers safely on board the steamboat. Even now I can hardly conceive how it was possible, in the midst of the dashing billows of that stormy sea, to have made the transfer of those helpless ladies. One after another, however, they were all drawn up the side of the steamer, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit in the warm cabin.

* * * * *

As we drew near the wharf, apparently every male inhabitant of Nantucket, was there, to hear the tidings from the ship. We are not a noisy people, and the intelligence that all were saved, was silently, but gratefully received. Soon the rescued sufferers were conveyed to the firesides of their anxious friends.

Such, as given by a writer of undoubted

veracity, is this thrilling tale of the sea—a region over which, in a peculiar manner, Jehovah reigns alone—and where man, even when riding the billows, in the proudest work of his hands, must feel, that when God works, “none may stay his hand, or say to him, what doest thou.” Far be it from me to say, that the wreck of that beautiful vessel, which on the morning of the Lord’s day, “walked the waters like a thing of life, and the sufferings and peril of its crew, were a retribution for not remembering the command of him who has said, “The sea is his, and he made it.” The same disaster might have occurred, had it been “towed out of the harbor and over the bar” on some other than God’s own day. But I must believe, that had the hearts of those mariners been open to our view, during that night of horrors, we should have heard conscience whispering, “would that we had remembered the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;” and methinks the stoutest hearts must have recoiled from the thought of being called into the presence of their Judge, while in the very act of breaking his command. How much influence such a consciousness of wrong doing might have, in paralyzing exertion in such a

scene, we cannot know ; but this we know, that mind and body have their " fullness of strength " only when the conscience is at peace ; only when we can say, with the consciousness that the all-seeing eye is upon us, we are in the path of duty. This thought reminds me of another fact, of undoubted truth, which most forcibly illustrates, at least, the power of conscience over the workings of the intellect : an intellect, too, which had been trained, by years of arduous application, to obey the mandates of the will.



THE LAWVER AND THE SABBATH.

The late Rev. James P. Wilson, D. D., of Philadelphia, stated in a company of gentlemen, that when he was a lawyer in the State of Delaware, he generally made his briefs on the Sabbath, and that, when he did so, he almost without an exception, lost his case on Monday. At length he began to inquire why it was so ; and came to the conclusion that it was because he broke the Sabbath by making out said briefs. He at once resolved never again in his life to take any

part of that holy day, and devote it to the cause of his client. And he affirmed, that he never, after that, while in that profession, lost a case on Monday. This was before he became a Christian.

My son may, perhaps, after reading this, glance at some work of science, or of general literature which he has been tempted to open on the holy day, and ask, with a smile whether memory will not do its office? whether it will refuse to inscribe those beautiful thoughts, or those profound investigations on its imperishable tablets, because it chanced to be read upon the first day of the week? Or some young Tyro in the law, who has not yet traced its pure stream high enough to learn that all law proceeds from the throne of God, and derives all its power from the Divinity enshrined within us, may ask with a sneer, whether the great Lawgiver would stoop to blast his hopes, and render his efforts fruitless, just because he had written a few lines upon the Sabbath day? No, this I would not say. But this I do assert without fear of contradiction from any one who has bestowed a single thought on the mysteries of our being, that the human soul is an instrument of the most delicate and

complicated structure; and that it is only when kept in perfect harmony, that it gives forth at the bidding of the will, those tones of eloquence and power which will bow and subdue other minds and hearts to its sway. That perfect harmony and nice adjustment of its faculties is lost, when conscience, the rightful sovereign, is disobeyed. Then the baser passions, which are continually striving for the mastery, gain ascendancy, and the nobler powers of the intellect are crushed and trampled upon by their usurped and degrading authority.

No wonder, then, that the lawyer who made his briefs on the Sabbath, lost his case on Monday. The harmony of his soul was destroyed; there was an insurrection within that little, but wonderful world, the human heart, and it was in vain that he strove to give the full strength of a vigorous intellect to the subject before him, when his powers suffered a mutiny, and half his moral strength must be expended in vain efforts to restore peace to the perturbed spirit.

It is cheering to turn from the sad instances of the vengeance of Heaven, upon those who violate the holy day, to contemplate some cases, where God, in mercy, has peculiarly honored his own institution, making it the means of salvation to those who had long disregarded its sacred claims.

The following instance, from a member of the Theological Seminary, Andover, will be read with deep interest ; and oh ! that it might prove an encouragement to those who have hitherto lived in the neglect of worship, on the holy Sabbath, to turn their steps to the sanctuary, where a blessing may await them also :

THE SABBATH-BREAKER REFORMED.

In a recent excursion, I became acquainted with a young gentleman, who is a warm friend to tracts and all efforts to increase their circulation. He was possessed of that disposition, I hope, which would dispose him to regard all the benevolent and christian efforts of the day, with pious approbation ; but the cause of tracts, seemed to call forth his warmest feelings. The reason of this, I soon learned. A few years since,

he taught school in the town of H——, New York, and was the happy instrument of exciting the religious attention of a man and his wife, by reaching them a tract. They had treated him with attention and kindness, and he esteemed them as personally his friends; they were respectable in society, and carefully sought a present and temporal interest, but were negligent of a future and eternal one. They especially showed how far a worldly mind was leading them astray, by their treatment of the Sabbath. That was the day with them, as with too many others, to participate in the more respectable kinds of amusement. Instead of attending worship with the children of God, they used to ride off a few miles, in good weather, to visit their relations. This was a cause of pain to him, and he resolved to make a feeble effort to show them their error, and lead them to reform. On a Saturday morning, when other engagements would allow him to spend but a few moments with the family, he called upon them, and having done some little errand, as a pretext for calling, he proposed to read to them a tract, from a collection of bound volumes which he carried with him. He began to read, doubting whether the man would attend,

till he should close. The tract he had selected, was "A Persuasive to Public Worship." He was himself much interested, and read with spirit, and soon found he had the close attention of the man and his wife. As he closed the tract, which near the end, entreats the reader or hearer, to be with the people of God on the very next Sabbath, he left the house. He was affected; he felt that he had performed a duty of expostulation and reproof, which he could not have done so satisfactorily by his own remarks, and he felt, as every one should feel, who attempts to give reproof, the need of divine assistance. He walked but a few rods, and gave vent to his burdened mind, by earnest prayer that a blessing might attend his feeble effort. On the morrow, he was agreeably surprised to see the man at meeting; and soon, too, he learned that both the man and his wife were earnestly inquiring the way of reconciliation with an offended God. The way was shown them as it is hoped, by the Holy Spirit, and in one month from the time when they first entered the house of prayer on the Sabbath, they were joyfully hoping in Christ.

SABBATH EVENING AT HOME.

A young man, in giving an account of his conversion, says, "One Sabbath, after attending divine service, and after the rest of the day spent in awful transgression, I returned home in the evening and joined the family, to whom my sister was reading a tract aloud. Contrary to my usual practice, I remained to hear it, and with my sin fresh in my remembrance, I listened with deep emotion to its awful truths. It was entitled "The End of Time." The passages which particularly struck me, were these: "The end of time." When shall the sinner's heart give up its last hope? None are completely miserable before death; indeed, the vilest men are often the most merry; but it will not be always so. Their joy will be turned into heaviness. Imagine the Judge upon the throne, calling you to answer these inquiries at his bar. "How have you spent the many Sabbaths I have afforded? Did you improve your time well?" "Time shall end!" How valuable then, while it lasts, particularly to the unprepared! Every hour you have is a merciful respite. Go forth

and meet your offended Sovereign! Seek him while he may be found; call upon him while he is near. Go in the name of Jesus; plead his righteousness, his blood, his death, his intercession, and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

The young man read the tract, and prayed over it. The Lord was pleased to open the eyes of his understanding, and to begin a good work in him. He is now a candidate for the ministry, and a consistently pious character.

THE POOR FISH WOMAN.

FROM WHITECROSS' ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Rev. J. Patteson, of Edinburgh, having occasion to preach on a Sabbath-day, in Dundee, had, previously to his leaving home, laid aside and ordered to be packed up, with some necessary articles, a certain note-book, which contained the sermon he wished to preach. On his arrival in Dundee, however, which was not till the Saturday evening, on examining the contents of his valise, he found the note-book wanting,

nor had any other been substituted in its place. He was, therefore, late as it was, obliged to make choice of a new subject, but so defective was his preparation, that he feared he should not only disgrace himself, but the christian ministry likewise. But "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It happened on the afternoon of that very Sabbath, that a poor fish-woman, notorious for clamor and profanity, blundered into the meeting, and such was the subduing effect of the sermon, upon her soul, as immediately to produce the most marked change in her spirit and conduct. On Monday, she attended, with her fish-basket, at market as usual; but oh, how changed! Instead of her former noise and profanity, she was quiet and calm as a lamb; instead of asking from her customers, double or triple the value of her fish, she spoke to them with discretion, and told them the lowest price at once. Surprised at this new behaviour of the woman, some who were present, judging she might be indisposed, began to inquire for her health. One of them, in particular, said to her, "Dear Margaret, what is the matter with you? you are not at all as you used to be." "No," replied Margaret, "and I hope

I never shall be. It pleased God, to lead me, yesterday, to Mr. M'Ewen's meeting-house, where I heard words I will never forget, and found something come over me, the like of which I never knew before." The woman lived to give the most satisfactory evidence of the soundness of her conversion, by a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel.

THE UNKNOWN.

FROM THE LIFE OF KILPIN.

A lady in high life, introduced herself to his study with the apology that she thought it her duty to inform him that, some years before, she was passing the street as a stranger, on the Sabbath, when, seeing many persons enter a passage, she followed them, and found herself within his chapel. Every object was new; but she listened, and was interested in the sermon. Immediately after, she left England, and with some young friends, became the inmate of a convent of France, to finish her education. While there, every argument was employed to convert them

to the Roman Catholic religion. Her English associatēs were overcome by these persuasions. "Your discourse, sir," said she, "which I could never get from my mind, has been my preservation from that period to the present, though I have been beset with every snare from family connections," &c. Mr. Kilpin recommended suitable books to her attention, and devoutly committed her to the God of heaven, while she knelt by him, bathed in tears. Her name or residence he knew not, but we may hope that in glory she will be among those who will bless the Lord, that, while here on earth, he gave them his Sabbaths.



THE BLESSING AND THE CURSE.

FROM THE EPISCOPAL RECORDER.

THE particulars of the following very striking incident, were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.

In a seaport town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached, on Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of his discourse, to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath, attracted an overflowing audience.

After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed, when he suddenly paused, leaned his hand on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed, but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering on his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote.

“It is now exactly fifteen years,” said he, since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may remember, the very same which has now brought us together. Among those that came hither that evening, were three young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him, as he stood in

the pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said, impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead? throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let me first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he cried, 'Aye!' confound him, it is only as I expected; throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which brought them there. At this remark, his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself *remained till the end*.

"Now mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what was afterwards the fate of these young men. The first was hanged at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder, in the jail in this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"The third, my brethren, is he who is about to address you! listen to him."

HOPE, AND TRY AGAIN.

The following facts, communicated by Rev. Dr. Matheson of England, to the New York Evangelist, furnish encouragement for effort in cases apparently hopeless. A poor man, who was a slave to strong drink, came home one Sabbath evening intoxicated and found his child dead. Notwithstanding his degraded condition, he was not wholly lost to the feelings of nature, and the event deeply affected him. After some time his wife persuaded him to go and order a coffin. On his way, passing a place of worship, he was attracted by the music, and thought he would just go in and hear the singing, promising to himself that he would stay no longer, lest he should hear something which would make him feel worse. But after the singing, he thought he would hear the text. This was, "Prepare to meet thy God." He was alarmed at the very sound and left the house. As he was turning the street, a young man handed him a small paper, saying it was very short, it would not take him long to read it, and it might do him good. But what was his astonishment,

to find at the head of the paper, the very same words which had just created so much alarm, "Prepare to meet thy God?" This very much increased the impression on his mind, and that night he began to pray. For some time, he was on the borders, of despair, till, at length, he called on one of the secretaries of the society that published the tract, and received such directions, as, by the blessing of God, led him to the Savior, and he is now an humble follower of Jesus, and a consistent member of the church.



