















THE  
**MOTHERS FRIEND**  
EDITED  
by  
**ANN JANE,**



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## PREFACE

### TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

ON the bosom of Time's gentle and ever-flowing stream we are borne to the close of another year, reminding us that we have an additional word to say to our friends. Another year of our short life is closing, with all its responsibility and accountability. The Recording Angel is noting down the events of its last month. When the books are opened, on the day that will reveal secrets, what will be found written there of us? Shall it be read that we have done what we could?

Many who commenced the year with us, full of life and energy, ready with heart and hand to aid mothers, have left us on the way, and are gone to the rest of heaven; others are treading the border-land; and others, again, are gone to distant parts of the globe, and are asking to have our little messenger translated into the language of heathen mothers.

We could tell our friends many heart-cheering tales of success,—of grateful mothers' letters to us, of family altars raised, of little children brought to the feet of Jesus; but we would rather our friends should watch the progress of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND," for themselves. We are thank-

ful that our heavenly Father has allowed us to travel so far, visit so many thousands of homes, cheer so many hearts, and help so many mothers and Sabbath-school teachers in their arduous work.

We present our best thanks to our friends who have aided us by the pen, and who have distributed from house to house so many numbers during the past year,—thus working with us in this wide and interesting vineyard; we earnestly ask a continuance of their efforts, and an interest in their prayers, that we may still work on beneath the smiles and blessing of Heaven.

To our friends who ask us for information on the subject of Maternal Associations, we refer them to the February, March, and April numbers of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" for 1853. They will find help also from "The Mother's Monitor" (Readings for Twelve Meetings), "The Mother's Hymn Book," and "A Friendly Invitation to the Maternal Meeting:"

THE  
MOTHERS' FRIEND.

HAIL TO THE OPENING YEAR.

“There is a fairy skiff plying on the sea of life ;  
And charitably toiling to save the shipwrecked crews ;  
Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,  
Piloting through surf and strait the fragile barks of men.  
How cheering is her voice, how skillfully she guideth ;  
How nobly bending onwards, yet defying even death !  
To-morrow is that skiff,—a wise and welcome rescue ;  
And full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is Hope.  
Often the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,—  
And kind to-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.”

We offered a few suggestive thoughts, pertinent, as we hoped, to the season, on our last visit. Allow us now to greet you on the new-born year.

We are aware that in many circles this is a season of enjoyments, pleasures, and amusements we have no wish to destroy, or even disturb. We like to see the buoyant light-heartedness of youth—the rational and chastened hilarity of the more matured. We are no ascetics. We only desire to drop a word in the affectionate hope that the excited spirits, with which each class regards the newly expanding scene, may be kept within the limits that, steadily pursued, will lead to that happy land where sorrows and disappointments shall be no more known. But while cheerfulness and happiness prevail, do not let us forget that time is rapidly hastening us to our

great account—yet a little, and these flying years will stop, and all appear before the “great white throne.”

Mothers! should not the new year commence by a grateful recognition of the hand which has showered upon us past and present blessings? Gratitude is a disposition that commends itself to our respect and esteem, wherever we see it; the reverse necessarily excites our dislike and detestation. If *we*, then, have strong feelings in reference to a grateful spirit, what may we imagine to be the views of *Him* to whom we are indebted for every thing we possess? View our heavenly Father's goodness from any point—be it temporal or spiritual—the thoughtful mind can have but one sentiment—GRATITUDE..

And should we not begin the year, too, with penitential acknowledgment for past errors, and earnest pleadings for forgiveness? In many things we all offend. Who has not failed in duties every day? What mother among us will not plead guilty? Who can count the faults of the past? Who can explore them in their height or depth? Shall we examine them? We are soon lost in shame and confusion of face; no course remains but earnest pleadings at the throne of the Eternal, with solemn resolutions to renew, with sincerity and ardour, vows of consecration to God's service—resolving to attend to every duty with the last day of the last year in view—when the past, the present, and the future shall meet us again in the opened books, and fathers, mothers, and children shall be face to face at the judgment-seat of Christ.

Fathers! allow us to appeal to you! The post you occupy as the presiding genius of the household, the head of the family, on whom the wife should be able to rest with confidence—to whom children should look with respect and esteem—of whom dependents should be unable to say truthfully aught but good—how inexpressibly responsible is your position! Do you realise your mission? Are the souls of wife, children, dependents, dear to you?

Do you desire to meet the Great Judge in peace, when the disclosing day shall come? Then let the year 1854 be profitably commenced.

Mothers! (for we forget not our special vocation) we long to demonstrate ourselves unceasingly your friend. We enter on our duties with high hopes and expectations for you. Dear mothers! your home may be humble—your board may be scantily supplied—your family circle may involve many trials and afflictions—but cheer up! Look to the Fountain whose unexhausted supplies are ever flowing, and they are freely offered to you; begin the year with a sincere dependence on the Redeemer, and as your days your strength shall be.

Sabbath-school teachers! ONWARD must be your motto; take with you into your class every Sabbath one little sentence—WORKING FOR ETERNITY. Youthful readers!—we have many of your class—our thoughts are turned to you. What shall we say to engage you in the service of our blessed Lord? The very greatness of the subject straitens our expression. We can only say, Beloved young friends! if you desire a happy youth—a useful maturity—a peaceful old age—seek it of Him in whose favour is life, and who has said, “Love them who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me.” We close our appeal. Bear with us; we long to do you good, and shall now, from month to month, through the eventful year (God helping us), heartily strive to furnish abundant evidence that we are, as we have ever desired to be,

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

### WHAT IS A YEAR?

WHAT is a year? 'Tis but a wave.  
 On life's dark rolling stream,  
 Which is so quickly gone that we  
 Account it but a dream.

## A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

'Tis but a single earnest thro'p  
Of Time's old iron heart,  
Which tireless is, and strong as when  
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn  
Of Time's old brazen wheel—  
Or but a page upon the book,  
Which death must shortly seal.  
'Tis but a step upon the road,  
Which we must travel o'er ;  
A few more steps, and we shall walk  
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath,  
From Time's old nostrils blow'n ;  
As, rushing onward o'er the earth,  
We hear his weary moan.  
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,  
Or dew upon the lawn ;  
As transient as the mists of morn  
Beneath the summer sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type  
Of life's oft-changing scep'e ;  
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,  
With hills and valleys green.  
Next Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,  
Then Autumn with a tear,  
Then comes old Winter—Death and all  
Must find their level here.

## A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

“ Her house  
Was ordered well ; her children taught the way  
Of life, who, rising up in honour, call'd  
Her blessed.”

Who among us has ever felt, as we ought, the fearful responsibilities of the maternal relation? Who has ever told us yet, the extent of happiness or misery which will result from our training the immortal creatures committed

to our care? If we had only to guide the household group into paths of rectitude and happiness for a few short years in this life, and then could tell them that at the end of that brief space they would cease to be, we might with a less anxious heart sit by and fold our hands, as they pursue life's winding path; but when we reflect that we have immortal spirits resting in our arms, or running by our side, we can find no words sufficiently emphatic to characterise the folly of that mother who can think lightly of her duties. Let us reason the matter with you, young mother.

That infant boy of yours, all feeble and helpless as he appears, possesses a rational soul—an intellectual power—a spirit which all devouring time can never destroy—which can never die! It will outlive the splendours of the sun, and the burning brilliancy of the host of Heaven! Throughout the infinite ages of eternity, when all these shall have answered the end of their creation, and shall have been blotted out from their positions in the regions of space, the soul of the humblest child, redeemed by the blood of Christ, will shine with ever-increasing splendour before the eternal throne, filled with holy light and Divine love, and ever active in the praise of its Creator. On the other hand, if your child is trained only for earth, and dies in unbelief, he will be dragged down by rebel spirits to the dark regions of the lost; and in endless woe, through eternity, he will curse *you*—his mother, who gave him birth—because you neglected to lead him into the narrow road, ending in happiness with God. To bear a mother's name, and not fulfil a mother's part! How awful!

But a mother who feels the value of her own immortal spirit, and ponders over the responsibility attached to the relation she bears, looks upon her infant with sensations altogether peculiar to herself—with solicitude that is absolutely unutterable; and she exclaims, with deep feeling,



“Who is sufficient to fulfil the mighty obligations?” Such a mother said to us one day, while the tears were rolling over her pale cheeks—“I am sometimes tempted to regret I ever bore the honoured name of mother!”—so great was her sense of the maternal responsibility. As the pious mother gazes upon the lovely countenance of her household darling, she often exclaims—“My precious child, thou art an inestimable treasure committed to my charge, and I am accountable to God, our awful Judge, for the way I train thee. Truly, thou art fearfully and wonderfully made—thy delicate frame is more feeble than that of the beasts that perish, yet art thou ordained to survive the wreck of worlds—thou art born to witness the awful catastrophe of the stars falling useless from their orbits, of the sun being extinguished, and old Time himself expiring. While slumbering on thy mother’s lap thou art peaceful and secure—her smiles are all the joys of earth to thee; but little dost thou think, all unconscious as thou art, of her solicitude for thy future welfare, and of her prayers for thine eternal salvation. Should thy life be prolonged to manhood—O what will thy character be?—what thy pursuits?—what thy influence among the sons of men? If I am allowed to behold thy career, shall I see thee a young disciple of Jesus? Shall my soul rejoice in knowing thou art a man of God? Wilt thou be a good soldier of the cross? Wilt thou fight the good fight of faith, and at last lay hold of eternal life? Full well I know, it were better far that my tears should fall on my infant’s grave now, than that he should grow up a hater of God—an unbeliever—a haughty sceptic—dreaded by the wise and good, and dangerous to society—wretched in life—wretched in death—and wretched in eternity!” We must rest our pen, but we have not half finished our paper on our great responsibility.

## THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

“A happy new year!”—is the wish that falls  
 From thousands of lips on this cheerful day;  
 And its echo on kindred hearts recalls  
 The thoughts of others which have passed away.  
 When wishes as kind, and hopes not less bright,  
 Have spoken our love and dazzled our sight  
 With their pleasing light!”

A LARGE circle were gathered around the cheerful fire of a Scotch family, as the last hour of the old year drew nigh. Our friends belonged to the class—now fast gliding away—who like to keep up old customs, particularly those they had known in their youthful days. The whole family, with their friends who were visiting them, were to bid the old year farewell, and greet the new year ere they retired. This was a home custom of theirs. We were a merry party and a large one, and there was something exciting about the season to all, so that even the young eyes which, on any other evening, would have been closed for hours, seemed as bright as the morning sun.

As the expiring moments of the old year drew near, we all became silent and thoughtful; only a few golden sands remained to run out, and we stood at its grave. Some of us retraced the events which had gone before it to eternity, and we thought of the ever-widening circles there—we remembered how, at the birth of this same old year, we stood with hushed voice and almost pulseless heart to gaze upon the pallid cheek, the quivering lip and heaving chest of the dying friend, and we thought—

How, for a little while  
 Time passes on—  
 Flowers, that our hopes beguile,  
 Fade one by one!  
 All that our love can say  
 Of those who blessed our way,  
 Is—that they passed their day—  
 Lived—and are gone!

Presently, amidst the most profound silence, the old

clock gave note that the last grain had run out. We all started, and one of the little ones ran across to her mother's knee. As soon as the tongue of time had ceased, the door opened, and an old servant, bending under the weight of a tray, entered and placed upon the table such warm Scotch cakes and other good things as the family had been wont to see on the table, at this moment of time, in the far-off home of their childhood. The gentleman of the house now arose, and shook hands with the whole circle, greeting all with a "Happy new year!" Then came the flute-like voices of the little ones, singing, "Happy new year. Happy new year!" We soon found ourselves on our feet, laughing and weeping as the past and the future seemed to blend together. It was like a resting-place in the journey of life, where we could stand and look both ways; backward to the joys and sorrows of the past, and forward to the uncertain future. Turning round, we perceived John, the faithful old servant, still lingered, and with bowed head he rested on the back of his master's chair. When the greetings were over, our host observing him, said, in a tone of inquiry, "Well, John?" as if to know why he waited now. "Master," said the good old man, "for a quarter of a century I have served your family, and yourself since you were a wee bit boy; this new year's morning completes the period. May you see many happy new years; but as for me, I shall soon enter where they do not measure time, but where I shall be thanking my heavenly Father for a God-fearing master, who has taught me the way there." The last words were scarcely audible, from the old man's deep emotion. Nobody saw old John walk out of the room, for all faces were covered.

After all had partaken of the Scotch cakes, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, arm-in-arm, followed by all the children, who seemed to understand the movement, walked out of the room laughing and nodding "Good-bye" to all of us who were

visitors. "Where are they gone? and what are they going to do?" we asked, but none could reply. In a short time they all returned in the same order, with very happy faces. "It is our old Scotch plan," said our friend, "to go down at this hour, and wish a 'Happy new year' to our servants in the hall, to shake hands with them all, and to present them with little presents, prepared by our children during the year; and they all look as happy down there as we do here." Well, we thought, this is a happy beginning of the new year; be it Scotch or English fashion, we like it right well. After the whole household had been committed to the care of Him who allows time to roll on for us, we all retired to dream of a "Happy new year," thus so very agreeably commenced.

Alas! where are those who composed that loving circle? where? and echo said, "where!"

## THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

*For "The Mother's Friend."*

LAURA EDWARDS was only fifteen years of age when, with three sisters, she was left an orphan. Her father, though not professedly pious, was moral and exemplary; but her mother was a zealous disciple of Christ, whose religion shone brightly in all her conduct. Aware that her end was near, she called her children and embraced them tenderly, saying, "How can I leave you, my darling ones?" but she meekly surrendered them, and with many prayers and tears resigned them into the hands of Him to whose embrace her spirit soon departed.

Laura now devoted herself entirely to the care and education of her younger sisters; her communications with them were spontaneous—what she said issued from the heart, as waters from an overflowing fountain. One of these dear children, Anna, was one day met by a friend—there was a tear in her eye. "Why have you been weeping?"

the friend asked; "are you unhappy?" "There are other tears," she replied, "than those of sadness and grief; dear Laura has been talking such good things to us!" and Anna's tears flowed again. The three sisters and their foster-mother had been sitting under a tree in the front of the house; the eldest had been conversing cheerfully with them, while they, full of affection, were crowning her with flowers, and calling her their "May-Queen."

"Dear sisters," said Laura, "let me tell you a story about one who was crowned a great many years ago." They all listened—even Caroline, the youngest, manifested her eagerness. Laura told the tale of the sufferings of Christ—how He was crowned with thorns—how the sharp points of the thorns were thrust into His head—how He continued to suffer insult and pain until He was nailed to the cross. After she had finished, and while her sisters were bathed in tears, she told them that "Christ suffered and died for us, so that we might believe in Him, and have our sins pardoned and be saved." "But is not all this in your catechism, dear Anna?" said the friend; "you have heard it before; how came you to be so much affected by what your sister said?" "Oh!" exclaimed Anna, "sister Laura did not tell the story as it is in the catechism; she never talks to us in that way. Jesus Christ never seemed so dear to me before. He is my Saviour; I never thought of that till to-day?"

In this manner was the seed sown in these young hearts—seed which sprang up and produced plants which budded and blossomed, and brought forth fruit. These sisters are now all rejoicing with Laura in the hope of eternal life. Mother! what a lesson is here presented to you, to train up your children for God—to sow the seed of Divine truth early—a word from a dying bed is often powerful and effective; and what must be the joy of such a sister as Laura, who, treading in the steps of a pious mother, seeks a suitable opportunity to bring her dear sisters to Christ!

The preceding account, extracted from an American work, and abridged for the sake of brevity, affords a striking illustration of the sentiment, that where there exists a desire to do good, the opportunity will not be wanting.

R. C.

### A MOTHER'S UNDYING INFLUENCE.

MR. J. B. GOUGH was delivering a lecture to young men, on the subject of "Habit;" and he alluded to the influence of habits contracted in early youth, and the lasting impressions likely to be produced by religious teaching. "I remember," he said, "the teachings of a praying, pious mother. That mother was very poor; but she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility, and she had a patent, signed and sealed with His blood. She died a pauper, and was buried without a shroud, and without a prayer. But she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayers; and the Lord God Almighty as the executor of her last will and testament. That mother taught me to pray, and in my early life I had acquired the habit of praying. She, with the assistance of teachers in the Sabbath school, had helped to store my mind with passages of Scripture. We do not forget what we learn; it may be buried—it may be hid away in some obscure corner of the heart—but, by-and-by, circumstances reveal to us the fact, that we know much more than we dreamed we knew. After that mother's death I went out into the world, exposed to temptations. I fell; I acquired bad habits; for seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth, like an unblest spirit wandering over a barren desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry, hot sand. The livery of my master had been to me a garment of burning poison. Bound with the fetters of evil habit—habit, like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire (oh, how fervent!) to stand where I had once hoped to

stand! Seven years of darkness—seven years of dissipation—seven years of sin! There I stood. ‘Ah!’ says one, ‘what is the effect now of a mother’s teaching—of a mother’s prayers—of Sabbath-school instruction, and of the good habits that you formed in early life?’ Oh, I stood there, I remember it well—feeling my own weakness—feeling that ‘the way of transgressors is hard,’ and that ‘the wages of sin is death’—feeling in my heart of hearts all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers that God had given to me wasted—conscious that I had been chasing the bubble pleasure, and finding nothing—gaining nothing by it. There I stood—that mother had passed to heaven.

“I remember one night sitting with her in the garret—we had no candle—she said to me, ‘John, I am growing blind. I do not feel it much; but you are young; it is hard for you; but never mind, John, there is no night there. There is no need of any candle there. The Lamb is the light thereof.’ She has changed that dark, gloomy garret, to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour’s smiles. ‘But was her influence lost? No. As I stood, feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed, had spanned the dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation, and struck the heart, and opened it. I felt utterly my own weakness, and the passages of Scripture that were stored away in my mind—buried, as it were, in the memory—came, as if whispered again by the loving lips of that mother into my ear. ‘He is able to save to the uttermost.’ That is what I want. I want to be saved. I cannot save myself. I want to be ‘saved to the uttermost.’ ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’” This was the force and influence of a mother’s teaching. It was the force—as it were—of a good habit, that had been utterly broken up, and destroyed by the acquisition of the evil habits of sin.”

Ponder these words, mother, as you tread life's winding path, leading your little group towards the celestial city; and when you tremble over the sight of blighted hopes, and are ready to stumble at discouragements, cheer up, while you think of the teachings in the little garret of John Gough's mother, and the glorious results.

### TRUTHFULNESS.

MR. STEADY, at the time we write, had been five years managing clerk to the house of Messrs. Good, Raward, and Co., general merchants. He had spent the principal part of his life in the service of the firm, for he left his native village when a boy, with a recommendation from the brother of Mr. Raward, and was, in consequence, admitted at once into the warehouse; where, by diligence and good nature (for he was ever ready to lend a helping hand), he soon became a favourite, and on the first vacancy was promoted. He delighted to relate the following story to his friends, which he said was at the bottom of all his preferment.

"A stranger was once staying a Sabbath in our village, and being a kind man, and moreover a dear lover of children, he visited the Sunday school. The superintendent, observing a stranger, went up to him, and addressing him freely and affectionately, soon found a response. He then asked him if he would be kind enough to address the children. 'They like variety,' said he, 'and are generally pleased with strangers, and who can tell but you may leave a blessing behind.' To this request the stranger cheerfully consented; the great object he had in view in his address was to enforce the importance and show the value of truthfulness, and with great simplicity he told the following tale:— Charles Cobb was a dutiful little boy, and being very affectionate, his parents loved him much, and delighted to give him all the pleasure they could. One day they were



going to drink tea and spend the evening with a sick and aged relative, and as it would not be proper to take him with them, they told him he might invite some of his young friends to take tea with him, and spend the evening in playing games. With this plan Charles was delighted, and several invitations were sent and accepted, and the young visitors were all punctual to the time.

“Mrs. Cobb, before she left, kindly arranged all for them, and said she hoped they would be very good, and then they would be very happy. The tea being made and served out by their own hands was doubly delicious—and there are but few except children who properly understand this enjoyment—to have seen their smiling, happy faces would have done your heart good. Tea being over, preparation was made for the evening games. Now their little chubby faces gathered around the table, and they beheld with delight the puzzles and games laid before them; many a little hand was stretched out, and many a sweet voice was heard crying—‘Oh let me look at that.’ After some time spent in this way, the young party began to weary; more exciting games were proposed, and they all started off to ‘hunt the hare.’ Now they were lively indeed, and scampered round and round the room like wild creatures. Billy Holmes in particular ran about, to the great danger of the things in the room. At last, being hardly pressed by one of the little girls, he dashed behind a table in the corner, which he knocked down, and broke to pieces an alabaster vase and glass cover. The noise at once alarmed them and put a stop to their mirth, and the distress of poor Charles was very great, for he knew it was a favourite of his father’s. He began to cry, saying, ‘Oh what shall I do? Papa will be so angry!’—‘Don’t cry, dear,’ said Billy, ‘I am very sorry, indeed; but you can say the cat was frightened, and jumped upon the table and knocked it down.’ ‘Oh no,’ said Charles, ‘that would be telling a story, and I would suffer anything rather than tell a story;

and I am sure papa would be more grieved at my telling a story than breaking the vase, for he has often told me always to speak the truth, come what may.

"The little story," said Mr. Steady, "was enforced by many kind observations, and to this story I owe all my preferment; it made a lasting impression on my mind, and soon after I entered this house, I was accidentally placed in circumstances which strongly tested my truthfulness. The story came to my aid, and I boldly avowed the whole truth—this so pleased my employers, that I soon rose in their estimation, and having practised truthfulness all my life, I now enjoy their entire confidence." M. D.

## A PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

### THE RAW APPLE.

A SHORT TIME ago I entered an omnibus, the occupants of which were chiefly females. Opposite me sat a clean, dark-eyed young mother, of pleasing appearance, evidently a foreigner. She held on her knee an interesting little girl of two years old. The child's eyes and complexion were dark, like her own; but its little fingers were sadly attenuated, and its countenance very sickly. The child held in its hand a hard, green, raw apple, which it appeared to enjoy very much. After a remark or two about the child, I said to its mother, "Why do you feed your baby with such unwholesome food? You cannot expect her to be healthy; you should not give her raw apples." The young mother replied, very innocently, "She likes them, ma'am, and she cries for them when she sees them." "Very likely," rejoined I; "but if you never gave them to her, she would never expect them. The stomach of so young a child cannot digest food of this kind. You might roast or bake them, and then they would be very wholesome." Very good-humouredly the mother said, "She is

not well, and she would cry if she did not have them." Further conversation was not possible, for the conductor had forgotten to set her down at her destination, and she was in great trouble how to get back; she was eventually put into the first returning omnibus, and I saw her no more.

I have often thought of this young mother since. She was evidently a kind and careful mother. The child's clothes, and especially its under-garments, though old and faded, were scrupulously clean. She looked at her pretty baby with pride and tenderness. She was endeavouring to make it happy; and yet she was its greatest enemy, both morally and physically. She was ruining her child's health, by cramming it with indigestible trash, instead of wholesome food. She exercised no moral discipline over it; and if that child lives to grow up, it will probably have a sickly constitution, and an ill-regulated mind. Almost all mothers may give their children wholesome food. They may refuse to give them what they cry for. They may accustom them early to be denied what is not good for them; and these few apparently trifling things would go far as a foundation for a rightly ordered education. Few mothers are too poor, or too ignorant, to teach their children such little things as these. E. G.

We have more raw apples in store.—ED.

## FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. II.

### SARAH.

• "And the name of Abram's wife was Sarai."—Gen. xi. 29.

WHAT an important female character do these few words introduce to our notice. The "princess" of Israel—the mother of God's chosen people—she was, as we learn from Gen. xx. 12, the half-sister, as well as the wife of Abram. Such marriages were common in the East and in Egypt;

that they were, however, contrary to the will of God, we gather from their being strictly forbidden to the Jews by the laws of Moses. Abraham and Nahor might be led to take their near relations in marriage, to avoid any connexion with idolatrous nations around them. Under the clear light of Christianity they are plainly repugnant to the Word of God and the interests of morality and society.

The companion of her husband's heaven-appointed wanderings, we find Sarah sharing his temporary sojourn in Egypt. It appears that the eastern custom of veiling the face was practised even at that early period; and we cannot, therefore, acquit Sarah of a measure of personal vanity, or at least of a neglect of what was considered womanly delicacy, in exposing her beauty to the gaze of the voluptuous nobles. Mark the consequence of her conduct—she was taken into the palace of Pharaoh, to add to the number of his wives, and only preserved from dishonour by the direct interference of God. We grieve over the equivocation of which Abram was guilty; before God—who looks to the motive and intention of an act—it was a lie. How easily does man's corrupt nature turn into sin even the purest and noblest affections of the human heart! Young wife, has God bestowed on you a fair outside? Seek not the admiration of society; be satisfied with that of your husband, and let your beauty be to him a fire-side light.

Surrounded by wealth, servants; and possessing her husband's ardent love, Sarah had still one bitter ingredient in her cup of life—she had no child. True, the promise had been given of a numerous race; but, as year after year rolled away without its fulfilment; Sarah, whose faith was far inferior to Abram's, became impatient at the delay, and she foolishly resolved to take her own means for accomplishing the Divine decrees. Do we speak to any who, like Sarah, sit by a lonely hearth, and, it may be, from amidst luxury and splendour, envy the cottage mother the

rosy children who cling around her? Ah! try to believe that your fire-side would not be silent, if there were not a needs be for it; the longed-for gift has been withheld in mercy—perhaps to keep you from idolatry.

The blessing refused as yet to the mistress was bestowed on the young Egyptian, and the wishes of Sarah seemed to be fulfilled; her joy, however, was of short duration. Hagar was unable to conceal her pride; and, in her elevation to be the second wife of her master, she forgot her respect for her mistress. Would that we could pass over the painful scene which followed. Sarah's haughty spirit could ill brook the insults of her rival, and she unjustly accuses Abram as the author of her trouble. Yielding to his love for her, he permits the woman he ought to have cherished to be exposed to Sarah's rage, until the afflicted Hagar flees from them. Assured and comforted by an angel, she is commanded to return and submit to her mistress—a seemingly hard task; but Hagar obeys, and we do not read of any further violence.

Foiled in her attempt to forestal the providence of God, by His direct refusal to accept Ishmael as the promised seed, Sarah is, however, again assured that *she* should have a son—the gracious promise was received, not with humble faith, but with scornful laughter. Is she alone in her unbelief? Are there no mothers who, instead of resting on the faithful word of God for themselves and their children, look only at the obstacles—to *their* eyes, impassable hindrances—to the accomplishment of that word. It would seem as if Sarah's unbelief gave way after the reproof of the angel, for we are told of her "*faith*" in Heb. xi. 11. Our pen must rest now, or our paper will be too long.

L. T.

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### "MOTHER, I AM DYING NOW?"

Who does not wish to be in a world where all is perfection, and love, and happiness—free from all sin, and its

consequences? There is something very soothing in the thought, when looking upon a dear little suffering child, that it will soon be happy and perfect, in the fold of the good Shepherd.

Upon one of these "little ones" some friends were gazing. She was a poor little girl, crippled and deformed from her birth. She was now seized with a disease which threatened to remove her from a world where she had suffered much. She was a very affectionate child, and no word of complaining had ever passed her lips. Sometimes the tears would come into her eyes, when she saw in her presence children more physically blessed than herself, at the thought of her deprivation; but that was all. She was so gentle, so considerate of giving pain, and so desirous to please all around her, that she had endeared herself to every member of her family, and to all who knew her. At length the progress of the disease was so rapid, it was seen she could not long survive. She grew worse and worse. One night, in an interval of pain, she called her mother to her bedside and said, "Mother, I am dying now. I hope I shall see you and my brothers and sisters in heaven. Won't I be straight, and not a cripple, mother, when I get to heaven?" And so the little sorrowing child passed for ever away.

Mother! did you ever thank God that your children are born without deformity? Or, if you are nursing a little afflicted one, can you not rejoice in the thought that it shall be perfect and beautiful, when it walks the golden street, in the company of angels, and the angel's Lord? Are you training it for that happy, perfect place? Are you going there yourself? You have a map of the country, with a description of its travellers; examine it, and by its aid examine your own walking; the road is "narrow," but wide enough for two—you, and your Saviour.

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THOUGHTS BY AN OLD DIVINE.

Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes, in four immediate generations. First, Abia was Roboam's son—that is, a bad father had a bad son; secondly, Asa was the son of Abia—a bad father and a good son; third, Josaphat was the son of Asa—a good father and a good son; fourth, Joram was the son of Josaphat—a good father and a bad son. I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed—this is bad news for me; but I see, also, that actual impiety is not always hereditary—this is good news for me.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behaviour will not conceal, or make tolerable—and there is no external grace which ill-nature, pride, or affectation will not deform.

COURAGE, PIOUS MOTHER!

A great and good man said, just before he went to heaven—"The early religious impressions made on my mind by my godly mother, have followed me in all my wanderings through life." Courage, then, good mother! You think your sphere of action humble and obscure, perhaps; but you may be moulding a character that shall influence the world through distant ages—work on in faith.

HAPPINESS.

Inward peace of mind, consciousness of integrity, and a satisfactory view of our own conduct, are circumstances very requisite to happiness.

## ADDRESS AT A MATERNAL MEETING.

## REMINISCENCES.

“ Life is a slender thread,  
 Like filmy gossamer,  
 That floating o'er head,  
 The slightest breath may stir.  
 The waving bough—the autumn wind—  
 But moves—and who the thread shall find ?”

FOURTEEN years ago, dear friends, we met in this very spot—a little band of mothers and teachers—to form ourselves into a Maternal Association. Well has the poet sung—

“ We take no note of time but by its loss.”

From how many lips will the words issue, “ How fast the years have glided by !” —And the question is asked, “ Can it be so long ?” How varied are the events by which we measure this space of time. One will say, “ Ah, it must be as long ; for my dear girl was an infant then, and now she walks by my side as a bright companion. Yes, it must be so.” Another will say, “ Ah, I do remember my precious boy ~~was~~ with me then, but from the time he has lain in the tomb it must be so.” Then that mother goes back to the scene of years flown by, as though it were an occurrence of yesterday. Oh, what a world of hopes lies hearsed within his quiet grave ! “ I hoped he would have been my comfort as I passed down the vale of time. Yes, I well remember—it must be so.”

“ And for the loved and lost,  
 Their memories move us as ought else may move.”

Another will exclaim—“ Ah, both my dear parents were alive fourteen years ago ; but my revered and affectionate father passed away from earth soon after our first meeting.” Another tells us, “ I was a girl then, and had



a loving mother ; but she is gone to heaven, and I am a mother now myself. Yes, it must be so long."

" Ah, many a gentle word  
Of precious counsel, all too long despised,  
By memory now is stirred,  
And must be thought upon, and weighed and prized."

Then one in sable garb will say, " I was then a happy wife ; but now I am written ' widow,' and my children ' fatherless.' Yes, it is fourteen years since we first met."

" Sorrow hath laid its hand on thee,  
Lone mourner of the dead !  
And blanched the glow upon thy cheek,  
And bowed thy stricken head.  
Widow ! thine is no common woe,  
That briefly doth subdue  
The young soul's buoyant happiness  
With thoughts of saddening hue."

Alas ! how many have fallen by our side since the commencement of our Association. We gathered strength by numbers as we passed along, and hundreds of mothers' and children's names stand on our book—but where are many of them ? They have glided, one by one, from our midst ; and now, in looking over the list of mothers, we find scarcely one who—if herself living—has not lost some dear ones. They are gone down to the dust of the grave ; and some of them, whose lovely, beaming countenances would have told us of anything but of darkness and death fourteen years ago. How many bright young spirits are gone through the shadowy vale, leaving to us only the remembrance of their love and loveliness ! Many a bitter cup has been put into the hands of some of us ; we have often been called to weep with those who weep, and to go down to the brink of the dividing river, cheering the passing voyager, as long as our voice could be heard, and in our hearts wishing them joy of their bright inheritance, when they had passed over : and we have gazed, saving.

“How beautiful they look!” even when death had dashed the bloom from the young cheek, and placed his marble hand on the fair brow.

“Face to face we have gazed on death,  
 In his regal pomp and sway;  
 When he had snatched the wavering breath  
 From the lovely form of clay.  
 We have looked on him when nought was there,  
 To waken fear or dread;  
 We saw no terror nor fierce despair,  
 As we stood by their dying bed.”

We delight to dwell on the memory of some mothers, whom we hope to meet in heaven, who came here at our first meeting, careless and unconcerned as to themselves and their children; but who with dying lips thanked God for Maternal Associations. At these anniversaries the dead seem to claim a share in our recollections, and we do not like they should be forgotten. Why should they? They live yet—far or near, they are living still; and for aught we know, may be taking a deeper interest in our meeting this evening, and longing for some heart to be touched, so as to be from henceforth prepared to dwell with them in their heavenly home. They are only passed into another state of existence. The dream of life is over with them, but they have awakened in everlasting day.

Some of us can say, “Joseph is not, and there is no Benjamin;” but we shall have them restored to us again in the city of the golden streets.

“Oh happy—happy land! in thee  
 Shines the unveiled Divinity;  
 There happy souls, whom death may sever,  
 Shall meet to mingle joys for ever.”

But why were our dear ones taken? Ah! why? There is no voice to answer; but listen, I will read a page to the point.

## THE HAND THAT SAVES US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved slowly back, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril. Another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him it would be certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of colouring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so it is with us. We sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of our homes, and in contemplating them step backwards, unconscious of our peril; when our heavenly Father dashes out the beautiful images, to draw us into His arms of compassion and love. We had household gods, but we did not know it till they were taken away; or we were resting upon an arm of flesh, and our heavenly Friend would not that we should have the "curse" of those who do this; therefore He dashed out the beautiful from our pictures, causing us to stand still, and remember that He is God.

But, dear friends, let us speak to our own hearts. Here we are, still spared. Let us praise our God, and resolve in His strength to be more alive than ever in our work; and,

oh, let us train our tender plants that remain to us *upwards*, that they may shine in the life-giving rays of the Sun of Righteousness. We seem to be on the eve of sifting and momentous times. Our sons and daughters—yes, and our Sabbath-school children too—will be the men and women of those times. Let us, as mothers and teachers, train our charge to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Let us fix firmly in their young minds the simple, saving truths of the Bible, that when the battles of life are over, we, with them, may join the Captain of our salvation, and shout—*victory, victory, VICTORY*, on the plains of the celestial city, through the blood of the Lamb.

### THEY ARE PASSED OVER JORDAN.

THEY are gone to rest—

They have gone o'er the dark deep tide,  
Which the earth and heaven divides,

Through which we too must go.

Down to the Jordan's brink we went,  
Cheering the loved, the dying saint;

They passed—and felt no woe.

They are gone to rest—

Some lovely infants reached the tide,  
Sinking as into sleep they died,

Nor grieved, nor felt a fear;

One farewell smile, and they were past;

One gentle sigh, it was the last;

They sailed without a tear.

They are gone to rest—

A lovely youth, with earnest brow,  
Drew near the dark, deep river now,

Nor mourned his shortened race.

“Jesus is mine,” he nobly cried,

“Mine the adored—the crucified—

I go to see His face.”

They are gone to rest—  
 A mother to the river's brink,  
 Bound to earth by many a link,  
 Came down with kindling eye.  
 A blood-stained cross she held and pressed,  
 Which stilled the throbbings of her breast—  
 She passed to joys on high.

They are gone to rest—  
 The victor's wreath, on many a brow,  
 Appears amidst the glories now  
 Of heaven's eternal rest ;  
 While palms of victory they wave,  
 They sing of triumph o'er the grave ;  
 With Jesus they are blest.

*December, 1853.*

## THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.

“ In the beginning of your journey neglect not the favour of heaven.”

“ You are later than usual, Henry,” said the young wife, as she looked up at her beloved and good-looking husband, who had just entered his neat cottage. “ Am I, Polly ? Well, maybe I am ; one cannot be answerable for a few minutes one way or another.” Mrs. Judd looked up again at her husband, evidently surprised, and a flush passed over her cheek.

“ You seem a bit put out, Polly,” Henry continued ; “ now we had better begin as we intend to go on, as the people say ; so, as the anniversary of our wedding is not come round, we can form any plans we like.” “ Plans, dear,” exclaimed Polly, “ I thought we had made all our arrangements for years to come, unless Providence caused us to alter them.” “ Providence, eh ! why, no, not just like that ; I think I shall spend an hour or two of an evening, now and then, among some of our men ; one can't, as they say, be tied-up to one's wife's apron-strings !” “ Oh, dear Henry, I am sorry to hear you say this,” replied the young

wife, taking up a book that lay by her side, "I thought you would have liked to finish this to me this evening; I have not even peeped into it since I sat down, though I longed to know the ending."

"Well, well, there is no time now for reading; 'tis too late, and I want to talk to you. In the first place, there's a present for you—a bright half-crown to put in your pocket for your own use; the great folks, I think, call a wife's own money, 'pin money;' but you can buy anything to eat, drink, or wear with it, Polly, for one does not like just to be selfish; and if I like to spend a shilling all to myself, why, you can do the same you see, and I like to see my wife a little matter smartish too, particularly if one's comrades happen to call; so you can get a new cap or ribbon." "Thank you, Henry, I do not want anything; I have plenty to last me." "Well, you are to have it, and spend it as you like; and I will spend mine in a mug of porter with Sam and Charles, and get a chat about business at the same time."

"Oh, dear! what has come to you, my dear Henry?" said Polly, and a tear rushed to her eye. "your wages will never allow of this, and our happiness will be at an end; who can have been persuading you to do this?" "Ah, as to that, nobody. Now let us have supper and be off, 'tis getting late." "Won't you read a chapter first in the Bible, as you are accustomed to do, Henry?" "Why, no, I don't think I will to-night. I shall go up stairs soon, and then you can read it to yourself if you like—one's mind is not always just fit to read Bibles." Silently the astonished wife prepared the supper, and saw her husband depart "up stairs." She felt like one in a dream, who has suddenly lost a beautiful vision, then awakes to a sense of overwhelming disappointment, almost amounting to agony.

## A PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

## MORE RAW APPLES.

I WAS relating last month how I met a poor German woman, who was feeding her child with unripe fruit. I dare say many a mother has said, as she read of it, "How could she be so foolish! I never do such things!" Are you quite sure? You feel, I doubt not, that while your baby is weak and tender, you should not only feed it with wholesome food, but that you should give it nothing of a contrary tendency. But your child has another life to be fed, besides its bodily life,—the soul needs food. Your child's mind is opening day by day; with what are you feeding it? Most children that I have known have had their infant minds stored with trash of all sorts. I knew one large family, where the under-nurse was fond of singing songs, and the first thing the children learned was to lisp them too—were not these like raw apples? My own earliest recollections are connected with trite and foolish nursery ditties heard from the nurses, and fairy tales related by visitors, who knew no better how to amuse me;—these raw apples, I doubt not, did me much harm.

I knew a little boy, whose father was a gentleman of most fastidious delicacy and propriety, and yet, from getting occasionally into company with the stable-boy, he learned to use the most profane language, before he was old enough to know how wicked it was—this was worse than green fruit, it was downright *poison*. And yet, how many mothers let their little ones stray for hours in the streets and lanes, where they know not what company they keep. Mother! do your utmost to keep your little child's mind free from sin and folly, and to fill up the room thus gained with God's Word and hymns, with good principles, and, above all, with good examples. Wisdom is required, and judgment. Begin with little stories from Scripture. Give them at first in your own language, if you can.

Make them very short and simple. Repeat them over and over again. Sometimes read them in Scripture language. Make it a treat to hear of Jesus. Choose principally such hymns as speak of Him, such as these:—

“Jesus, who reigns above the sky.”

“Jesus, that condescending King.”

“Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour.”

“Lo! at noon, 'tis sudden night.”

“There's a message of love,  
Come down from above.”

“When Jesus Christ was here below.”

“I think when I read that sweet story of old.”

Several of these hymns, with many more, may be found in a little penny book, prepared by Mr. Curwen; and in another, called “Hymns for Children.” Choose your times; make the food pleasant; sweeten it with smiles; speak of Jesus with love and pleasure. You may say, “I fear my child is not converted.—these things would be distasteful.” Not so, if you begin soon enough—the infant mind, before sinful habits and an evil conscience are developed, feels not the enmity which is often brought out later. You may feed the young mind and infant imagination on these things, and your child will like them. But if you make the mistake of thinking it is too soon to begin with spiritual teaching, and that you had better pave the way with nursery rhymes and other trash, you will find not only that you have lost the fairest and most favourable opportunity one human being ever has of influencing the mind of another, but also that you have been cramming it with sour apples till its appetite is lost for wholesome food. I was reminded of this yesterday morning, on being awakened by a little fellow at my side, who had crept out of his crib at daybreak—“Mamma,” said he, “what is that about ‘Heigh diddle diddle, and the cow jumping over the moon?’” I said, “Do you believe that



story, dear? Do you think that cows ever can jump over the moon?" "Yes, I do, ma." "And do you suppose that dishes can run away with spoons?" "Yes, mamma." "What a stupid child!" you will exclaim. Very well, your children may be wiser; but what I should think of great importance is—are you wiser than to teach your children all the nonsense you learned when you were a child? Time is short. Your child may die this year. Do all you can for him while you have him. Work while it is day, lest darkness come upon you; and pray for God's blessing on your labours and mine, in teaching our little ones.

E. G.

### THE HIDING PLACE.

My dear children, do you know what is meant by a hiding place? Perhaps you will wonder why I ask you such an easy question, and will answer—"Oh, yes. It means a place to hide in. We all know that, because we often play at hide-and-seek." Well, I want you to find me all the texts in the Bible about hiding—people who hid away, and the places in which they were hidden. I am sure you cannot think how many passages you will be able to find, until you look for them. However, before you begin your search, let us talk a little while about hiding places, and especially about The Hiding Place of whom I am going to write.

A little boy was one day walking with his mother through a back street, in which were a number of empty carts, when he suddenly asked her whether, if a wild bull were to come in their way, she would get into one of the empty carts for shelter? His mother replied, that she did not think an open cart would be a good hiding place, and after they returned home, she found him a text in Isaiah (I dare say you will look for it) which says, "The Lord shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters

shall overflow the hiding place." Surely this was a very unsafe hiding place, for it would be swept away in the very first storm.

Again, I remember reading in the Bible of some kings, who hid away in a cave, and were taken out and put to death. That was not a safe hiding place.

You have read of the flood which destroyed the wicked, and of Noah who was preserved in the ark. Now, you will agree with me, that this was, indeed, a safe hiding place.

My dear children, we are all sinners—yes, all of us. It is written in God's holy word, that He is angry with the wicked every day, yes, and that He will punish them too. Yet, God is merciful as well as just, and He himself has appointed a hiding place; so you may be sure it is a safe one. Jesus Christ, God's well beloved Son, He is the "Man who shall be for our Hiding Place." Yes; and who is, and has long—long been the only safe hiding place. There are some persons who know that they have sinned, and deserve the anger of God, and yet they will not go to Jesus for safety and pardon. They hope to be saved by their own good works; but, do you remember poor Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," when he was going to try this, and was so frightened by the flames which burst from Mount Sinai? No, dear children, we have not kept God's law, and we can never be sheltered by our own obedience. "And justice cries with frowning face—this mountain is no hiding place." There is but one safe hiding place for sinners, and that is Christ Jesus.

" On Him the tenfold vengeance fell,  
That must have sunk a world to hell;  
He bore it for the sinful race,  
And thus became their hiding place."

We read, in the book of the Revelation, that there will be some, by-and-by, who will call on the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them "from the wrath

of the Lamb." Yes, dear children, from the wrath of the blessed Lamb of God, who shed His blood for us, that we might be safe in this very storm of God's anger, which will be so dreadful. May you and I be safe in this Hiding Place now, even now; and then no storm, no tempest, not even the last of all, can hurt us.

*Oxford.*

MARY.

### HOME SUNSHINE CLOUDED.

"Boast not of to-morrow."

THE morning of the third Saturday in November, 1853, dawned as usual on the peaceful home of a pious pair—the self-same sun which had cheered them for fifty years peeped in to give his usual welcome. The fire blazed—the kettle sang—the family gathered round the domestic altar, and then separated, each going to their usual employment, familiar indeed as household things—the same duties had been done for years. The scenery around had grown under their eye, and the hedge under the window had become tall and thick, so as almost to shut out the smiling meadow from the other side; the tops of the fruit-trees, planted as saplings by their own hands, now towered high, and often had they hailed the spring buddings with joy. The little study, too, of the good man, hung with portraits of departed worthies, looked still the same. A neat cottage of a wedded daughter stood hard by, all just as usual, where tears of sympathy and sadness had often mingled.

The day passed on; there was nothing to distinguish it from other days; yet was it soon to become the saddest of all days to that family. Cheerfulness and apparent better health marked one who had long been the joy and the binding hope of the family. Yet were the feet of the still messenger of woe hard by. He entered the house

unseen, unheard, and stealthily followed his victim to her chamber, and in a moment dealt the blow which finished mortal existence, but opened to the wife and mother eternal life. The first intimation the dear ones below had of the great dark cloud that had alighted upon them was from the sound as of a heavy fall;—they hastened up, but only to view a lifeless corpse. Most effectually had the destroyer done his work;—not a muscle moved—not a single sigh escaped;—the heart beat not;—life was extinguished in a moment, and the spirit stood before the throne! But it was prepared; the beautiful consistency of a long life gave good assurance to the stricken mourners that it had entered one of those mansions which the Redeemer prepared for His faithful followers,—absent from the body, present with the Lord.

Mother! Father! we have set before you a solemn scene—a truthful reality. The bereaved husband still survives, a faithful ambassador of the cross, whose head is whitened by eighty summer suns, who for forty-nine years was comforted and encouraged by the affection and counsel of the deceased. A few days after her death he writes thus:—“I am now a man of experimental knowledge. I am cut in two. The union is dissolved; the knot is untied; the spirit is fled, to return no more; the separation is accomplished;—I am, not friendless, but alone,—smitten, wounded, and in anguish. You will give me credit for saying, it is the greatest trial I have ever known; but I would not alter the thing if I could. The hand that did it was guided by wisdom and goodness.” Say, would sudden death be sudden glory to you? Are you prepared to die? You know not, any more than the individual of whom you have been reading, what this day may bring forth. Put not away the solemn question, we beseech you. Resolve this awful doubt, and ever remember that Jesus Christ is able to save unto the very uttermost all who come to God through Him.

M. B.

## A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. II.

WHAT responsibility rests on us as mothers!—and how important that we should constantly and earnestly, both at home and at our Maternal Meetings, implore help from heaven to enable us to train these dear ones in the right way! Mothers have to guide these immortal beings during the most important period of their lives. They are to live in a world of intelligence to all eternity. For a time—perhaps through a long life—they are to dwell on the earth, continually exerting an influence for good or evil on all around them. They are exposed to sin, vice, and disorder on every hand; their characters are formed in the midst of many evil influences; they will grow up blessings or curses to themselves, their friends, their race; and when they have passed away from earth they are to live through an unknown period of retribution, according to their work on the earth.

What characters they shall form—what general course they are to take—what dangers they shall experience or escape—what good or evil they shall do in the world—what blessings or curses they shall be to mankind—what death they shall die—what happiness or misery they shall experience after death—depends in a great measure on their early training, their education, the manner in which they are treated by their parents, but more particularly by the mother. We are the natural teachers and guardians of these immortal beings during the first years of life, and we are teaching them ALWAYS—every moment in the day, by our words, looks, actions, and example. God has placed them in our hands, and He requires us to take proper care of them,—not of their bodies only, but of their souls; and among all the other accounts which He will call us to render of our stewardship, this is one of the greatest importance. In our next papers on this subject we shall glance at the characters of two mothers, and the result of their different and varied training.

## SERVANTS AND MASTERS.—No. I.

## MUTUAL DEPENDANCE.

“ORDER is heaven's first law,” sings the poet; and says the apostle, “Let all things be done decently, and in order.”

Were it not for this mutual understanding amongst the inhabitants of the world, how could its multifarious transactions progress with any approach to regularity and comfort? But so it is, and the various grades of society, with more or less of occasional grumblings, find their respective places. There are the high and the low—those of station, rank, wealth, and influence; and those of industry—the sons of toil. One occupying the position of employers, the others of employed. It is one of the most interesting studies that can occupy the benevolent and philanthropic in their thoughtful moods—the mutual dependance of these two classes; they seem to form as close and necessary a connexion as the members of the human body. “The head cannot say to the hands, I have no need of thee; nor the hands to the feet, I have no need of thee;” all are necessary to the well-being of each, and it is when each is enabled to discharge faithfully its peculiar function, the machine works harmoniously, with ease and comfort. So is it with society; and he shall be a benefactor of his race who can contribute in the least degree to effect this object, and induce both sections of the population to feel as the members of the body in the Scripture illustration. This is partially recognised, but it is to be feared only partially—too often masters are regarded as tyrants, and servants treated as slaves; the one wrings from the unwilling labourer the extreme of his claim—the other withholds as much as possible the master's due. But how sad is such a state of things! Neither party is happy in his position—cannot be;—when

suspicion and distrust exist on either side, or on both, misery is the result.

How different the theory of a benevolent master and faithful servant! The one anxious to do what is necessary to make his servant happy—the servant reciprocating the feeling, and carefully filling up his measure of duty. And why is it not so? The employer is essential to his servants. Where can the labourer look for means to pay his labour? He must look to the man who has money. Equally dependant is the employer; for money would be unavailable, were it not for the muscle and sinew of the working man: this is his capital—equally respectable and equally necessary to the good of all. The industrious, pains-taking working man has it in his power to fill a station commanding as much sincere esteem from his contemporaries as his wealthy employer, whilst the employer has it in his power to conciliate, by kindly interest in his welfare, his dependant's good will.

Why should heart-burnings exist? Why, at every change in public affairs, should these classes be found in fierce antagonism—too often ready to proceed to deadly injury? It is because this mutual dependance is not recognised or thoughtfully regarded. Could each but see their own interest in peaceful solutions of their disagreements—less of commercial avarice on the one hand, and less of contemptuous distrust and suspicion on the other—it could be done; but it is human nature, and the only effectual remedy is the Gospel of the grace of God—this is the grand panacea—the precious solvent. Let but this oil be poured on the troubled waters, we should soon hear of peace. A kind feeling of mutual interest, would spring up—and all would feel their interests identified with the prosperity of each other. May the Lord hasten it in His time!

We shall hope to give illustrations in our next.

J. O. V.

## SYMPATHY FOR BABIES.

I HAVE obtained the name of "Fidget," just because I cannot bear to have my darling jumbled on the knee until the room shakes again; or because I must place a little pillow at its back in the cradle; or because I must have it handled gently; or because I could not let it lie on its arm until it was numbed. I remember, when I was very young, dropping in an unexpected visitor at my elder brother's— a *baby* had also become a sojourner the day before.

There was for me no alternative but to share the nurse's bed for that night. The babe was restless, and never shall I forget the *thumps* it received on the back, while the nurse, half asleep, sat up in bed!—No doubt the child was ill. I begged, next night, to take it to my own room; and though it was not quieter, yet it was spared the jar of back-patting, and the mother heard not its cries. It died in a few days.

Not many evenings ago I was in a sick chamber, where a nurse had taken an infant eight or nine days old out of bed, to undress and dress it for the night. "Do stay and see the babe undressed," whispered the anxious mother. I did so, and should have been sorry to see mine handled after that fashion at six months. "It wants rubbing," said the nurse. "Yes, but it is very tender," said I. "Is its skin whole?" said the trembling mother. It was not actually broken, but it was red, and looked as if it must smart, while the little creature was held over a basin to wash, and then was dried with a towel almost as coarse as huckaback. Oh, poor infants! how often has my heart ached to see how little those who have the care of them sympathise with their feebleness and their delicacy.

A "Fidget!" I deprecate the obnoxious name, yet I never could; since I have been a mother, let little children alone, no matter whose they may be, if they are suffering only these "little inconveniences," as they are called. Mothers, could you only see what your little ones often suffer!



How important, if you have a nurse-maid, that she should be a well-trained young woman, to help you to mould the bodies of these little supple things, and then, perhaps, she would help you to train the mind also. How careful most families are to have a first-rate cook! while those *dishes* which are to last *for ever*, are committed to the care of inferior "artistes." Mothers! ought these things so to be? S. S.

While we sympathise with the babies, do not let us withhold our sympathy from baby *nurses*; as a specimen, read the following:—

THE FAT BABY AND ITS FROG NURSE.

A little boy—still little—was trotting to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposedly hushing to sleep. But, oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which the baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare over his unconscious shoulder. It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiable altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required.

This baby was as well known in the neighbourhood as the postman. It roved from door-step to door-step in the arms of little Johnny, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles, who followed the "tumblers," or the "monkey," and came up all on one side, a little too late for any thing that was attractive, from Monday morning till Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch, making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay a little, Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home,

Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet, Johnny was easily persuaded it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England; and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it, like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere. C. D.

[This picture of Johnny and Moloch makes one laugh outright; but, alas! who has not passed many such frail little nurses in the streets, and deeply sympathised with them? Mother, young, busy mother! your little boy or girl may be deformed and injured for life by constantly nursing the heavy fat baby. Give your little Johnny some rest and play.—Ed.]

### “TWO IN HEAVEN.”

“You have two children,” said I. “I have four,” was the reply; “two on earth—two in heaven.” There spoke the mother. Still hers, only “gone before!” Still remembered, loved, and cherished by the hearth and at the board. Their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed. “Two in heaven!” safely housed from storm and tempest—no sickness there—no drooping head—nor fading eye—nor weary feet; by the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold. “Two in heaven!” Earth less attractive—eternity nearer—invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. Still small voices ever whispering “Come!” to the world-weary spirit. “Two in heaven!” Mother of angels! walk softly! holy eyes watch thy footsteps!—cherub forms bend to listen—keep thy spirit free from earth-taint—so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.—From *Fanny Fern's “Portfolio.”*

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

### • TRUTH.

Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,  
 Among your friends, among your foes;  
 On Christian or on heathen ground,  
 The flower's Divine where'er it grows.

### CLOUDY DAYS.

The clouds that intercept the heavens from us, come not from the heavens but from the earth.

### VERY ANGRY.

Hannah More says—"Be certain that whenever you are very angry, you are very much in the wrong."

### HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen  
 Our hearts in hours of grief;  
 The silver links that lengthen  
 Joy's visits when most brief.  
 Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
 O, do not widely roam!  
 But seek that hidden treasure  
 At home—dear home!

We one day saw a little school-girl's pocket-book, and at the top of one of the pages was written "HOME," in large letters, and underneath a number of figures to be crossed off, as the time of being at school decreased. Ah! we thought, here is a lesson for the Christian mother. First, she should make "Home" the happiest place on earth; secondly, she should write "Heaven is my home," at the top of every page in her daily pocket-book.

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The following books, received as we were going to press, will be noticed next month:—

*Miss Corner's Scriptural History.*

*Autobiography of a Five Pound Note.*

*Journal of Health.*

*Banner of Hope Almanac.*

## A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. III.

MRS. RAYLESS had herself been brought up by a careless, thoughtless mother; and no marvel that, when she became a wife, she walked in her foot-prints. Our motto is, "They walk in the way of their mother." Her infants, as they were given to her, one after another, to the number of seven, were "*dragged up*," as Lamb calls it, instead of trained; there was no training in her house, (save, indeed, in the ways of wickedness.) The little creatures moved around her, full of activity, inquiry, energy, exertion, motion,—with retentive memories, and attention easily roused in the new-world of their fresh existence; but there was no wise guiding hand for them, no prayer went up from that mother's heart for them, and no lisping voice was taught the name of Jesus in that home. Nature's wild commoners they roamed abroad, ignorant as the wild ass's colt.

Again and again did the Sabbath-school teacher, as he passed her door, looking after the outcasts, beg her to allow some of the poor little wanderers to enter his class; but the only reply he could get was,—“Mind your own business; my children don't want any of your learning.” When the tract-distributor called to leave one of his little messengers of mercy, she would say, “There's no use leaving your trash here—though you are paid for it; for none of us can read, nor don't mean to learn.” When the good minister called and expostulated with her on her duty to attend a place of worship, the reply was, “I am as good as my neighbour.” No marvel that, with such a mother, the poor children were as destitute of right feelings as herself;—they were early accustomed to all sorts of deceit and pilfering ways, and often would she commend them when fragments of wood were brought home from the neighbour's hedge or pile, without asking as to where they had procured it; and if the father ventured a remark

on the subject, she would silence him by saying, "Eat your morsel in peace, my good man, by a good fire, and ask no questions." And so great was her influence over her husband, that if the little ones asked him to solve any difficulty for them, he would reply, "Go and ask your mother."

At the age of fifty, Mrs. Rayless became a widow, and, like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, she cried and murmured at her "lot," as she called it. She had never sought God, either for herself or her family, and now she was tossed about on the ocean of life like a vessel in a storm, almost a wreck. Now, indeed, might it be said that her sorrow commenced; a home of poverty and wretchedness, filled by disobedient and ungodly children, was almost more than she could bear, and often would she leave all in confusion and take her seat for an hour's gossip at a neighbour's house. There was no recognition of the hand of God in any of her troubles, nor would she listen to a word of counsel from those who would gladly have led her into a better path.

It was not long after her father's death that Sally, her eldest daughter, after a few months' reckless living, ended her days in a hospital. The boys became the dread of the parish, and in order to drown reflection and the voice of conscience, which would now and then be heard, the wretched woman became a drunkard. Another phase of her history next month.

## THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE — No. II.

"Yet one thing he lacketh the Mentor of the mind."

THE next morning, Henry appeared with a shaded brow, and complained of headache. "You did not sleep as well as usual, dear," said Mary, in a gentle tone. "I don't know about that," he replied, rather pettishly; and then,

making an effort to talk, he asked, "did you finish the book last night, Polly?" "Oh, no; I have not opened the book since we read together; I will wait till you have time to join me." "Don't do that, Polly—you had better go on; I may not be home very early." "Do you expect to be late again this evening, then?" asked the young wife in a low voice. "Maybe I shall; but you can enjoy yourself. Buy something *you* like, and I will call at mother's, as I go along this morning, and tell Rosey to bring down her work."

Mrs. Judd could not reply, but set about clearing away the breakfast things, turning her face from her husband to hide the unbidden tears that *would* come! Henry worked for half an hour, as he was wont, in his garden, till he heard the accustomed tap at the window that gave notice to him of all things being ready for their usual reading before they parted; but, instead of hastening to join his wife, he stood leaning on his spade for a moment: then, going to the window, he said, "You had better go on without me, Polly, as I am finishing a bit of work, and then I must be off." This was a dreadful blow to poor Mary. She went up to her room, and poured out her full heart to Him who is ever ready to listen and to answer.

Henry was working at a mansion some distance off this day; therefore, taking some cold meat, he left his pretty, neat home, calling out at the bottom of the stairs a cold "Good morning." All Mary's bright visions of domestic happiness seemed to depart as her husband closed the door, and her bursting heart found relief in a flood of tears; then, again asking wisdom from heaven, she went on with her usual employment.

In the afternoon, Henry's sister brought her work, and as they were chatting she remarked, "We did think it so very odd and queer that Henry should call to-day and tell me to come to tea; for, to tell you the truth, Mary, although I have often enjoyed an afternoon with you, he has never

asked me, nor any of us, down since you were married, and our John says Henry wants you all to himself; but we certainly thought him rather selfish in this, though contrary to his usual ways." "I do not think Henry is selfish," rejoined Mary; "but no doubt he took it for granted that you would all come to see us when you were inclined." "Well, bless you, Mary, so we do, to be sure; but Henry came to-day so *determined* that I should not say no. By the way, Mary, we hope he won't get into any scrape up at the great house; for some of the men, who come to work there from a distance, they say, are not better than they should be." "Do they, indeed?" said Mary, with a look of alarm. "They do; but we say, *you* have no need to fear; for you have such influence over Henry that, although some of our neighbours seem alarmed; we don't think Henry will be drawn into mischief. So don't frighten yourself,—why, dear me, you look as pale as death!—we won't talk of them any more. Here, look, I have brought a little book in my pocket," continued Rosey; "we were laughing, when *The Mothers' Friend* came, to see a paper headed, 'The Wife;' so, says I, this shall go down to Henry's."

When the tea-things were removed, and the hearth swept up, Rosey read the article; but poor Mary could not keep back all her tears, and a few that would break forth were observed by Rosey, who exclaimed, "Why, bless the woman, what makes you cry? To be sure, we all say that not a shadow of a trouble has ever passed over your face or Henry's since your wedding; but there goes the church clock, telling me it is my time to go. I wonder Henry is not come; but no doubt he will be here soon. I will run up and put on my bonnet, and by that time maybe he will come, for they say, 'Love has wings,' though I think he sometimes flies the wrong way! I may say and think so; but *you* cannot say so, Mary."

## CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

THE following short account with some interesting letters were sent to us some time since by a friend; we now gladly find a place for them, and trust they may act as a stimulus to those who are going out of their usual course, and making benevolent efforts for the restoration of the wanderers.

A young woman who had fallen was brought by reflection to a state of mind bordering on despair. Alas! for the wretch who had allured her from the paths of virtue! She knew not how a lost character could be regained, but she saw in her wanderings a building on which was inscribed "Female Penitentiary;" she ascertained its purpose, and longed to become an inmate, but shame made her afraid. At length, one night she resolved to try if it were possible to be received, and after walking before the door several times, ventured, with a trembling hand, to ring the bell. The door was opened to her, she rushed forward, and was met only with kind expressions and tender looks; she gave herself up to the trial.

The first letter we will give is from the parents of the young woman to her. The matron had written to the father, telling him of his child's rescue, but from motives of delicacy she did not mention that she was in the Penitentiary. The father begins thus:—

"MARY,—Some kind heart has, in your name, spoken comfortably to us. Shall we be so happy as to find that friendly and consolatory letter verified in you? May we again hope that your welfare is desired by yourself as well as by your friends? Are you, indeed, sick of folly, and do you begin to see the beauty of holiness? This is joyful news.—God grant it may be true! Your request for forgiveness of your much-injured father and mother; the moment we find you seeking pardon of your gracious God, we will acknowledge you, even as the glad father did his prodigal son. Let not shame or distress keep you from coming to us. We request nothing more from you than to find



your principles changed; whatever has been amiss we will readily forgive. To the worthy family whom you are now with, we consider ourselves to be under the greatest obligations, and desire you will give them our heartfelt thanks. May the blessing of Him that was ready to perish come upon them, for it seems they would make the widow's heart sing for joy.

"I am not informed whether you continue with this benevolent family, but shall observe that it is a great blessing, and highly honourable, to be even but a doorkeeper where God is worshipped; therefore write us word concerning your stopping, and how it came about that you were admitted into this house of peace, and let not your past indiscretions discourage you, for we cannot turn our backs upon you.

"From your affectionate father and mother,

[Another letter next month.—Ed.]

### ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

"WHAT a question!" some one will be ready to exclaim; "of course, every child is kind to a mother!" No; it is not really so: there are some in the world capable of being unkind, even to a mother! This does not say much for the "inherent goodness of human nature," does it? So it is; and our hearts have been grieved, many a time, by hearing sons and daughters speaking roughly to mothers. We have sometimes been called to comfort, or, at least, attempt to comfort, bereaved daughters, who have been overwhelmed by the recollection of past unkindness, when regrets have been vain. One we knew who, for years after her mother's death, would walk her room, weeping, night after night, at the remembrance of a little unkindness to a mother who died almost suddenly, nor did she ever recover the effect of her sorrow, but fell weeping into an early grave.

Another bereaved daughter once said to a friend. "Oh! if my dear mother could only come back, how differently

would I act towards her. I see now she was my best, my truest friend; disinterested in all her conduct to us. But we did not believe it then, and now it is too late. I wish I could obliterate the past—at least, many parts of our home history—would that, my mother could return!”

“No, this may not be,” the friend replied; “but your mother is far too happy now, to think of anything painful in the past. She left all her sorrows this side the gate of the dark valley, and could she speak, she would say, I freely forgive, for I have much forgiven.” But all was vain; dark visions of the past clouded all the sunshine of youthful days, nor has there yet appeared any “bright light” there.

But a still more distressing case lately came to our knowledge. We trust, not a common case, in our home circles. A widowed mother and two daughters resided together. One of the daughters, who was a pious, well-conducted person, was a comfort to her mother; while the other was so unamiable and unkind, that the mother's days were rendered miserable. At length her last days came, and she lay on a dying bed; but so painful were the recollections of the sufferings she had endured from her unnatural child, that she refused to see her ere she passed away from earth. And thus the mother died. Now came to the daughter the remembrance of her unkindness, and remorse of conscience followed, which was like a serpent coiled about the heart, producing after a short time decided madness!

Daughters, allow no unkind word of yours to fall on a mother's heart, lest too late you find that such a special crime must bear a special penalty. The remembrance of unkindness to parents, when they are sleeping in the tomb, must be

“Like wreathed adders crawling round the midnight conscience.”

## MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

COURAGE—EFFORT—REWARD.

A LADY, who is a tried and faithful friend of mothers, persuaded another lady to establish a Maternal Meeting in a very neglected locality, near London. One evening a poor woman attended, who had never thought of her maternal responsibility, nor of the world to come. The paper read was the means of leading her to ponder her ways, and, ultimately, bringing her to the feet of Jesus. She had now to take up her cross; for those who ought to have hailed the change with delight became her persecutors. But she cheerfully attended to all her varied duties, amidst much difficulty, and pressed on in the narrow road, looking forward to the heavenly rest. Her pilgrimage was soon ended. One day, she was in her usual state of health—she was ever delicate—and had prepared the dinner for her family, when she fell down in a fit, and before the sun had gone his round, she was in a world of everlasting day. Her affliction was, indeed, but for a moment; and, as she entered on her eternal weight of glory, she could bless God for a Maternal Meeting. Mother! would you like to read the paper that first impressed her mind? You shall do so; for we have some notes of it kindly sent to us. May you read, and ponder, and resolve, and obtain a like blessing.

REMARKS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN; FROM A  
 WORK ON EDUCATION, BY THE REV. T. SCOTT.

On the subject of establishing authority, which Mr. Scott would have accomplished early, he used to observe, that it generally cost him a sharp contest, sometimes more than one; but that when it was once settled who was master—the parent, and not the child—the path was ever after comparatively smooth and easy.

On *correction*, he was decided as to its propriety and

necessity, as the appointment of God; at the same time he thought it need by no means be frequent, if it were properly administered. He would not have it applied for small faults—those resulting from childish levity and inconsideration—but only things wilful, rebellious, or immoral. “A child,” he observed, “should be punished, not for being a child, but for being a *wicked* child.” Of course, he taught that chastisement was to be applied coolly and deliberately, to fulfil a duty painful to the parents’ feelings, not for their gratification. • •

It was a rule with him, that from the time children became capable of making their wants known in any other way, they were to obtain nothing by crying for it, or by any other misconduct. He much lamented to see parents so often inverting the proper course to be pursued, leaving their children almost without restraint when young, and then attempting to impose too severe restrictions upon them when grown up. Each error was highly pernicious; the combination of the two, of most ruinous consequences.

A lady, who was for a considerable time residing in his house, and who has very successfully brought up her family by rules principally derived from him, mentions in a letter two circumstances in his management. One was, his “never resenting misconduct in any way when the contest was over. He was very soon kind again to the offender. • The other, was his plan of allowing his authority to pass away imperceptibly as his children grew up. In this he excelled even his management in childhood, and observing many unhappy cases arising from a contrary course has convinced me of its great importance. He would have been a wise father, even if he had not been a religious one; just views were too obvious in his wise mind. I take the opportunity of speaking of him in every circle where a young mother is present.” • •

The same friend gives the following rules as laid down by him. • “Fix authority very early. The only way of

dealing with children is to convince them that if they disobey, they are sure to be punished. Never let an offence pass unnoticed, under the fatal idea that they will know better when they are older."

A young man who lived in his house many years remarked—“One thing that struck me was Mr. Scott's behaviour towards young people. He never teased and worried them about little things. The contrary conduct gives to many parents the appearance of always finding fault; their children are uncomfortable in their presence, and confidence is destroyed. When I had been at Aston two months, I had more confidence in Mr. Scott than many sons can ever feel towards their own father. He steadily showed his dis-approbation of things, in proportion to their contrariety to God's law, and not to the effects which happened to follow from them. For example—a child is doing what is forbidden, as throwing stones; little notice perhaps is taken till he breaks a window, and then he is punished for the mischief he has done, and not for his disobedience. This Mr. Scott condemned, but he himself never seemed to be betrayed into such conduct.”

The mother whose mind was first led to ponder her maternal duties by hearing these remarks read, said she had endeavoured to follow the advice given, and found the plan very excellent; that her children were more tractable than by using the method she before adopted, which was, to “be very angry, and get into a passion with her children, not considering what their faults had been.” She was spared many months to try her new and better training, and we trust her children will remember the way she desired to lead them in her last days. To those of us who conduct these interesting meetings, this instance of usefulness should prove a stimulus to press onward in our labours for the welfare of mothers and children.

## ALWAYS TOO LATE.

It was a lovely morning, early in the month of September, in the old days of coach-travelling, that I left Cheltenham by the well-known coach called the "Berkeley Hunt," on my return to town. I was seated on the box with the coachman, and, by way of opening up conversation, began to descant upon the beauties of the surrounding scenery. He soon proved to be an intelligent and communicative companion. We were slowly winding up that long and trying hill on the Cirencester road, about three miles from the town, which lay scattered in the valley below, in all its sylvan beauty. The pretty village of Charlton Ring was on our left hand, the more celebrated source of the Thames, with its seven springs, on our right. This is a general resort of tourists, as few come into the neighbourhood without going to see the beginning of that far-famed river. As we were thus jogging along, a sort of indistinct sound seemed to be heard, which yet led to no observation; but as it increased, I turned round to see if there was any cause for it, and behold, half way down the hill, was a carriage commonly called a fly; the driver was holding up his whip and shouting at the top of his voice for us to stop, at the same time urging his poor jaded steed to its utmost efforts. "There you are! somebody behind, I reckon," said my companion, "but they must just come a little farther, for I shall not stop till I get to the top of the hill, and then the rest will be acceptable to my own horses."

When they came up, the head of a stout lady was thrust out of the window of the fly; her face was more than a little flushed with anxiety, whilst she exclaimed, with a full strong voice, "Here I am; I am always too late!" What a confession, thought I, "Always too late." What an unexcusable notoriety, and, in this case, what vexation it involved; what inconvenience; what expense; what cruelty.

But, I fear, the lady in question is only one of rather a numerous class; how far the present system of railway travelling may tend to improve them is doubtful, but it is very fair to imagine that they sometimes have to wait for the next train, seeing the old plan of overtaking is quite out of the question. No experience seems to suffice for these people; and, alas! there is too much reason to fear the principle extends to higher and far more important matters. Some are halting and hesitating about the things which make for their everlasting peace. Sermons have awakened them; afflictions alarmed them; they have solemnly resolved, but still are undecided; trembling upon the borders of the grave, heaven or hell at stake, how awful would it be if such persons were taken away suddenly, and at the last moment find they were "too late."

M. B.

## A HINT FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

*To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."*

DEAR MADAM,—I passed through much sorrow of mind one day, fearing my little boy, of about six years of age, had told me an untruth. On the previous evening I promised that he and his little sister should have a piece of cake the next day; accordingly I placed a piece for each within their reach. The little boy was the first to think of it, and went to get it; he found only one piece, and took half of it, taking the other half to his sister. I was present, and immediately said, "I am afraid my little boy is naughty, and has eaten part of his sister's cake as well as his own." He replied, "No, mamma, I have not; there was but one piece." I told him how grieved I was he should tell a lie; he again said, "Ma, there was only one piece."

My first impulse was to punish him severely, but I said sorrowfully, "Go alone, love, and ask God to forgive you, and help you to tell the truth." On returning to my room, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Mamma, I feel just the same—there

was but one piece." I still feared he was naughty. The little fellow went to kneel down to pray, once or twice during the day, and seemed very unhappy. I resolved not to punish him until I had asked an individual, who was absent, if he had taken it, not knowing it was put there for the children. I did so, and, to my great joy, he had taken it. 'Oh, if I had punished my dear little boy, how sad it would have made me. Mothers! we have need of caution, patience, gentleness, and great wisdom, lest we punish our dear little ones wrongfully.

M. L. E.

### OLD WOMEN.

It is the fashion to speak very lightly of "old women," even the Apostle talks of "old wives' fables;"—but I feel sure the old ladies who annoyed St. Paul must have been very different to the respectable dames upon whom I stumble wherever I go. I will relate anecdotes of two or three, and you shall judge if I have not reason to think "old women" a very nice portion of our race.

First I must take you to a little dark room up a dirty yard, the fire-grate has been lessened by bricks, and an old screen half conceals a bed at the farther end of the room—the few chairs are broken and worn, the crazy drawers look as if they had done duty for centuries; but the hearth is always cleanly swept, the table wears a polish, the *sacapan*, which usually contains a few potatoes, relished only by salt, is as bright as scouring can make it, and with a stick by her side sits the aged inhabitant of this poor alms-room. She rises as I approach, totters over her brick floor as I descend the steps to bid me welcome. Responding to her warm and kindly greeting, I sit down, and taking up the worn Bible, which is always beside her, read some sweet record of Him who had not where to lay His head—sometimes interrupted by the exclamations of the hearer, as some promise of more than ordinary beauty falls on her ear. She was more than



eighty-two before she had learned to read, but, nothing daunted, she procured an old horn-book, and would, with the assistance of some better-educated neighbour, spell out the words. One sentence fairly conquered was a treasure reserved for my next visit, and her aged eyes would glow as in youth, when she felt herself able to spell out a few texts of Scripture.

Her conversation was much of other days, and always with thankful reference to the guiding and preserving power of Him in whom was all her delight. She had grown to woman's estate ere she experienced the work of regeneration, and she would advert with many tears to the unhappiness she endured while without God in the world; every little present she received was shown me—every mention of her neighbours was to tell me of some deed of disinterested kindness—I knew she received far other treatment from many—but of that, from her own lips, I never heard. In her truly might be discerned those marks of a disciple—those fruits by which they are known—gentleness, forbearance, long-suffering, and loving her neighbour as herself. Weary oftentimes of the sorrows of life, I never stole away to spend half an hour in the old alms-room, without feeling refreshed and instructed, and *reproved too*, by the patient endurance of what seemed to me sore privations; for not only patient, but rejoicing, was the old woman.

FELICE.

## SERVANTS AND MASTERS.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF NO. I.

“WELL, I am glad it is Friday night,” said Tom Spriggs, “I shall find master at home, that’s a comfort, to pay my money—last week’s pay is gone—and then Sally may go to shop and provide for another week.”

“Tom Sharpset tries it on, and says he’ll make me pay what I don’t owe him; he thinks, because I am a poor

man, he can tread me 'down; but master says he'll stand by me, and if Master Sharpset aint careful he'll find himself in the wrong box,—for, though I am weak, master's strong; and then to be sure, as master says, poor men ought to pay up all their score before they go on again, or how can the shopkeepers live—honesty is the best policy."

"Mary," said Thomas Smith to his pale and tired wife, "that poor little girl is very poorly, go up to mistress and ask her if she can help you to a little something nice; she could eat that, but our poor bread and pork is too hard for her."

"You can't go to work to-day, George," said Mrs. Prior to her husband, "that rheumatic pain will be made worse with the wind and rain. I am sure master will take it into account; at all events, wait till noon."

"'Tis precious hard times, Susan," said John Ralph, "and our club money ought to be paid, but I can't spare three shillings; I'll ask master to let me have it, and stop back sixpence a week."

J. O. V.

## FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. III.

### SARAH.

BEFORE the birth of Isaac, we again find the Patriarch and his family driven by famine into another country. Sarah's beauty, even at her advanced age, again becomes a cause of alarm and sin to Abraham;—once more is she guilty of exhibiting her charms, and again becomes the object of a monarch's choice. There is nothing in this part of Abimelech's conduct contrary to Eastern customs; the will of the king can at any time command the hand of any of his unmarried female subjects. We feel his behaviour on the whole was that of an upright man, and one ruled by the fear of God.

It is believed by some critics that the money given by

the king to Abraham, was to purchase a veil for his wife, as a rebuke for her neglect of that generally-worn appendage. Never let fashion or vanity lead us to adopt an immodest or unmatronly style of dress." We think there ought to be a marked difference between the costume of the maiden and that of the wife; and we cannot see with any degree of pleasure the mother of a large family dressed just like her young and blooming girls.

At length Isaac is born; the hearts of the aged couple laugh for joy. We can imagine Sarah's rapture, as she hung over her long-sought blessing, and the thoughts which must have crowded into her mind as she pondered his high destiny. About two years of peace passed away, and then, at a time of family rejoicing, the tranquillity of the mother was clouded by the scoffs of the Egyptian's son. Ishmael doubtless felt that his hope of being the heir was lost for ever. Though overruled by God for His own purposes, we are shocked at the cruelty which expelled Hagar and her boy, and left them to wander in the wilderness.

Of the subsequent life of Sarah we have no record. We gather from Isaac's grief at her loss that she was a beloved mother. It is a singular fact that she is the only female whose age at her death is recorded in Scripture. Sarah died at Kirjath-arba, and by the pious care of Abraham was laid to rest in the cave of Machpelah. There the once beauteous body has long since become dust, to be restored when the promised seed of the woman shall come again in glory, and she shall behold the seed of Abraham after the flesh, and the Son of the Most High God.

L. S. T.

## TWO WAYS OF DOING A THING.

WE were passing along one of our streets the other evening, watching a group of children at play, when our ears

were assailed by the sharp, angry voice of a woman calling out, "Here, you John Smith! come into the house this moment." One of the boys just turned his head, and then went on with his play.

"Do you hear what I say, John Smith? March in quick, or you'll catch it, I tell you!" We heard, as we passed, a jerk and a slap, and the door was violently slammed.

We went on our way, doubting whether this was the best way of managing children.

As we were thinking on the matter, we turned the corner, and came upon another group of lads, in front of a house, the door of which was at that moment opened. "Willie!" said a mild and pleasant voice. "Did you call, mother?" asked one of the boys, coming on to the side walk. "Yes, my son; it is getting late. Have you not played enough to-day?" "I should like to stay out a little longer, if you please." The mother patted the child on the head, and smilingly said, "I should not mind if it were not past your bed-time. Have you forgotten, Willie, the lines you repeated to me this morning?—

'Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"Yes, mother, I remember them." Good night, Tommy. Good night, Harry." And taking his mother's hand, he went cheerfully into the house.

This set us again thinking. What would be the effect on these two boys of their mother's treatment? Would not the one spoken to with gentleness, and treated with kindness, grow up kind, amiable, and obedient; and the other, accustomed to rough words and harsh treatment, become obstinate, ill-tempered, and disobedient? Mothers, remember, you can lead better with the gentle hand, than drive with the rod.

## LIFE IS SWEET.

“OH, life is sweet!” said a merry child;  
 “And I love, I love to roam  
 In the meadows green, ’neath the sky serene;  
 Oh, the world is a fairy home!  
 There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,  
 And flow’rets gay and bright;  
 There’s the moon’s clear ray, and the sun-lit day:  
 Oh, the world is a world of light!”

“Oh, life is sweet!” said an earnest youth,  
 As he conned the storied page,  
 And he pondered on the days bygone,  
 And the fame of a former age;  
 There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,  
 And he longed for riper years;  
 He clung to life—he dared its strife—  
 He felt nor dread nor fears.

“Oh, life is sweet!” came merrily  
 From the lips of a fair young bride;  
 And a happy smile she gave the while  
 To the dear one by her side.  
 “Oh, life is sweet! for we will live  
 Our constancy to prove;  
 Thy sorrow’s mine, my trials thine,—  
 Our solace in our love.”

“Oh, life is sweet!” said a mother fond,  
 As she gazed on her helpless child,  
 And she closer pressed to her gladdened heart  
 The babe, who unconscious smiled:  
 “My life shall be for thee, my child,  
 All guiltless as thou art;  
 And who would dare my soul to tear  
 From the tie that forms a part?”

“Oh, life is sweet!” said an aged sire,  
 Whose eye was sunk and dim;  
 His form was bent—his strength was spent—  
 Could life be sweet to him?

Oh yes; for round the old man's chair  
 His children's children clung;  
 And each dear face and warm embrace  
 Made life seem ever young.

Thus life is sweet, from early youth  
 To weak enfeebled age;  
 Love twines with life, through care and strife,  
 In every varied stage.  
 Though perchance the path is rough,  
 And dark the sky above;  
 In every state there's something yet  
 To live for and to love.

### FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

1. When we commence the day, we may be quite sure our wishes will be crossed before the end of it. Let us prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we should not expect too much.

3. Try to learn the different temper of each one of the family, and suit yourself to it.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up your heart to Heaven.

5. Observe when any are suffering, and speak a word of kindness and sympathy.

6. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

7. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

8. Be gentle with the little ones, and treat them with kindness and respect, remembering you were young once, and that there is an eye observing all things.

#### ALWAYS HAVE TWO BOOKS ON HAND.

A book always within reach may be taken up at any odd moment. One book should be in reading of a character to

suit the mind when thoughtful and bright; the other, to suit it when tired or vexed.

#### A TEXT.

Try always to get a short text on the mind in the morning; it will help you to meet troubles, and to get over them, through the day.

#### THOUGHTS.

Store the mind with good and valuable thoughts; they take up no room. You may labour or travel with them without any inconvenience.

#### TWO THINGS.

There are two things which ought to exert a great influence upon us—the first is, a thought of duty; and the second, the thought of usefulness.

### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Miss Corner's Scriptural History.* London: Dean.

A very comprehensive and useful book for parents and teachers.

*Journal of Health.* London: Simpkin and Co.

A cheap serial of useful hints to families.

*Autobiography of a Five-Pound Note.* By Mrs. WEBB. London Clarke.

An instructive book for our sons, from home.

*Band of Hope Almanack.* London: Partridge and Co.

A delightful sheet of information for young and old.

*Sabbath Lessons for a Year.* By Rev. S. MARTIN. London Ward and Co.

A treasure for Sabbath-school teachers, helping them to think and to teach.

*The Lamp of Love.* Edited by Rev. C. H. BATEMAN. London Houlston.

The name of the editor will guarantee a warm reception for this beautiful book of tales by all our young friends.

*Little Book for Children of all Ages.* London: Ward and Co.

A very attractive and interesting book to young eyes and hearts.

## COMMON MERCIES.

“Then praise God for Sabbaths—for books and dreams—and pains!”

“COMMON mercies!” what are they? Health, food, raiment; the light of the glorious sun and the stillness of the night; household blessings, with love and friendship sweetening every hour of life; the green spots of this beautiful world, looking as though the curse had passed very lightly over them; flowers and music, and the flute-like voices of the dear little children. Oh! should we not be thankful for these? But is it not true, that the blessings of Providence are so richly, thickly, and freely scattered around us, in every winding and turning of life, that we count them as things of course, and almost claim them as a right? How often do we see a young wife and mother tripping along life’s pathway gaily and joyously, the bright sun shining over her head, and the green velvet sward beneath her feet; the birds singing in the high heavens, and the lambs of the fold and the lambs of the household gamboling at her feet. Suddenly the scene is changed: she draws near a dark and tangled wood; she looks back, but there is no returning; there is a narrow path through the gloomy glade, covered with thorns and prickly plants, but she must enter it, for it is the appointed way to a city beyond. Thin and delicate slippers served her before to tread the soft path; but now she needs shoes of iron and brass, ay, and promise too that they shall last, it may be, some forty years, to travel in the wilderness.

The voices of the household prattlers no longer cheer her way. They are singing, indeed, loud and long, but their song is in another language, and in a celestial country; the guide of her youth now has joined them, and she must travel on alone. Ah! she ponders now over all those common mercies of which she thought so little, or received as common things: they are now remembered as blessings



rare and rich, and she marvels that she valued them so little while in her possession;—and is it not even so with the every-day blessings of life? We receive them as matters of course, and forget the Giver, and the possibility of His withdrawing them.

“Oh, mother, mother!” said little Jane Rowe, “I am so glad Mrs. Teachwell let me lead home poor tiny blind Susan, so that she did not fall into the gutter again. Oh, mother, how sad it is to be blind!” “Yes, my child, it must be; to have this beautiful world shut out from our view, and to see the beloved countenances of our dear ones no more.” “Yes, mother, don’t you mind how poor Mr. Teabort put his hands on his little Emily, and said, ‘Oh, that I could see your pretty face!’ How he must wish to see all his little children, like father can see us.” “Yes, he must, indeed, poor man, and a very little thing it was, my child, that deprived him of the blessing of sight; only a little cold after taking medicine. And I knew a gentleman who was brushing his coat, and happened to knock one of the buttons up into the eye, and he could never see with it again. I knew a little boy, who by accident pierced his eye with a fork, and he became blind. So, you see, we are always in danger of losing our common mercies.”

Mothers! who amongst us ever thanked our Heavenly Father as we ought for every-day blessings—for being able to gaze on the glorious sunshine, the enchanting scenery of this still-beautiful world, the hills and dales, the blue sky and the cheering green meadows, the everflowing sea with its crested waves, the ten thousand tinted flowers blooming on the rich brown earth for our gratification, the blessings of sleep which He gives his beloved when He has drawn the curtains of darkness around us, and the light of the new morning when the household awakens to assemble around the domestic altar, and none are found sleeping the sleep of death!

Mothers! do you store your little children’s minds with

texts of Scripture and hymns? The day may come when they may be blind! And did you ever think of this? Perhaps you never thought such a thing possible, that you or they could ever lose the blessing of sight; yet it may be, and the writer of this little paper, knowing from experience that there is a possibility of losing this common though great mercy, would say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" "work while it is day," for the night of darkness, or of death, may be close at hand. Forget not every day to thank your Heavenly Father for common mercies.

### THE LITTLE BLIND BOY'S THOUGHTS ABOUT DYING.

"MOTHER! the sun feels very warm, oh, lead me to those bowers;  
I long to sit and think amid the perfume of the flowers,  
Where I was wont to play; oh, how I loved the glorious light!  
The tears will fill the eyes sometimes to think I've only night.

"Mother! I never used to think how nice it was to see  
The lovely world and all around, till blindness came on me;  
Oh, could I see you, just once more, my heart would leap for  
joy,  
To look again upon your face—but I'm a poor blind boy!

"Mother! when you are leading me, I feel quite bold and  
strong.

Even when we pass the market-place amidst the busy throng;  
But I think, what can your blind boy do when you are called  
away?

Oh! I must pray to go with you—on earth I could not stay.

"Mother! I think sometimes, when my day comes to die,  
That I *must* see the way, through 'the valley' to the sky—  
I mean the way that father went, when he bid us "Good-bye!"  
Oh! I feel I *must* have eyes to see the journey to the sky.

"And when my spirit flies away, upon the waves of air,  
What *shall* I do unless I *see*?—for you will not be there.  
It must be very far to go up to that better land;  
What can a little blind boy do, without his mother's hand?"

The mother dried her streaming eyes, and clasped her blind boy's hand,

"Jesus," she said, "will be thy guide to the holy, happy land ;  
And He will lead my blind boy to the realms of endless day—  
Cast all your cure on Him, my son, and wipe your tears away."

*February, 1854.*

### THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.—No. III.

"Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they have to him."—"Have not a friend more intimate, O husband! than thy wife."

SORROWFUL days, weeks and months passed over poor Mary's home—Henry ever returning late, flushed and half angry ; evidently an altered man, yet every now and then presenting his wife with money, saying, "Use that as you like, Polly ; I don't wish to be selfish." The uncomplaining wife did everything in her power to make her husband's home comfortable, ever hoping to win him back to his early habits and kind ways, pleading with God for herself and for him ; but he went on, recklessly giving up all that once made him peaceful and happy.

One evening Henry returned earlier than usual, bringing with him a young man of doubtful appearance and rough manners, though he had evidently been accustomed to good society, and had read a good deal. "I have brought a gentleman to sup with you, Mary ; a friend of mine, so, of course, of yours," said Henry, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Gaylove. "My husband's friends must be mine," said the astonished Mary, keeping down her beating heart as best she could. "Really, Mrs. Judd," said the stranger, "I have heard so much of you and your kind ways from a certain person that I shall not name, that I have been wishing to see you for some time, and if you had a sister like yourself, I should almost have fallen in love without having a meeting!" "You might have made a sad mistake, Sir," rejoined Mary, plucking up her

courage, "but there is no danger, for I was early an orphan, and knew not the comforts of a happy home of my own till I married!" The last words all but choked poor Mary, but she went into the pantry to prepare supper. "I have not anything particularly nice to place before you," said the gentle woman, as she laid the white cloth, "only a little cold pork." "Ah! but some of your nice pickle, Mary," said her husband, "and, I'll answer for it," he continued, "a bit of pie always saved for me!"

Much chat passed over the frugal supper, and many compliments paid to Mary's housekeeping. After supper, Henry said, turning towards his wife, "What do you think, Mary, we have done up yonder?"—"I do not know."—"Well, I will tell you; we thought, as so many are going to the gold diggings, that those who are left behind should be better paid for their work than they are; so, when we were in the very middle of the most particular things at the great house, when they could not do without us, we all struck for more money, and we are told to-night, as the work is done, we may all be off to the diggings, if we like! But I have no notion of going among tents and pistols; what say you, old girl?"—"Dear me," exclaimed poor Mary, turning dreadfully pale, "are you really turned off, Henry?"—"Why, yes, I suppose we are, and no mistake; and the worst of the matter is, that our purse is too empty to carry us over the water, I'm afraid."—"Mrs. Judd," said the visitor; "I fear this sudden information about business has alarmed you; it has made you look as bloodless as an angel!" Pale, indeed, poor Mary was, and very ill she felt; so ill, that she was obliged to retire to her room, leaving her company and her supper-table to the care of her misguided husband.

#### A FATAL ROCK.

"I must do as others do," is a dangerous rock, on which many have been lost.

## ALFRED; OR, THE BLESSING OF EARLY PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.

ALTHOUGH much has been written in commendation of early instruction, and the blessing attendant upon a mother's pious efforts, it may be truthfully said, "the half has not been told." The following anecdote, founded upon fact, will afford an additional testimony:—

The mother of a child, whom I shall call Alfred, was exceedingly desirous that he might be brought up in the fear of God. She devoted some part of every Lord's day in teaching him the principles of religion. It was her practice, when he first began to speak, to hear him repeat some prayers for morning and evening, enjoining him at the same time to offer them up to God! From her lips he learned to repeat nearly all Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs for Children." As he grew up, he continued the practice, and by this means the habit of prayer was acquired and confirmed. In process of time, his mind was impressed with the importance of Divine things. He sought, at an early period, an interest in the salvation obtained by our Lord Jesus Christ. The ministry of the Gospel was greatly, although very gradually, opened to his understanding and blessed to his soul. I have heard him say that he never recollected the time when he did not delight in sacred things, and always attributed this, under God, to the early instructions he received from his mother. It was seed sown in good ground, which, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, germinated, flourished, and produced the fruits of righteousness. His life and conduct proved the reality of grace in his heart. Sometimes he doubted whether he was a child of God, from the circumstance that he could not fix on any time, or refer to any place, when and where he was born again; but this was removed by a discourse delivered by a late excellent minister from the words, "I am the Lord's."

The thoughts of Alfred were fixed on the Christian ministry, and he laboured in the blessed work of preaching the Gospel of salvation for more than half a century,

“Telling to all around  
What a dear Saviour, he had found.”

Always ready for his work, and always engaging in it with pleasure. His dear parent lived to see him thus engaged, and heard from his lips the tidings of salvation, the offers of mercy to sinners, and the promise of pardon to all who come to Jesus.

Fathers, mothers, listen! Train up your children for Christ and heaven. Begin early to tell them of their ruin by the fall, and of the remedy provided in the atonement and righteousness of Christ. Follow your instructions with your *example*. Be in earnest for their salvation. Tell them that God invites *them*; that He says, “they who seek me early shall find me;” that in Him they will have a guide to direct them in the way, a counsellor to advise them in difficulties, a friend that will never forsake them, a father that will provide for them, a covert to protect them, a physician to heal their maladies, a benefactor that will enrich them with the blessings of His grace on earth, and crown them with His glory in the heaven of heavens.

R. C.

## MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

REPORT FROM CARR'S LANE, BIRMINGHAM.

HAILING with delight this fourth anniversary, the past, the present, and the future call forth gratitude, humility, and trust. The consideration of the basis for work laid by our esteemed pastor, at the commencement of the year, of which we would not lose sight—first, the inspired prayer, “Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?” secondly, the maternal motto, “And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach

them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up,"—reminds us of unfaithfulness, weakness and deficiency, though at the same time we are conscious that we have been uplifted and stimulated thereby.

The various subjects on which we have held conference this year, have served to instruct, profit and edify all whose happiness it has been to attend. We cannot resist this opportunity of urging upon others to unite in these useful meetings. We would say, "Come with us, and do good, and get good." Our hearts bound in sacred gratitude as we move onwards under the sunlight of our Heavenly Father's smile, we would now testify our gratitude for the past by implicit trust for the future; and so go forward with new energy of soul and loyalty of heart, looking to God, under the happy assurance that omnipotent strength will be granted to aid us through all our future course. Though for the most part we have been brought through "green pastures," and led beside "still waters," we have not passed on without clouds and darkness.

Disease and death have cast their shadows, and bid us "weep with those who weep." Though several have been bereaved, we record with profound gratitude that only one of our number has been removed during the past year, and for that one we "sorrow not as those that are without hope," resting confident that she has been called by Infinite Love to exchange the work and associations in which she delighted upon earth for the noble and more blissful ones in heaven.

"Grieved we view the vacant place,  
Miss the kindly beaming face;  
Listen for the voice in vain,  
N'er to aid us here again."

We number eighty-five in this Association, but the attend-

ance at our monthly meetings is not so numerous as we could desire. We work on in hope.

#### BALSALL HEATH ASSOCIATION.

Gratefully we acknowledge the encouragement afforded in the review of the past year,—the number of members, the regularity of attendance, and the unabated interest, combine to enliven our hopes that a silent influence is at work, contributing to benefit many domestic circles. In addition to a small library of books lent for the instruction of mothers, a fund has been formed for the sick, by a subscription of one penny a fortnight from each member, which we find, by being regularly maintained, though small in itself, will enable us to administer to the comfort of the afflicted amongst us in times of need. Number of members in this Association, 70; and 247 various Mothers' Magazines are taken in monthly.

Five other Associations are named in this neighbourhood, numbering 303 members; and two mothers are mentioned as having departed from earth, rejoicing in hope of eternal life.

#### A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. IV.

AT this stage in Mrs. Rayless's history, a Christian friend found access to this abode of misery. There sat the unhappy, prayerless mother, with no comfort as it regarded this life, and no hope for the future. She had cared not for her own soul, nor for the souls of her children; she had never thought of the dread account which would be read against her when the books were opened; she had forgotten alike and altogether the claims of her God, her soul, her family; she had lived without God, without Christ, without fear, without hope; and now disease and death are come, and she has no refuge. She had never felt a mother's responsibility, never performed a mother's duty. She was a wicked, prayerless mother. Her children



treated her with contempt, and left her in her affliction to the mercy of strangers.

There she lay in a wretched room alone. The Christian friend tried to lead her to the bleeding Saviour, but she replied by asking for the intoxicating draught. A married daughter, who lived near, was asked to watch by her mother's bed, but all she could be constrained to do was to look upon her for a moment; there was no love in that child's heart for the dying mother. But she was only now reaping as she had sown; she had walked in the broad road during a long life, and had led her children with her, and now, too late, she found it was the wrong road. She sank into a drunkard's grave without a tear falling over it, save that of the Christian friend who had tried in vain to lead her to the cross.

The mother is dead, but the contagion of her character is alive. Her form is beneath the earth, but her voice is still heard, and the immorality and sin she exhibited in her life is seen in all the circle formed around her while on earth; every godless son and daughter she has left will appeal to the doings of their deceased mother for indulgence in sin; and one after another, if Divine grace prevent not, will be driven away to join her in the dark regions of endless woe, heaping curses on that guilty mother's head. Thus will our sins as well as our virtues survive us, and live again in our children, and in generations yet unborn.

Other illustrations yet to come.

#### A SCRIPTURE FRAGMENT; OR, A SIGHT OF BOTH WORLDS.

It was amidst the awful sublimities of Sinai's mount there dwelt in the wilderness an eminently holy man of God. For forty years he had been familiar with its grandeur, he had trodden its sandy deserts, climbed its granite rocks; and been sad and joyful by turns. A good work was

given him to do, but he had help such as no mortal man ever before enjoyed. In difficulties he could at once repair to the mercy-seat; and in that awful place, a voice would be heard from between the cherubim, giving forth almighty and unerring wisdom.

Eighty years had passed over him, yet was he vigorous—nor was his natural force abated; one long-cherished hope was unfulfilled—the Jordan flowed between him and the promised land. The thousands of Israel's sons were encamped in the wilderness, the times of the vengeance of the Most High had nearly passed away; the carcasses of the doomed generation had been left behind, and now he pleads, "O Lord God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy greatness, and thy mighty hand; for what God is there, in heaven or on earth, that can do according to thy works, and according to thy might? I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me. And the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak to me no more of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes; for thou shalt not go over this Jordan." The good man ceases, he pleads no longer, but cheerfully acquiesces, and yields up his will to the Divine will, whilst his soul is filled with the thought that God has had mercy on him.

He now gives his last blessing to the people over whom he had watched with such anxious solicitude, casts his eyes for the last time upon the goodly tents of Jacob, and lingers upon the tabernacle and the cloud, the special tokens of the Divine presence, and then bends his steps towards the mount; no fear—no alarm—but with perfect self-possession and composure, he goes his way. May we not suppose that something like this would have been the dismissal of men from the earth, if sin had not entered

our world? He stands upon the top and casts his eyes around upon the goodly land and Lebanon, which was typical of heaven—he gazes upon the loveliest spectacle that earth could afford—he sees Jericho with its green plains, Lebanon lifting up its snow-clad summit to the skies, Hermon glistening with the dew that covered it, and Jordan winding through the rich landscape, and the sea of Galilee; his eyes were strengthened to behold the sight, and doubtless he felt it to be a special favour from heaven. And whilst his soul was filled with delight and rapturous joy, a sudden dimness comes over his eyes, the vision gently fades away, when lo, another, and a brighter far, dawns upon him—the spirit has left the body, and finds itself surrounded by attending angels, the shouts of myriads welcome him to the skies, and he recognises the voice to which he had often listened with holy awe, saying, “Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.”

Thus we think that God is often with His believing people still; whilst their bodies are on beds of suffering; surrounded by weeping friends, their spirits are permitted to enter within the veil, and see and hear things unutterable. Oh! who would not be a Christian? Who would not cherish such a hope? Who would be an infidel? or who would be an unbeliever? M. B.

### THE LITTLE WORSTED HAT LAID ASIDE.

“TAKE it away, Mary,” said the young mother, “I cannot bear to see it now.” And the faithful nurse laid the now useless hat carefully away. Ah, young, stricken mother, sitting alone in your silent nursery, you cannot bear to see it now—and many, many days must pass before you will be able to look calmly on the cunningly-looking little worsted hat, whose jaunty air and pretty plume-like trimmings have so often made you smile. There will

no smile play over your features now, when it reaches your eye—dear little memento of the past!—too distinctly and too touchingly does it speak of the cherub form and bird-like voice, that have passed away from your dwelling for ever. You cannot bear to look upon it, for at the sight your yearning to behold the little one who wore it grows more painful, and you miss that angel-presence with a keener agony. Bitter are the thoughts that now crowd chokingly upon your heart.

Upon the stainless brow, above which that hat once lightly rested, the grave-dust is gathering—gathering slowly, day by day, and amid the brightness of those golden curls it lies heavily; dampness is in the cheek and lips that were late so rosy, and the sealed eye of the little one has lost its glorious beauty. Ah! you are ready to say, sometimes, “The grave should not demand such things as *these!*”—and to wish that some art were discovered by which, when the spirit departs, the fair casket it leaves could be changed at once into marble or alabaster, and so be kept as a sacred thing in its accustomed dwelling; but this may not be, and we *must* lay our treasures *down amid the dust.*

Oh, that amidst these earthly sorrows we may all, at all times, be able to turn our thoughts away from the dark grave, and follow the rejoicing spirit as it ascends to its native heaven; and as we lay the young and the lovely and beloved away, to rest in the chambers of the grave, to say,

“Weep not for the early dead,  
Sleeping in their narrow bed;  
They are happier far than we,  
Howsoever blest we be.

“Happy are they who die in youth,  
Ere the fountain-springs of truth  
Have been sullied by the rains,  
Leaving dark and deadly stains.”

## SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS. "

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—\* \* \* I have often thought that other children might derive pleasure and profit from a game which for many years was a favourite Sabbath-evening occupation in my mother's family, besides happily occupying a portion of our mornings in preparing for it. We were six boys and girls, varying in age from seven to fifteen years, and I can testify, from my own experience, that from the memorable evening on which our much-loved pastor initiated us into this game, the children, especially the younger ones, were led to study their Bibles more attentively than they had done before, and to take much more interest in sacred history. If you should think it likely to be useful, I send you an account of the way in which it is played. Many mothers find a great difficulty in getting through the winter Sabbath evening. I would gladly tell them how they may make a portion of it, at least, short and pleasant to their little ones. It is almost needless to say, the mother must enter into it with spirit and life herself, or her children will not take an interest in it. She must play fairly herself, and make them do so; and she must not continue it long enough to allow them to grow weary of it, but rather reserve it for a treat when they have been good, said their Sabbath tasks well, or been attentive at their place of worship, &c. Half an hour is enough for most children.

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

One child thinks of any Bible character he pleases; the rest endeavour by their questions to draw from him such information, as to the period at which the object of his thoughts lived, the circumstances in which he was placed, his character, conduct, &c., &c., as may enable them to discover his name. Whoever can do this first, is entitled to think of the next character. Twenty questions are allowed, and *no more*, but it often happens the character is discovered before half that number have been asked. The players ask alternately; generally in the order in which they sit, conceding to the little ones the privilege of asking the commencing questions, which are always nearly the same, and require no inventive genius. Should any child be at a loss what to ask, his turn passes to the next, and so on. Each may have three guesses; if no one can find out, they yield, and the

same child may think again, if he can prove that he has answered correctly and fairly. Leading answers ought never to be given, as they destroy the interest of the game, and leave no scope for the exercise of the reflective powers. For the same reason, except with very young children, characters familiar to all, such as Noah, Joseph, and Adam, had better be avoided, as they are found out almost at once.

Thus, for example, suppose the family seated round the fire, some dark, wet, Sabbath evening. The mother asks, "Well, children, how shall we employ ourselves till candles are lighted, for we shan't be able to go out this wet evening?" Several voices exclaim, "Oh, do, mamma, let us have a few rounds of Scripture characters." One or two will probably add, "I have been looking in my Bible this morning, and I have found some nice ones, that even you won't find out very easily." Consent being given; and a child selected to begin, he says, "I have thought of a character."

[We must reserve the various questions for next month, or our paper will be too long.—ED.]

## PAGE FOR YOUNG FRIENDS.

BE GENTLE—BE LOVING—BE KIND.

EVERY look you give, every word you speak, will live in some heart as a blighting shade or cheering spirit. Every act of yours, though it be smaller than the dewdrop that trembles on the flower, will cast its light or its shadow over your heart—will mingle in the dreams of joy that bless you by night, or be the grim spectre of your waking hours.

You look bitterly at a friend—years may not blot it out—tears of love may not efface the impression. That sensitive heart is still vibrating under your harsh touch; and the sad memory of the wrong you yourself have no power to bear. You wake in the night to weep as you listen, not to the joyous song, but to the echo of a mournful strain; and it may never die away! It tells you that you have stolen away gladness from a happy heart, and may never again meet the blessed glances of faith and trust. You still pour into that heart strong and

holy affection; but it is returned to you sparingly and with fear. What a doom! Oh! be gentle—be loving—be kind.

It may be, that with thoughts of your childhood there come sad memories. A brother struck you in boyish heat. A gentle spirit whispered in your ear: "Little sister, be kind; put your arms around his neck, and love him—he wants you to!" The tears are in his eyes, and he says that if you'll show him where he hurt you, he'll kiss it and make it well. You resisted that loving spirit, and your brother stole away from you and cried. Your mother told you to go and find him, for the dew was falling. You took your sun-bonnet, and went out with a heavy little heart. You found him asleep on the grass, and a tear was on his face. You wanted to wipe it away with a kiss, and tell him you were sorry. You didn't do it; for there came an angry thought—he was an ugly boy; and he sha'n't kiss me, and I won't kiss him. You awoke him, and he went into the house with a grieved little face. The next morning your mother told you that he was sick—that he had lain down on the grass and fallen asleep, and she thought him very ill indeed—you had better not disturb him until he was better.

When you saw him again, you told him you were sorry; but he didn't understand you. He tossed his little head on the pillow; and, with eyes that could never know you more, looked at you wildly, and asked you to show where he hurt you, and he would kiss it and make it well. Oh! in that hour, how your little heart was bursting! He kissed you; but he did not make it well. Your mother gently led you away; and, uncomfortable and alone, you went to your little bed,—you went without your brother's kiss or sweet caress; and there were thorns in your pillow that night.

Another night, and you sat by that brother's coffin; the fading sunlight shone on it, but it didn't shine into your heart. No: there was no light there! and

your tears fell fast on that little face you would not kiss. The coffin was nailed up—it was lowered into the ground—the dirt was thrown over it, and the grass grew over it—and you sat on the grass and wept. You have grown to be a woman—the sorrows of your childhood are nearly all forgotten; but, amid the gaiety and joyousness of life, you wake in the night to see a spirit, and you mark its coming by day. It is a reproachful spirit, and it says to you, “Show me where it hurt you, and I’ll kiss it and make it well!”

Oh! be gentle!—be loving!—be kind!

## SERVANTS AND MASTERS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NO. I. CONTINUED.

“Now, Sam,” said the busy Farmer Thrifty, “the field on the hill must be planted with potatoes, at two feet apart in the drill, and three feet in the rows. Remember, Sam, the crop will be entirely dependent on the attention you pay to my instruction; if you are careful to plant as I order, the sets will not be rooted up by vermin, and each set will, with kindly weather, produce its crop.

“The dairy depends on your close attention, George, to the regularity with which the cows are milked, and the gathering out of all drippings from the teats, whilst the cow’s health depends on cleanliness and good feeding.

“You know, Thomas, these valuable horses are in your care, and beyond my eye. If you neglect them, I shall, indeed, discover it by their depressed appearance; but the mischief will be done.

“Be careful, Dick, that the corn from the barn-floor does not fly out at the doors, or run through crannies in the floor, or much will be lost.

“Now, remember, my men, keep your time—each hour of the day is mine—if you expect your full wages.”

J. O’V.



## MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

A LESSON OF CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

'Twas when the sea, with hideous roar,  
 A little bark assailed,  
 And potent fear, with awful power,  
 O'er each on board prevailed—  
 Save one! the captain's darling child,  
 Who fearless viewed the storm;  
 And playful, with composure smiled  
 At danger's threatening form.  
 "Why sporting thus?" a seaman cried,  
 "When sorrows overwhelm?"  
 "Why yield to grief?" the boy replied,  
 "MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

## WORKING MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

*To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."*

MY DEAR MADAM,—It will, I am sure, afford you pleasure to know that, rather more than a year since we formed a Maternal Association, when nineteen mothers enrolled their names as members. A short time since, we held our annual meeting, when the mothers, with their husbands, met our pastor and several of the friends who interest themselves in our Association, and partook of a social meal. After tea, we read our first Report; and much hope is felt that our meetings will be blessed to many of our friends. We have now fifty members; the usual fortnightly attendance is encouraging; and several have been induced to attend the public ordinances of God's house. Our young friends distribute about fifty numbers of your valuable magazine, and both fathers and mothers hail its arrival each month with delight. One poor woman writes thus in reference to it:—"Soon after Divine light broke in upon my soul, and I was brought to feel what a sinner I was, I was thirsting after wisdom, when Miss R. presented to my notice *The Mothers' Friend*, which I received, and derived much instruction and comfort from it; it was like 'rain upon the tender herb'" Sincerely do I hope, my dear Madam, that

you will often have your heart gladdened by hearing of the good effects resulting from your work of faith and labour of love.

A MOTHER.

### THE TWO HOMES.

“FATHER is coming!”—and little round faces grow long, and merry voices are hushed, and toys are hustled into the closet, and mamma glances nervously at the door, and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace, and father’s business-like face relaxes not a muscle, and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is despatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute-book, and the children creep like little culprits to bed, marvelling that baby dare crow so soon, now that *father has come!*

“Father is coming!”—and bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window-pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops, and balls, and kites are discussed, and little Susy lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with a fearless abandon, and Charley gets a love-pat for his medal, and mamma’s face grows radiant, and the evening paper is read (not silently but aloud), and tea and toast and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and *father has come!*—*Fanny Fern.*

### THE HOUSEHOLD OF SYMPATHY.

“HAPPY, thrice happy the families in whose narrow circles no heart can grieve or rejoice alone—no glance, no smile can be unreturned—and whose friends say to each other daily, with actions rather than words—‘Thy joy, thy happiness are mine too.’ Beautiful is the peaceful, the quiet home, which protectingly encloses the weary victim of earth; which collects around the friendly

blazing hearth, the old man leaning on a staff, the strong middle-aged man, the loving wife and happy children, who dance and sport around in their blessed earthly heaven, and who finish a happy day with grateful prayers upon their smiling lips."—*Fredrika Bremer.*

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

NOW.

"Now," is the little word constantly heard ticking from the clock of time. "Now," is the watchword of the wise—"Now," is on the banner of the prudent—"Now," is the only time we have. Let us not put off for to-morrow what we can do *now*; saying, "*then* will I do it." "*Then*" may never be,—*now* is our working time.

### AN ACROSTIC,

COMPOSED BY A BOY OF TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, TO HIS SISTER AT SCHOOL.

J oin thyself unto the Lord,  
 A nd flee the sinner's way ;  
 N or dare God's holy law to break,  
 E 'en to thy latest day.  
 T he Lord will watch and guide ;  
 H is hand will help thee through ;  
 O 'er this waste howling wilderness,  
 R ight through the vale of wee.  
 N ow pray that God may give you grace,  
 S o faithfully to seek his face.—J. S. T.

### MOTHER'S WORK.

A mother labours not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken; but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

### THE LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRL'S ARROW.

"Mother, my teacher says everybody ought to pray—is this true, mother? You never pray—do you, mother?"

## THE TRIED MOTHER.

“Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look for a foolish father.”

“I WILL tell father, that I will, he said I should always tell him when you scolded me. Ah! he'll pet me up when he comes home.” This speech was made by a pert little girl of some seven years of age. Her mother, who was a gentle and amiable woman, had been well trained in her own early youth, but the want of co-operation on her husband's part, in regulating the high spirit of little Mary, cost her many a bitter pang. “Do not say that to me again, Mary,” she replied, “or I shall send you to your room for the rest of the day, and your food will be bread and water.” The firm tone of the mother's voice, and the sorrowful look that glanced upon her, caused the child to feel that her mother was in earnest, and, with a quick step she retreated from her presence.

“How naughty Mary is, mother!” said Frederick, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, laying his lesson-book on the table, while he gazed sorrowfully on his loving mother's face. “I wonder why it is that father always takes Mary's part, when she is naughty. Ah! I saw a tear in your eye, mother, at breakfast time, and I knew it was all about that little pert Mary.” “Little children, my son,” replied the mother, “are either a great trial, or a great comfort to their parents: Do you know your lesson, my son? I should like to hear you repeat it before you go to school. I like you to be properly prepared with your studies; it is a great trial to a good master, when his pupils bring him imperfect lessons.” Frederick went through his lessons with his mother, and then, “with shining morning face,” and satchel of books over his shoulder, he trudged off cheerfully to school.

In the evening of the day, when Mrs. Harcourt and her five elder ones were assembled around the tea-table wait-

ing for the father of the family, she asked John, her eldest son, if his lessons were ready for the morrow. "Part of them, mother," the boy replied; "father says, Mr. Lexicon is too severe, and gives us too long lessons, and that I only need learn part of mine." • "But, my son," replied the mother, "you are quite capable of learning and understanding the lessons set for you, and it is very important for you to acquire all the knowledge that you can now, in your early youth; if your father is spared, and has his health, he can only afford to send you a very few years longer to school; our income is very small, and all these little ones must have some education as well as my elder children." "Well, mother," said John, tossing back his head, "father says I need not learn so much, and I want a game of those spellicans." The end of the controversy next month.

### WHAT IS GLORY?

Is it glory to cause the widow's tears  
 To roll o'er her fading face?  
 Is it glory to watch the orphans' grief,  
 And the cause of their sorrow trace?  
 Such glory is caused by the battle-plain,  
 Where the husband and father lie with the slain.

Is it glory to break a mother's heart,  
 And from her home to tear  
 The only one who worked for her,  
 In this weary world of care?  
 Then carry her son to the battle-plain,  
 And bury him there mid the thousands slain.

Is it glory to drive the soul in haste  
 To a world of black despair,  
 Midst the fearful din of cruel war,  
 Without one single prayer?  
 Then trample the youth amidst the slain,  
 And rejoice in death on the battle-plain.

Is it not glory to follow Him,  
 Who said that brotherly love  
 Must reign in the breast of those who wish  
 To dwell with Him above?  
 The "Prince of Peace" will smile on those  
 Who the sword and the battle-field oppose.

#### THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.—No. IV.

"Now this is the sum of the matter—if ye will be happy in marriage confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and HOLY."

THE next morning found Mary very ill, and utterly unconscious of all that was passing around her; both mind and body had received a shock, and, for more than a week, she lay at the very gate of the grave, not once recognising her husband the whole time. Henry sat by her side with a pained conscience, weeping most of the day, but allowing none to do any office for his wife that he could perform. He was her constant and untiring nurse by day and by night. The faithful monitor within was at work, and this, with present anxiety and weariness consequent on sickness, caused him to look very ill, and his mother remarked, "Henry will soon be as ill as Mary; and if she dies I am sure we shall bury both of them!"

"What do you think of my wife, Sir?" asked Henry, as the medical man entered the little parlour to give his orders to the female attendants. "She is very ill, Mr. Judd," the doctor replied, "and she must be kept perfectly quiet, or I cannot answer for the consequences." "Ah, Sir, I am to blame," rejoined Henry, as his eyes filled, "Mary has been one of the best wives in the world, but I did not know; or, at least, think of the value of what I had to lose in her; but now, Sir, I would beg for her, if I could but get her back to me again, with her nice mind right awake once more, and her kind, unselfish heart loving me as it used to do. Oh! my brain seems reeling." "This is too often the case, Mr. Judd, in this

world of sin and mistake; we often find out the value of our blessings just as they are taking wing<sup>d</sup> for ever. I trust your good wife may yet recover; you must leave her in His hands who will do all things well. On her account you need have no fears, for, as far as I can learn, she is meetened for life or for death,—if God blesses the means we use, she will yet be restored to you.”

Dr. Hope arose to depart, but Henry ventured to ask him to sit yet one minute. “I have a great favour to ask you, Sir,” said he, with a trembling voice; “you are very intimate with my old master, and I should feel for ever grateful to you if you could put in a word for me up there. I foolishly and madly threw myself out of his employ, through the advice and example of those who have well-nigh ruined me; but if my master would but take me back again, when my poor dear Mary gets better, I should be able to meet the returning light of her eyes with a better heart,—it is as heavy as lead now.” “I shall be happy to do what I can for you, Mr. Judd, and will make a point of seeing Mr. Ray to-morrow.” “Thank you, Sir, thank you. Now I shall sit by my poor wife with a more hopeful mind.”

After some time, it seemed that the healing word had been spoken by the Great Physician, and Mary returned to the scenes of life once more. “You are very weak, my Mary,” said Henry, as he sat by her bed-side holding her hand, “but I hope you will soon regain your strength; and I have some good news to tell you, which I think will hasten your recovery.” “Have you?” replied the young wife, looking round the room like one awakening from a strange dream, “but I want to tell you something,” she whispered. Henry bowed his head to listen. “This deep affliction will be for our good, dear, in life or in death.” Henry moved to wipe the hot tears which were falling from his eyes on Mary’s face. “Stop, dear Henry,” she again whispered, “in my work-box you will find all the money

you gave me for myself." You feed it, my husband, at this time of sickness,—take it out, dear." The strong man wept like a babe, and at length he replied, "I am promised work again, my Mary, at my old master's; the doctor has spoken for me, and now that I see the dreadful danger I have but just escaped, and have learned the value of the treasure I had all but lost, I trust we shall yet be as happy, on the anniversary of our marriage, as we were on the day I called you my wife! Mary, you have served God while I have neglected Him, and while I have done many things to make you hate me, you have been the loving Christian wife through all; you have triumphed, Mary, and when you get better, I hope to work for you, and make you happy as long as I live. I do see that religion is a very beautiful thing in a wife!"

Yes, Henry, we say, and in a husband too! the "triumph" of kindness, love and piety is a "triumph" indeed!

## PAGE FOR OUR BOYS AT SCHOOL.

### THE GLORIOUS REVENGE.

"I WILL never forgive him, that I won't!" exclaimed Basil Lee, bursting into the room where his eldest sister was quietly seated at work; "I will never forgive him." "Never forgive who, Basil? My dear boy, how angry and excited you look. Who has offended you?" "Why, Charles West, Alice," replied Basil, as he put his books away in their place. "And what has Charles West done to offend you? Come and sit by me—there now, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Basil, "Mr. Raymond, who is a friend of Mr. Mathews, and is staying with him, came into the school-room to-day; he is a very nice, kind gentleman, and so he offered a half-dollar to the boy who should first do the sum he set us. Five boys beside me took up their slates; he set us all the same sum, and then we all went to



work. Charles West came and sat next to me, and I saw him copy down every figure as fast as I did it. When I had only one figure to do, Mr. Mathews left the room; I looked to see who went out, and when I turned to my slate again, every figure was rubbed out. I know he did it, because he coloured so. In a minute he had finished his sum and carried it up; it was first done and correct, so he had the half-dollar. I was so angry. The bell rang to go home, and I ran off directly; but I am determined to have a glorious revenge on him. Was it not provoking, Alice?" "Yes, very, dear; and what is your revenge to be?" "Oh! I know. I will tell you. He just deserves it. Mr. Mathews has said that he will turn away any boy out of the school who uses the 'Key to the Grammar Exercises.' Well, I saw Charles using one yesterday, and I will tell of him, I am determined." "Listen to me a moment, Basil. Charles is only at school for one more year—at the end of that time, a gentleman has promised, if he behaves well, to place him in a situation, where in a few years he will be able to support his widowed mother. Do you think the gentleman will give him his situation, if he is turned in disgrace from his school? And what would be the disappointment of his aged mother, to think that her son, who she hoped would support and comfort her latter days, had disgraced himself! Surely, he would bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

[Another chat with Basil to come.]

## SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

### SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

(Continued from p. 75.)

AFTER the character has been selected by one of the children, then may follow such questions as these:—1. Is the individual male or female?—Male. 2. In what dispensation did he live?—In the Mosaic. 3. Did he live in the time of the kings or judges?—In the time of the kings. 4. For what was he dis-

tinguished?—For steadily cleaving to the Lord, with very few outward advantages. 5. Was he rich or poor?—He was in an exalted station. 6. May be he was a king?—No, he was not; but that is too leading a question to be safe to answer generally; but, as you are the youngest, I will tell you this once. 7. Was he married?—No. 8. Did he live in the reign of a very wicked king?—Yes, he did. 9. Were there any prophets in the land in his time?—Yes. Oh! I know! cry several, who have with difficulty refrained themselves so long—Obadiah, who was faithful in the court of Ahab. No, it is not Obadiah; you have lost your guesses; you should have asked some more questions first. 10. Had he a good mother, who taught him to fear God in his childhood; and through whose early instructions he was preserved faithful amidst surrounding wickedness? asks the mother.—No, mamma, indeed he had not. 11. Is his mother mentioned at all beyond her mere name? Is there anything said about her?—Not much, certainly; but quite enough to tell us that she was very far indeed from training up her son in the ways of the Lord. 12. Well, then, how did he learn about God, if he lived in the reign of a very wicked king, and had very few outward advantages? Was his father, or any other near relation holy?—You have asked two questions together; if I answer both, I shall count them as two: or, which would you wish me to answer? Was his father or any other relation holy?—No; all his kindred were wicked. 13. Did he do much good to his country?—The Bible does not tell us;\* he had but little in his power; he let the light of his good example shine at a time when there was great wickedness throughout the land, and was much loved by his fellow-countrymen. 14. Did he live to be old?—No. 15. Had he had any children?—No; he had not. This is a lost question, says some one; you were told before he was not married. Don't ask questions without thinking, or we shan't be able to find out. 16. Was he slain in battle?—No. 17. What kind of death did he die?—A natural one. 18. Was his death foretold by any prophet?—It was. 19. Did he live before or after the separation of Israel from Judah?—After it. 20. To what kingdom

\* The Jews have a tradition that the young prince persuaded his father to withdraw the guards which he had posted along the principal highways leading to Jerusalem, to prevent the people from going up to worship at the solemn feast; but I did not embody it in the game, as it is not in the Bible.

did he belong?—To Israel. I thought so; Ahijah, the son of Jeroboam, who alone of all his family came to the grave, because in him some good thing was found towards the Lord; his death was foretold by Ahijah, the prophet, when his mother disguised herself and went to ask whether he should recover; and all Israel mourned for him, and buried him. That was a very nice one to think of. I guessed whom you meant, some little time ago, but did not like to speak till I was sure.

The above is a fair specimen of the way in which it is played. I chose this character as having heard it lately taken, and gave such questions as I remembered from those which were then asked. I have been careful to avoid making them at all better than intelligent children would do, as, unless they felt themselves capable of asking as good questions as those in the example, they might be discouraged from attempting it.

Yours very respectfully,

MARY.

#### A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. V.

You will say, perhaps, "Mrs. Rayless was an immoral mother!" True; but how fares the child of that mother who is merely moral, and nothing more? Well, we will see, in the history of one whose parents were strictly moral but not truly pious.

The parents of Charles thought a few good works and the form of godliness was all that was required of them. They paid some regard to the externals of religion, but knew nothing of its vital influence. Their son received no religious instruction; he grew up in utter ignorance of the subject. Spoiled by indulgence, and prepared to become the prey of any or all of those various seductions which beset the pathway of youth, his conscience knew no check from early recollections. He hurried on recklessly; he ruined all the hopes of his friends, lost his fortune, became a prey to disease, and early death stared him in the face. But what were his prospects? Did early admonitions come over his troubled thoughts? No. Did he believe a sainted mother's happy spirit would welcome him to the joys of

heaven? No. In this hour of desolation, no early recollection of a pious mother visited this wanderer as an angel's voice; no prayers were registered in heaven for him; no pious friends, who might have been waiting and praying to see him rejoice in death, soothed now his last days; no angel rejoiced and shouted through the expanse of heaven, that this prodigal had returned; no father's arms were open to receive him to the heavenly mansions. Remorse and desperation darkened his last sad hours; he died without one friend to soothe his parting pangs, or administer a cordial to mitigate his woe. Oh! if you would not have your son live such a life and die such a death, begin early to train him in the ways of virtue and piety, with the Bible in your hand and the judgment-day in your recollection.

A brighter picture yet to come.

### SON, REMEMBER!

“AND what shall I remember, mother?” “Remember, my son, all the way in the which the Lord thy God hath brought thee! Remember how I first taught you to bend your knees upon my lap, and lift your little hands to heaven, whilst your infant voice kissed the prayer—‘O Lord, bless a simple child, for the sake of Jesus Christ!’ Remember how I led you by the hand to the house of prayer, and seated you by my side, whilst you listened to the man of God, with the earnestness and simplicity of a little child, till, overcome by sleep, your head reclined upon my shoulder, and nestled under the folds of my silk cloak, the softness of which is still fresh in your recollection! Remember the impression that was made upon your youthful mind when the great truths of the Gospel were set before you! Remember how your little heart was full of tender sympathy for Him who shed His blood on Calvary's cross; and when that sad and mournful scene was opened, how

the tears came into your eyes! You saw in imagination the meek and humble Jesus at Pilate's bar. The majesty of the judge made you afraid; the loud voices and frantic looks of the chief priests and people terrified you; and your tender heart beat quicker as he was ruthlessly hurried away, in the power of cruel Roman soldiers, who buffet Him, spit upon Him, place a crown of thorns upon His head, and so force it down by blows from the long reed that the sharp points enter His sacred temples, and the blood trickles down His pale cheeks, whilst not a complaining word or angry sigh escapes from His lips—He felt it was the hour of wicked men and the power of darkness.

“Remember how you trembled when you were asked by the preacher to accompany the Saviour up the hill; and saw him faint beneath the weight of that very cross on which he was about to be crucified; and how they laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and compelled him to bear the cross.” How little Simon thought, when he left his home that morning, he would be compelled to such a work, or that his name and his deed would be handed down to the latest posterity! And when the suffering Lamb of God, weak and gory, was cruelly thrown upon the cross, and His hands and arms violently stretched out to the ends of the cross-beam, when the wicked, unfeeling executioner took up the heavy hammer and the rough, large nail, and forced it, by hard and heavy blows, through the tender flesh and sinews—Oh! the sound of that hammer; the rattling of those timbers!—And when the tragic scene was finished, by nailing him to the upright post, the whole was lifted up, and let fall into the socket prepared for it, with a jar that would cause the patient sufferer the most intense agony. Still no murmur escaped His lips; but a still small voice was heard—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

“Remember, my son, how the man of God applied this,

and said these sufferings were endured for you ; it was for you men, and for your salvation, the Saviour suffered these things ; it was your sin which nailed Him to the cross ; and to bear the Father's wrath, which was due to your sins, was by far the heaviest part of His sufferings ; it was this which made Him cry out, ' My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ! ' Here and then was the great atonement made ; here he endured all the Father's will ; satisfied to the utmost the demands of justice, and then cried, ' It is finished ; and gave up the ghost. ' The veil of the temple was rent, and the cry went forth, ' Who-soever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely, without money and without price ! ' Remember, my child, how you wished to be the Lord's ; and how you half resolved to give yourself to Him, and become His humble follower ! Remember the grief which swelled in your young heart when, for the first time, you left the home of your father, and mingled your tears upon your mother's cheek ! Remember that lone journey, and the dwelling of the stranger ; and then remember the goodness and mercy which have followed thee to the present time ! " " Mother, I do remember it well ; and, by God's grace, from this moment will I say, ' My father, my father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth ! ' "

M. B.

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MASTERS AND SERVANTS.—No. III.

INTEGRITY.

" He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely," says the wise man—hence David's prayer, " Let integrity and uprightness preserve me." By this quality of the human soul we understand genuine honesty, inward determination to do the right at all risks, in all circumstances, at all times ; uninfluenced by smiles or frowns, fear of punishment, or hope of reward.

This is a very attractive quality to all whose good word is desirable; its possession cannot be concealed. The tortuous courses pursued by the mass of mankind—the constant recurrence of temptations,—the infinitely varied intercourse human society requires, all furnish points of observation; revealing, with more or less clearness, the upright man. “Virtue is its own reward,” so we do not wonder to find integrity, calmly and perseveringly sustained, a great comfort and solace amidst the trials and vicissitudes of life. The sincere man does not dread the revealing of secrets; he has no motive for disguise; so discharging his duty, in the sphere where Divine Providence has cast his lot, be he employer or employed, he may reasonably hope for a comparatively happy life. It is, moreover, the foundation on which to construct an eminently *useful* career.

The upright man is he on whom reliance can be placed in seasons of emergency,—the centre of influence in the community that surrounds him; the perplexed seek his aid in difficulty, the sorrowing find in him a sympathising friend, and all know, that confiding to him their peculiar experience, it will be safe as in their own heart. But, whilst we look with untiring satisfaction at such a character, and trace him amidst the changing scenes of life, the hour will come when the final scene shall present itself, and then what says “the truth?”—“Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.” Blessed consummation! May our readers, in increasing numbers, happily realise it.

We spoke of integrity as a foundation, but this foundation itself must be created ere 'tis laid. Nature does not produce it genuine; mere natural effort only approximates. It is only really to be relied on when it is the result of a Divine influence. Then, when the Spirit of God has renewed the heart, and its energies are controlled by living, active faith in Christ—then dependence can be placed in

the permanence of the profession; and integrity and uprightness shall preserve him. We affectionately commend this thought to all our readers, whether masters or servants, young or old, and earnestly entreat them to see to it that the foundation is laid, and that it is no counterfeit, but the genuine production of God the Holy Spirit. It will be a fearful thing to spend our lives in delusion, and prove at last to have rested on sand—insecure, treacherous and destructive.

Illustrations of No. III. in our next.

J. O. V.

### THE OUTCASTS.—LETTER II.\*

DEAR AND HONOURED PARENTS,—It is with unspeakable pleasure I have written these few lines, rejoicing in the happy experience of being again restored to your favour, which I by my misconduct had justly forfeited. While I reflect on my past sins and ingratitude, I stand astonished at your goodness in so freely pardoning such an unworthy rebel as I have been, and again offering me a share in your love and compassion, which is a privilege I highly value. But to whom am I indebted for all this? Is it not God, the supreme Giver of all good? To Him I owe every blessing I enjoy. Where would my guilty soul have been, when exposed to the dangers and temptations of a wicked world, had not the Almighty watched over me and preserved me? I must certainly have perished, as in justice due to my iniquity; but, blessed be God, He did not forsake me, nor withdraw His mercies from me. What shall I render, therefore, unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me, who hath redeemed me from destruction, and crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercies? O! my dear parents, words cannot express the feelings of my heart, the love and gratitude I owe to God and my benefactors, under whose protection I still continue, blessed with the privileges of religion. God grant the instructions I have received may never be forgotten, but that they may prove a lasting blessing to my immortal soul; that I may have reason to bless God to all eternity that ever I was led to take refuge in this benevolent institution.

\* Previously to this letter being sent, the parents had been informed of their daughter being in this institution.



The time fast approaches when I must leave this house of mercy, and go again into the world; but I trust that God, who has preserved me to this present moment, will ever vouchsafe to be my protector from the dangers and temptations of an alluring world. In whatever situation in life Providence may place me, I pray I may be enabled to look to Him as the only source and foundation of all real peace and happiness. I humbly beg an interest in your earnest petition at a throne of grace for my preservation, and for the welfare of this institution and its worthy benefactors, who do not forget to send up their humble prayers to God for your eternal welfare, as well as for mine.

Should God of his infinite mercy permit us to meet again on earth, with unspeakable joy shall I embrace the opportunity of telling you what great things the Lord has done for my soul. This, my dear parents, is a privilege your once unhappy child did never expect; but, blessed be God, He has restored me friends, peace, and happiness. O! that my future time may be spent to His eternal praise; that I, with you, and all my dearest friends, may meet before the throne of grace to bless and praise redeeming love! Will thank you for an answer, the first opportunity. My duty to you and my dear mother, my love to my sister.

I remain, your ever grateful, and I hope, in future, dutiful daughter,

\* \* \* \*

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

“Millions of infant souls compose the family above.”

A FATHER, who has been a reader of “*The Mothers’ Friend*” since its commencement, has been induced, at the request of many friends, to send this paper to the Editor for insertion in her magazine, hoping it may encourage many parents to commence very early the religious instruction of their children.

“Our family circle consisted of father, mother, two little brothers (Daniel and John Henry), and a little sister. Daniel, the eldest, was about four and a half years old; and John Henry about three; both of them evinced thought and feeling by inquiries of deep interest, such as—‘Who is God?’ ‘What kind of a place is heaven, and what is the employment of those

who live there? Often did they express a wish to die, and go to heaven; and their daily conversation was of 'dying,' and 'going to heaven in a box,' (as they expressed it.) Often has the youngest little boy run in from his play, and said to his mamma, 'Will you cry, mamma, if I be buried? I am going to Jesus in a box some day.'

"They were remarkably fond of family worship; and each had his favourite chapters, which they wished 'father to read.' Daniel's favourite chapters were the histories of Joseph and Jonah; and little John's was the account of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. They listened to the reading with deep attention, and often asked interesting questions in connexion with it. We always endeavoured to impress upon their minds the importance of prayer, and for this duty they evinced a great fondness. They would often rise very early in the morning, and coming down into the parlour would get a Bible and hymn-book, and in their little way read and sing; and then with great earnestness and sincerity unite in prayer.

"They were always taught the importance of asking, upon their knees, the forgiveness of God when they had been naughty; nor could they be happy until they had done this. One instance may suffice. One day, the eldest little boy had been naughty—his mamma reproved him, and sent him to his room as a punishment. After some time she went up to him, when he fell upon his knees, and said, 'Oh! mamma, I will be a good boy. Will you forgive me, and ask Jesus to forgive me?' His mother knelt down by the bedside, and asked forgiveness for him; and then she said, 'Now, Daniel must ask God to forgive him.' Sobbing, he prayed, 'O God, forgive Daniel for being a naughty boy, and give him a new good heart for Jesus Christ's sake.'

"These dear little boys were exceedingly fond of public worship, and had often been remarked for their good behaviour while in the house of God; and frequently the eldest could repeat to his mother portions of the sermon—so great was his attention. They were ever very loving and kind to each other, and never seemed happy when separated. They were much attached to their school, and to the lady who instructed them, who mentions their often asking her interesting questions, manifesting great intelligence."

[We must accompany these lambs of the fold to the gate of the dark valley next month.]

### OLD WOMEN.—No. III.

You must accompany me again, if you please, up the same yard as before, while I introduce you to another "old woman," surrounded by many more of the comforts of life than my first character, but a much greater sufferer, from physical inability even to cross the room without extreme pain and dizziness in her head; her legs were also much swollen, and altogether she was a most pitiable specimen of helpless age. . . . She was carefully tended by a most kind husband, who performed every office required in their house with almost feminine skill, but who would leave his employ to sit beside his partner while we read the words of life.

The old woman's mind had been partially affected by the intense pain in her head, but on one point she was perfectly clear, and this was as an "anchor to her soul, sure and steadfast;" it was, that Jesus *died for her*. And she truly proved how sweet was His name to a "believer's ear," for during the many hours she was necessarily left alone, and unable to read from the state of her head, which had much affected her sight, she would sit with her Testament in her hand, dimly searching down the columns till she could see the word Jesus, which she distinguished by its large J, and carefully counting how many times He was mentioned.

Once a beloved sister read to her the beautiful hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea;" her delight was unbounded; never after did she suffer a friend to depart without the request, "Will you read 'Just as I am?'" and fast the tears would rain from her closed eyes, familiar as by frequent repetition we might have supposed the words to have become. She, too, has entered into rest, leaving only the memorial that the Lord, who was on earth her strength and song, had also become her salvation, so that death could but loose her loving spirit to seek its rest "in Jesus."

ELICE.

## DO YOU ATTEND A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION?

Did you say "No—I have no time to attend to these things—I can do well enough with my children, as my mother did with me—I must care for the bread and cheese, and they must take their chance?" Ah! say you so? Then you have yet to learn why you are placed in the world, mother.

"Well, but I can't go, if I would; I have no clothes." Neither will this excuse do. The "time" will only be *one single hour* or so in the *month*; and as to "clothes," nobody there will look at them if they are clean and tidy. But we will tell you a little tale:—A clergyman said one day, at a public meeting, that people made a great many excuses for not attending public worship. Some want *time*—or a *hat*—or a *bonnet*—or a *shawl*—or a *seat* there—or some one to *cook dinner*—or to *nurse the children*—or *take care of the house*. In short, said he, their excuses are innumerable; but they forgot *one* want that would swallow up all the rest—they wanted a *WILL*! According to the old proverb—"Where there's a will there's a way," will you try to get the "will?" Well, do—and join the Maternal Meeting without delay. You will repent it NEVER!

## "LITTLE BENNY."

So the simple headstone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked in his laughing eyes, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his tripping tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his silky locks, or laved his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping. I did not see his eye grow dim, or his little hand drop

powerless, or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead. I stood not with clasped hands and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once fit over his cherub face. And yet, "Little Benny," my tears are falling, for somewhere I know there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearthstone, and a weeping mother. "Little Benny." It was all her full heart could utter, and it was enough. It tells the whole story.  
—*Fanny Fern.*

### THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

2 Samuel'xii. 23.

HE twined round our hearts, as a tendril  
Encircles a rose-tree's stem ;  
In the depths of parental affection  
We treasured our little gem.

We hoped, as the rose-tree's bareness  
Is clad by the tendril's flowers,  
That so would our little bud blossom  
To gladden this home of ours.

But the gardener knows that the tendril  
The rose's increase would check,  
And, while it would lend it beauty,  
Would injure as well as deck ;  
And our Father, who loves His children  
With faithful and jealous love,  
Lest our hearts should be set on our darling  
Instead of on things above,

So gently our tendril transplanted,  
And to His own garden bore,  
In Heaven—in God's holy mountain—  
To blossom for evermore.

We are sure that he sleeps in Jesus,  
And nestles upon His breast,  
For "He bears the lambs in His bosom,"  
In God's everlasting rest.

We know we shall meet in the morning,  
 We yearn for the dawning day  
 When Jesus, in clouds of heaven,  
 Shall bear us from earth away.

Away! oh, away, to the bowers,  
 The Eden of God, above,  
 Where *He* wipes all tears from all faces,  
 And love is *not* jealous love.

For no heart can there be divided,  
 But Godward all love doth tend;  
 For of love He's the Source and Centre,  
 The Object, and Life, and End.

Oh, give us henceforward, our Father,  
 To live with a single eye  
 To Thee, to Thy praise and Thy glory;  
 To live for our home on high;

To wait for the Lord from Heaven  
 With patience, and hope, and joy,  
 For the day when our Elder Brother  
 "Brings with Him" our darling boy.

Oh; "my heart leaps up" with its longing  
 That glory our own to call,  
 When the Christ shall be King in Zion,  
 When God shall be All in All.

Bath.

R. C. M.

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

### MATERNAL EDUCATION.

That species of education (says an author) which is derived from *maternal* care is always the most valuable. How numerous are the cases where guilt is checked in its career by the force of affectionate recollections arising in the bosom of a youth, when far distant from his home, and removed from friendly counsel. The image of his mother floats before him—the vicious passion is expelled, and the wanderer may be fixed for ever in a life of virtue, from the first triumph of maternal precepts.

## DO YOU RECOGNISE THE PORTRAIT?

Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that every action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

## "WONDERFULLY MADE."

It may not be generally known that the human hair (light hair) held up to the sun presents all the phenomena of the prism, giving the various colours of the rainbow. Isolated hairs will give at their end the circle coloured as the rainbow. The hair, therefore, is proved to be triangular, and possessing the properties of the prism.

## "BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE."

A remark of Sadi, the Persian poet, was, "I never complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Band of Hope Review.* Vol. for 1853. London: Partidge and Oakey.

A delightful present for our children—full of good things on temperance, and other useful matters.

*Library of Biblical Literature.* Nos. 3 and 4. London: Freeman.

We cordially recommend this work to our young friends. They will find in it much biblical information.

*The Seed.* London: Simpkin and Marshall.

An imaginative but interesting conversation on the Resurrection.

*Jane Rutherford.* London: Clark and Co.

The third volume we have read with pleasure of "The Run and Read Library." "The Peep into a Miner's Home and a Miner's Occupation" is a graphic tale by one of the people.

*Mamma's Budget.* London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Three amusing and instructive books for our young friends.

## THE TRIED MOTHER.—No. II.

“MOTHER!—Mother!” said Jane Harcourt, rushing one morning into the front kitchen, where her mother was preparing dinner, with flushed face and extended hands. “Oh! mother, you can’t think what a mess Mary has made on baby; we all told her not to do it, but she would not listen to us a minute. Oh! you will be so sorry! and it will give you so much trouble!” “What has she done, my dear? You look quite frightened.” “Why, mother, you know, Kitty was washing up some plates, so Mary went behind her, and dipped her hand into the greasy water, and then she rubbed her hand on the pot that Kitty had just put on the fire, and she has messed baby with her hand all over; the pretty little cap; that you took so much trouble with last night, and the nice little clean pinafore, are messed all over with smut, and so are poor baby’s face and hands. She is such a figure! Oh! mother, do come and see!”

“Oh! dear, dear!” said the tried and busy mother, “what shall I do with my little Mary?” and leaving her pudding half made, she hastened into the other apartment to see the havoc her little daughter had made. There lay poor baby on its little rug, covered with the marks of Mary’s black fingers. Mary sat in a corner pouting, with her finger on her lip; Kitty was looking at her with an angry and flushed face.

“Oh! missus!” said the trusty little Irish servant, “what will we do with that there wicked little Mary? She’ll be the death o’ us all entirely, and you in particular. Jist glint yer eye down there to that little colleen of a baby. The beauty of a cap that you were an hour doing, she has covered with the black smut—the creature! What will we do with her, missus?” “Go to your room, Mary,” said the heart-stricken mother; “I will come to you, by-and-by, when I am at leisure.”



With sullen look and dogged step Mary reluctantly left the scene of her mischief, went to her room, and closed the door. The busy and sorrowful mother desired Kitty to give an eye to baby whilst she finished the preparations for her dinner; and then she was obliged to give half an hour in washing and re-dressing the infant, who but a few hours before she had with so much care made so beautifully clean and neat. When the little one was laid down in her mid-day sleep, with heavy heart and tearful eyes Mrs. Harcourt ascended the stairs, to hold converse with her little daughter, who was constantly causing her so much trouble. On entering the room she looked around for the object of her solicitude; but Mary was nowhere to be found. In vain the mother and her little servant searched homestead and garden, till the morning was lost in agitation and excitement.

We shall hope to find Miss Mary by next month.

### THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

“Am I my brother's keeper?”

WHAT power has woman in the home circle, even in babyhood! We lately looked in upon a little family group at play, and observed with deep interest the influence of a gentle little girl over her rougher and sterner brothers. “Don't cry, Georgy dear!” said the sweet Edith; “let me kiss the place to make it well! There, there, Georgy,—lean your head upon my shoulder,—it won't ache long!” This was like oil upon troubled waters; Georgy's ruffled temper was hushed into a calm; and the young sister, by her gentleness and love, caused her brother to forget that he had been hurt.

Thus it is ever, as we pass along life's pilgrimage; woman's influence is great for good or for evil. We have sometimes heard brothers say, “I would never be

so pusillanimous as to be guided by girls or women; what do *they* know about men's business in the battle of life? Their place is at home, making puddings and darning stockings." Yes, to be sure it is; this is quite true; but it is at home where the wounded in the "battle of life" fly for refuge, nursing, and consolation—aye, and sometimes for counsel too, strange as this may seem.

We heard a gentleman say one day, that only once in his life he had refused to take his wife's advice, and that on that very occasion he lost five thousand pounds. This was a rare case, certainly; and this gentleman had a very sensible wife, with whom he was accustomed to go over the events of the day, as they sat by the home-hearth. But there are many husbands and fathers who are pleased to acknowledge woman's influence in the every-day doings and vexations of life.

"What is the matter, Arthur? you look tired and pale." "Don't ask me! I am worried and goaded to death. I shall be cross, if you ask me any questions!" Arthur had just returned from the city strife, and Emma waited her time—wise girl as she was—to soothe her brother, without his knowing it. "I have such a nice book here, Arthur," said Emma, after dinner, as her brother lounged on the couch, disquieted. "Shall I read a page?" "Well, you may, if you like; but I will not promise to understand." Emma began to read, and Arthur entered into the subject before he was aware, and retired to his room cheered and hopeful.

We shall tell you some more of a sister's secrets next month.

#### A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. VI.

Now come with us to another mother's home—her external circumstances and class in society are much the same as Mrs. Rayless's. She possessed no more of this

world's goods; but then she had the blessing of God, which maketh rich. Her little ones were early sent to the Sabbath school, and continued there until they left to fill respectable situations, or became teachers themselves. Mrs. Light trained her children in the way to the kingdom, amidst many difficulties. Her husband was not a helper with her in anything relating to religion, or religious training; but she erected a family altar in her house, and morning and evening was that mother's voice heard, going up to the God of heaven for blessings upon her household.

While the infant was yet too young to walk by her side, she carried it to her private chamber, and at a particular chair she knelt to implore blessings on its young head; and as soon as the children were able to walk, they led the way to that same chair, to join in the mother's prayers. When the doors of the sanctuary were open, she had her household all ready to assemble with the worshippers, and none of her little group were seen to enter the Sabbath school after the prayer for a blessing had gone up. "Oh! no," she would say, "I like them to be in the way, if the shower should descend." They grew up industrious, honest, frugal, and "kindly affectioned one to another." As they advanced in life, all—save one—became disciples of Jesus.

Mrs. Light also became a widow; but she knew where to fly for the shelter of a Rock, during all the storms of life. Her brow was unclouded, for the light of life ever shone upon her path; and when she came down to the shadowy valley, she could look through it to the land afar off, and rejoice that she was soon to see the King in His beauty. "There is only one little sorrow on my heart," she would say; "and that is, that there is yet one of my family who has not enlisted under the banner of the cross." On being asked how she felt as she drew near the grave, she replied,—"Very happy, resting upon my

rock. Death is the gate to endless joy, and I am entering there." Then, one by one, she desired them all to draw near, and receive her blessing and farewell. Last of all came Robert—the unconverted Robert. "Draw near, my son," said the dying mother; "give me your hand; my eyes are dimmed by the pressure of death: soon, my son, I shall be in my Father's home, in glory everlasting. *Mary* will be there—*John* will be there—*Jane* will be there: but oh! my son, my dear son, will you ever join that blessed, blessed company? Shall your mother ever have to say 'Amen,' to that dread sentence pronounced on you, 'Depart, ye cursed?' Oh! tell me, my boy, will you resolve to live the life of the wicked, and die to be shut up in everlasting torments? My God is waiting to be gracious to thee, my son; turn to him, and live."

This was a last effort; the eyes were fixed on her son, and the hand firmly grasped her prodigal boy. It was a mother's death-grasp; and long after she had passed to her "home," did that son imagine he felt the pressure as at that solemn moment. Her work was done—this last appeal was made the means of the conversion of her son, and he is now treading the upward path which leads to a glorious immortality. Now, when the judgment-day arrives, how different will be the situation of these two mothers! Oh! can you not imagine the one covered with shame and confusion, calling upon the rocks and the hills to cover her from the presence of the Lamb; aye, and from the agonising and reproachful looks of those wretched beings, whom she had led on in the broad road, and trained for the abode of rebel spirits! Listen! what are the fearful words she hears—"Depart, ye cursed!"—awful words! Oh! who can think of her doom, and the curses heaped upon her head by her lost children, without crying out for grace to avoid such living, such dying, and such an eternity!

But, now look again: there stands the pious, consistent,

praying mother, clad in the habiliments of immortality, standing ready with her children and grandchildren, to enter the cloudless city of the redeemed; aye, and her prodigal boy is there too—Robert, whom she left unconverted. There he stands and a group are smiling upon him, to whom he was made useful in the Sabbath school. Hark! the Judge is saying, “Come, ye blessed;” and amidst the harps of heaven they enter the new Jerusalem, and they are for ever shut in with their Lord.

### THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

MOTHER! look upon thy boy,  
 Now so full of youthful joy;  
 Think of what that child may be,  
 As he prattles on your knee.  
 All is bright and joyous now,  
 Not a cloud rests on his brow;  
 Thou canst count his days of earth,  
 Thou rememberest his birth.  
 But an angel cannot say,  
 When shall be his latest day.  
 Never can that spirit die,  
 Brightening now that infant eye.  
 Art thou willing he should be  
 Formed for endless misery?  
 Art thou willing he should go  
 Down to never-ending woe?  
 Shall he curse his mother's name,  
 Tracing to her all his shame?  
 As he fords the fiery deep,  
 Where no eye shall cease to weep,  
 Shall the caverns fall of flame,  
 Echo back thine hated name?  
 Are you training him to be  
 Heir to all this misery?  
 Rouse thee, mother, from thy sleep!  
 “What ye sow that shall ye reap.”

Look again upon thy boy,  
 Tell him of that world of joy,  
 Where the streets are paved with gold,  
 Where the dwellers ne'er grow old.  
 Tell him of the Shepherd King,  
 Tell him how the angels sing;  
 Tell him of that dying love,  
 Sung by the redeemed above;  
 Tell him if he would be there,  
 He must be a child of prayer,  
 Morning, noon, and dewy eve,  
 Tell him that he must believe.  
 Tell him of the Saviour's tears,  
 Tell him of the sinner's fears,  
 Tell him he was born in sin,  
 All polluted too within.  
 Tell him he must have a dress,  
 Formed of Jesus' righteousness.  
 Tell him of that blessed Book;  
 Bid him often in it look;  
 Bid him read the wondrous plan,  
 Of God's love to ruined man.  
 Often let him hear you pray,  
 Pleading, wrestling every day;  
 Train him up to serve the Lord.  
 He will give thee thy reward.

## SUNDAY EVENING OCCUPATIONS.

## PROMISES.

MY dear children, I am going to talk to you for a little while about *promises*. You know very well what a promise means, and whether or not you can trust a person's promises. There are some persons who break their word so often that we never know whether to believe them, and thus their promises give us no pleasure. It is not so with God. He *never, never* makes a promise to any one which He does not keep. When reading the Bible, did you ever notice or learn by heart any of His promises?

I once heard of a little girl who tried to copy them all into a book ; but, at last, she told her sister that she must leave off, for God's Word was full of 'promises. One Sunday evening we all tried to remember some of them, and they were very beautiful. "Would you like to make a list of all you can find, first in the Old Testament and then in the New? When you have done this, I have a *very* important question, dear children, for you each to answer,—not to me,—not to your father, or your mother,—but to God and your own heart. Am I one of those to whom God's promises are made? What has He promised?—A blessed home in Heaven, and, many, many other things which I will leave you to find out." To whom has He promised such blessings?—To all whose sins are forgiven, and who love His Son Jesus Christ. Have you ever felt that you are a sinner, and asked to be forgiven? Do you love Jesus? Did you ever pray that His love may fill your heart? If you look in the Acts of the Apostles, you will find an account of a wicked man, of whom it was said that he had "no part nor lot in the matter." "May God forbid that any child, or parent either, who reads this paper, should have no, "part or lot" in the promises of God.

MARY.

## PAGE FOR OUR BOYS AT SCHOOL.

### THE GLORIOUS REVENGE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

"OH, Alice!" exclaimed Basil, with tears in his eyes, "I never thought of all that; no, I would not ruin poor Charley for the world." "This would be your glorious revenge, my dear boy," said Alice, quietly. "Oh! no, no, dear Alice; I never, never could be so wicked as that, though Charles did make me very angry at the time; but, you know, I should like to punish him a little for it." "Well, Basil, I know a way to punish him, and to have a

really glorious revenge." "Alice, dear, pray tell me?" said Basil. "Well; do you remember the text—'Be not overcome with evil,—' what comes next?" "Why, 'but overcome evil with good,' to be sure, Alice. I know what you mean, now." "Well, then, think over what a glorious revenge you can have by obeying the command in that text, my dear;" and Alice left the room.

Basil did not sit thinking long before he decided what to do. With Alice's permission, on the following day he invited Charles West to tea. He was much surprised on receiving the invitation, but accepted it. They had a very pleasant evening together. Their principal amusement consisted in sailing Basil's ships on a pond in the garden; for the finest, Charles expressed great admiration. But the time for his return to school came. Basil took him up to his play-room. "Charley," said he, "you admired the 'Hero' most of all my vessels, so I will make you a present of it." "Oh no," cried Charles, stepping back, "I could not think of such a thing." "Oh, but Charley, you must have it; Alice lets me do what I like with my ships, and I can make myself another just like it; and papa says, if Mr. Mathews will allow you, you can come up on Saturday and sail it with mine. and I will teach you how to make ships, too."

Charles turned away his head to wipe his tears. "Basil," he exclaimed, as they bade each other good night, "I will never try to injure you again, as I did yesterday; no, I never will. Good night, dear Basil." From that day Basil and Charles were firm friends. Charles was easily persuaded never to use the "Key to the Exercises" again; he always afterwards tried to imitate his friend's example, and he gained the esteem of his master and the love of his school-fellows. My young readers, was not Basil Lee's a glorious revenge?



## THE DELICATE AND INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MOTHER.

“I am obliged to persevere.”

THERE was no one in the railway carriage but myself till we stopped at the first station on the road; there a pretty, neatly dressed young woman entered—she looked very delicate, and had an infant in her arms. The child, though apparently very young, was stout and heavy, and children lie heavier in the arms when too young to sit up than when older, when they seem to help themselves by their sprightliness. I thought of this, and seeing the traveller was evidently weak and delicate, I thought it not too small an occasion to give a helping hand to a fellow-traveller.

“You have a beautiful little boy,” said I; “but he seems almost more than you can manage; let me relieve you of his weight for the short time we may travel in company.”

She thanked me, and willingly transferred him to my arms, as it is said all experienced nurses do. I mean, that they are willing to let any one relieve their arms who can be drawn into the service. “How old is he?” I asked. “Five weeks old,” she replied. “You ought to be pretty strong to carry about such a fat baby as he is all day,” “Indeed,” she replied, “I am anything but strong. I do not recover my strength at all, as I hoped and expected.” “You will soon be better,” I replied, “with God’s blessing, if you do not fatigue yourself too much before your strength is equal to your exertion.” “I fear I shall not,” she replied; “I am suffering from the neglect and carelessness of my nurse, and I fear I shall never be well again. I am sure it was very wrong of her, for I paid her well, and required nothing of her except to keep my rooms in order, and attend to baby and me; and

when she came to me everything was beautifully clean, so she had no excuse; but she did not attend properly to me, and she left everything so dirty and untidy that it made me quite grieved." "That was very wrong of her," said I; "but never mind, you will soon have it all right again, and, as I suppose that is your first child, and your husband is at work all day, you may take a good deal of rest while baby sleeps." "No," said she, "that I cannot do, for my husband has very delicate health, and cannot do work enough to maintain us, and I *must* work." "What work can you do?" I asked. "I am a dress-maker," she replied. "I am now going to receive orders of a lady." "And have you much employment?" "Quite as much as I can do," she replied. "I am always at work when I can lay down the child, and he sleeps a good deal. When my husband is well enough, he is out from eight in the morning till nine at night; but he is very delicate, and is often at home ill, and I have to nurse him. So that, with keeping my own rooms clean, and doing everything for him and the child, I have my hands pretty full." "And now that you are so weak, how do you manage it all?" I inquired. "Are you not constrained often to lie down and rest?" "Oh!" she replied, "that would never do; I should do nothing if once I gave way. I'm obliged to persevere, and never give over from morning to night, otherwise I should feel my illness more, and should accomplish nothing."

We had more conversation after this, concerning the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," when this scene of toil and trial is over; and I asked her what value she set on that rest, and what was her hope concerning it; I also took down her address, and promised to call on her, which promise I kept. But the words that I found profitable in her little narrative were those at the head of this paper—"I'm obliged to persevere,"—and perhaps they may be a profitable lesson to others.

## THE SLEEPING WARRIOR.

WARRIOR! rouse thee from thy slumbers,  
 While thou'rt sleeping death is nigh;  
 Subtle plans thy foes are forming,  
 Rouse thee, soldier, lest thou die.  
 Hosts of men, and hosts of devils,  
 Dare thee to the combat now;  
 Gladly would they tear the laurels  
 From that noble, sainted brow.

Gird thee on the heavenly armour,  
 Sword and helmet, belt and shield;  
 List! thy name the Captain's calling,  
 Soldier! brother! never yield.  
 Hear ye not the martial music  
 Echoing now from Zion's height?  
 Lo! it cheers the weary warrior,  
 As he marches on to fight.

High above the mortal combat,  
 See the Victor's crown appears,  
 O'er the portals of that city  
 Where are hushed the soldier's fears.  
 Warrior, rouse thee! time is flying,  
 Fight the fight of faith and love;  
 Soon the Conqueror's joy shall greet thee,  
 In the Victor's home above.

## FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. III.

## REBEKAH.

It is often remarked by travellers in Eastern countries, that the manners and customs which prevail there in the present day are, for the most part, the same that they were in the times of the Patriarchs. The Arabs, who descended from Abraham through Ishmael, dwell in tents, moving from place to place, wherever grass can be found for their flocks, being still tended by the maidens of the tribe. Still is the wayfarer greeted hospitably by many of these

tribes, though their general character is far from being honest, and their habits are such as were foretold by the Lord to the mother of Ishmael.—Gen. xvi. 12. Still is the marriage-tie a bargain in which the consent of the parents is given to the union of their child with the man who can offer the highest dowry, and the young couple never meet until after the wedding ceremonies are ended. One traveller relates, that in his sojourn amongst the Nestorian Christians, he witnessed a scene exactly like that recorded in Gen. xxiv., even to a likeness in the names of the bridegroom and his adopted father, which were those of Abraham and Isaac.

It would seem that the worship, or at least the knowledge of the true God was retained in the family of Nahor, the brother of Abraham, since it was thither that the trusty Eliezer was dispatched to procure a wife for Isaac. In fulfilment of the prayer offered up by that truly pious servant, the beautiful Rebekah, first cousin to Isaac, presented herself at the well. We may here remark, that the drawing of water is to this day exclusively the business of the women in Eastern countries.

We admire the easy and graceful courtesy with which Rebekah, unconscious of her coming destiny, not only relieved the thirst of the stranger, but supplied with water his tired camels. None can fully tell the value of such a kind gift, save those who have traversed the hot and sandy deserts of Arabia, with the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, and eyes strained in vain, day after day, to see the longed-for springs. May we not learn here to go beyond mere obligatory duties, to do more than mere necessity or pity demands, for the suffering, the cast-down, and the sorrowful? Nor should we be ever unmindful of the wants of those dumb and faithful creatures which administer to our convenience or comfort, and which are placed by the Creator of all things under the dominion of man, for his use, not for his abuse and neglect.

“She hath done what she could;” this should be the only limit we should place to our exertions for the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

We hope to accompany Rebekah home next month.

### “MOTHER, MAY I GO OUT?”

Thus spake a little boy, nearly sixty years ago, whilst he stood upon the threshold of his home, with his face turned towards his mother. He had been well brought up, and could not go without the consent of her he loved—the reply was, “What do you want to go out for, child?” This was not a negative, and the answer was ready. “I want to go and play; please, may I?” A nod set him free, and away he bounded.

“Well—and why should he not?” some mothers will ask. “O dear, would you like your children to mingle with the rude boys in the street, and learn all their bad ways?” There is danger, no doubt, you will say; but they must mix with worse men very soon, and is it not better for them to get a little experience beforehand, especially whilst they enjoy the guidance of a wise and discreet mother.

But the same parties who are thus anxious about their children in this particular, have no objection to their learning the accomplishment of dancing, which is exceedingly fascinating to the young; also full of danger in after life, leading them to mingle in scenes where the godly man would say, “Come out—be ye separate—touch not.” Yes, even at the risk of being thought vulgar, we maintain, that the line of demarcation between the Christian and the world should be plain and clear. We can have no sympathy with those professedly Christian parents, who can encourage and enjoy the midnight dance for their children. But, we are asked, what harm is there in a

“little innocent private party?” “None at all, certainly.”

“Is there any more harm in a quiet game at whist, or in a visit to the theatre? Or what harm can there be in taking a stroll to the race-course, to see those beautiful horses exert the powers which God has given them, evidently for swiftness, and which the noble creatures seem fully sensible of, by their struggles for mastery?” Well, suppose that in the abstract there is none, would you like to be seen there? Is it at all congenial with your habits of prayer and praise? Are you really satisfied? Would you like to die there? Is it not mixing with the world, with the enemies of the cross of Christ; going, as far as you can, from the direct commands of Him who bled and died for you, and as near to the pit of perdition as you dare? Is this your love to your friend? What would be said of a man, wedded to the dearest object of his affections, and whom he professed to love as his own soul, if he should be found choosing for his associates and companions the bitterest enemies of his wife and all her connexions, and who were constantly seeking to injure and destroy them? How would the dear one feel? Would it not break all her peace, and make his professions more than doubtful?

In these days of Gospel liberty, there is little danger from outward persecution. We have nothing to fear—at least, for the present—from the dungeon, or the faggot. But we live in more trying times. Christians are now called to exercise a system of self-inflicted discipline, and how few have the moral courage to come out, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing; to live in meanness and poverty; to be loaded with disgrace and ignominy, and counted, as the off-scouring of all things; to be killed all the day long, that they may approve themselves to be “good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ.” This is, to take up the cross, and follow Him, who died for them, through evil and good report.

Mother! father! if you are going on pleasantly, and

all is easy with you, cast about—look well to your ways! There is reason to fear you have wandered from the path of self-denial, and are straying in the green fields, and amidst the flowing streams of worldly godliness. Flee! flee for your life! You may find it difficult; but you must fly or perish.

M. B.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

(Continued from p. 95.)

“OFTEN did we indulge the hope that our dear boys would be spared to us,—grow up to man’s estate, and be the means of advancing the Saviour’s kingdom,—but our heavenly Father had other thoughts towards them. Our eldest little boy now became exceedingly ill, and, having procured medical aid, we found that symptoms of severe scarlet fever were showing themselves. His little brother was deeply concerned for him, and could not be induced to leave him for long together, returning every now and then to minister to his wants, by giving him a cup of cold water to drink.

“The day following, being Sunday, he became worse, lying in his little bed. I was sitting beside him, when he rose up and said, ‘Father, you must never tell a story; because, if you do, you can never go to Heaven when you die.’ Those words have left an impression on my mind which I think time can never obliterate. I shall remember them to my dying hour, the manner in which they were said was so solemn. During the night, and the next day, he suffered greatly. On the Tuesday, his little brother, who the day before had been well and lively, was attacked with the same disease, and thus both brothers were laid together upon the bed of sickness. It is only a parent’s heart that can conceive what were our feelings at this most painful dispensation of Providence; but I trust that, in humble submission to the Divine will, we were enabled to say with Eli, ‘It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.’

“During the week they evidently grew worse; and one day, as my wife sat by the bedside, she said to our eldest little boy, who was apparently suffering much pain just then, ‘You seem very poorly, love—whereabouts are you so poorly?’ To which he replied, ‘Oh, mamma, I am poorly all over.’ His mamma

said, 'But Jesus will make you better soon, love.' To which he said, with a sweet smile upon his face, 'Yes, mamma, Jesus will make me better off than you can, and give me softer pillows to lay my head on than you can. I love Jesus.' His mamma repeated that sweet verse of Dr. Watts,—

'Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;'

and he said, 'Yes, I am going to Jesus.' He then sang the little verse beginning—

'There is a happy land,  
Far, far away ;'

"Often during his illness did he engage most fervently in prayer, with his little hands clasped, and his eyes uplifted towards heaven. When we talked to him of dying, he was very calm and composed; there appeared to be no fear; and often would he say, 'I should like to die, and go to live with Jesus!' At one time, when speaking to him of dying, and asking him if he would like to die, he said, 'Yes; but I cannot find my way to the door, mamma! Will you go with me to the lobby end?' What an expression for a child! Was, indeed, the valley so dark that the dear little lamb, as he was about entering, shrunk for a moment from it, and wished for company?

"Mother!—Father! that valley is dark; but you must go through it alone; no friend can accompany you; and nought but the grace of God, and faith in the atoning sacrifice offered on Calvary, can enable you to pass through without fear; if a possessor of these, you may then say, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

"It was remarkable to see with what patience the dear little fellow bore his sufferings (for they were great), without a murmuring word escaping from his lips. The day previous to his death he said, 'I want to go home;' to which we replied, 'My dear, you are at home,' when he said, 'Yes, but I want to go to my other home.' Several places in which we had lived were named, and he was asked if it was to any of these places that he wished to go, when he replied, 'No! I want to go to my *new home!*' During the night he repeatedly called his little brother, saying, 'John Henry, come with me!



'Oh, Johnny, come with me; if you don't, you will be lost!' and, rising up in bed, he said, 'Mamma, you will lay Johnny by me, won't you?' She said 'Yes, love!' and she did lay them side by side. The day following he suffered much during the early part of the morning; but towards the afternoon he appeared a little easier; and, sitting up in bed, he asked to kiss each of us, which he did very affectionately; then clasping his little hands together, and looking up towards heaven, he said, 'O Jesus! bless Danney, and forgive him for being a naughty boy, and take him to heaven' when he dies, for Jesus Christ's sake.' Then he sang those beautiful lines of Wesley:—

'Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,  
'And raised up a ladder of mercy for me!'

After which he said, 'Mamma, I am going to heaven on a ladder;' and, directing his eyes towards the ceiling, he exclaimed, 'Mamma! do you see that man there?'—as though he saw some object which attracted his attention. These were the last words he uttered. We saw him gradually sinking during the afternoon; and about half-past five on the evening of Monday, August 1st, his happy spirit winged its flight to that happy land, where sickness and death are no more known; and is now joining in the song of the redeemed around the throne of God,—

'Around the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand,  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing glory, glory, glory!'

[The end of this interesting story next month.—Ed.]

### THANKSGIVING STORY.

"MARY," said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid, one cold night in December. "Tell me about Thanksgiving Day, before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep; I want something nice to think about." "Hush!" said the elder child; "don't let dear mamma hear you—come

nearer to me ;” and they laid their cheeks together. “ I fancy papa was rich. He lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the walls, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the moss-green patches in the wood ; and we had pretty gold-fish on the side-table ; and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa—you can’t remember papa, Letty—he was tall and grand as a prince ; and when he smiled, he made me think of angels. He bought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Romeo’s live back, and laughed because I was afraid ! And I used to watch him coming up the street ; and then run to the door to jump in his arms. He was a dear, kind papa !” said the child, in a faltering voice. “ Don’t cry !” said the little one. “ Please tell me some more.” “ Well, Thanksgiving Day we were so happy ; we sat around such a large table, with so many people—aunts and uncles and cousins—I can’t think why they never come to see us now, Letty. And Betty made such sweet pies ; and we had a big, big turkey ! And papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the ‘ wish-bone,’ and all the plums out of his pudding ; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me ‘ Red Riding Hood,’ and call me ‘ pet,’ and ‘ bird,’ and ‘ fairy !’ Oh ! Letty ! I can’t tell any more !—I believe I’m going to cry !” “ I’m very cold !” said Letty. “ Does papa know up in heaven that we are poor and hungry now ?” “ Yes—no—I can’t tell !” answered Mary, wiping away her tears ; unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven, with such a thought. “ Hush ! mamma will hear !” Mamma had heard. The coarse garment, on which she had toiled since sunrise, dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.—*Fanny Fern.*

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

### THE HINDOO PRIEST AND THE BABY.

WHEN the Hindoo/priest is about to baptize an infant he utters the following beautiful sentiment:—"Little babe, thou enteredst the world weeping, while all around thee smiled; contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

*The Dead Mother's Baby.*—"Sister," said a little one, whose mother's grave had been white with the snows of one winter, "I think I ought to die. Do you think I am good now? I want to be good, for I want to die, and go where ma is; she will wonder why I do not come. I am her baby; and she has been standing by the gate, up in Heaven, ever since she went there, and watching every baby that comes in to see if it is not me."

*Trying an Experiment.*—A loud and distressful cry was heard proceeding from an upper room, and nimble feet hurried thither, for the outcry was alarming. Miss Katy stood supporting the body of the pussy, whose head she had pushed through a knot-hole in the door. She was screaming dolefully, and calling for an axe to open the door. Help was found, and pussy's head released, and when Katy was asked to explain how it happened that she ever came into such a position, the child sobbed out, "I always heard everybody say a cat would go through anywhere when she could get her head in, and I was only going to try and get mine to do it."

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### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Biblical Literature. No. IV.* London: Freeman.

A valuable work for our young friends.

*Amy's First Trial.* By SARAH BIRD. London: B. L. Green.

A pretty, touching tale, which we are sure our young friends will like; particularly when we tell them we have been assured by the author that it is all TRUE.

## THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—No. II.

‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’

MARY ANNE YORKLEY, when a little girl, obtained, in the household which she made glad by her presence, the pet name of “Little May.” Her happy, buoyant spirits suggested this name by her initials; and, like a bright ray of sunshine on a spring morning, little May gladdened by her presence the home circle. As she grew up she was still a bright and joyous creature, who always seemed to live on the sunny side of this life of ours; and when adverse circumstances occurred in her home, causing everybody to frown or look unhappy, the bright glance of her eye seemed to say, “I see light in that cloud, too.”

May was an only daughter; but, as she had never been spoiled by over-indulgence in her childhood, she was neither selfish nor conceited. Her three brothers were certainly very unlike her, but over them all she had great influence. Ernest, a fine, noble, benevolent youth, often came to her with his plans and thoughts for the happiness of others; and Walter, who loved himself far better than anybody else, could seldom venture into the full sunlight of her gaze, when he had been acting out the dark shades of his character. Harford, her eldest brother, has often been heard to say he did not want the society of girls, and yet he often found himself very happy with May leaning on his arm, at the very time he intended to be in other society.

“Will you go to Church with me, Walter, this morning?” asked May, one Sabbath. “No, sister mine, I intend going elsewhere; one day in seven is not too much to get a little leisable pleasure.” “Oh! no, to be sure not,” replied May; adding, “I have more pleasure on the Sabbath than on any other day.” “Oh! yes, you, I dare say—you are a little enthusiast; I am not. I don’t call going to Church pleasure.” “You remind me, dear Walter, of Sam Hardy.

I had a chat with him after he went to spend the day at his sister's, at Ivy." "Had you? Oh! Sam is a jolly fellow; what did he tell you?" "I asked him how he liked his trip? 'Why, Miss,' said he, 'to tell you the truth, I was three days repenting of it, like, for I never felt so tired in all my hard work, in our busiest time; and I see now, well enough, that people are right who say that Church-going folks have hold of the right end of the stick, for they do get rest, and are ready for Monday's work; but, bless me, if my poor bones didn't ache a good one for three blessed days after my Sunday's pleasure.' I was obliged to run away, for I was afraid I should be rude enough to laugh outright, and I did not wish to hurt his feelings." "Ah well! May, but I can understand old Sam in this matter; but I don't think I shall go with you, sister mine, but I will walk to the door, and then I shall see what comes next." Walter did walk to the door, and then he walked inside the old Church and took his seat.

Years passed on, but still May was the spring of pleasure in her father's house. Harford was in practice in a neighbouring town, but he often ran home to have a gossip, as he called it, with his happy family. One morning he rode over to breakfast, and, accosting his sister, he said, "May, I am come to make an important request; I have taken a house, and I must have a housekeeper." May smiled. "Ah! you may smile, but I want no other than your very own self; I am free to acknowledge I trace all my good fortune to your sisterly influence; will you come?" "I must consult papa and mamma first, and, if they have no objection, I will join you for a while." "Ah! you sly thing, and you will talk the matter over with somebody else, you are ready to say. Well! well! Hugh is a dear good fellow. But I must have you for six months to settle my house."

May consented, at the request of her parents, and for some months exercised all her influence in making her

brother's home happy; and this same brother is often heard to say, even now, that he attributes all his success in life to his sister's counsel, example, piety, and influence. May has another home now, and she may be seen teaching little brothers and sisters the secret of making home happy.

### THE YOUNG MOTHER'S DANGER.

“Who can tell what will be on the morrow?”

THERE she sat, that youthful mother, with four little boys at her feet, and one in her arms. A sister-in-law entered with a blanched cheek, and tearful eyes. “Oh! Agnes,” she exclaimed, “young Mrs. Moss is dead, and her baby; and I am afraid she was not prepared.” “How shocking!” exclaimed the young mother; “is it true?” “Yes, too true; one hour she was as well as usual, the next she was insensible, and opened her eyes in eternity. Oh! Agnes, we ought all to be Christians, that we may be ready for our solemn dangers; they are all about a mother's path.” Mrs. Oswald wept bitterly, while the little one on her lap tried to catch the tears with its little, fat, chubby hand. At length she replied, “Well, Martha, I do hope some day to be a Christian.”

What did you say, young mother? “You hope, some day!” Why, you need all the graces now, more than in any other period of your life. *Now* you have to train these immortal beings. *Now* you are moulding them for the future of this life, and the next. *Now* they must learn of you the road to happiness and heaven; but, if you know not the road, how can you teach them? And what then? Why, then they will go forth into the world, it may be, a pest to society, a daily source of trouble to you, and miserable themselves. Look upon those pretty boys, with their bright sparkling eyes, their beautifully moulded limbs, and active minds. Shall they not be trained by a Christian

mother? "Yes," you say, "I hope so, by-and-by. I am too busy now." Ah! but who told you that your life would last till to-morrow? Yesterday, Mrs. Moss was alive; she hoped to be a Christian some day, but, alas! that day never came. She was hurried into eternity, in the midst of all her family bustle, without one moment's warning. Where is she now? Ah! where? Where may you be to-morrow, young mother? You cannot say; put off anything, everything, rather than the preparation for eternity; for, having that business settled, you are safe for this world and the next, and your children shall rejoice on earth and in heaven for the blessing of having been trained by a Christian mother. There are some young mothers, we believe, at this moment crying, in the bitterness of lost hope, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but we are not saved!" Shall it be so with you? Look at your boys, and think of their immortal destiny, before you answer the question.

### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR PIOUS MOTHERS.

DOUBTLESS there are times in your history, pious mother, when you are cast down amidst your many and varied and momentous duties. You look for the good seed you have sown to spring up, and you begin to fear it is lost. You do not see the young hearts influenced by God's Spirit, while your sons and daughters are with you in the homestead; and when they go forth into the world, you dread lest they may fall by the first temptation that they meet in the path of life among strangers. Oh, how anxiously you entreated that son, who lately left the home of his father, to seek Jesus as his best companion, his truest friend! How your heart sank as the train moved off from your view, bearing your treasure! Ah, but remember, good mother, that although your son is far away from the sound of your voice, he is not beyond the influence of

your prayers; let these follow him, and live on in hope that the world's wanderer may yet be found sitting at the foot of the cross, serving his own mother's God. Listen to the testimony of one such son:—

“Well I remember,” says G— B—, our correspondent, “when a lad of sixteen, leaving my dear and pious mother. The coach was about to carry me to London, where I had no friend to give me counsel. She had prayed earnestly with me, and with many tears she said—‘Now, my son, since we must part, the Lord go with thee, and protect and bless thee, and give thee power to resist temptation.’ Then, as the stage-coach drove from the village, I saw her straining her eyes to watch me as I passed away. As she prayed that her heavenly Father would protect and guide me, did He hear her, think you? Well, we shall see. When I reached the abode of strangers, in London, oh how I thought of that parting day! I had not been long from home before a snare was laid for me. I was a poor lad, with little money in my pocket, and was lugging many things I greatly needed. At this moment an old man, who ought to have taught me better, tempted me to rob my master. Oh, how I felt in that dangerous hour the power of my mother's teaching and prayers! Her spirit seemed to stand before me, saying again the parting words,—‘The Lord go with thee, and protect and bless thee, and give thee power to resist temptation.’ I was enabled to resist temptation, and to this day look upon this circumstance as the turning point in my life. The joy and gratitude that filled my good mother's mind were great, indeed, when she heard the particulars of this, my first real trial, and I humbly hope that her prayers and hopes will all be heard and realised. She still lives (at least, so I hope) to rejoice with me. I will just mention one other circumstance as briefly as possible:—”

#### “THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY.

“A lad with whom I went to school was quite the terror of the village, though blessed with excellent parents, who were ever watching over him with prayerful solicitude. He was one of those wayward, wicked, stubborn-hearted, ungrateful boys, upon whom the most affectionate entreaties were lost; his good father was at the head of the Sabbath school in our village—but often was the whole school thrown into an uproar, and the



rest of the boys terrified by this <sup>father's</sup> resistance to his teacher's orders. At length it was found necessary to expel him. He was then admitted into another Sabbath school, and again cast out. His father prayed, his mother entreated, but all in vain; he left his home and went to Canada; after long years of prayers and tears, his good parents still hoped on. One morning, as they sat at breakfast in their humble cottage, a letter came; it told them of their prodigal—of his being happy—married—and, we would hope, a good man, 'alive from the dead.' Thus, the seed sown in tears grew up in a far distant land, giving promise of good fruit. Let pious parents be encouraged to labour on in faith and love; ye shall reap, if ye faint not, in time or eternity."

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

(Continued from p. 118.)

"THE other dear boy suffered exceedingly, but bore all his sufferings with great patience. One day, when he appeared to be in great pain, his mamma said to him, 'When Johnny is better we will go to ——, and gather pretty flowers in the fields;' to which he replied, 'Yes, mamma, when that man has filled those two bury-holes up, and I go to my new home, *then* we will gather flowers;' and he laid particular stress on the word *then*. During the illness of his brother, when lying in the same bed with him, he would rise up and look with affectionate earnestness at him; but, unable to say much, would lie down again. At the time he was dying, he sat up and viewed him with a countenance expressive of deep feeling and sympathy. He was shortly removed from the bed and taken into another room, but he anxiously watched the door, as though expecting to see his brother; he, however, made no remark, and asked no question, but we felt convinced that there was a feeling in the child's mind that his brother was dead.

'On the day he was interred, he spoke not a word until the corpse was removed down stairs, when he said in great earnestness, rising up in bed, 'Bring Danny *back* to me; I want Danny!' and in this strain he continued to call out for his brother nearly all the time we were absent from the house. He passed a night of extreme suffering, and on the following day he appeared in great pain. During the morning he expressed a

wish to kiss us all, and in a most affectionate manner he did kiss us, as though he might have known that it was the last time he was to kiss us. But he particularly clung to his mamma, throwing his little arms around her neck, saying, several times, 'I do love you, my own dear mamma.' Being exhausted with this effort he lay down again.

"On the bed, beside where his mamma was sitting, there was laid a hymn book; his little eyes caught a glance of it, and rising on his hands and knees, though quite exhausted, he crept towards it, and taking it in his little dying hands, he said, 'Sing, mamma,' at the same time giving it to her; but the mother's heart was too full to sing. I was out, or I should have endeavoured to sing, if but one verse, for the dying lamb. He lay down again, and we perceived him gradually sinking; he spoke not again, and about four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 6th, without a sigh or a struggle, his happy spirit joined his little brother in the realms of everlasting bliss, where all is perfect happiness and joy. On Tuesday, August 9th, his remains were laid beside his brother in the same grave, and there they rest, side by side, until that glorious morning when they shall be called from their resting place to receive at the hands of their Lord a 'crown' and 'a mansion which fadeth not away.'

"Heavy and sore as was the trial, yet I trust in all these things we saw a Father's hand, and were led in meek submission to exclaim, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' May we, each one, who read this account, like the two little brothers, be found prepared, whenever the messenger of death shall be sent to call us, so that we, like they, may enter into that rest which is prepared for the people of God.

"*Manchester, February, 1854.*"

## A FEW OF THOMAS STEADY'S THOUGHTS ON THE TURNING POINT.

SOME months ago we made the readers of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" acquainted with Thomas Steady, who ascribed the secret of his success in life to always simply

speaking the truth—we say, simply speaking the truth, because we happen to know some who, though they speak the truth, so overlay it with the imaginings of their own minds, as to render it very difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Our friend's bold stand for the truth had opened a way for his first preferment—now he had left the warehouse, and taken his seat in the dingy counting-house, surrounded by journals, letter-books, ledgers, &c. In this confined space and murky atmosphere he spent many years of his life.

“One day,” said he, “I was seated at my desk—on my right was a window looking into a busy street. To prevent distraction, the window was roughly painted, but by way of a little amusement we had scratched a small hole, so that, by applying the eye close, we had a pretty extensive range. I was thus employed one day, when, on the opposite side, I observed two men engaged in earnest conversation: close by, was a little dog. I wonder which is his master, thought I. Just then, they walked to the end of the street, shook hands, and parted; the dog following the gentleman who turned the corner. This turning point was a revealer of secrets, and I began to apply it in a variety of ways.”

“There was young John Evans, thought I; a steady and obliging lad, who passed through his apprenticeship with credit, and entered upon life successfully; but prosperity was too much for him—this was *his* turning point, and his true character was revealed—he fell.

“Again—Mary Bright entered a family in early life—continued there till the children went out into the world; one of those, her favourite young master, had not been long in business before he was taken seriously ill; at great inconvenience, but with the fullest confidence, Mary was sent to be his housekeeper; here she became acquainted with those who turned her from the path of truth and righteousness—she betrayed her trust, and left in

disgrace—it was the turning point, and revealed the true secret of her character.

“There was Emily Ford, she lived with a friend of mine, as housemaid. She was the very pink of neatness and order—perhaps a little too fond of dress, but so obliging, so good-natured, she was a universal favourite. Often I thought, as she let me out—‘You will one day make some man happy, Emily, with your smiling looks and kind ways.’ Well, as a very natural thing, Emily did get married, and circumstances so turned up that I heard nothing of her for several years; till, one day, I was passing along the street, and met a stout, dirty-looking woman, miserably dressed, with one child in her arms and another dragging at her tattered and dirty gown; but her countenance struck me—I looked inquiringly—yes, it was my old acquaintance, Emily Ford. I saw she knew me, but somehow or other we both passed on, and I have not seen her since. The cares of wedded life became her turning point, and the secret of her true character was developed.”

From all this we learn the important lesson:—That we can say of no man what he will be from what he is—circumstances bring out character; let us say,—“Lord, keep me, and I shall be kept.”

M. B.

## ‘THE DELICATE AND INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MOTHER.—No. II.

“I am obliged to persevere.”

How often does it happen to ourselves to feel perhaps weary and ill during the day, when we are inclined to give up our employments and sit down listlessly by the fire. If we can persevere, perhaps we shall feel all the better for it an hour or two hence, than if we had been doing nothing. How often do we rise in the morning

with such an accumulation of work on hand, that we hardly know where to begin, and give over after a time from sheer hopelessness. Persevere, is the best advice; as soon as one thing is done, begin another.

A mother knows her children ought to have a walk in the morning; she feels unwilling to move, and seeks an excuse for keeping them at home. "Persevere!" the air and exercise that will refresh your children, will recruit your spirit also; you will not be sorry, when it is over, that you obliged yourself to persevere.

The Christian's course is sometimes long and lonely, and discouraging and weary. He is inclined to sit down and sleep, or look to the world around him for excitement and recreation—the world is inviting, and he relaxes his vigilance and conforms awhile to its ways; or the world is threatening, and he yields some point of principle to escape its laugh, or elude its persecution. In such a case, he cannot too forcibly be reminded that to persevere is his only course of safety—turn neither to the right hand, nor to the left; expect not rest till the night cometh, when no man can work. There are hours for rest, and seasons for relaxation; but the spirit that I would warn myself and others against is, that of yielding to difficulties, and needlessly succumbing under the daily trials of life.

A few weeks later I paid my promised visit to Mrs. Thorn; her baby was grown heavier, her hands were full of work, and her husband was at home sick; but she was herself much stronger—she had persevered, and had not been the worse for it; and, in spite of the many trials and troubles of life, of which she assured me she had not a few, she greeted me with a bright welcome, and she met her railway companion with a sweet smile. I could see, by looking around me, that she kept her rooms tidy and clean; her little parlour had everything to make it comfortable, not to say ornamental, in the way of chimney ornaments, the cheap glass and pictures, of which the

poor are so fond. I left her some tracts, finding it not then a suitable time for conversation. Perhaps some word in them may be to her what her words—"I'm obliged to persevere"—have been to me.

E. G.

### THEY WERE NEVER CHILDREN.

WE talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition—but one thing they missed—they were never children. True. We never thought of that. Adam never played marbles. He never played "hokey." He never drove a tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played "ball," or rode down hill on a hand-sleigh. And Eve, she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl, from the tea table set out with the toy tea things; she never rolled a hoop, or pieced a baby quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played "blind man's buff," or "pussy wants a corner," or "huffy burly," or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts, no visions of childhood floating back from the long past, no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of fancy in the still hours of the night, no father's words of kindness speaking from the churchyard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve, and they alone, of all the countless millions of men and women that have ever lived, had no childhood.

### FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

#### REBEKAH.

THE presents recorded as bestowed on Rebekah, though of great weight, were such as are worn by Eastern females, who load their persons with heavy gold chains, and jewels

of all kinds. The ring for the face is the ornament worn in one of the nostrils, frequently so large as to touch the chin. Entirely uneducated, and treated as slaves by their husbands, the attention and time of such females are necessarily given to dress and ornament. How far preferable is the lot of the Christian wife, admitted to share her husband's table, his cares and his joys! We are reminded here of the apostolic rule for the dress, of Christian women—1 Tim. ii., 9, 10.

The errand of Eliezer being told, the family of Rebekah readily bowed to what was the evident will of God. Rebekah as readily consented to accept what was really a prospect of a holy and happy, as well as a wealthy union, and departed, taking with her her old nurse, of whose subsequent death we read in Gen. xxxv. 8. Like her mother-in-law Sarah, Rebekah had long to wait ere the promised seed was bestowed. At length God listened to the prayer of Isaac. We gather from the history that Rebekah, in perplexity, sought the throne of grace, and received a full and gracious reply, with a revelation of God's purposes concerning her unborn offspring; Mothers! do you carry your troubles to the same place, and you will find the same ear open to your cry, the same hand stretched forth to aid you.

Our next page in the history of Rebekah exhibits the sad effects of a habit indulged by some parents, of preferring one child above another in their affection and attentions. There would be much in the home-loving Jacob to win for him the love of his mother, whilst her high-spirited and carcles Esau was the darling of his father Isaac. Parents, there should be no difference shown in your love for your children. Even when under discipline or punishment, your wayward child should feel that you love him tenderly, and chastise him *because you so love him.*

We are all familiar with the deceit practised on Isaac

by his younger son, at the suggestion of his mother. Rebekah, blinded by inordinate fondness, forgot that God will not permit human interference in the fulfilment of His decrees. The blessing was given, but the mother was soon punished by the exile from home of him for whom she had committed so great a sin. We do not read that she ever saw him again. Mothers! never hide from your husbands the faults of your children, especially of your sons. Never, by underhanded management, assist in deceiving the one or screening the other from deserved punishment.

We have no further record of Rebekah's life or death. May we not trust that the trial sent after her sin was blessed to her—that she was brought to rest her love upon the Messiah who was to come, and on Him *alone*.

L. S. T.

## THE TRIED MOTHER.

(Continued from p. 106.)

PRESENTLY Frederick and John came running in from school, exclaiming, "Mother! mother! father and Mary are coming! Where *has* Mary been with father?" The agitated mother looked up with astonishment, exclaiming, "How *can* it be! where *has* she been with her father?" Soon the father entered, and the mystery was cleared up. Mary had stolen away to her father's shop, knowing, from experience, that whether right or wrong he always took her part.

As the husband entered, with little Mary crouching beneath his arm, he exclaimed, in an angry tone, "What have you been doing to this poor child? She ran down to the shop without any bonnet, terrified out of her senses." "Mary has been very naughty," said the poor mother, almost choked with emotion. "No, I haven't," said the pert little girl, in a sullen tone, drawing still closer to her



father. "Come, let us have dinner," said the husband, "and as I go to my work I'll take Mary back to her school."

Heavily dragged on the remaining hours of the day to the poor tried mother, and at night, when her little family were all hushed in sleep, she explained to her husband Mary's conduct and her own, and entreated him, with many tears, as he valued her peace of mind and her children's well-being, to unite with her in training them in accordance with the word of God.

Fathers, many of you will read this paper; allow us to entreat you to co-operate in every way you can with the anxious mothers of your children in the wise discipline of home. Never allow your children to imagine for a moment that their father and mother are not agreed in their management; and if at any time you really differ in your opinion, let the matter be discussed when the eyes and ears of your little household are closed in sleep. In vain may the mother try to lead her children in the narrow path, if the father, by his unwise indulgence, counteracts her efforts.

### "THE WORST CHILDREN IN THE WORLD."

WE once heard a mother say, with a very serious air, "Really, mine are the most tiresome and very worst children in the world: they tell untruths, and deceive me in every possible manner." We were much, very much grieved; and yet we could not help looking with great suspicion upon that parent, and saying to ourselves, "'Tis true, they were shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin, in common with all Adam's children, yet is there no fault attributable to you—their mother? Have you, day by day, endeavoured to lead them in the way they should go? Have you watched every little sin, or the beginning

of sin, and administered to the erring one a gentle reproof—a reproof prompted by love? Have you told them to try to imitate the blessed Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the meek and lowly one, who was obedient to His parents—whose whole life was love? If you have not faithfully discharged this duty, do not condemn them thus, because by far the greater portion of blame is attached to you, and maybe your children will rise up against you in the last great day, and bear record to “mistaken trust.”—  
SELECTED BY A. A. C. C.

## MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF NO. III.

“Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.”

THIS is God's direction, and it receives illustration in that employer who weighs the peculiar pressure of changing seasons on his servants; the wage that comfortably sufficed to provide food and clothing this year, may be wholly inadequate the next. The upright man does not cast about for other men at the same price, but increases the supply of those he has about him. It is seen, also, in reasonable hours of toil; he consults human endurance, and fixes his claim accordingly. It is seen in the carefulness with which he apportions his payments, when made in corn or meal; not exacting a price exceeding that which his servant would give elsewhere, but if there are fractions, giving to the poor the advantage. The upright man revolts at the advantage which it is in his power to take of his dependents. Once more, it is seen in his anxiety to provide for his labourers a regular and steady series of employment; not availing himself of their labour when busy seasons make them so profitable, and upon discharging them when the return to the employer is small; but he

desires that there should be mutual participation—the servant shall have that which is just and equal.

The upright servant regards as his own the property of every kind placed beneath his care. You do not hear him announce with careless indifference the casualties that attend all property, animate or inanimate; or the contrary, you see in every instance real concern, a sympathy with his employer, that cannot be mistaken. Space will not permit a special enumeration of subjects; every servant will recur to his own particular calling, and he may feel confident that integrity demands the state of feeling referred to. He is not only careful to avoid losses personally, but he diligently preserves his trust from injury by others. Who does not see the strangeness of the notion, that a servant shall see his fellow-servant plundering his employer, and excuse his silence by a pretended plea of unwillingness to injure the thief? Can this be integrity? Let conscience answer; yet we fear it is very common. The upright servant scrupulously fills his master's time; the hour appointed sees him at his post; the season for refreshment is not exceeded; the evening witnesses his faithful fulfilment. Once more, the upright servant is industrious and persevering; not a loiterer; not disposed with slovenly haste to hurry over a prescribed task, leaving his work worse than unfinished—externally done but internally neglected—deceiving his master and disgracing himself.

May our plain remarks fulfil the Scripture—“*A word to the wise is sufficient!*”

## BEGIN EARLY.

DODDRIDGE'S MOTHER.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty years ago there lived, in a stifled street in London, a tradesman and his wife, who, with many misgivings, watched the slender form and pale

cheek of a little boy, their only son, and, with one exception, the sole survivor of twenty children. The utmost that they dared to hope for, as the result of parental faithfulness, was, that "poor little Philip" might, by the grace of God, be prepared for an early death. For this they laboured, and prayed, and wept together. The chimney of the family room, where they usually sat after their evening meal, was ornamented, according to a fashion which had been imported from Holland, with a series of painted tiles. On these tiles were pictured, with rude taste, scenes and events recorded in the Scriptures. There, "in deep blue, on a ground of glistening white," were Adam and Eve and the serpent; next in order were Elisha's bears, devouring the irreverent children. Then followed Joseph, and the pit into which his brethren cast him. And here, at the end of the series, we may suppose, stood the stern men who frowned on the little children as they came to Christ.

Those pictured tiles were to "poor little Philip's" unlettered mother more precious than the gold of Ophir; they were her pictorial Bible. In her homely way, she expounded them to her son, as he was seated by her side in the old arm-chair. She poured into his curious ear her rude but truthful conceptions of man's lost condition, of God's wonderful providence, and of His more wonderful grace. She found a willing pupil. God's truth, extracted by maternal diligence from that painted wall, sank deep into the pale boy's heart. His delicate sensibilities grew around it, and became rooted in its embrace. The distinguishing feature of his youthful piety was a love of the Bible; it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; it fashioned itself, in the depths of his soul, into the germ of a hidden purpose, which the providence of God at length developed. Thirty years afterwards, when the Rev. Dr. Philip Doddridge was engaged in the work of composing the "Family Expositor," he traced back the

impulse which, by the grace of God, had moved him to that work, to those old Dutch tiles which had been the text-book of his early lessons in his mother's arm-chair.

### A MOTHER WHO WOULD NOT SUBMIT.

A MOTHER bent o'er her suffering babe,  
 Seeking to comfort and hoping to save,—  
 She pillowed his head on her aching breast,  
 His parched lips bathed as he sank to rest.  
 And as she marked his feverish breath,  
 She thought her infant was sinking in death,  
 And, clasping her hands, in accents wild,  
 Cried—"Father of Mercies, oh, spare my child!"

But her infant grew weaker and weaker each day,  
 And still more earnest did the mother pray;  
 She gazed in tears on her beautiful boy—  
 She could not bear that her child should die.  
 Her prayers were marked by their fervent tone,  
 But the will of heaven was not her own—  
 Her only prayer was that cry so wild,  
 That Death's cold hand should not take her child.

She prayed *not*—"Lord, if it be thy will,  
 Spare him, oh, spare him to me still!  
 Yet, not my will, but thine, O God—  
 Give—give me strength to bear the rod;  
 And if my infant is spared to me,  
 Lord, grant that he may live to thee!"  
 Not *thus*—*not thus* did that mother cry,  
 But only that Death might spare her boy!

That cry was heard—disease passed o'er—  
 And her boy was a playful child once more;  
 Years fled away—he to manhood grew—  
 But that mother far greater sorrow knew!  
 For he trod a reckless course of sin,  
 And his mother's love was nought to him!  
 He slighted her warnings—he laughed at her fears,  
 Though he saw her grief and her bitter tears!

Now the sands of her life were nearly run,  
 And that mother must leave her only son.  
 In sorrow, her heart to God had been given—  
 She was hastening now to her home in heaven;  
 But her earthly treasure—the child of her love,  
 Had he died a *babe*, they had met above!  
 And now she mourned o'er that cry so wild,  
 When she wrestled with God for the life of her child.

M. A. E.

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

### BIRDS OF THE AIR.

THE Preacher intimates that it is unsafe to curse the king, lest the birds of the air should carry the voice, and "that which hath wings shall tell the matter." But this is not confined to kings. There is no telling what birds are listening when we speak in private, and it is never safe to speak of others what we would not be willing that they should hear. The best and safest rule is never to say that of another which we would not be willing that he should hear. If all would act on this principle, then the tale-bearer would be forced to pursue some honourable calling, and the careless speaker would no more be put to shame by being confronted with his friend whom he has traduced. Read to your children about these "birds of the air," in the 10th chapter of Ecclesiastes, and talk to them of the matter, that they may learn to keep the door of their lips.

### WISHING JOY!

The good John Newton one day called upon a family whose house and goods had been destroyed by fire. He found its pious mistress in tears. "Madam," said he "I give you joy!" Surprised, and half offended, she exclaimed, "What! joy that all my property is consumed?" "I give you joy," he replied, "that you have so much property that no fire can touch!" Mother! have you such treasures?

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

*Little George's Request.*—This little fellow was exceedingly fond of cake. One day his mother had some friends coming to tea, so, seating her little boy by the fire, and giving him a slice of cake, she said, "Now, George, you must be a very good, quiet little boy. The friends are coming into tea now, and you must sit still and eat your cake. Do not trouble mamma till they are all done. I have given you a large slice, so you must not ask me for more." George was a dear, good little fellow, and he wanted to mind his mother, but the cake went so very soon! He sat looking at his fingers, and picking up every crumb; then his eyes glanced longingly towards the table, and the next moment the company were astonished, and not a little amused, if the truth must be told, by hearing an entreating voice, from a little kneeling figure, with bowed head and clasped hands, saying, in a silver voice, "O God, give George another piece of cake. *Please do.*"

## SOLOMON'S RAGS.

"There, dear," said a father to a little girl, "there is a beautiful flower for you; more beautiful than Solomon in his glory." The next morning the flower was faded, and the petals fell over the vase. "Papa! papa!" said the child, "come and see the flower; it is Solomon in his rags now."

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Pictorial Pages.* Vol. I. London: Partridge and Co.

A cheap little periodical, worthy the support of all who feel any interest in the young.

*Five Hundred Questions on Scripture History, with a Chart.* By M. L. MOORE. London: Hamilton and Co.

We cordially recommend this cheap little work to mothers and teachers.

*A Lecture.* By WILLIAM BETTLE. London: Tweedie, Strand.

Those who are interested in the temperance movement, and have a little cash to spare, would do well to circulate this lecture.

*A Paper on Climbing Boys.* Manchester: H. Bradshaw.

We do hope mothers will feel the importance of doing all they can to put down the cruelty of forcing little boys into the destructive practice of sweeping chimneys.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.—No. VIII.

OF all the things that memory delights to dwell upon, of our early days, are the looks and words of those dear ones who are gone down to dwell among the mighty dead. The Ettrick Shepherd says:—

“Oh, the last look is hard to bear,  
 Even of a stock, or old grey stone;  
 Anything to childhood dear,  
 Which memory loves to dwell upon.  
 But fond affection never proved  
 So thrilling—so severe a pain—  
 As looking on a face beloved,  
 We know we ne'er can see again.”

We have read with interest of an old man, nearly blind with age, who felt the greatest pleasure in accompanying his young relative to the home where he had lived in love and happiness with those who had gone to the grave before him; how he *felt* about in the grotto, and pointed out where the different shells were placed by hands of brothers and sisters motionless in the grave; and, as he passed by some noble limes, he exclaimed, as the bees came humming about him—“Just the sound which used to delight me in childhood!” Yes, we change, and our beloved ones are changing; but Nature remains as young and beautiful as ever, and the sun will shine as brightly on our grave as on our natal day.

Then, again, we hear the aged man describe his ancient grandmother as accurately as he could have done at sixteen:—“I can fancy I see her now,” said he, “seated in her richly-carved, high-backed chair, with her large silver buckles—a stiff full dress, of rich silk—apron, cuffs, and handkerchief of the finest cambric—a massy gold watch hooked on her apron-string—several mourning rings on her fingers—then a delicately white little cap, with her silvery hair smoothed back, and a black hood of lace,



which was the symbol of widowhood—her gold-mounted spectacles in a tortoiseshell case, and a large Bible, with a crimson-velvet cover and gold clasps, lying open before her. These,” continued the old gentleman, “were trifles in themselves; but they became fixed in my memory, happily *not alone*, but in connexion with many holy sentiments—many portions of Scripture read and affectionately pressed home upon me by my venerable ancestor, or committed to memory by me at her request. Before she died, all her children and grandchildren were gathered around her, to receive her parting blessing and admonitions, reminding me of the patriarch Israel. Blessed be God,” he added, “for pious ancestors!” Yes, we may add, blessed in life, remembered when among the dead, and blessed in eternity.

Mother! what good and holy influences and example are you likely to leave among your children?—Will they arise and call you blessed?

### HINTS FOR PARENTS AND SONS.

“WHAT in creation have you done! Careless boy, how could you be so heedless? You are for ever cutting some such caper on purpose to ruin me, I believe. Now, go to work, and earn the money to pay for it, will you? lazy fellow!” Coarse and passionate exclamations these; and yet they were uttered by a father, who would have been very indignant if any one had hinted he was anything but a gentleman and a Christian. His son, a well-meaning lad of fourteen, had accidentally hit the end of a new walking-cane against a officate vase, and it lay in fragments at his feet. He was sadly frightened, and very sorry, too, and would have put in a laudible plea for forgiveness, but for the harsh reproof of his father, and his going out of the street-door, closing it with more than usual force; but now the lad’s feelings were anything but cheerful.

Just then his mother entered—"Why, James Coleman," she exclaimed, "did you do that? I declare you are the most careless boy I ever beheld! That beautiful vase your father gave me—I would not have had it broken for a large sum." "Mother I just hit it accidentally with this little cane, and I am sure I am as sorry as I can be." "And what business has your cane in the parlour, I should like to know? I will take it, and you will not see it again for some time—I wish your father had chastised you severely;" and taking the offending cane from his hand, she, too, left him to himself.

James then began to think that if he had done the most wicked thing in the world, he could not have been scolded worse. "That dear little cane! Oh! they scold me for everything. I hate everybody, and I won't bear it. To be sure, I might have a good home; but my father is all bustle, and my mother all fret—fret. I don't think they love me—so the sooner I am out of the way, the better. I am sure, if father is trying to save money to leave me some of it, I had rather have kind words, as we go along, than all the money he can give." More of James next month.

## A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.

THE Bible is an every-day book. There is no greater mistake than to consider it as a Sunday book, to be laid on the cottage shelf through the week, and only taken down on the Sabbath day. There is scarcely a circumstance in the daily life of the cottage mother, to which the Bible does not refer. If, in reading it, we would notice these passages, and treasure them in our memory, all the most common duties of life would become rich with lessons of heavenly truth. The daily work, which is so often complained of as drawing the soul from God, would be a

stepping-stone to lead it to Him. Let us see how many circumstances, which might befall a cottager's wife in one day, are made the subject of Scripture teaching.

WAKING IN THE MORNING.

It is early dawn. The cottage mother sleeps; her children are around her; the duties of a wife and mother rest upon her; she has many a cause for anxiety; but she heeds them not now—she is in a deep sleep. This is well; she needs rest, and God has given it to her. But what if her sleep continued? What if the song of the birds and the rising sun failed to waken her? What if the precious hours of the day were wasted in this dead slumber? How soon ruin would stare her in the face. This deadly slumber is used in the Bible as an image of those who are “dead in trespasses and sins.” The sleeping soul has duties to fulfil—duties that must be performed at the peril of everlasting ruin; yet it heeds them not. It has many a cause of anxiety—for *death* and judgment are at hand—yet it sleeps on, in heavy unconsciouness. Oh, that such would be reminded, by each morning's wakening, of that warning voice which cries to them—“Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.”

[We hope to take you to the Cottage Mother's Home again next month.—Ed.]

THE MOTHER, THE SABBATH-SCHOOL  
TEACHER, AND THE LITTLE GIRL;

OR, A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.

“AND when do you wish this dress to come home, ma'am? Will you please to give me as long as you can—I am very busy.” “On Monday morning, certainly, Mrs. Rice, for I leave home on Tuesday, and I shall want to pack it up. Can you finish it?” “I will try, ma'am.”

Miss Stanley was in a hurry, and with a courteous "Good morning" she left the room. Had she once glanced at the astonished and grieved face of her dressmaker our little narrative would not have been written, for Miss Stanley was, and had been for many years, a Bible Christian.

It was Saturday at noon, and, with a sigh, Mrs. Rice folded up the dress and pattern, and, after purchasing materials and her own little marketings, returned home. Not till after her children and her husband were in bed, was she at liberty to commence her task. Midnight, aye! one, two, three o'clock of the Sabbath morning found her still stitching away. At length, half-blinded and wearied out, she sought her bed for a short rest, as it was necessary to rise early to prepare her children's breakfast, and send them to the Sunday school. The husband went to church, and, after putting their dinner into the oven, his wife sat down, not to read the Bible, but to pursue her unholy employment, which was only laid aside when the return of her family obliged her to make ready the dinner.

"Mother," said her eldest girl, Anne, looking first at the work and then at her parent, "mother, have you been sewing?" "Yes, love, it is Miss Stanley's dress, which must go home to-morrow, as she leaves on Tuesday." "Oh! mother, I am sure Miss Stanley would be quite grieved at your working for her on a Sunday; are you sure you quite understood her?" "Yes, child." "But, mother," pursued the girl, "she has only this morning taught us in the school that we must never break the Sabbath for any one—that it is God's day, and we have no right to use it for ourselves or for others. And, mother, she always does herself what she teaches us to do. Let me ask her this afternoon if there is not a mistake; I am sure she will not be angry." "Hush, Anne, you know I must not offend her; your father works there, and might lose his place." "Whether or no, mistress, I will never have such a thing done again," said her husband, who ought to have

done and said more, but worldly interest prevailed over his convictions. The child was silenced; and, after dinner, when again alone, the mother resumed her task. This time, however, the tears fell over her work, and conscience struggled hard.

The sequel next month.

### PAGE FOR OUR LITTLE READERS.

Look around you, little friend, and try to reflect. See, there sits the father, and the dear, dear mother, and yonder is the group of brothers and sisters. Here, in its little cradle, lies the baby, with its brow of snow and its soft rosy cheek. All the dear ones, perhaps, are with you now, but they cannot tarry always—perhaps not long. The kind father may be the first to lie low, with the closed eye and the sealed lip of death. Or the mother, so patient and so mild, may be borne away to the silent grave. The baby's innocent heart may grow cold, and its sweet voice be hushed for ever, ere another week goes by; and the brothers and the sisters may be missing from their places just as soon.

Oh, little children, if you would not have pale, sad faces, and reproachful voices gathering about you in the years to come, be dutiful and affectionate to your parents, and kind, always kind and loving, to your brothers and sisters. Then, when you sit silently, years hence, in the eventide, the phantoms from the remembered past, which will be ever thronging your thresholds and creeping to your firesides—which will fill the vacant seats beside yours, and sit along the walls—will all smile upon you, and you will rejoice greatly in their company. The father's and the mother's face will look kindly upon you, with earnest and pleasant eyes. The brothers and the sisters will float often by you, and you will love to see their graceful,

shadowy forms and waving hair. When you awake in the calm morning they will be near you, and even in the brightness of noon they will not all be gone. They will be your chosen companions until you, too, lie down to sleep, and rise up no more till the morning of the resurrection.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER; OR, THOUGHTS FOR GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS.

“It is only with sadness,” said an aged friend, “that I can look back on my past life. It has not been eventful, but such a one as years of penitence cannot atone for. My mother! to see her was to love her. She was of a gentle, affectionate nature, and, from my earliest recollections, an invalid. My father died when I was but four years of age, and my mother’s health declined more perceptibly after the sad event I am about to relate. It was the death of my brother. Yes, he died too—her only son, on whose future she had spent so much thought—her idol was torn from its throne! My poor mother! she had no happiness then; there was no balm for her wounded heart, for it was placed on earthly things.

“I wonder now, though I did not at that time, that, knowing of the Great Physician, she would not go to Him to be healed, but sat in her grief, silent, and without comfort. I can see her now, sitting at her usual place, a window from which she could look upon the churchyard; and there, with her head resting upon her hand, she would remain for hours, gazing, in tearless grief, towards the resting-place of her son. And I—you may ask—where was I? Was I by her side, trying with loving words to win her from her deep sorrow? No! I blush while I speak, and well I may. My mourning was not like hers, one of years; but, before long, I laughed and sang among the gay, forgetful of the dead, and more so of my bereaved mother,

who suffered alone—the widow and the childless. Yes, childless! for I was never a child to her—she stood alone, without friends or sympathy.

“My eighteenth birthday arrived. My mother’s pale cheek grew paler, and her step more feeble. She was now reconciled to her loss, for she had found consolation from her Bible—her now constant companion. Her favourite window was no longer a seat of repining, but the place where, at the hour of twilight, she meditated on her future home, where sadness never comes. Since her death I have read in her journal prayers made at this time—the earnest outpourings of her soul before God, followed by calm and happy thoughts expressive of her belief—the simple breathings of faith, which restored peace to her troubled mind. I noticed this change in my mother, but it did not affect my sinful heart. I also tried to banish from my mind all thought of the change which was so visible in her. Her walk was shortened. She could not now even visit the grave of her son. I was told that she could not live much longer, but I would not listen. I had heard the same for many years, and did not believe the sad truth.”

[The saddest day of all, in this daughter’s history, is yet to come.—ED.]

### CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

THE gardener’s son was only three years old, but so passionate and self-willed, that his parents found it very difficult to manage him. If he did not get what he asked for immediately, he would stamp with his little feet, strike every one that opposed him, and even throw anything he had sufficient strength to wield. To check these passionate outbursts each parent would occasionally correct him—his father sometimes rather severely—but, hitherto, with no improvement. The child, discovering that he was flogged

when he did not please his parents, got also to act similarly to those with whom he was not pleased, saying, "I shall flog you, you are very naughty." His father being thus foiled, was led to consider whether a better management might not be adopted with his little son.

He thought of the beautiful plants—many of them rare exotics—entrusted to his care. In order to manage these properly, he knew how much care and patience were required. He remembered how he had studied their habits, and, as far as the nature of the ground would permit, planted them accordingly—some delighting in an exposed situation, others requiring shelter; but, although he gave equal care to all, they all did not equally flourish. So the gardener began to reason with himself in this way:—

"Here is my beloved boy, given me by the Lord of Heaven, to fit him to be transplanted to a heavenly inheritance. I will treat this plant with the same degree of forbearance I use towards the flowers entrusted to my care by my earthly lord." Reflecting in this way, he saw that when those plants did not flourish according to his wish that he felt no anger against them, but set about to examine the cause, and, if possible, remove it. Sometimes, those he trusted to water his plants he found neglected to do so; others were in too rich a soil; and some, perhaps, not sufficiently good; but, withal, he found it necessary to have the ground thoroughly prepared, so that the roots might expand and take firm hold of the soil. He would by no means shake or strike the tree, even incautiously or hastily planted.

But one thing he found necessary for all—that, my dear readers, was a *sunbeam*. Whether tall or short, growing on the hill, valley, or side of a stream, each and all refused to flourish when deprived of the sun's rays; these considerations led this father to alter his treatment of his little son, and to determine to give him sufficient light and heat—in other words, *education* and *kindness*. Not simply sending him to school to learn a few lessons from a book, and,



perhaps, an equal number of wild tricks, but to take his child upon his knee, and give him lessons regarding the law of kindness, the beauty of the flowers, the adaptation of insect life, the goodness and kindness of God, our Heavenly Father, in thus placing each where the greatest degree of happiness can be attained.

This plan of treating this passionate child is working the desired result. The little face brightens when he hears his father's footsteps, and he runs to meet him, sure at least of a little sunlight; for what can be more like it than the parent's cheerful smile? Instead of walking away with a sullen look of defiance, there is springing up childish trust and confidence; and when outbreaks of temper arise, as arise they will, a few firm words, kindly expressed, even a look of sorrowful reproof, do more, far more to suppress them, than a blow ever did. Parents, you possess a wide field of usefulness, and a fearful responsibility is yours.

There is a false kindness, or lazy indulgence, you are too prone to give way to, not liking to take the trouble to inculcate good habits, particularly those that require example to enforce. Incautious example is every whit as bad as undue severity. Your children are close reasoners; therefore, dear friends, take heed to your ways, that you cause not one of these little ones to offend.—*From "Our Village," by A. A. C. C.*

## MASTERS AND SERVANTS.—No. IV.

### KINDNESS AND CONCILIATION.

THE world and its concerns are full of material to test the dispositions of those who have to mingle with them; nor are we at all competent to judge how, in given circumstances, we should comport ourselves, till these peculiarities actually occur; but the more closely we come in contact

with others, the more effectually is the test applied. The relations sustained by those to whom these papers specially refer, furnish almost as numerous points of difficulty as any to which our thoughts could be directed. Too frequently the principle we contended for in No. I. is forgotten, and there springs up a state of mind the reverse of that it is now our intention to treat of, for a little space. Kindness and conciliation, built on the foundation, No. III., will show a character in any station beautiful and useful. The position of the master has many a rough and difficult point; the anxieties of business and its disappointments chafe his spirit, give him anxious days and wakeful nights. Often, when in direct intercourse with his servants, there is a painful undercurrent of intense feeling, unsympathised with, because unknown. It may be, he meets apathetic coldness, or careless indifference, or contemptuous disregard; and his irritation is shown in passion, angry upbraidings, violent abuse. How much to be preferred is the spirit we now recommend—a calm suppression of rising choler, and a temperate appeal to the common principles of humanity and Christian principle; this will assuredly be, in its results, more, far more likely to effect the object aimed at—a recognition of mutual duty. But we hear each party often say, “I will have my right—none shall trample on me.” Well! we fully grant this, but demur to the conclusion, that hasty, passionate exclamations are the surest way to attain it; so far from it, we are fully assured that nothing tends so effectually to widen the breach, or perpetuate the offence, as such a course. “A soft answer turneth away wrath.” The reverse is true; an angry, bitter tongue biteth like an adder.

Causes of contention will arise; they are inseparable from your mutual position; but once determine that a kind and conciliatory spirit shall be adopted, and you will be astonished to find how apparently insuperable obstacles will vanish; misunderstandings will find solution, and a com-

paratively equable and tranquil course will be found for all. For a full-length portrait of such a character, we have only to study patiently and constantly His example, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, who has left us an example that we should follow His steps.

J. O. V.

### “ ONLY POOR CHILDREN.”

HERE is a primary school : what a host of little ragged urchins are crowding in ! Suppose I step in quietly among them ? How they take their places in seats terraced off one above another, so that each little face is distinctly visible. What a pretty sight ! and how Nature loves to compensate ! sending beauty to the hovel, deformity to the hall. There is a boy now, in that ragged jacket, who is a study for an artist. See his broad, ample forehead ; mark how his dark eyes glow : and that little girl at his side, whose chestnut curls droop so gracefully over her soft-fringed eyes and dimpled shoulders. And that dream child in yonder corner, with blue-veined, transparent temples, whose spiritual eyes even now can see that fadeless shore to which bright angels beckon him. Deal gently with him—he is passing away ! Here comes the teacher—brisk, angular, and sharp-voiced. Heaven pity the children ! She’s a human icicle ; pasteboard and proper ! I already experience a mental shiver. Now she comes up, and says (apologetically to my new satin cloak), “ You see, madam, these are ONLY poor children.” The toadying creature ! Lucky for her that I’m not “ a committee.” Can’t her dull eyes recognize God’s image in linsey-woolsey ? Can she see “ no genius written on yonder broad forehead ? No poetry slumbering in yonder sweet eyes ? Did Franklin, Clay, and Webster study their alphabet in silk and velvet ? She ought to be promoted to the dignity of toe-nail polisher to the Pope ! Now she

hands me a book, in which visitors' names are inscribed, and requests me to write mine. Certainly—"Mrs. John Smith"—there it is. Hope she likes it as well as I do.—  
*Fanny*

"I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT."

THE following circumstance took place in a family not long ago:—

A blooming group, at evening prime,  
 Moved by their parent's voice,  
 Each offered from the Book Divine  
 Some fragment of their choice.

And one, a beauteous boy, o'er whom  
 Four happy years had swept,  
 Raised his clear trustful eyes, and said—  
 "I laid me down and slept."

"O sweet, my son, the gem you bring,  
 Yet know you not the rest?—  
 'I woke, because the Lord sustained;  
 Complete the sentence blest."

But still that student of the skies  
 His first selection kept;  
 "No, dear mamma, just this alone,  
 'I laid me down and slept."

That night the fever smote him sore,  
 With dire, delirious pain,  
 And fiercely on his heart-strings fed,  
 Till every hope was vain.

Then all at once, in slumbers soft  
 The darling sufferer lay,  
 And, like a lamb of Jesus, slept  
 His gentle life away.

He slept; but, with what glorious joy,  
 In strains of seraph love,  
 The *waking words* he spoke not here,  
 Shall be pronounced above.

## HOPE FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER! HOPE ON EVER!

“My beloved is gone down to his garden to gather lilies.”

MARY — was admitted, at a very early age, into the Sunday school in the parish of —; there was nothing extraordinary in her abilities, they were of an ordinary kind, but there was something remarkable in her sweet temper and cheerful disposition, which shone forth in her bright blue eyes. She was ever regular, and appeared to love her school, her teacher, and the instruction given her; but no evidences of Divine grace appeared till she was nearly eight years old—the love of Jesus, and the name of Jesus, then seemed inexpressibly sweet to this dear child; she would try to assist her companions in finding the Scripture proofs required of them, whilst I was instructing the younger ones in their reading—that, to quote her own words, “Dear Miss — might have more time to talk about Jesus.”

If I was indisposed, or appeared unhappy, her sweet comfort was as balm to my wounded spirit. I lost a dear friend, and felt my loss very severely, the first Sunday I taught after her removal. Little Mary left her place and stood by my knee, with her sweet eyes fixed supplicatingly on my face; and when asked what she would say to me—“Dear teacher,” she replied, “I want you not to cry any more.” I replied, “You know, my dear, you have all lost a kind friend as well as myself.” “Oh, dear teacher,” she exclaimed, “she has only gone to sleep—she was so tired when she went to bed; but she will not stay there long, and when we see her again she will be quite awake, and will be tired no more.” “What,” I said, “do you mean?” “I mean, teacher,” she answered, “that sin, and fighting with Satan, have made her tired—the grave is only her bed for a little time, and when we see her

again, she will be like Jesus, all beautiful—oh, dear teacher, so beautiful!” I said, “How do you know you shall see her again?” “Because,” she replied, without a moment’s hesitation, “I have been a sinful child, I know; but Jesus died for me, Jesus pleads for me, and Jesus loves me.”

She loved to see me in the week, alone, and never left without, in some way, mentioning her Saviour’s love. I once remarked to her—“I hope that you will have a nice play this dinner-hour; see how brightly the sun shines!” “Yes,” she said, “but do, dear teacher, before I go, pray with me that the Sun of Righteousness may shine upon us; for when yonder sun goes down at night, we shall want Jesus to stay and take care of us.” She loved to think of Heaven, the crown of gold, the harp of gold, and the white robes; and any difficult word in her lessons always sent her to me for an explanation.

No weather prevented her attendance, and no cold or wet seemed to affect her health; however, the Lord, in love, saw fit to transplant this bud of sweet promise to blossom in a happier land—her illness began with cold, and terminated in rapid consumption. Her patience, her faith, her joy, in the midst of suffering and pain, were truly exemplary. I frequently saw her, and not then being aware of the incurable nature of her malady, expressed a hope that, on the return of Spring, renewed health and strength might be granted her; to which she replied—“Yes, dear teacher, I shall be quite well. I think, by the Spring, for—

‘There everlasting Spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a stream, alone divides  
That goodly land from ours.’”

(To be concluded next month.)

## THE THORN IN THE PILLOW.

A LITTLE girl went to visit her grandmother, some distance from her mother's and her father's home—she seemed very happy all day, and she had everything around her to make her happy; but when her kind grandmother went to look at her, after she was asleep, she observed a tear-drop on the little girl's cheek—"Ah," said the old lady, the next morning, "you were a little home-sick last night, dear." "Oh no, grandmother," Mabel replied, "I could never be home-sick here." It was just so the next night, and the next; at length, the grandmother thought, as the little girl seemed troubled, she would sit in the next chamber until the child went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt, and shake her pillow, and the grandmother thought she heard a little sob; so she went to the little girl's bed, and said—"Mabel, my child, you have got a thorn in your pillow—what is it?" Then the little girl hid her face, and began to cry aloud. The grandmother was very troubled. At length, the little girl said—"Oh, grandmother, when I am alone here, I cannot help thinking how I said—'I won't, mother,' and *I cannot unsay it*; and mother is so good, and loves me so, and I—I was so naughty;" then the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here, then, was the thorn in the pillow, and she could not withdraw it.

Ah, so it will be, by-and-by, with that little boy who is selfish and unkind at home now; when he is away, among strangers, he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And that little girl, who does not care to help her good mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in the grave.

That young man, too, who will not listen to his good father's advice, and who hates his father's religion and his father's God, will find a thorn in his dying pillow that no mortal hand will be able to withdraw. Mother! Father! Are you planting any sharp thorns that will spring up in that last pillow, by neglecting or half-attending to your momentous duties?

## THE FATHER'S PAGE.

SOME ESSENTIALS IN A FATHER TO RENDER HOME HAPPY.

THE husband and father is bound by an inevitable obligation to vindicate his authority before the family.

First, *by acquainting himself with all the duties of that sacred relation.* If a man appointed to an office in the State neglects to acquaint himself with the duties of that office, and the State thereby suffers injury, he encounters public reprobation, and lays himself open to impeachment. Now, the family constitution lies at the foundation of all the forms of civil and Christian society. To be willingly ignorant, then, of the right mode of administering it, is to incur a high degree of criminality.

Secondly. *The paternal authority is to be perpetuated by the maintenance of a wholesome example.* The example of the father is generally the means of moulding the son's character. How exact, then, should it be? The father should be content with nothing short of that resolution, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

Thirdly. *Authority should be tempered with tenderness, but not annihilated by indulgence.* "As a father pitieth his children." By that tender trait is the disposition of God himself illustrated. It may and ought to exist, even in the bosom of sterner mould. "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The cares and vexations incident to the pursuits of men too often produce



an irritable state of mind, that disqualifies them from rightly discharging parental duty. How can these tender plants withstand the storm of passion that sometimes bursts on their heads? Fathers, provoke not your children, lest they be discouraged. Correct them, but *not in anger*.

Fourthly. *The best instruction is the best government.* Happy is he who is accustomed to say, as he gathers round him the dear ones who constitute the home circle, "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding; for I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. HE TAUGHT ME ALSO." He did not throw off the responsibility from himself to my mother, but was willing to share it with her. Fathers, go and do likewise.

Again. *One of the noblest auxiliaries of parental duty is PRAYER.* Even for poor Ishmael, the father of the faithful prayed, "Oh! that Ishmael might live before thee!" How then did he wrestle for Isaac, before and after his birth! How when, in view of the approaching sacrifice on Moriah, he sought the solitude of the forest, and, taking the lad with him, fervently prayed to God! How did Jacob wrestle with the angel of the covenant for his dear children in the hour of apprehended danger, even until the breaking of the day! And how have many fathers agonised at the eternal throne, until salvation was poured upon their families!

Once more. *Authority should be so exercised as to secure habitual obedience;* then will obedience to God be more easily rendered. In proportion to the deeper deference naturally paid by children to the authority of a father, is parental responsibility increased. How perfect, then, should be the example of a father?

We do not often presume to give fathers any counsel, but we have heard a little whisper of grumbling, that we "spare no time for fathers." We now ask them to ponder these thoughts.

## LIFE'S FIRST YEARS.

“Next to the qualities with which a man is born, the influences which his parents and his family exert are powerful in shaping his after-course. Mothers! your task in training your sons is often heavy, but your encouragements are great. How many of the good and the successful, of the wise and the happy, trace all that was bright in their character to influences lying as far back as their mother's knee?” The above remarks are extracted from an interesting biography of the late Mr. Budgett, of Bristol, by the Rev. Wm. Arthur. Speaking of Mr. B., Mr. Arthur continues:—“Happily for him, truth and grace were valued in the home of his childhood. If his parents had not been remarkably successful in gaining this world's good, they had secured the part that was of far greater price to both them and their children. He was early taught to worship, obey, and seek the God from whose hand his young being had come. What Lamartine so beautifully says of his own mother, might be said equally of his:—‘We could not remember the day when she *first spoke* to us about God.’ His mother, especially, was eminently pious, and her influence on the character of her son was powerful and happy. His faithful friend, the Rev. Joseph Wood, who intimately knew his inner life, thus states one of those events which pass silently within the bosom of Christian families, but which re-appear in the life of their members in blessed and memorable fruit:—‘He was about nine years of age, when one day, in passing his mother's door, he heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family, and for himself by name. He thought, my mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation. In that hour he became decided to serve God, and the impression then made was never effaced.’ Happy that son whose heart is daily moved towards the ways of God by a mother's holy walk, and whose salvation is the

daily burthen of a mother's fervent prayer! And happy that mother whose son does not steel his heart against her solicitude. 'It was early,' many a mother would, perhaps, think, 'to be concerned about the conversion of a good, well-conducted boy, when he was only nine.' Perhaps, had you been much concerned for the conversion of your boy when he was good and well-conducted, he might have been good and well-conducted still. 'It is early,' many a son will probably think, 'to be anxious about a future life, when I am yet so young.' Perhaps, if you defer now because it is *too early*, you will, in a few years, abandon the thought altogether because it is *too late*."

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

### EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE education of women is of the greatest importance to society. Men may be, indeed, the rough stones of which the fabric of society is built—they may form the strength and resisting portion of the fabric—but women are the finer cement, without which those rougher ingredients will not find order or consistency, and without which there can be no form, no beauty, no lasting and useful enjoyment.—*Lord Palmerston*.

### A HINT.

Young men! the influence of evil impressions can never be got rid of. Let one impure thought gain lodgment in your heart, and, if you dare to favour it, you may as well attempt to take the stain out of the snow as to remove its effects for ever from your minds.—*J. B. Gough*.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

*Sabbath-keeping*.—"Father!" said a little fellow, of four years, "it has been Sabbath day to you, but not to mother, and brother, and me." "Why not, my son?" "Why, because, father, it rained too hard, we could not go to God's house, so you know it has only been Sabbath day for you."

## PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. VII.

“Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling. Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterwards. When old and grey, feelingly will he remember a mother’s tender piety; and the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.”

It has been said, the man is made in the nursery, and there the impressions are received that form the character and mould the destinies of the world. To the mother is committed the delightful and important task of giving the first impulse to the mind; whether of good or evil, both will be equally remembered. How can mothers, who have not themselves taken the first step in the way to Heaven, lead their little ones in the right path? And what then? Does it not follow that they will all walk together in the broad road leading to the city under the curse of the Almighty? There are only two roads. There is no middle way. We must be leading them to heaven or hell! Yes, young mother, believe it; you are now, at this very moment, leading that lovely infant boy of yours towards the bright and glorious city of God, or towards that awful place of endless woe prepared for the devil and his angels.

When the sculptor Bacon was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a gentleman said to him—“Take care what you are about; you work for eternity.” Mothers! young mothers! take care what you are about; you work for eternity! What you are now doing will affect the interests of unborn thousands in heaven or hell! If you are faithful, you may send forth to the world sons and daughters who shall be the means of the salvation of others as they pass along the path of life. They may turn many to righteousness, and shine themselves as stars for ever and ever! But, if unfaithful, your children will leave your home prepared to rivet the chains of destruction on those

with whom they come in contact among the families of the earth, and themselves be conspicuous in eternity only for their deeper misery! Would you that those you love should be found with the rich man, calling for a drop of water to cool the burning of the flame in vain? If not, then begin early. Yes; as soon as the bright eye beams up into your face, and warms your maternal heart by that treasured smile, oh! then begin to train him for the company of the saints in light, where Jesus is seen diffusing happiness all around. Do you say he will forget, and live uninfluenced by your training or your prayers? Say you so? Are you quite sure he will pass his life, and end his days, forgetting all his early teaching? Well, even if you think so, and do not believe God's Word, still we say, it is worth the trial. The early prayer, long since buried beneath the sins and follies of youth, often comes up again, and takes hold of the wanderer's heart—aye, and will not let him go. We will tell you one such case. "

The chaplain of a prison had tried in vain to soften the hard heart of one of the men taken there for stealing. He was a man who had grown old in sin, and seemed determined to pursue the downward path. One morning he was found weeping bitterly. "You seem sad, Tom," said the good man. "Yes, Sir, I am sad," he replied; "and I have been sad through a long life of sin. I lost my mother, Sir, before she had time to bring me up in the right way; but, oh, Sir, her prayers, when I knelt by her side a little, harmless, infant boy, have been ringing in my ears these thirty years, and they would not let me do just as others did, or as my own wicked heart desired. My mother, Sir, has long been in heaven; but I cannot help thinking, Sir, that the saints up there have something to do with sinners down here on earth—for that eye of hers, so bright and loving, has often seemed to look at me in my midnight wickedness; and the sound of her voice, going up to God for me, has often held back my hand from

giving the fatal blow. You see, Sir, I have often seemed merry when my heart was sick. Oh, Sir, tell me—can you, Sir?—is there hope for me, that I may yet be forgiven, and get up where my mother lives? Oh, I have been thinking how dreadful it will be to meet her at the judgment, if all my sins are resting upon my own head! She told me once—and she was pretty near the gate of heaven at the time—that there was mercy with Jesus for the chief of sinners. Do you think, Sir, there can be mercy for me? I am afraid I have gone too far, and that I shall be lost!” The man of God became the mother’s friend, and took up the mother’s work, leading the son to the cross for pardon and salvation!

Mothers! are your prayers treasured up in the hearts of *your* sons? Will they have reason to bless you, when you have long been in heaven, that you took them to kneel by your side in early youth? If not, begin at once! Make haste; the day is far spent, the night is at hand, when your working and your praying time will be over!

## HOPE FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER HOPE ON EYER!

*(Included from page 155.)*

DEAR little Mary seemed now neither to expect nor desire a continuance of life, though quite willing cheerfully to use every means which her friends desired for the recovery of her health. When suffering fearfully, from difficulty of breathing and pain in her chest and side, too weak to rise from her bed, I asked her “If Jesus was still precious to her?” “Oh, yes!” she gasped—

“I would not change my blest estate  
For all that earth calls good or great;  
And whilst my faith can keep its hold,  
I envy not the sinner’s gold!”

Two days before her death, she told me she expected to see me no more on earth, and her lips quivered when she bade me "Good-bye," and saw my sorrow, which I in vain tried to restrain. She said, "Dear teacher, I do so love you; but I love Jesus better, much better! It is all my joy to think of casting my crown, my brightest part, at His feet, and of being your crown of rejoicing when I see you again. Oh, how I will fly to meet you!" After a long pause, to recover a little strength, she added—"All the time God still gives me I will spend in praying for my dear friends, for you and for my dear companions, that many more souls beside mine may reward your pains."

She sent a message to all her companions, begging them to seek Christ in their days of health and strength, that they might find Him, as she did, "a very present help in time of trouble." The last time I saw her alive she could scarcely articulate, but perfectly knew me; she pressed my hand, and said, "Jesus!" I prayed with her, and when I kissed and bade her farewell, she looked up and said, "Happy, happy!" and then closed her eyes. About three hours after this she looked at her mother and father, who were at her bedside, and exclaimed—

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are!"

They asked if she was "very happy?" she replied, "More than happy; for before the sun sets I shall see Him, whom absent I love; and do you, dear father and mother, come to Him, for He waits in Canaan, with angels bright, to welcome you to all the joys of Canaan." Her mother offered her some lemon drink, which she quietly refused, saying, "He will lead me to the living fountains of water."

She then closed her eyes, and wished her parents and sisters, "Good-night." Her mother asked her if she felt as if she would be able to sleep a little, hoping that she

would awake a little refreshed. She said, "Yes." They sat for half-an-hour watching her; nor could any of them tell the moment when her ransomed spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss; but hers was indeed a blessed sleep, from which she will never wake to sorrow—a calm, undisturbed rest, unbroken by the last of foes!

This simple narrative has been written in sorrow and weakness; its object is twofold:—First, To encourage teachers and parents to work diligently whilst it is called to-day, for in due season they shall reap if they faint not; and what a glorious harvest theirs will be! Secondly, To encourage any dear children who may peruse it, to seek Israel's gentle Shepherd, now in their youth and health, so that, in the day of sorrow, death, and trouble, they may find Him, as this dear child did—a Saviour close at hand.

"It was not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took my flower away!"

MARIA.

## A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. II.

### DRESSING.

THE cottage-mother has left her bed, and is putting on her clothes. How many a text may this act recall? The guests assembled at the wedding-feast had each a wedding-garment provided them. (Matt. xxii.) The prodigal, when he returned to his father's house, had the best robe put on him. (Luke xv. 22.) The outcast, in Ezekiel, was not only saved, but beautiful raiment was put on her. (Ezek. xvi. 10.) How terrible it would be to be exposed to our fellow-creatures in rags and wretchedness! What will it be if the nakedness, the sin, the deformity of our



souls, should be seen in the light of eternity? It is all exposed in the sight of God *now*. Let us seek some covering. Let us, like the prodigal, return to God our Father's house, and the best robe—the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—shall cover us.

## WASHING.

The cottage-mother is poor, and her garments are homely; but she loves cleanliness, and has too much self-respect to suffer herself, or her children, to go down to their daily work unwashed. Here, too, God's Word meets her. The dirt she abhors, is a picture of that sin which defiles the soul, and makes her hateful in His sight. Each sin is as a spot of filth before Him. Let her hear His voice, saying:—"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil." (Isaiah i. 16.)

[We will hope to attend the cottage-mother down stairs next month.—Ed.]

## THE YOUTHFUL MOTHER AND HER 'BABE.

"I love thee so—I love thee so—I cannot be at rest."

TO MRS. H.

Dying! yet to live for ever!

My precious treasure—come, nestle down,

Beneath the folds of my silken gown,

There's nought too good for thee!

I would give my gems and gold away,

And all on earth, to insure thy stay,

Thou art so dear to me.

Dying! yet to live for ever!

Thy fragile frame—thy beautiful form—

Oh! I will shield it from every storm,

And love thee to the last.

My babe! my treasure! what wilt thou be?

What joys—what sorrows are stored for thee,

Ere thy sweet life is past?

Dying! yet to live for ever!  
 Young mother—hush! the book is sealed;  
 But its folded leaves shall be revealed,  
 When thou and babe shalt stand  
 Beholding the great white throne on high,  
 With all our race up in yonder sky,  
 Hard by the angel's land.

Dying! yet to live for ever!  
 Come—give thy frail, precious babe away,  
 By this perchance you insure its stay,  
 If good for *it*—and *thee*.  
 If spared—Oh! train it for the sky,  
 Thy child and thou must surely die,  
 It is the Lord's decree.

July 16th, 1854.

## HINTS FOR PARENTS AND SONS.—No. II.

THE scene described last month is but a sample of what occurred constantly. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were good sort of respectable people, who cared for their children mentally and physically, and meant to be good parents. But there was for ever some scene of dispute—stern looks and harsh commands—so that they were really a wretched family. Under these influences, James, who was impetuous and self-willed, but very affectionate, began soon to spend his leisure hours in places of resort for loiterers, where he saw much to encourage his reckless and disobedient spirit. Little did his parents realise, in the bustle of their hurrying life, the effects of the home training; nor were they aroused to James's danger, till his prolonged absence from home, and late hours in the evening, caused a severe reprimand from his father. With a heart swelling with rage he went to his room, but not to bed: he resolved to leave his home.

James looked on his little brother, whom he loved, but with whom he was ever quarrelling. He was half-tempted to lie down; but no! he thought how cross his mother

would look, and how harshly his father would speak at breakfast. He thought of his little sister Em, and wished to kiss her; "But," said he to himself, "she will soon snap like the rest—she grows more fretful every day. No, I will go out of hearing of it all." He then softly let himself down from the window, and was soon in the night train. A few days found James tossing upon the waves of the wide, deep, trackless ocean, and on he went towards the fields of gold, often vexed at the services he was called upon to perform; sometimes longing to be again in the home of his childhood; at other times writhing, as he thought of the anger of his father, and the reproaches of his mother. But some of that ship's company were never to see the distant land, where they had hoped to find treasures of gold and happiness. Seven of them were carried off by fever, and on that fatal list was read by agonised hearts, in his father's and his mother's home, the name of "James Coleman, aged sixteen."

Boys! if your father and mother, in the midst of their many cares, of which you know nothing, often increased sevenfold by their anxieties for you, are less tender and forgiving than you think they should be, will you throw off all regard for them, all gratitude for their constant proofs of real affection, and make shipwreck of your own character and hopes, and break their hearts? No—no—rather, with noble disregard of your own feelings, try still more to please them, and soothe their weary spirits; so you shall reap the reward of well-doing, and the blessing of Him who has given you the fifth commandment, *with a promise.*

Fathers! provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged; the tempter is ever at hand to lead them astray. The harsh reproof, the undeserved blame and cold silence, where there should be the kind inquiry or the affectionate welcome, may chill the young heart, and cause reserve where there should be the fullest confidence.

· Mothers! where shall the young spirit look for the saving confidence of love, if not to you? The youthful heart craves sympathy—it must have it. If not found at home it will seek it elsewhere, and it may be amid many dangers; and then, when your child’s heart shall cease to beat, how will you remember words and looks that bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder! Love and kind words do wonders. Try the effects in your home circle, and tell us the good results.

“HUSBAND’S TEA.”

“O woman! self-forgetting woman! poetry of human life!-- Neglect? O libel on a world where half that world is woman!”

“WELL, I never! Mrs. Morris, why how poor the tea has got all at once! Why, sure enough, it is as bad as ‘husband’s tea’ now.” This speech was made by a blunt, rough, rosy-faced matron, who was presiding at her tea-table, and entertaining a friend, who was a gentle, loving, and loveable young woman, that had not long worn a gold circlet, and been called “Mrs. Morris.” “Thank you, Mrs. Chubb, my tea is very good, and they say strong tea is not good for the nerves; but,” continued Mrs. Morris, “what can be the meaning of ‘husband’s tea?’ I have often heard the expression, and wondered what it could mean—do tell me.”

“Why, as to the saying,” replied Mrs. Chubb, “I am sure I don’t know how it came among us; but I reckon that some wife, who liked her own dear self better than anybody else, used to drink all the strong tea, and leave water in the teapot for her good man.” “Dear me, Mrs. Chubb, do you think there ever *could* be a wife so unkind? Why, when my George is later than usual, if I pour out one cup for myself I add half water, fearing it would not be good enough for him. Why, to be sure, I should think

every wife would give, the best of everything to her husband." Oh, dear! Mrs. Morris!—excuse my laughing; but, bless you, when you have been called Mrs. Morris twenty years, you will perhaps think differently. Why, I know a wife who has a downright good tea, long before her husband comes home; and I have seen him, with my own eyes, eating cold potatoes and salt—poor soul!—afterwards; and, between you and me and the post, I have called him in just as Chubb has been at his supper, as an excuse to give the poor man a bit. This is a queer work-a-day world of ours, Mrs. Morris! there is a deal of selfishness in it, though some people do cry up human beings as naturally good—kind of half-way angels; but I have never seen the good, perfect souls yet, when there is no religion in them to teach them what goodness itself was when it lived over among the Jews; and I guess we are, most of us, a little matter slow to learn of Him!" "Well, I should expect that every kind, loving wife would do all in her power to make her husband comfortable, and give him the best tea instead of the worst." "Yes—yes, you are right, too, depend upon it, Mrs. Morris. Go on acting thus, and keep a happy, loving home for your husband; and he will the more likely keep a good roof over your head, and not go from home to find kindness and comfort. I always say, as the husbands' earn the money they ought to be well attended to. I began so with my Jack Chubb, and I mean to continue the same as long as I walk along life by his side."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER; OR, THOUGHTS FOR GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS.

(Continued from page 148.)

"I must now go on to that day, the most painful to recall of all my life. It was a mild afternoon in October, and my mother sat in her accustomed place, watching the

leaves of autumn as they fell. I was walking with an intimate friend—a gay, thoughtless thing was Fanny—pouring into her willing ear my many plans, while she in return related hers to me. Long we talked; and when she departed she said, rather loud, ‘Be assured your secret is safe with me!’ ‘It is well,’ I replied; ‘for you are the only person to whom I would confide it.’

“We parted. I went to my mother’s room to get a book I wished. As I entered she said, with a sweet smile, ‘What important thing is that, dear, which must be kept so secret?’ ‘Nothing,’ was my answer; but I blushed deeply. ‘And would “*nothing*” cause my daughter to look so troubled?’ and she took one of my hands within her pale fingers. ‘Of course I mean, mamma, nothing that would interest *you*.’ ‘Nothing that would interest *me*!’ she repeated slowly; then added, more as if talking to herself than to me, ‘The singing of the birds, the humming of the bees, even the falling of the leaves, amuse me, but’—she raised her large blue eyes to mine—‘the confidence of my only child, which gives pleasure to a stranger, would not interest me! O my daughter!’ She took her hand from mine, and rested her head upon it. I resumed my search for the book, when suddenly turning to me, she spoke with unusual firmness. ‘My daughter, listen! If it is, as I have heard, and that with sorrow, that you have given your affections to young Berton, and your confidence concerns him, I do not ask you for it, but, my child, I beseech you to hear me; hearken not to his smooth words; he will make you miserable!’

“I hurried to leave the room, saying, ‘I am quite old enough to judge for myself as to a suitable companion, therefore your advice is not needed!’” She arose from her chair and stood before me—that tall, trembling figure, with all colour gone from her face, and her thin hands clasped tightly on her bosom; she spoke in a loud, clear voice,—‘Eleanor, I will not beseech you—I, your dying mother,

*command* you not to marry that man; and if you do, remember you disobey my last injunction!’ She sank into her chair, and I flew from the apartment. As I hastened through the garden I involuntarily turned towards her window, and beheld her there, with her pale face raised to heaven, and heard her words—‘Oh, my Father! pardon me if I have sinned; and save, O save my child!’

‘Why did I not return, as I felt inclined to do, and ask her forgiveness? My proud spirit urged me on. To Fanny I told all. That night I was married to Berton. We left the village. I left my mother alone with her servants; and when, three days after, I returned to my home, and went to her room, I found her—dead! There she lay her pale hands folded, her cheeks cold, and those lips, which had so often spoken kindly to me, colourless. I stood beside her, and bitterly, so bitterly repented. ‘Oh, my mother!’ I cried, ‘come back, come and tell me you forgive me!’ All was still; but it was a silence that spoke,—that said, “thou hast done this! thou hast killed thine own mother!” In fearful agony I prayed—I, who for years had not bent my knee to God—prayed for forgiveness. They found me in that room, ill and delirious, and feared I should die; but death was too light a punishment for my great offence.

“My husband lived but three years; of those years my mother had predicted rightly. My child died,—it was just that I, who had trampled under foot a mother’s love, should know its strength but to lose the object of it. But I can speak no more of this. I cannot calmly recall those years of suffering, yet willingly would I open anew those wounds if daughters would take warning from my life; and bring not the grey hairs of their parents in sorrow to the grave; then, too, would peace rest upon them, and happiness be theirs evermore.”

## A. SCRIPTURE FRAGMENT.

## CAIN AND HIS PUNISHMENT.

WE find this deeply affecting history upon the very threshold of the Scripture narrative; nor does the sacred historian vouchsafe to give us any information as to the ages of the several parties. All that it condescends to tell us is, that Cain was the first-born, that he was a tiller of the ground, and that Abel was a keeper of sheep. It is probable that the generations of man had considerably multiplied, and that these were by no means the first offerings the young men had presented before God.

Cain was the first-born; the strength of his father, the joy of his mother. The name simply means acquisition; and, however fondly their hopes might have been entwined around this, their first-born, they were doomed to bitter disappointment; and how sadly was it so in the case of David, who named his lovely child Absalom, the son of his peace. Cain was the first child born into the world under the curse; the first that was nourished at the breast of his mother; the first that trod the earth, and became the hope of his parents; the first to blight their hopes, and the first to moisten the earth with the blood of man: for he lifted up his hand against Abel his brother, and slew him.

How soon the seeds of sin sprang up! how soon they came to perfection! Here we find the first-born son of the first man, committing the foulest deed, under the foulest circumstances. How his whole soul must have shaken, as he looked upon the streaming blood and mangled body. What a deed had he done! There, in that lone field, the monster death took his first victim; began a carnage which was to sweep successive generations from the earth, until the trump of the archangel shall sound, when all that are alive shall be changed.

It would seem that this vile murderer invited his confiding and unsuspecting brother to take a walk in the open



field, and there perhaps they talked about their late offerings; and whilst Abel, with the tenderness of a brother's love, strove to direct his mind to the great Mediator, Cain became very angry, and his countenance fell, and he rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. Soon after this, Cain met his Maker with a ruffled brow, and the Lord said unto him:—"Cain, why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen? if thou hadst had respect unto the great Mediator, thou shouldest have been accepted; but, because thou hast no respect unto Him, now sin lieth at thy door." And the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And he said, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" What a ready lie was this! How sad a proof that he was far gone in iniquity; and what a proud and awful insult to the Deity—"Am I my brother's keeper?" But it is vain to kick against the pricks. Shall mortal man strive with his Maker? And He said, "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground; and now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." Probably this mark was a consciousness upon Cain's mind that he should not come to his death by violent means.

Let us be sure our sin will find us out. There is many a sin which rankles in the memory, which would grieve the soul to have paraded before our friends. Deeds of darkness, deeds of solitude. But they are all known to our Maker, and with all their aggravating circumstances, too, which it would be difficult to make others understand. O come, humble thyself before God, confess thy iniquities, flee to the blood of sprinkling; and for the sake of Jesus Christ he will blot out thy transgressions, and remember them no more, but cast them as a stone into the midst of the sea.

M. B.

## THE MOTHER, SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER, AND LITTLE GIRL ;

OR, A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.—NO. II.

At four o'clock Annie ran in, with a bright eye and joyful smile. "Mother, mother, stop your work! I was right; you have made a mistake. Miss Stanley does not go on Tuesday next, but the Tuesday after, and you have made a mistake of a week." "How do you know, Annie?" "Why, mother, she gave us our chapter for next Sunday, and said, if it pleased God, she would question us on it next Sunday morning, and after that she was going out for some weeks." It was too late, the dress was done.

"Mrs. Rice wishes to see you, ma'am," said Miss Stanley's maid, on the following morning. "Oh! poor woman, to say she cannot do my dress; well, it cannot be helped. Good morning, Mrs. Rice." "I have brought your dress, ma'am." "You cannot do it; well, never mind." "It is done, ma'am." Miss Stanley gazed at her pale-worn face very earnestly for some moments; then the truth flashed into her mind, and solemnly, yet with a quivering lip, she said,—"*Then you must have worked yesterday.*" The tone, more than the words, went to the woman's heart. "I did, ma'am," said she, sobbing bitterly; "you said it must come to-day." "Oh! no, no; next week I meant—next Monday. How could you think I wished you to break the Sabbath?" "You said on Monday, ma'am, and I did not like to offend you." "I was very wrong," said the lady, "to speak so carelessly; but I thought you had known me sufficiently well to understand, that on no account would I induce you to transgress God's commandments; my poor friend, I am very sorry." "My little girl said she was sure there was a mistake, for you taught her so different." "The Lord forgive us both," said Miss Stanley, solemnly; "and will you promise me never

to do such a thing again, however tempted? I, on my part, will promise *you* to be for the future doubly careful in giving my orders to you, and to others." "Indeed, ma'am, I never will commit such a sin again, by God's help, for I never was so unhappy in all my life. I knew I was doing wrong, and I had not courage to do right."

Female friends! whether the employers or the employed, learn, we beseech you, a lesson from our sketch of real life. Sunday-school teachers! may we point out to you the valuable hint given in little Annie's testimony to her instructress—"Mother, she always does herself what she teaches us to do." ONE OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

## HINTS ON TEACHING FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

SOME say that a stern maintenance of parental authority is best, demanding perfect obedience, without any attempt to convince the child of the propriety or kindness of the requisitions, and without any manifestations of sympathy for the pains and difficulties which are to be incurred. Under such disciplining children grow up to fear their parents rather than to love and trust them, while some of the most valuable principles of character are chilled, or for ever blasted. In shunning this danger, others pass to the opposite extreme. Nothing is exacted without the implied concession that the child is to be a judge of the propriety of the requisition. This system produces a most pernicious influence; children soon perceive the position thus allowed to them, and take every advantage of it.

The medium course is, for the parent to take the attribute of a superior who has a perfect right to control every action of the child, and that, too, without giving the reason for the requisition. "*Obey, because your parent commands,*" is a sufficient reason. But care should be taken to convince the child that the parent is conducting a course

of discipline designed to make him *happy*; and in forming habits of implicit obedience, self-denial, or benevolence, the child should have the reasons of most requisitions kindly stated—not as *right*, but as an act of kindness from the parent.

It is impossible to govern children properly, especially those of a strong and sensitive feeling, without a constant effort to appreciate the value which they attach to their enjoyments and pursuits.

Next to the want of government, the two most painful sources of evil to children are—*unsteadiness of government*, and *over-indulgence*. Most of the cases in which the children of sensible and conscientious parents turn out badly, result from one or the other of these causes. In cases of unsteady government, either one parent is very strict and severe, and the other excessively indulgent, or else the parents are sometimes very strict and decided, and at other times allow disobedience to go unpunished. In such cases children, never knowing exactly when they can escape with impunity, are constantly tempted to make the trial. Some persons, in shunning this evil, go to the other extreme, and are very pertinacious in regard to every requisition. With these, penalties abound, until the children are hardened into indifference of feeling, or else become excessively irritable or misanthropic.

It demands great wisdom and self-control to escape these extremes. In arriving at this, parents have found the following maxims of great value:—Avoid, as much as possible, the multiplication of rules and absolute commands; and sometimes take the attitude of advisers. There are cases when distinct commands are needful, and in such cases a penalty for disobedience should be as steady and true as the law of Nature.

Another maxim; and perhaps the most difficult, is—Do not govern by the aid of severe and angry tones. In some families the most efficient government is sustained

without the use of an angry tone; and in others less efficient, discipline is kept up by severe rebukes and angry remonstrances. In the first case, the children follow the example set them, and seldom use severe tones to each other; in the latter case, words and angry tones generally resound from morning to night.

Another important maxim is—Try to keep children in a happy state of mind. Every one knows it is easier to submit to rules when cheerful and happy, than when irritated. This is peculiarly true of children; and a wise mother, when she finds her child impatient and fretful, and doing wrong, will often remedy the whole by telling some story, or engaging the child's mind in some sport. This shows the importance of learning to govern children without the aid of angry tones, which always produce irritation.

### A LESSON ON PRAYER.

A LITTLE boy, who was just learning to talk, sat on his mother's knee. She said to him, "Are you not a happy little boy, to have a kind mamma to wash you, and dress you, and walk with you, and love you? I once knew five little children who had no father and no mother." The child pondered an instant, and then said, "And what did they do, mamma? Did they pray to God to give them a new papa and mamma?" The mother was rather at a loss how to answer her little boy, but she was reminded of a lesson which the child seemed to understand more practically than she did herself—that God is a hearer of prayer; that the object of prayer is to receive—what "ye ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." We cannot too early teach our children that God is the source of every blessing, and we should let them see that it is a practical thing with ourselves.

E. G.

## A WORD ABOUT POLITENESS.

BY A GENTLEMAN'S PEN.

WHY not be polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you?" Why not practise it at home? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your wife, or your husband, ah! "it's a matter of course—no need of thanks." If a stranger by accident does your dress an injury, you exclaim, "Never mind! do not think of it! I do not care!" But if a dear one at home does the mischief, frowns are seen. Little things tell mightily upon the heart. Are gentlemen the same at home and abroad? Let us see. A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He does not see anything to apologize for. Oh no! he "never thinks of such matters;" everything is all right; cold rooms, cold supper, crying children, "perfectly comfortable." He goes home, where the wife has been taking care of the children, who are sick, and is half dead with fatigue, but *there* he "does not see why things cannot be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before." No apologies accepted at *Rome*. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you;" or, "you are very kind." Yes, doubly sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection. Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? to grow glad at your approach? to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple; only then will you have learnt the secret of sending out into the world really "finished" gentlemen and ladies. What we say we say unto all, BE POLITE.

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

First, try your best to make others happy. "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart." Secondly, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little with the fear of God than great treasures, and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented. Thirdly, "Look on the sunny side of things."

"Look up with hopeful eyes;  
Though all things seem forlorn;  
The sun that sets to-night will rise  
Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place; God in His goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was who wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

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### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Bethany; or, Christ in the Family.* London: Hamilton and Co.

A very cheap, truthful, and useful little work.

"*The Deluge;*" "*The Exode;*"—Nos. VI. and VII. of *Biblical Literature.* London: Freeman.

An interesting periodical.

## THE GLEANERS. .

“Oh, run—run, and see the gleaners; there they are, all waiting till eight o’clock, when the sheaf is always taken out of the field, that they may all rush in and gather the scattered ears of the precious wheat. Oh, do look, Ma, how selfish that woman is in the blue apron; she ought not, according to the rules, to go into the field before the others; but she makes believe she is sitting down to rest in the middle of the field, and she is gathering all the time, and she knows it is not fair. I hate selfish people—that I do.” “Take care, my boy,” said Mrs. Hayward, “that you never do the thing you now hate. I hope my son will never be selfish.”

Ah, there they all go in; old women and maidens—grey-haired men and boys—and the young mothers with their babies. There is the basket-cradle, with the babe in it, screaming at the top of its voice, while a tiny creature, not much larger than itself, is rocking the wits out of it. Poor baby! Maybe you are alarmed at the sight of the tall green bough waving fearfully for ever over your young head—wondering what on earth it can mean, that dark moving thing between baby’s face and the clear blue sky. Cry on, poor little mourner! thy mother is too busy gathering bread for thee and the rest, to heed thee now! She will give thee an additional hug, by-and-by, when the gleanings are over.

Oh! how anxious they all seem for the bread that will not last; but who ever saw such a group waiting at the gate of the King’s “house,” where the bread of life is given for the asking? No, indeed, the old people would say—“I am too old to gather it!” the young would exclaim—“Time enough yet!” and the young mother would tell us she is “obliged to stay at home to nurse-baby!” Ah! so it is! Yet there is a place where a much larger group will meet one day; young and old—



rich and poor—feeble age and babyhood—the gay and the grave—all must stand together before the Lord of the harvest, not indeed to glean—for the gleaning time will be over—but to behold another kind of “reapers” separating between the tares and the wheat—the one to be burned in the quenchless fire, and the other to be gathered into the granary of the King of kings!

Mother! as you gleaned in the fields, did you ever think of this? And did your heart go up in gratitude to Him who sent the rich showers and the beautiful sunshine to mature the precious grain? We heard you say, “What fine great heavy ears” you were gathering, and that the “potatoes at home were like a ball of flour,” and that “the oats and barley fields were loaded, the like you had never seen.” Did you think of the Great Giver of all this, good mother? Did you gather your little ones around you, before the husband and father came home from his late reaping, to thank the Lord of the harvest? Ah, we have had grumbling days enough, do let us hear of some thanksgiving days now. And, mother, allow us to express a hope that you may never have to exclaim, in the bitterness of despair, when the reaping and gleaning times are over—“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but I am not saved!” You will have to blame none but yourself.

### THE DYING YOUNG MOTHER.

THE following death-bed conversation was detailed by the mother of the departed one:—“Mother,” said Mrs. H—, as she drew near her end, “I once thought I could be a Christian at any time easily; but when God took my little boy from me, I knew He did it to subdue the pride of my heart, and bring me to the foot of the cross. Satan has been permitted to tempt me, but the Saviour has always delivered me from his snares.” “I was absent from her

one day," said her mother ; " when I returned, she looked at me with such a heavenly expression, and exclaimed— ' Mother! I thought just now I was dying! I went to the foot of the cross, with my burden of sins and sorrows, and left them there. Now all is peace—I am not afraid to die! ' Her father coming in, she took his hand in hers, and said, ' My dear father, if I have prayed for one thing more than another, it has been for your salvation ; but God doubtless saw that my death—which will, I know, be one of the greatest trials you have ever met with—is necessary to save you ; and although I love my parents, my husband, and my children dearly as any one ever did, and have everything in this world I could wish for, yet I am willing to die. Here, Lord, take me! ' Her sister coming in, she said to her— ' My dear Caroline, you see what a solemn thing it is to die. What an awful thing it must be for those who have no God! Dear sister! learn to love the Saviour ; learn to pray ; do not be too much taken up with the world—IT WILL DISAPPOINT you! ' " .

After saying something to each one present, turning to her mother, she said, " My dear mother, I thank you for your kind care of me, for keeping me from places of dissipation. I thought once you were too strict, but now I bless you for it! I shall not be permitted to smooth your dying pillow ; but I shall be ready to meet you when you land on the shores of Canaan. Dear mother, come soon! " To her husband, she then said— " Dear husband, you were the loadstone that held me longest to the earth, but I have been enabled to give you up at last. I trust you are a Christian, and we shall meet in heaven. Take care of our children, and bring them up for Christ. Keep them from the world. " She then prayed for them, and after lying still for some time, she said— " Mother, I thought I was going just now, and I tried to put up one prayer more for my husband, children, and friends, but looking up with a

smile), would you believe it? I could not remember their names! And I just said, 'Here they are, Lord; take them, and make them what thou wouldst have them to be, and bring them to thy kingdom at last!'" When she was almost cold, and her tongue stiffened, she motioned to her mother to put her head near her. Her mother said, "My dear child, it seems to distress you to talk; do not try." The dying saint replied, "Oh, mother, let me leave you all the comfort I can; it is you who must still suffer—my sufferings are just over. I am passing over Jordan, but the waves do not touch me. My Saviour is with me, and keeps them off. Never be afraid to go to Him. Farewell—farewell!" and now, Lord Jesus, come—come quickly! My eyes are fixed on the Saviour, and all is peace. Let me rejoice—let me rejoice!"

And so this dear young mother died. Her joy began on earth, but she now joins the blessed, blessed family in the heavenly home, and with them sings the everlasting song. Mother! young mother! would you die thus? Would you like to be enabled to say a last farewell to your dear ones with a cheerful heart and a smiling face? Ah, then, go to Jesus *now*! We would say, in the words of the dying young mother—"Never be afraid to go to Him." He is willing and waiting to bless you—hasten to receive that blessing.

### MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

"The starting-post, is definite and fixed; but what is the goal of our generation?"

We promised our friend, who is discouraged in her work among mothers, to give her a few thoughts this month. We were reminded by her letter of a paper we gave, a few days since, to another Magazine, headed "The Mission of Thought," with the signature of "C. M." Perhaps

she will accompany us over a portion of it; it may cheer her and others of our friends in their benevolent efforts in trying to be useful to the mothers of our country.

Did you ever stand with a group of children by the side of the ocean, and mark them as they gathered the pebbles which line its shore, and hurled them one by one beneath its surface? Did you observe each little stone, how it formed a vortex where it fell? and how the waters continued to whirl around—one ring succeeding another, and again another and another—till the whole series of these eddying movements was lost in the wide waste of waters? And did it strike you that this was an emblem of the work of a THOUGHT or of an INFLUENCE thrown from one human spirit on another mind; that that thought may there generate other thoughts, that will bear in the part that being has to play in the world's history; that these again may awaken kindred thoughts, and prompt to accompanying actions, as other beings come within the circle of their influence; and that these, in like manner, may still carry on the train of influences to yet other beings, and still others, till the whole series terminates in that great unknown—beyond the limits of time, or it may be, still stretch far into that vast, unseen gulf, yet carrying on a mighty mission, generating other thoughts and other influences, a continued series of never-ending duration, all the product of this first germinating thought?

Did you think of the many collateral thoughts and movements and influences that may be developed from the power of this first thought? How an impulse, which has sprung from its action, may generate other influences, that will again be carried on in other series of perpetual duration, modified by association with other influences, or by the soil on which they operate, or by the action of outward events? Did you carry on the idea, and think how these series of thoughts and influences, with the corresponding development of outward action, would exert a power on

*opposing* influences, and tend to counteract, or modify, or change them; so that at length, by the combined force or continued agency of the former, these last may be accessory in forwarding the mission of that first primary thought, while the character of the whole would be again modified by certain characteristics which these accessory influences may retain of their former tendency?

Now, only imagine this mighty force still thus increasing indefinitely, still multiplying according to its increased ratio, and enlisting collateral and opposing influences, what a mighty thing it will be for HARM, or for GOOD, throughout our world's history! Imagine it successful, how it will carry all before it with a great sweeping energy; or view it crushed, how the various ingredients will rise up from the chaotic mass, and cemented, it may be, only the more strongly, will become again firm and mighty, to hurl before it all opposing principles. Or, imagine it overpowered by counteracting influences, how the mass of accumulated impulses, all traceable to that first thought, will still exist, and float about and modify other influences; and, perhaps, undermine, and at length prove victorious over all resisting agencies.

Let all who have the forming of other minds, or have influence over young immortals, look well to the *thoughts* they cherish; for their thoughts have an *outward* bearing, and their effect may be developed with a mighty power throughout an endless existence. They may place the first link in a chain that will encircle eternal ages. They may give the first touch to a series of impulses that will extend throughout futurity, telling on the destiny of millions of ever-existing intelligences, with a power that shall occupy their own wondering gaze, and add joy or horror to their lot, in a measure that can only be known when the great mysteries of that vast future shall become matter of personal experience and actual consciousness.

Let us then work on in our Maternal Associations. Suppose only one mother is led to return by them to attend

to her maternal duties. Behold her in her momentous work. Her little giddy group—ill-trained before—now bow with her before the God of heaven, and by her precept and example they become truthful, honest, prayerful. She sends them forth into the world; when old and grey, they will remember a mother's tender piety, and the recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin; children's children shall, through this one mother's efforts, learn to serve the Lord; and if you can tell where the movement of the waters will end, set in motion by the stone thrown into the ocean by the little child; then will we tell you where the influence of that one thought on a mother's responsibility, received at that Maternal Meeting, shall end. But eternity must tell the tale. As we said before, so we now reiterate—"FORWARD!" must be our watchword, till the command comes to pass over Jordan.

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### FATHERS AND MOTHERS, ACT IN UNISON.

How impossible it is for children to be trained aright, when parents do not act conjointly, or contradict each other's commands, thereby rendering it impossible for children to obey both. For instance, a mother says to her little girl—"Martha, I wish you to do such a thing directly." The child has a foolishly indulgent father, who, she knows, has often yielded to her wishes before, and let her have her own way, even though in opposition to her mother; she goes to him and says, "Father, I do not like to do so and so (what her mother has just told her to do)—I need not do it, need I?" Perhaps the answer will be, "No, my dear; it is of no importance, you may leave it alone." Where, after a few such instances as that, is the mother's influence over that child? It is irrecoverably lost, and who is to blame but the father? The child grows up despising its mother's authority, and spoiled by an indulgent father.

Again, perhaps a son has acted disobediently; the father sees it right to inflict some punishment upon his child; before that punishment has expired (perhaps it might be some kind of confinement for a certain length of time), the father may be called away; the mother releases the boy, fondles over him, and says, "It was too bad; you did not deserve to be used so." That child may dread his father, but the mother is not teaching him to love and honour him, and she is making a red for herself. That boy will grow up to be a source of trouble to her; he will not respect her, but will laugh her authority to scorn, and most likely quit the parental roof and all restraint at the first opportunity.

I am well acquainted with two instances where the parents have acted just like this. A little girl commenced attending an infant class in a Sunday school; the first few times she was very regular, but gradually her attendance became less and less constant. The teacher called to talk to the mother about it—various trifling reasons had previously been assigned—but now the mother at length said, "Ma'am, I must candidly confess I have given up trying to make her come; for sometimes, when I have positively said she should come, she has gone and asked her father to let her stay, and though he has heard what I have just said, still he gives way, and says, 'Yes, you may stay.' He always yields to her wishes." The poor woman appeared to feel it a great trial, as she said she had nearly lost all authority over her child in consequence of its father's indulgence. The child was then not four years old.

### TROUBLE! WELL, WHAT IS IT?

"I KNOW," says a chubby, round-faced boy. Let us listen for a moment to his innocent prattle; his heart seems full; "I dare say we shall have a tale of woe. Now, what is it, my little man? "Naughty boys pushed me down, and ran away with my marbles."

Let us hear another, who is anxious to give his testimony, being quite sure he knows what trouble is. Well, now, tell us what is the cause of sorrow to thy frank heart? “Oh! the master is so cross, and the lessons so hard—I have so much to learn, and so little time to play.” Another stage, and we have one equally anxious to come forward and bear his testimony to the troubles of life. Well, what can you have to say? you have escaped from all the hard lessons and the troubles of school!—“That is true, indeed; but I have to open and sweep the shop—to stand behind the counter all day, and then go to bed, so tired, and my bones so ache, that I cannot sleep; besides, master thinks I can never do enough, and I am bound apprentice for seven years—O! when will it be over!”

Let us hear another witness, more forward and anxious than his fellows; there is a firmness in his manner, a decision in his look, which seems to say—“I am the man to give an answer to your question, hear me!”—Well, what have you to say? surely, you must be a happy man, for you have escaped from the toils and troubles of your apprenticeship; the seven long years have passed away; no shutters to take down on a frosty morning; no sleepless nights, from excess of toil; no master to scold and grumble—what can be the matter with you? “All you have said may be true; but I have learned to count little of such things, in comparison with what I now endure. The cares and responsibilities of business press heavily upon me; I am often driven almost to desperation, to know where to provide money for the men’s wages on a Saturday night—dishonoured bills distress me, beyond measure—promises of payment from customers again and again—great contracts to fulfil—men threatening to strike for an increase of wages—this I call trouble.”

Well, certainly, it looks a great deal like it; but here is another man wishes to speak. “I have heard all that the gentlemen who preceded me have said, and can bear



unflinching testimony to the truth of every word, for I also have passed through it; but they know nothing of the cares and vexations of a family; they have no wife to scold and meddle—no children to cry and scream, breaking his night's rest, and driving sleep from his weary eyelids—none to clothe—none to educate—my only comfort is, that they are growing up, and will soon be off my hands.”

Well, here is a man who can speak to that. “Yes, I have heard a good deal about trouble in my day; and I believe I am able to say something about the subject, from long and deep experience. I am well and intimately acquainted with all that has been said, and know it to be true; but I have drunk deeper of the cup than they all, and must say, I never knew trouble till my children grew up, and, by their ungrateful conduct, blighted all my hopes and withered all my joys. Some are miserable—some wicked—some a wreck in fortune—and O, some a wreck in mind. Old age is emphatically the time of trouble; then the spirits flag—flesh and heart fail—every load seems heavier than formerly—the clouds return after the rain—this, this is, indeed, trouble. I have had large experience of my own ignorance and mistakes, but in God is all my trust; every situation has its own peculiar trials, for ‘man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.’ Learn, therefore, to bear meekly the burden that is laid upon you, remembering the promise, ‘As thy day, so shall thy strength be.’”

#### A FRIEND OF THE MOTHERS.

#### “FATHER IS GONE TO THIS WAR, SIR.”

“FATHER is gone to this war, Sir.”—Thus spake a little girl, as she entered the shop to purchase half-an-ounce of tea, and bursting into tears continued, “Yes, Sir, he went off this morning at a quarter to six o'clock; and whatever poor mother will do with us four children, I don't know.”

I endeavoured to console the child, whom I thought, as I compared her to Rachel, "would not be comforted;" when, to my great surprise, the child exclaimed, with a beam of joy on her countenance, "But we all knelt down, and father prayed that God would protect him and bless us; and then, oh, how he prayed that we might all meet again; but poor mother, how she did cry, and that made us cry, too." I was much interested with the dear little child, who, although evidently very poor, was, nevertheless, very clean. I then asked, if her father and mother were inclined to piety, when I was delighted to find her reply in the affirmative.

Oh! ye fathers and mothers; these dear little ones were doubtless being "trained up in the way they should go." Now let me ask, with all affection, how are you training yours? See what a comforting influence religion had over this family, especially at this parting farewell. Well, dear friends, you may not be called to separate in this manner; but I beseech you all to remember that a parting moment will surely come, when you will have to render in your account. Suffer me to ask, Have you sought mercy of God through Christ? and have you endeavoured that your youthful charge should experience the same blessedness? If so, you and they, whenever called to separate, will rejoice together in the delightful anticipation of meeting each other again, in yonder bright and happy world, where bidding farewell will be unknown, and you shall be

"Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in."

H. B.

#### OLD WOMEN.—No. IV:

THE pedestrian beside the hedge-rows and woody copses of the beautiful district where my old women dwelt, would scarcely have failed to remark an aged female; whose spare form and quick steps indicated, that though age had dim-

med the lustre of the eye, it had no power to quench the energy of her spirit. You would see her mostly intent on gathering sticks. . . . She was but the inmate of an almshouse; but an exemption from some of the frequent maladies of advanced life, rendered her a wonderfully useful character in the locality in which she resided. She was, in fact, to all intents and purposes, the parson of the neighbourhood. Sight, hearing, and verbal memory, were three talents, she employed for the good of her neighbours. Trudging off to church, whatever the state of the weather, she would carefully treasure up the text and the heads of the discourse.

On the Sabbath evenings the maimed, halt, and sick, whose infirmities precluded their attendance on public worship, assembled together to hear "Neighbour W.;" and ably, in her own simple language, and with united reference to their Bibles, did the old lady retrace the sermons of the days, feeding her hearers, we doubt not, with the sincere milk of the word. We believe she still pursues these labours of love; and, in bringing this character before my readers, I had especially in view the urging of a similar course upon those who, young or old, being able to attend the public worship of God, are residing amongst those who are unable to do so, and who, without cost, might thus cheer the heart of many a lonely and sorrowful disciple. Memory strengthens by exercise, like every other power, and you would reap incalculable benefit yourselves from cultivating a habit of arranging all you hear so as to reproduce it; indeed, every one accustomed to teaching is aware that we are never really acquainted with a subject till we can repeat it or write it in our own words. It might be well first to *write* the heads of every sermon or lecture you attend; the mind will soon grow accustomed to grasp the discourse, and retain it, so that writing will be needless. Practice makes perfect, and you must not be discouraged by repeated failures.

FELICE.

## THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I NEVER was a favourite,  
 My mother never smiled  
 On me with half the tenderness  
 That blessed her fairer child.  
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,  
 While fondled on her knee ;  
 I've turned away to hide my tears,  
 There was no kiss for me.

And yet I strove to please, with all  
 My little store of sense ;  
 I strove to please—and infancy  
 Can rarely give offence.  
 But when my artless efforts met  
 A cold, ungentle check,  
 I did not dare to throw myself  
 In tears upon her neck.

I'm sure I was affectionate—  
 But in my sister's face  
 There seemed a look that claimed  
 A smile, or an embrace !  
 But when I raised my lip to meet  
 The pressure children prize,  
 None knew the feelings of my heart—  
 They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh ! my heart too keenly felt  
 The anguish of neglect—  
 I saw my sister's lovely form  
 With gems and roses decked ;  
 I did not covet them—but oft,  
 When wantonly reproved,  
 I envied her the privilege  
 Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—  
 A time of sorrow, too—  
 For sickness, o'er my sister's form,  
 Its venom'd mantle threw ;

The features, once so beautiful,  
 Now wore the hue of death,  
 And former friends shrank fearfully  
 From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,  
 I watched beside her bed,  
 And fearlessly upon my breast  
 I pillowed her poor head.  
 She lived—she loved me for my care—  
 My grief was at an end ;  
 I was a lonely being once,  
 But now I have a friend!

T. H. B.

## A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. III.

### LIGHTING THE FIRE.

THE cottage-mother having, we take it for granted, committed herself to God in prayer, hastens down stairs to light her fire. She strikes a match ; at first, there is but a spark of flame, but she places it amidst the dry wood or straw, and how soon a blaze is kindled ! As stick after stick catches fire, does she not remember the words of St. James—“ Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth ; and the tongue is a fire—a world of iniquity.” How many a quarrel has begun, as the little spark of the match, with a single angry word ! An angry answer has been given, hasty speeches have followed in quick succession, one neighbour after another has been drawn into the dispute, till it has become a raging flame, difficult to quench. If such thoughts come into the mind of the cottage-wife while she lights her fire, will she not offer up a silent prayer that her own words that day may not be firebrands, but that she may rather have grace to give the “ soft answer that turneth away wrath.”

## SWEEPING THE HOUSE.

The neat cottage-mother sweeps her house; she delights to make it comfortable for her husband and children. While she is thus employed, she may recall a solemn parable of our Lord, which speaks of our hearts as a house that must be prepared—read it in Luke xi. 25. It is sweet to prepare a house for beloved guests; but what Christian would bear to think of sweeping and garnishing her heart as a house for Satan? Yet, if it is empty—if Christ be not there—if only outside sins are swept away—if it is decked and trimmed with self-righteousness and pride,—it is the very heart in which Satan will delight. “The evil spirit takes to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; they dwell there, and the last state of that heart is worse than the first.”

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.

## ABIGAIL THE CARMELITESS.

THE rich promise of an eastern spring laughed on the plains, and played over the hills of Judea. Verdure and beauty were on the pastures of Carmel, in which roved the flocks and herds of the wealthy but churlish Nabal. The time of sheep-shearing was come, and already the farmer could and did reckon on the increase to his goods from the heavy fleeces which were passing through the hands of his men. Hard by—wanderers without a home, hiding in the wilderness from the malice of king Saul—was a small band of armed men, with David, the anointed successor to the throne, at their head. Conscious of the aid and protection he and his followers had willingly given during the winter to the herdsmen of Nabal, David despatched a few of his young men to ask for a supply of food, of which they stood greatly in need, gently reminding Nabal of past services to his servants and property. But neither reverence to David, nor gratitude for his protection, found

a place in the breast of Nabal, and the messengers were repulsed with insolent contempt. Did we not know that the holiest saint, if left for an instant to himself, may be the vilest sinner, we should marvel at the thirst for vengeance shown by David when he had received the answer of Nabal. Alas, alas! for the best of the Lord's people, if grace does not prevent and follow them, and withhold them from sinning.

Nabal had a treasure, lent him by the Lord, of far greater value than all his worldly possessions. Abigail, his wife, was a woman of a good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance; and may we not add, that she had the wisdom that cometh from above? It needs no exercise of fancy to picture to ourselves the domestic life of Abigail; the pen of inspiration has distinctly traced it. Beauty, rank, and wealth were hers; attendants bowed around her; she had the rare gift of wisdom; but was the married life of Abigail a happy one? Could there be one feeling in common between her and the churlish drunkard she called her husband? Heavy and hard to bear was the cross which marked the lot of the wife of Nabal, yet, from her character, we feel sure that she did not sit still and repine; that she did not pour her sorrows into the ears of gossiping female friends; that she did not, by neglect, or retaliation, or bitter words, aggravate her trouble. Nobly and faithfully she performed her duties, drawing strength from the Mighty One to bear and forbear. May we not believe that love to their mistress, as well as a trust in her wisdom, and a desire to save the house of Nabal from the threatened storm of David's vengeance, prompted her servants to inform her immediately of what had passed, and entreat her protection and assistance, and she promptly took measures for averting the danger. Just so should the wife and mother ever meet the dark hour, whether of loss or difficulty, that hangs over her household, thus proving herself the help-meet of man.

## A PAGE FOR OUR BOYS.

THE other side of the great sea, in a land where a number of cows are kept, a little boy was seen one afternoon, when he had returned from school, hastening to the pasture to fetch his mother's cow. As he was passing a stream of water, there came a number of idle, ill-looking, big boys, who hailed little Runt, and urged him to join them in stealing some apples from a garden. "No," said the lad, promptly, "I cannot steal." "Well," rejoined the wicked party, "but you have got to, so come along." "No," still cried the dear boy, "I will not steal for anybody." Then they threatened to "duck him," but the threat did not frighten Runt. Then they dragged him to the river, and, in cruel sport, plunged him in. But the heroic boy still cried, "No, I will not steal," while the water was gurgling in his throat. Again and again they tried to turn him from the good principles he had learned at home and in the Sabbath school, but in vain. The cries of the dear boy grew fainter and fainter, and he was drowned. HE COULD DIE, BUT HE WOULD NOT STEAL!

A lad who stood near, much frightened, took up poor Runt's little coat, and ran to tell the dreadful tale. The agonised parents did not find the little boy till the next morning, and who shall tell their anguish as they bent over the form of this loving and promising boy.

Poor Runt was very fond of the Bible, and he loved his Saviour too, and his seat was never vacant in the Sabbath school. Mothers wept over the tale of poor Runt, and hoped their boys would stand as firmly to the precepts of the Bible, and strong men wept over the martyr-child, saying, "God be praised for the lad." And now, good and rich people are raising for him a monument, that his name may be perpetuated,—but his record is on high. Boys! Sabbath-school boys! boys of pious mothers! it is far better to suffer than to steal. Yes; you had much



better suffer from the hands of wicked lads, than disobey the great God, who can cast soul and body into that direful place where the fire is not quenched.

### SEARCHING FOR A NEAT YOUNG SERVANT.

“WELL, dear mamma, we called on Mrs. Rolls, of the shop, who says that she knows of two girls in the village whose mothers would be glad for you to engage them to assist Jane in the kitchen. One is the daughter of Jane Williams—she is just fifteen. The other is little Mary Fenn, who is rather younger.” “I do not think, dear, that Jane Williams’ girl would at all do for us; the poor child has had no opportunity of learning good habits.” “Is not her mother a respectable woman, mamma?” “In some sense she may be called so, my dear; but she is not a woman at all likely to send out daughters fit for respectable situations. Her children’s clothes are neither ragged nor dirty, certainly; but they never look, even on the Sabbath, as if they had been folded neatly, or kept with care; nor are they put on with the least neatness. Set Mary Williams by the side of Hannah Ellis, whose parents are poorer, and the family larger, and little Hannah’s clean skin, smooth hair, and well-kept clothing, though not at all better than Mary’s, yet give the child quite another appearance. Go into Mrs. Williams’ house, examine all it contains, you will find nothing well kept, and well cared for. Her husband’s Sunday coat does not look as if a brush had ever touched it. If you call upon her, she will very likely tell you that the house is in a sad mess, for she has been very busy all day. I should not wish to go into the kitchen, and, finding it thus, to be told by the little girl that she is going to put things right, but that she has been very busy; for I should like her to be busy daily, but untidy never.” “And I am sure, mamma, that Jane would not like it,

for she is always tidy, and so are her places on her busiest days." "Yes, Jane was taught good habits when a child, and she knows their value. Her poor mother brought up her children in a cottage, with one room below, and two above; and I never saw, even on washing and baking days, any untidiness. Jane would willingly teach a young girl anything useful; but she would say, and justly too, that the *mother* should bring them up to good habits, which are easily learned, and are as useful in a cottage as in a mansion."

"Little Mary Pattison, down the lane, I should think, mamma, has been well taught by her mother. I remember how pleased papa was one day, to see the little *Trot* scrape her shoes so nicely before she came in at the cottage-door. She is only four years old." "Yes, she has a tidy mother, who keeps a tidy house. You never saw a scraper at Mrs. Williams' door; and your papa has remarked, when he called on her, that he was obliged to carry all the dirt his boots had brought from the lanes in with him, for want of it." "Mrs. Woodrell said that she had sent away *her* girl because she made as much dirt as she cleaned in the course of the day, mamma." "I dare say she did, and made dirt, too, that she could not clean; for when a servant drops the coals and cinders about, and treads them underfoot, she soon carries this dirt into the carpets. Then, Mrs. Woodrell's girl would set the pots and kettles about the floor, and the smut from them, with the dropping from the dish-pan, and the tallow from the candlesticks, made her wonder how it was that the kitchen was so soon dirty. Her mistress tried to teach her better ways, but the poor girl had been so long accustomed to the habits in which she had been brought up; and besides this, she could not be brought to see that she was wanting in these things, but thought her mistress too particular. If mothers did but think of these things while their children are young, how much better they might do for themselves in the world—for I consider that an obedient, honest, and truthful

servant is one of our greatest blessings. I think, Jenny Felton's girls are not likely to be such blessings to any one, for their poor mother teaches them to tell lies as soon as they can speak almost." "Yes, and before they can speak; and an awful account hers will be, when speaking in this world shall be no more." E. C.

## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TO BE PLACED ON THE TOILET, AND THE QUESTIONS ANSWERED  
EVERY NIGHT.

Did I this morn devoutly pray  
For God's protection through the day?  
And did I read His sacred word,  
To make my life therewith accord?  
Did I, for any purpose, try  
To hide the truth, or tell a lie?  
Did I, to all who came my way,  
Due courtesy and kindness pay?  
Or if distress my aid implored,  
Did I with joy that aid afford?  
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,  
Checking ill-humour, anger, pride?  
Did I from every word refrain,  
That could give any creature pain?  
Did I with cheerful patience bear  
The little ills we all must bear?  
And did I, when the day was o'er,  
God's watchful care again implore?

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Mercy for All.* London: Ward.

A plain statement of simple truths; useful to the young.

*The Mysterious Marriage.* London: Clark and Co.

The fifth volume of "The Run and Read Library." A book to amuse the multitude. Common characters brought into sunlight.

*Illustrated Temperance Hand-Bills.* London: Cash.

On paper made of straw. Good—useful—cheap.

## THE REAPER AMONG THE HOUSEHOLDS.

(*Read at a Maternal Meeting.*)

“ There is a Reaper whose namé is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.”

SINCE we last met as a maternal band, some of us have been made to understand the meaning of the often-used expression—“ a vale of tears ;” afflictions, personal and relative, have caused us to take our stand-point, looking back over the past, and forward to the future ; while our eyes, dim with sorrow, have almost forgotten at times to admire the beauties around us, in this still beautiful world. The golden harvest, too, has claimed your attention, and gleaning the precious grain has prevented many of you from enjoying the usual time for gleaning knowledge. But while you have been variously engaged and separated, there has been a Reaper busy among the flowers and blossoms of our homes and hearts.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ?” saith he,

“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,

I will give them all back again.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”

The Reaper said, and smiled ;

“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where He was once a child.”

Oh ! what have we looked on since last we met ? We have seen disease, desolation, and death—*anxious faces and streaming eyes—parents and children weeping over their dead. The little child, full of life and joyous glee, has been laid in his last cold bed, and the pilgrim of seventy summers has fallen amidst us. We have seen consumption flush the cheek, and bleach the skin ; and many wept that the blight should fall on the flower so promising and fair—*

“ But not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
 The Reaper came that day;  
 ’Twas an angel visited the green ear,  
 And took our flower away.”

Again—the Reaper came to the home of a mother, who was among the very first to meet us, years long ago, in this place, when we formed our maternal band. From suffering, deep and long, we can easily imagine that but for the dear ones around her, she would have been glad to fly away, and enter on an eternal rest; but while the Christian mother could exclaim—“ I have long waited for thy salvation, O Lord!”—the heart turned to earth again at the sound of weeping in her household.

We might have thought the dread Reaper would have passed over the home of the *young* mother, embracing her first-born infant; but no—we miss to-night that kindly-beaming eye that was wont to glisten on us. That young mother’s eye is closed in its last sleep, never to be disturbed by the husband’s sighs, or her infant’s wailing. We miss to-night, too, the young teacher’s voice, that was heard raising the hymn of praise. She has sung her last song on earth; and, we trust, now joins the angelic choir in sweeping a harp of gold among the blessed. Ah! how have some of us watched the hour-glass of time, walking together, even to the gates of the land where the dread Reaper hides the spoils of earth. We have gone to the parting-place—the turf-bound roof, where none may enter, and return, to tell the secret of their resting-place, be it woful or happy; but—

“ They *were*, and having been they *are*!  
 Earth but contains their mouldering dust!  
 Their deathless spirits, near or far,  
 With ours must fly to meet the just.  
 Thou knowest not but they hover near,  
 Witness of every secret deed;  
 Which, shunning human eye or ear,  
 ‘ The spirits of the dead may heed.’”

True, indeed, "dust to dust" has been pronounced; but to the soul that had Jesus for a leader, the terrors of the vale of death were but shadows, and freed from the fetters of flesh, the bright spirit has gone to the realms of light and love, and perfect knowledge; for

"The soul retains

One blessed trophy, if its span below

Secured the palm of Christ's atoning love,

For that shall win an entrance, when it stands

A pilgrim at heaven's gate."

Now, busy mother, rest awhile, before we commence thoughts on

#### THE YOUNG TEACHER.

"I have a great work to do in the morning."

The entrance of the Reaper, Death, into the household can never be anything but a stern and terrible event, however it may come, and whosoever may be his victim; nor is it always easy to read a lesson of grace and goodness in that which sorely tries and embarrasses us. No chastening for the present seems joyous, however assured we may be that it will afterwards bear the fruits of righteousness. Yet it is the privilege of the bereaved Christian to say, even smiling through his tears, "the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be His name still."

The dear young friend who has just been carried to the tomb by her fellow-teachers was—as you know—trained from early youth to walk in the narrow road, and all her associations of early youth were of things tending heavenward. From a child there was something about the constitution of her mind differing from her fellows, a cast of melancholy pervaded her whole life, even to the last days, when she had numbered seventeen summers. There was never seen in her the joyous, gleesome spirit of childhood and youth; she walked the path of life like one who saw the journey short, with a shadowy vale at the end. Her mind was of no common order, and to her, acquiring know-

ledge of any kind was only amusement; but, while pursuing it with her young companions, there was ever the same still, sombre atmosphere around her, and a melancholy shade rested on her intellectual brow. We find, now, that the impression on her mind ever was that she would be laid in an early grave. Her letters to friends, while absent from home, breathed the same spirit, and "passing away" seemed to have been written on her heart. Soon it was evident the spoiler had nestled in her life-blood, withering the rose upon her maiden cheek; yet ever and anon giving back the hectic fever-flush, as if in mockery, to shadow forth her departed health. During her illness she had deep searchings of heart, and her fears were sometimes great, lest she should take a step, not only in the dark, but into the dark. Yet, the same spirit of reserve—living so much within herself—characterised dear Elizabeth, living and dying. When asked if there were any points relating to doctrine, or the Atonement, that caused her anxiety, she replied, that all was clear to her; that her fear was not of the willingness of the Saviour to redeem her, but her meetness for eternity, adding—"I know I must go soon."

She one day requested a dear young friend to make a purchase, which she might present to her beloved father, saying, "Let it be something that will not wear out, that he may always remember me." The purchase was made; and when asked, a day or two after, if she had presented it, she replied, "No, not yet; I must wait till I am more happy, as he will feel my loss deeply." "He will, dear," a friend replied; "but if he has a good hope that you are gone to a heavenly home, he will bow to the will of his God." Looking up, with her beautiful bright eyes glistening with tears, she answered, "Oh, yes, I know; but if he has not that hope when I am gone, he will soon follow me to the grave, for this thought would break his heart." But the happier season *did* come, when she presented it, saying, "I am happy now!"

After much anxiety, and sleepless nights, on account of her fears, as she told a friend, she seemed to rest on the promise of Jesus being with her in the dark valley; the burden was removed, and the countenance, which before was clouded, now beamed very brightly, and she said, "I was afraid to go *alone* into the dark valley, but I am more happy now on this point; and I am astonished," she added, "to find how many sweet passages of Scripture and verses of hymns that I learned when a child, but had forgotten, now come back to comfort me; and what a good thing this is, as I am now unable to read, nor can I listen to my friends reading to me for any length of time." Then smilingly she added, "Since the cloud has been removed, I love everybody so much more."

The dear girl requested her mother to cut off her beautiful hair, saying, "Some of my friends may like some of it, and it is better to cut it off before I am dead." A short time before her death, a touching scene was witnessed by her dying bed. She asked for the hair, which was placed before her; and with all the composure of one making ready for a little journey, she separated the locks with her thin hands, trembling like an aspen-leaf, then tied them tastefully with brown ribbon, and presenting to the weeping friends around her a portion, she laid aside several of these mementoes of love, naming the friends to whom they were to be given. Looking up, she said, "I should like to sing now, but do not weep!" Alas! none of that circle could keep back the tears. One friend said, "We cannot begin, dear; and as you used to commence for us at our Maternal Meetings, perhaps you can begin now?" The dying girl smiled, saying, "I do not think I could now; and perhaps I had better not try." No other heart was in tune for singing by that bed of death. During the last night she spent on earth, she could hear with pleasure the hymns read, beginning—



“Lord, what is life? ’tis like a flower,  
 That blossoms, and is gone;  
 We see it flourish for an hour,  
 With all its beauty on,  
 But death comes like a wintry day,  
 And cuts the blooming flower away.”

And another, commencing—

“Sweet is the passage to the tomb,  
 When Jesus leads the way;  
 A moment’s interval of gloom,  
 And then eternal day.”

She then spoke of angels, as probably hovering near, and said she had “a great work to do in the morning.” All who knew her, and understood her character, supposed by this that she intended calmly to bid farewell to her friends, saying a word to each, as she had told a friend that she would send a message to her fellow-teachers. But, alas! the Reaper came so suddenly, that no interchange of words could pass, and all that the weeping friends could do, after she had said, “Raise me higher, father!”—was to speak of Jesus, and to commend the departing spirit to Him. The physical sufferings were great for a short time, but soon she quietly breathed her spirit forth, on the arm of her dear father. One tear only was seen to pass down the fair young cheek as the Reaper took her to the spirit-land.

Sabbath-school teachers! think of the words of the dying Elizabeth. *You* have “a great work to do:”—work for yourselves; work for your class; work for your friends; work for the world!

Mothers! remember how precious to this dear girl were the words of truth stored in her mind in early youth; and act upon the impression that *you*, too, have “a great work to do.” Oh! think not over it. Life and eternal death hang on it. How often are we admonished by our household sorrows that all flesh is grass, and earthly things but like a

mist; that joys are but as dreams, and our hopes for earth like a passing shadow; for a moment we listen to sweet music, but ere we ask the strain to swell again, the minstrel's hand has lost its skill—the flute-like voice is silent to the sons of men. With the melancholy Kirke White we say—

“What is this passing scene?

A peevish April day!

A little sun, a little rain,

And then night sweeps along the plain,

And all things fade away.

Man (soon discussed)

Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

“The most beloved on earth

Not long survives to-day,

So music past is obsolete—

And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet;

But now 'tis gone away!

Thus does the shade

In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.”

Yet do we hope to recognise again, in beauty and perfection, the dear familiar faces we have loved on earth, and talk with them of storms and sorrows past, and praise Him who has done all things well, up in that better clime, where all the children of redeeming mercy, of every age and name and nation, shall form one happy family—where all shall be of one heart and one soul, shall surround one family board, join in one song of praise to the Lamb, and go out no more for ever! With the blessed company eternally shut in. Let us press onward to this home-gathering.

## THE BEST HOME.

A MOTHER, who was in adverse and trying circumstances, was one day telling her little children that she hoped they would soon have more comforts and a better home. The

elder of the children, about seven years of age, looked earnestly at her, and with eyes beaming with brightness said, "Are we going to heaven, then? for I think, dear mother, *that is the best home.*"

Christian mothers! frequently talk to your little ones about heaven, and let them see that you think heaven is the best home, by not being too anxious about worldly concerns, and living as strangers and pilgrims. We know how delightful it is, after a season of absence from our dear children, to return home to them again. O, will it not be delightful indeed to be with them

"In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven!"

And have not many mothers who read this children already gathered there,

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

M. L. E.

## HOME DUTIES.

HAVE mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?

This is an interesting and very important question, and we have no hesitation in answering, "We think they have." Let us look at the bearings of it. We first find our embryo wife and mother a domestic servant in a respectable family, where, by her diligence, faithfulness, and good nature, she has secured their confidence and esteem. She enjoys the comforts and privileges of the household, and is comparatively a stranger to its cares and anxieties. She has little experience of the difficulties of laying out money to the best advantage, and none as to how that money is provided. Under these circumstances something is looming in the distance. A young man makes his appearance, and all at once a new set of ideas takes possession of the mind of our servant. Nothing now flits before her but happiness in

prospect, and it is with some difficulty she can sober her mind to common-place duties. She can see none of the vexations, none of the trials that await her. The one absorbing idea is, she is going to be married.

In due time, married she is. Now soon the mists begin to clear away; realities take their place. The first thing that strikes her, and gives a chill to her fondly cherished hopes, is the scanty dimensions of her new home,—perhaps a half, a third, a quarter of a house, in a noisy, dirty neighbourhood, is all she can call her own. The bare walls, the crazy chair, the untidy bed, form a sad contrast to what she has been accustomed to. There is an internal struggle. She has gained the first victory—she is determined to take the thing by the right handle, and make the best of it. Noble girl! Thou art worthy of a good companion. May he prove so, and may the blessings of heaven rest upon you both.

At once, without any preparation, our wife has to enter upon the duties of her new position. There is much to be done, and the means but scanty. Her first endeavour is to understand her duties; her next, zealously to fulfil them. The comforts of her husband demand prompt attention; his breakfast must be ready, and everything is strange around her. She knows not where to put her hand upon anything she wants. He comes, and is gone again before she had time to make any arrangements for dinner; but it must be done, and she is ready at the time; thus called upon not only to think but to act, and this requires no little wisdom. Perhaps the husband now imagines that he is relieved from all anxiety, and expects everything to be done as promptly and as well as if his young wife had had the experience of years. Happily for him, in this case, he is not doomed to disappointment; she is equal to the occasion, and there is large prospect of their being happy together. But stop, young man, the duty is not all on one side; if your wife is expected to do her duty, so are you. The whole burden must not be thrown upon her shoulders.

Above all things, you must encourage her by your presence and your smiles. You must talk over your duties together. Listen with a confiding love to her suggestions; meet her wishes as far as you can; and show her that as you have had sufficient confidence in her to make her your wife, you can trust your affairs in her hands. Let your home be unto you that place of all others in which you wish to be found. It is clean and tidy—there is comfort—and the smiles of your happy wife give you a cheerful welcome. Not that we wish to insinuate you are not at full liberty to go where you please; but it must be in harmony with the new obligation you have voluntarily taken upon yourself.

M. B.

## PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

### THE WAY A LITTLE GIRL SPENDS HER DAY.

A LITTLE girl was one day writing to her father, who had been a missionary, and she describes to him the manner in which she spends her days. "I rise," said she, "at half-past five, and spend half-an-hour in dressing and in my devotions. Between six and seven I dress my little brother and sister, and study. At seven, we have breakfast. Then we have family worship; then get ready for school. When I return from school we dine; then I clear off the table, and wipe the dishes; and then I spend half-an-hour in reading the Bible and prayer. I then take care of the little children, and do errands for my mother until five. From five to six, I walk, sew, knit, or study; and from six till seven we have supper and family worship. Then I study till eight. At eight, I go with the other children to my mother's room for a quarter of an hour, to attend to her instructions. Then I go to bed."

"What an industrious little girl!" you will say. Yes, dear young friends; and although you may not be able to arrange your day just as this little maiden did, still we

advise you, by all means, to portion out the hours of the day, as nicely as you can, for your various studies and duties; but be sure to give a portion of the morning and evening, at least, to the study of the SCRIPTURES and PRAYER. Life is very uncertain, even to the young. You may die TO-DAY. Live, therefore, every day as though you knew it would be the last day you have to spend on earth.

### THE CHILD'S BEST FRIEND.

"JANE," said a little girl, running into a room where her elder sister sat at work, "Jane, I have got a splinter in my finger; please take it out." "Go away, child," answered Jane; "do not interrupt me when I am busy. I have no time to attend to you." Tears filled the child's eyes as she looked up and said, "Jesus Christ never spoke so; He always had time!" Yes, little girl, Jesus is always kind. He has always time to attend to your smallest want. He is ever listening. He is never weary. He is a friend at all times. Are you in sorrow? Go to Jesus. Are you sick? Go to Jesus? Are you friendless? Go to Jesus. Are you afraid you may be lost? Go to Jesus. He can give you a new heart, and wipe all your tears away. Oh, yes, dear little child, go to Jesus. Make haste,—go now. He is waiting to listen and to bless.

### A DAY WITH THE COTEAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. IV.

#### WASHING AND DRESSING THE INFANT.

How helpless the babe lies on its mother's lap! Yet how its very helplessness endears it. Just because it is so helpless how tenderly she handles it. She breathes no word of reproach for the trouble it costs her. It is this tenderness for the helpless little one God has set forth as the image of His own love. "Can a woman forget her

sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." (Isa. xlix., 15.) How, then, can a mother, who knows her own pity for her babe, distrust the love of her God, or shrink from resting all her own weakness and helplessness on Him?

#### NURSING THE INFANT.

"As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby." (1 Pet. ii. 2.) Offer that babe, nestling so happily in its mother's bosom, any dainty, however tempting—will it turn its little head, or loosen its fond grasp? The child has what it wants—it is happy; yet more—it is nourished; it grows thereby. May not its mother, as she bends over it, think, "Is the word of my God thus dear to me? Do I enjoy it as well as read it? Do I grow thereby? If my babe continued to receive nourishment and yet gained no strength, I should know all was not right. My soul often receives the nourishment of God's word. Is it gaining any spiritual strength?"

#### "SHE WILL NOT WAKE."

"SHE will not wake!"—said the little child,  
As he stood by the empty bed;  
When no longer the form of his mother dear  
Was reposing there, and she could not hear  
The words that her baby said.

"Get up, mamma! it is morning now,  
Mamma, you have slept good while."  
Doubtful and anxious I saw him stand,  
And he pulled the clothes with his little hand,  
Looked upward and *tried* to smile

As he said once more, with an earnest voice,  
"Mamma, it is time to rise;"  
But no answer came to his listening ears,  
And his heart grew sick, and the gushing tears  
Rolled fast from the baby's eyes.

“ She will not wake ! ”—said the little child,  
 As he sobbed on his sister’s breast ;  
 While she wept as she told him their mother’s bed  
 Was low in the home of the silent dead,  
 And she could not arise from her rest.

“ They lifted her gently away from this bed,  
 When she ceased from her moanings of pain,  
 And the form of our own darling mother they hid,  
 Her sweet face they concealed by the dark coffin-lid,  
 So we never shall see her again.

“ Oh ! they bore her away from the children she loved,  
 And she stirred not—she asked not to stay ;  
 And I saw when they lowered her far from our sight,  
 In the lone, narrow grave, where it always is night,  
 And the darkness breaks never away.”

Then those children went to their mother’s grave,  
 And they called on their mother’s name ;  
 But their wailing voices were all unheard,  
 For the mould beneath them was all unstirred,  
 And no sound of answer came.

Oh ! fearfully calm is the sleep of death,  
 She awoke not—nor rose from her bed ;  
 And because the dead have a “ dull cold ear,”  
 They heard not the step of their mother dear,  
 Returning from the dead.

H. B.

## FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.

### ABIGAIL THE CARMELITESS.

HASTILY Abigail prepared a supply of food, fruit, and wine, and, laying aside the restraints of eastern life, she resolved to meet David, and by presents and remonstrances, if possible, to turn away his anger. It needed some courage, and trust in God, for a weak and beautiful woman to encounter that wild and lawless band, exasperated as they were by Nabal’s folly, and thirsting for revenge. We know not which to admire the most in the address of



this noble-minded woman when she met David; her earnest pleading for her unworthy husband, or the holy boldness with which she set before David the sinfulness of his purpose,—never in the least degree overstepping the modesty of the woman, or the respect of the subject. Let us pause for a few moments, and gather some useful lessons from her words and conduct.

Is Abigail's cross an uncommon one? Alas! no; not even in Christian England. Hence our newspapers bring reports of divorce and separation bills in the higher and middle classes, and details of brutal violence at which the heart sickens, often ending in murder, amongst the lower classes. Hence also the miserable homes, tattered wives, half naked, neglected families, which force themselves upon our every-day path in our towns and villages. Do these pages meet the eye of any woman now passing through this heavy trial? My sister, we affectionately point to Abigail as an example. Plead for your husband before the King of kings, as earnestly, as lovingly as she did to David. *Her* prayer might have failed of success; *yours*, if made in faith, *cannot* fail of a gracious answer, sooner or later. Have you ever tried this way to reform your husband? If not, begin it to-day. If you have, and no answer is come, yet pray on, the promise is sure. He turneth not away the prayer of the poor destitute sinner. Look unto yourself, and see what wants mending *there*. Don't seek *human* sympathy, but go for that, and grace and strength, to God alone.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.—No. VII.

A GREAT and good man, when delivering a public lecture, said, "Woman's influence must mould the minds of youth, and thus improve the world. If," he continued, "I possess any excellence of character, I owe it all to my early training. In the first place, my mother gave me a good physical

education; and then she cultivated my moral feelings, and taught me to *think*. I OWE EVERYTHING TO MY MOTHER!" Here was a great man, of whom some of the best and wisest were glad to ask instruction, laying all his honours on the altar of filial piety, and ascribing all his excellences to the INFLUENCE OF HIS MOTHER! What a responsibility such influence imposes on us! We know not where to rest our pen, while we gather the thoughts and feelings of the sterner sex, as they bear testimony to *early teaching*, and maternal influence and love. We will select a few of the shortest among the many. Listen to an extract from the letter of a son who had a pious mother:—

"I am about," he writes, "to embark upon the mighty ocean, for the benefit of my health, which has been sacrificed to an unwarrantable ambition for literary attainments. As I have but a faint prospect of recovery, or even of living to return to my friends, I wish to leave behind me a tribute of affection and gratitude to the memory of my excellent mother. Having passed through the most critical and dangerous period of human existence, and the trials incident to college life, and having had the opportunity of three or four years' experience and observation of mankind, I find it exceedingly interesting and instructive to look back and trace the influence of maternal love and tenderness, which was exerted only in my childhood and infancy; for, alas! it was my misfortune to be deprived of this best of earthly friends at the age of twelve; but the influence of my mother's instructions and example will, I trust, be felt and joyfully recognised throughout eternity.

"My mother was devotedly pious; while her children were young, she followed the precepts of Solomon by training them in 'the way they should go,' leaving the result to the power and goodness of a merciful God. Her prayers were almost ceaseless; and as soon as her children began to lisp, she taught them to employ their infant breath in prayer and praise to their Redeemer.

"Never shall I forget a scene which passed in my mother's closet, the evening before I left the paternal roof to go to a distant academy. Although but eleven years of age, I well remember the voice and spirit with which she fervently addressed

the throne of grace, for the protection and prosperity of her son. This—her last blessing,—which she pronounced with streaming eyes and a melting heart, rings in my ears, as if the sweet accents still lingered upon her faltering lips.

“After my mother’s death, as I increased in years her counsels began to be better understood, and were more highly appreciated; but as youth advanced, temptations and allurements were often placed in my path; so that I have more than once been forced, as it were, into the very snares of death. My mother’s instructions were, however, so deeply rooted in my mind, that they could not lose their hold upon my heart and conscience. Often, when I came near joining in some rash or wicked design, this thought has come over me,—perhaps the spirit of my sainted mother now knows my thoughts, and sees my actions; and if she were upon earth, how would she feel in view of my danger!

“This thought has often withheld me from a ruinous course. While a member of college, the enticements to sin, by means of trifling and wicked companions, became almost irresistible; but the restraining grace of God, through the medium of a mother’s undying love, closed the door of my heart against the admission of vice, and withheld my feet from going in the pathway of the destroyer. I confess it was wrong, but the fact is undeniable, that I was often more influenced by the reflection that the eye of my mother rested upon me, than from a sense of the omnipresence of the Deity. In maturer years, this same impression has followed me in the various walks of life, till I have become convinced that the precepts and examples of *parents* have an influence far beyond our highest thoughts and conceptions.

“About two years since, I hope and trust, the prayers of my dear mother were answered for her only son, in his conversion to God. I have no doubt, in the retribution of eternity, she will enjoy the reward of her faithfulness on earth.”

It is time to rest our pen.

### THE MOTHER AND HER LITTLE SON.

“MOTHER!” said a little boy who had only numbered three summers, “what does it mean to give your heart to God?” The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, “Charlie, do you love anybody?” With

a look of surprise the child answered, "I love you; I love my father, and my sister, and Henry." "Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands." The child's face looked bright with a new thought. "And you ought," continued the mother, "to love God best, because He gave you your father and mother, and all your friends and comforts; and He gave you His dear Son Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die, that you may live for ever." "I do want to give my heart to Him, mother,—how shall I do it?" The mother taught him to tell Jesus his wants, and led him by her example into the good way. His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He always tried to live like Jesus. Charles is now one of the best of men, and he says he had one of the best of mothers.

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

WHAT blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and dazzling glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday night makes people human; sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war-drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger goes with a clash; the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang; goes the shutters with a will; clik goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes

behind him. The world is shut out; shut in, rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the Bank. The dim and dusty shops are swept up, the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and Labour hastens with a light step homeward-bound.

“Saturday night! Oh, Lizzie, to-morrow Sunday-school again,” said little Jack. “How I do like Saturday night; my face so clean, my best clothes all put ready for me on my chair, my Bible and hymn-book all ready in my bag, and mother says I know my lesson well, and teacher will pat my head, and say I am a good boy. Saturday night, I am glad you are come!”

“Saturday night!” feebly murmurs the languishing invalid, as she turns wearily upon her couch. “And is there another to come?”

“Saturday night!” whispers the weeper above the dying; “and it is Sunday to-morrow, and—to-morrow!”

### OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD. .

MR. SAVERY, who was considered a very excellent man among the Quakers, was a tanner, and having had some hides stolen from him one night, he caused the following advertisement to appear in the newspaper:—“Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere desire to be his friend; if poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind.”

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew who had the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about to retire, they heard a timid

knock, and, opening the door, beheld a man standing there with hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," replied the good man.

When they returned from the barn, they found the Quaker's wife had made ready some supper, which she desired the fallen man to eat, saying, "It will be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak for some time. At length he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it ever since. I'm sure I never thought I should come to this; but I took to drinking and quarrelling, and since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. It is the first time I was ever a thief." "Let it be the last, my friend," said Mr. Savery. "Thou art young, and may make up lost time. Promise me thou wilt not drink intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages."

The promise was made and kept, and master and man went on well together till the death of the man, proving that good may overcome evil.

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## FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS:

### HEAVEN.

Those who would go to heaven when they die, must begin the journey on earth.

### RICHES.

Riches are but like the leaves of a tree, beautiful for a season; but when winter's storms arise, they fall off and are blown away.

### DOING GOOD.

Usefulness is confined to no station; and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by

limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind. Where there is a will there is a way.

#### HEAVENLY TRADING.

It was asked, "What is time?" The reply was given, "Time is the principal, and the use we make of it is the interest."

#### A WONDERFUL BOOK.

What a book that would be that came up fully to the requirements of everybody, and contained nothing at which anybody could take exceptions.

#### DR. WATSON, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

"I owe it to my mother," said Dr. Watson, "and I mention it with filial piety," for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion which have never forsaken me." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

#### NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Packet of Picture Cards.* London: Nelson.

A very fascinating set of cards, with coloured pictures and verses. Charming presents for children.

*The Flower of the Family.* London: Nelson.

An interesting book for the young.

*Biblical Literature. Vol. I.* London: Freeman.

A very valuable and useful work as presents for our young people.

*Modern Flirtations.* By Miss SINCLAIR. London: Clarke.

A peep at the world as it is, by one who studies character.

*Milton's Paradise Lost and Regained: with Notes,* by Rev. J. EDMONDSON. London: Nelson.

A beautiful copy of our great poet, with very interesting and valuable notes.

*The Convent and the Manse.* London: Nelson.

A pleasing tale of truth and error, useful for our young friends.

## A PAGE IN LIFE'S HISTORY.

“ Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and itching in their season. The hive of memory increaseth to every day its cell.”

How often does the mind go back suddenly and unaccountably, and linger on some spot in the distant past, living over again, in all its freshness, scenes of joy or sorrow which caused us smiles or tears long—long ago. The odour of a flower, a strain of music, a tone in the voice, the glance of the eye, the song of a bird, or the shape of the passing cloud, may at any time recall the faces and the forms of those with whom we once trod life's pathway. They all come crowding towards us, talking and smiling as they were wont to do, when our early homes were lighted up by the sunshine of their bright spirits. • •

As we draw near the end of another page of life's history, how easily we can retrace the scenes of each period of time. We stand again by the dying bed,—we hear the last whisper, we behold the last look, we weep again over the beautiful dead,—aye, and we recall, too, the cold glance of that eye once beaming lovingly on us. We hear the muttered response to our earnest questioning, the pains of disease, too, and the sorrow for others' woe. Yes; and we live again those days of delight, spent with kindred spirits, and hear the words of sympathy and love from hearts faithful and true. Some of our friends read of joy and love and happiness in the first few lines of this page, and then a dreadful cloud of sorrow dims the eyes and shuts out the sunshine, and the home is deserted—desolate—lost. In life's early brightness, some have been led through the dark valley. Others have been called away just as they had attained the long-desired object of their warmest wishes. Others, again, who in the evening of their days stood looking out for the Pilot to waft them over the dark river, waving the hand with a smiling countenance, saying,



"I gladly go to join the family in the better land." The weather-beaten mariner has urged his way across life's troubled and ever-varying waters, and has gained the port where many a resting voyager has bid him welcome. Oh, what changes—what sorrow does this small page record! Friends, with whom we took sweet counsel, gone to a distant home, to greet us no more till we meet in the land of perfection. Ah, many known to us are blotting this page of life's history with tears; and hundreds more, who will take a stand-point with us, reading this record, have been doubtless in circumstances equally painful.

Bereaved husbands and motherless families are treading life's pathway softly and sadly, with aching hearts, in sable garments, who were light-hearted and joyous when the page commenced. Young mothers are recording with trembling hands the hour when the first-born nursling, so fondly cherished, was snatched from the maternal bosom to be laid in its grassy nest. Others are recording past joys in happy household groups, now scattered by circumstances over sea and land.

One mother writes a touching line on the page. The youngest of her household band—the pet of the family, while bounding around her path like a young fawn, was suddenly smitten by "the arrow that flieth by day." When the sweet little boy felt the stroke, looking up, he said, "Oh, mother! I hope I shall not die!" Alas, the shaft was sent by an unerring hand. Prostrate the young voyager was laid, writhing in agony, with the mind shrouded in darkness. Just before the end came, a lucid interval was given, the little lad recognised his heart-stricken mother. The arms were raised to clasp her, as he was wont to do in health and playfulness. One long, last kiss was impressed on her cheek. Then came the ship of death, to waft the precious one to a more congenial clime. Lovely infants, and a youth just entering manhood, had been taken from that home before; but this was their beautiful Benjamin.

“Mothers and children are laid side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.”

Well—well, what if the clouds of sorrow are cast over our path? What if the merry laugh of joy has given place to the tears of sadness? What if the mighty ocean-wave of life's changes has swept resistless over us? Yet are our spirits free. We will dash the blighting spray aside, and breast the storm. Mother! look on!—look up! There is a beacon-star burning with undimmed lustre to light us on our way; there is a voice cheering us onward; there is a hope beguiling us homewards; yes, and sometimes even danger is forgotten, and sorrow and regrets fly before its inspirations; and then—oh, soul-cheering thought!—our life is in the hands of our Father, and *He cares for us*. If we live, His hand will trace our way, His power supply our wants. Does not light break from above? If the storm rage,

“He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.”

And then, beyond the tomb, is the desired haven. Mother! what are your resolves for the coming year? Shall your wise counsels, your every-day religion, your Christ-like example, guide your children and succeeding ages on the pathway of life, so that at the end of the journey they may have a bright page to read? Oh, so let it be, that you live not in vain; but, acting as a beacon-light—a polar-star, by which they may steer into the port of happiness—they may meet you yet again, when the shadow of the grave has passed over you, in the land where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. Mother! what will be the next page of your life's history?

As we draw near the bottom of our page, we are reminded of some lines by Herbert Knowles, which were favourites with us ere we had read many pages of life's history. Mother! read them.

## IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

Methinks it is good to be here—  
 If thou wilt, let us build ;—but for whom ?  
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;  
 But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,  
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah, no !  
 Affrighted, he shrieketh away ;  
 For, see ! they would pin him below,  
 To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,  
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah, no ! she forgets  
 The charms that she wielded before,  
 Nor knows the foul worm, that it frets  
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,  
 For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride ?  
 The trappings which dizen the proud,  
 Alas ! they are all laid aside,  
 And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,  
 But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches ? Alas ! tis in vain.  
 Who hid, in their turns have been hid ;  
 The treasures are squandered again :  
 And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,  
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the Pleasures which mirth can afford—  
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?  
 Ah, here is a plentiful hoard ;  
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,  
 And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?  
 Ah ! no, they have withered and died,  
 Or fled with the spirit above—  
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,  
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,  
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
 Which compassion itself could relieve;  
 Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear,  
 Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?  
 Ah! no, for his empire is known,  
 And here there are trophies enow;  
 Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,  
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,  
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise;  
 The second to Faith, which endures till fulfilled,  
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,  
 Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

## A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. V.

### THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST.

THE children are gathered round the table; they look to their mother or father for bread—would either of the parents mock them by offering them a stone? “If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?” “If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, much more will your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them who ask Him.”—Luke xi. 11, 13.

### WASHING CLOTHES.

How much soil those garments have gathered amidst the dust and wear of life; how many careless spots have been made upon them; still, offensive as they now are, they only need to be washed and they shall again be valuable and fit for use. Surely, the cottager may now recall that precious text—“They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” How much soil the white garments of our soul gather in walking through

this sinful world, and how many a deep-dyed spot of guilt do we feel has been contracted by some careless walking that we might have avoided! For these garments, defiled as they are, there is a washing; let us not rest while the deep guilt-stains remain upon them; let them be brought to the blood of the Lamb, and they shall be cleansed and made white.

## FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.

### ABIGAIL THE CARMELITESS.

ABIGAIL'S intercession was accepted. Her faithful remonstrance had brought to David's soul a sense of his sinfulness in seeking revenge. His manner of receiving her reproof, so delicately given, exhibited the true features of the child of God. Frankly he confessed his intended sin, and humbly and gratefully acknowledged the restraining hand of love, which had sent Abigail to arrest his steps. With a glad and thankful spirit Abigail returned to her home. What a scene awaited her! The husband, for whom she had undergone so much, was occupied in rioting and feasting, which ended in drunkenness and brute unconsciousness. Poor Abigail! Here was another black drop in her already bitter cup of sorrow. Wife! are you saying "Ay, such has been, and is sometimes, my lot, after a day of hard work or deep anxiety." Once more look at Abigail. With heartfelt anguish, with heavy and bitter tears, it may be, she would gaze on her besotted partner; but no reproaches, no reviling, passed her lips. We doubt not, that ere she went to rest that night, her knee was bowed and her heart was poured forth in prayer, more fervently than ever, for the degraded Nabal; but his rest was unbroken by angry words, or even tears.

Great was Nabal's consternation, when he awoke from his wine, to learn from his wife the near danger from which he

had escaped; but we do not read of any change in his heart and life after this unmerited mercy; on the contrary, the long-suffering of God toward him had run its limit, and "ten days after God smote Nabal that he died." The speedy advancement of Abigail to be the wife of David, though strange to English minds, was not at variance with Eastern customs. She was worthy of her exalted position, and we doubt not that David found her a wise counsellor, as well as a faithful wife.

May the consideration of the brief but striking history of Abigail, and the lessons drawn from it, be—so far as they accord with the word and will of God—a source of comfort, help and blessing to some tried sister who has a similar cross to carry, and needs power, wisdom and grace to bear it as meekly, nobly and prayerfully, as did the wife of Nabal.

L. S. T.

### "MY HALL IS THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS."

It is said that old age deadens the sensations, but some old people seem to possess hearts as young as their daughters or grand-daughters, and exhibit all the warmth and energy of early youth. We now and then behold bright eyes beaming upon us with tenderness and affection, sparkling with love from beneath a brow silvered by the winters of more than threescore years and ten; and if you can get them to talk to you of by-gone days, one can easily imagine, while listening to the lively tale, that we had joined them in their early sports, and had journeyed along by their side to the present day. Some have remarked that as people grow old, even when the intellect continues to be vigorous as ever, the thoughts continually revert to childhood; and that even the accent in speaking, which they had lost, again strikes upon the ear, and they think of occurrences that have lain dormant in the secret chambers of memory.

since the early days of life. Ah, how changed is the world to them since that time; often they ask,

- 'The friends of my youthful days,  
Where are they now—oh where?  
Fled as the summer's gladdening rays  
When wintry storms appear.'

How interesting are the reminiscences we sometimes read and hear from those who were pacing life's wilderness long before we beheld the sun. Listen to the language of one of them:—"Some years ago," she tells us, "I paid a visit to my native place, but all things seemed changed in that dearly-loved home, save the old church and our pew. In that old square pew I sat alone, feeling sad; the green baize linings had grown almost white with age. I looked on the worn hassocks, where my father and mother had knelt with their blooming sons and daughters all around them—all gone now, with their hopes and fears, their ambitions and expectations. I gazed on the painted widows and old monuments, where often as a child I used to fix my eyes while drowsily struggling to give my attention to the sermon. Oh, what had I suffered since I last sat there! My husband and children all gone to the grave of a foreign shore. The old house in its new dress was not half so agreeable to my faithful affection as in days past. The garden, too, they told me was improved—it was certainly altered, and all the new plants and trees very pretty, no doubt, but they said nothing to me.

"I wandered through the churchyard, beneath the old trees, and pored over the tombstones where slept those with whom I had often trod the same ground. I shall never revisit these scenes more. The church has been painted and beautified. Our seat is lined with crimson cloth, and filled with well-stuffed cushions and new, plump hassocks. The few old people who remained when I paid my last visit are dead, and repose in the old churchyard, where the sun ever seemed to shine brighter than in any other place,

at least to me. Ah, well-a-day, our very dreams become again the dreams of youth!

“Not long ago I awoke in tears and distress, fancying that tall, sharp-nosed governess of my youth was going to punish me for a mistake in my lesson. The room—the fire—the old harpsichord—were as vividly present to my fancy as they could have been in reality so many years ago. I saw my young sisters in their low-cut frocks and diaper ‘pinafores. I saw distinctly their healthy, mottled, bare arms, their stout black leather shoes, their close-cut hair—I saw the music book, and many of our old school books—the pattern of the paper on the wall, and the waving boughs of the trees. I heard footsteps which I recognised to be my mother’s, and heard her speaking, though I could not distinguish the words. I was once more a child at home, and when I awoke it was difficult to realise to myself that I was indeed an old woman, with whom life was well-nigh over, and all those loved ones, who had been before me so distinctly, long since dead.”

Mothers! what home-scenes will your children have to record when they are grown old, and you are gone to the grave? Shall they be of happiness—of love—of deep-toned piety? Do you believe they will never—no, never forget what you are *now* teaching them? Oh, let us always bear in mind we are working for future generations—yea, for ETERNITY!

### HOME DUTIES.—No. H.

“Have mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?”

We said last month, that when a man marries he brings himself voluntarily under a new set of obligations; he is no longer alone in the world, and at liberty to go where he pleases; he has linked his fate with another individual, and he is bound to consider how far his movements may



affect her happiness, and be guided accordingly. He has no right, for instance, to emigrate to a foreign country, and compel her to go with him contrary to her wishes. He has no right even to spend his money in a way which shall be injurious to his wife and family; but this implies no hardship, it is the natural result of his new position, and, rightly viewed, will increase his happiness. Their interests are one, and they cannot be happy separate and apart—they can only be happy together; hence it is evident the effort must be a united one, and if they both pull together it will be pleasant and easy; each must be willing to bear and forbear, and the struggle for the mastery, who is to be head, will come sooner or later. Without any doubt the man must be master in his own house, but, in general, the wife will have her own way by yielding; somebody must yield, and both Scripture and reason point her out as the person.

My excellent mother used to say, “You lords of the creation are very jealous of being the head, and you ought to be so; but the woman is the neck, and the neck turns the head which way it pleases.” This is done by yielding; if it was as hard as an iron sinew it would not be able to move at all; therefore we strongly recommend to wives and mothers never violently to oppose their husbands, it revives the contest for power, and can only end in wretchedness whoever is victor; while patient submission will generally prove victorious.

We think we have shown there is a mutual obligation in conjugal life, to try to make each other happy. If the father has his trials, so has the mother—his are out, hers at home. He returns from work jaded and vexed, and looks to his wife to ease and soothe his troubles; but he finds her in the midst of her own, and by no easy mental effort does she lay them aside, so as to meet his lowered brow with a cheerful smile, and his short answers with words of love, and the tones of kindness; this is

known to few, but it is one of the noblest and greatest efforts of our nature; the wife and mother who can do this, is worth her weight in gold—~~yea~~, her price cannot be told.

But all things here are shifting—progress is the order of the day, and our young wife hardly feels herself at ease in her position before she has to prepare for new duties; a little stranger makes his appearance, and draws largely on her time and energies; a mother's heart for the first time beats within her! With what fondness she looks upon that innocent babe; a love is kindled in her heart which is to thrive and grow as long as life endures; she never can cease to love that babe, whether it lives or dies—it is her first-born. Now she needs all her energies, for in attending to one imperative duty she is in danger of neglecting another. Her babe must be attended to—so must her household and her husband; they must all be made to harmonise; neither can be neglected without endangering the peace and happiness of the family. She is now ready to inquire, How can I do everything?—simply by doing one thing at a time. But this is lesson enough; if we are spared we will go a little farther; but in these awful times (written in the worst days of cholera) we know not what a day may bring forth. We have just heard of five dear children of one family committed to one grave; and in the same locality, three mothers in perfect health snatched away in one week; another went to see her mother, was taken ill on the Wednesday, and buried on the Thursday, even before her husband could arrive. Were those mothers prepared to die? I don't know; the important question is, Are you? .

M. B.

### ALL'S WELL.

“Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well.”

FALSE prophet! Still and statue-like at yonder window stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours, yet

her face is pressed closely against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing, she hears nothing but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat; opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist! There is an unsteady step in the hall; she knows it! Many a time and oft has it trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her; and in maudlin tones pronounces a name he had long since forgotten "to honour." Oh, all-enduring power of woman's love! No reproach, no upbraiding;—the slight arm passed round that reeling figure, once erect in "God's own image." With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist if he would, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the performance of a vow with a heroism and patient endurance too common, and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above!

"ALL'S WELL." False prophet! In yonder luxurious room sits one whose curse it was to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand with a blessing on that sunny head; when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own in heart-music around that happy hearth. Oh! where are they now? Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more?" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than God?

"ALL'S WELL." False prophet! There lies the dead orphan in all the length and breadth of the green earth; there was found no sheltering nest, where that lonely dove could fold its wings when the parent birds had flown. The brooding wing was gone, that covered it from the cold

winds of neglect and unkindness. Love was its life, and so it drooped!

“ALL’S WELL.” False prophet! Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bedewed face, hungers and shivers and thirsts, “while the publican stands afar off.” The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for “justice,” and unpunished of heaven the human tiger crouches in his lair, and springs upon his helpless prey!

“ALL’S WELL.” Ah! yes, all is well! for “He who seeth the end from the beginning” holds evenly the scales of justice. “Dives” shall yet beg of “Lazarus.” Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear broad light of eternity shines upon life’s crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in, and in the maturity of our full-grown faith we shall exultingly say, “Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt.”—*Fanny Fern.*

## FATHERS AND MOTHERS, ACT IN UNISON.

### No. 11.

I KNEW a young man well, who is now a pest to the village in which he resides, shunned by all who love virtue and honesty, and the ringleader of the idlers and mischievous. I knew him when but a little boy, petted and indulged by his mother; by her never contradicted, or at least, not with sufficient firmness to be minded. His father would have curbed him, but his occupation took him from home for some hours in the day; he did what he could to restrain him when at home, but was always thwarted by the mother. He grew older and older, also more and more self-willed. His father sometimes resorted to punishment,

and in one or two cases sent him supperless to bed, for misconduct. After the family evening-meal was over, the father was again absent for a short time; the mother would then bring that boy down to the fire, give him a good supper of the best she had in the house, let him stay till his father was expected in again, and then he would go back up stairs, knowing his father had this deception practised upon him. The result was what might be anticipated; the lad disregarded his mother altogether, only making a laugh of her commands, and unheeding her remonstrances; she did not secure his love and esteem, far from it, he only treated her with contempt."

Let parents act in concert with each other, and never let the child see that one thinks the other acts improperly. What one parent commands, the other ought to assist in having carried out; but never let one counteract an influence that the other sees necessary. How much evil might be prevented, if parents went hand-in-hand in the management of their children, and both governed with firmness, kindness, and decision, assisting each other to carry out their plans for their children's benefit! Each parent should endeavour, by all their words and actions, to leave an impression on the minds of their children of affection for the other parent, and a desire to please and obey them; and nothing is so calculated to effect this as, whatever the one enjoins, for the other to make it a matter of importance to be done, because father or mother said so.

R. T. P.

### "CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"

"EDITH! Edith! oh, are you not glad Christmas is coming? Oh! won't it be nice?" I could jump, dance, run, scream, when I think of it. Why, cousin, how still you sit! Don't you remember how nice it was last year?

what a beautiful Christmas-box I had, and what a charming New-year's-gift you had?" "Yes, Hetty, dear, I remember quite well—so well that I shall never—no, never forget." "Why, dear me, Edith, I am ready to give you not a Christmas-box, but a *hard* box, for being so tame about it, and talking so coldly. Let me see, how many sat round the table? Pa and Ma, Edward, John, Henry, Lucy, you, and—oh! dear, I see you are thinking all the time about poor aunty. She was there, too. Don't cry, dear Edith! I forgot all your sorrow; poor aunty, we all loved her. Why, Edith, look! look! there is Dr. Blake coming up the garden. Why, mamma must be *very* ill, or papa would not send for him." "Yes, dear Hetty, I fear she is very ill," replied the gentle Edith. "The nurse told me that dear aunt had scarlet fever." "Scarlet fever, Edith! Oh! how you frighten me! I hope I am not going to be motherless, like you. Oh! dear, I fear all my joy will be turned into sorrow; it will be a sad Christmas, if dear mamma is ill." "*We* may be ill, too, dear Hetty. My dear mamma used to say, after papa died so suddenly, we never know what a day of sorrow to-morrow may be." "Oh! Edith, you make me tremble; I will go up softly and ask nurse all about it." "No, dear, don't please; we are told to go up the other way to our own rooms. I think uncle is afraid we may get the fever."

One week after this conversation, poor Hetty was in her coffin. The fever came and blighted the beautiful, blooming flower, and the reaper cut it down. The last words she said were—"Oh! where am I going?" "Christmas is coming," but Hetty's seat will be empty as well as her aunt's. What if you should be called away before Christmas comes? Will you have to ask—"Oh! where am I going?"

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