

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
**THE WORLD IS NOT SO BAD AS
 IT IS BELIEVED TO BE.**

I VENTURED this observation to my companion over an excellent breakfast in the travellers' room at the Crown Inn, Devizes. He was a veritable 'traveller,' arrived late the night before; but I had been such by courtesy only, while making this inn my head-quarters for some preceding days, devoted to antiquarian researches in the neighbourhood. 'No,' said I, in answer to a remark which I thought too depreciatory of men in general, 'the world, in my opinion, is not so bad as it is believed to be.'

'The world,' replied my new acquaintance, 'I think a very wicked world. It shows its wickedness by its suspicion. It trusts nobody: and why? Because it knows it is not worthy to be trusted. And so, as I expect it will place no confidence in me, I place no confidence in it. Trust no man any further than you can see him: that's my maxim.'

I was provoked by this to relate a little 'incident of travel,' which, occurring to myself not above a week before, had proved, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that the world will sometimes trust those whom it does not know. I had reached Salisbury after dark, and all the shops were closed. Notwithstanding, I presumed to knock at a bookseller's opposite my inn, and beg to be allowed to purchase a 'guide' to Old Sarum Stonehenge, as it was my wish to employ an hour or two in recruiting my knowledge (then wholly derived from reading) of those interesting antiquities, the better to enjoy a personal inspection of them the next morning. The worthy tradesman was 'out of the guide,' but would with pleasure lend me a book—a portly volume, and with plates, which, he assured me, contained all the information I required. Surprised, I stated that I was only at the—naming where the coach had set me down—for a night, and should quit in all probability soon after day-break. 'That,' he said, 'need make no difference; you can leave it for me at the inn.' Even my desire to make a proper compensation for the loan was not acceded to, on the delicate ground that, as the books did not 'circulate,' he the bookseller, was ignorant of the proper charge. As I told my story, methought the traveller's eyes opened wider; and when I had done, he was so rude as to give the lowest possible whistle. But, apologising, 'I'll believe you,' he said; 'though it's the strangest way of turning stock I ever heard of. Not very likely to make fifty per cent. of his money.'

'Well, people are not always awake. But I say still, "Trust no man any further than you can see him." Long before our conversation had proceeded thus far, we had, I should think, equally arrived at the opinion, that two persons could hardly be more unlike each other, in their whole turn of mind and pursuits than were my companion and myself; he entirely devoted to business, and I the rather given to literature; he a keen man of the world, and I—an antiquary. But, nevertheless, we got on surprisingly well together; and our discourse, I am persuaded, gave a zest mutually to our breakfast.

It appeared that we were going the same road; though he only as far as Reading, and I through that town to London. Having settled with the 'house,' therefore, we took up a position in front of the 'Crown,' to be ready to mount the first coach from Bath. In those days stage-coaches were in their glory; and several, whose destination was the metropolis, changed horses at Devizes daily. But, for a reason which I forget, coach after coach came up, and not a place, outside or in, could be obtained. My friend bore the arrival and departure of the fully-loaded vehicles with true traveller-like equanimity; but my—yes, I confess it—my ill-humour grew with every disappointment; and when the last day-coach was gone, and we were left without another chance until the evening, I had so little of the traveller's heart remaining in me as to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion of my brother in misfortune—that the best way to fill up the time would be by 'dinner and a bottle.' To tell the exact truth, I employed the intervening hours in a spiritless inspection of some relics of early Norman architecture possessed by the oldest Church in the place, taking a solitary snack at a small road-side inn, in preference to a good meal with fair companionship at the 'Crown.' My conscience smote me for this, when, on returning, I saw my friend already at his post, on the spot we had so fruitlessly occupied in the morning. I thought too that his greeting was not quite cordial. But almost immediately the evening coach drove up; it had room for both outside; and as we sat together, I took an opportunity to say that vexation at the imagined possibility of being kept another night at Devizes, when it was of great consequence to me to be in London early the next day, had rendered me not 'i' the vein' for good fellowship. The excuse was accepted; and our talk was cheerful until we had passed, as daylight was failing, the great barrow of Silbury, which my restored companion seemed interested to learn was not, as he had supposed it to be, a rather considerable natural hill. When informed, however, that this same barrow was a work of ancient Britons, and might boast an antiquity of at least two thousand years, he hoped he should be allowed to 'tell that again with some discount.'

But now a new unpleasantness began to be felt by one of us. It was early summer; and, for a brief week's excursion, I had not thought of an equipment adapted to a night-ride through almost frosty air. My friend observed my deficiency; and remarking, that, as a tra-

veller, he was very differently provided for, proposed to invest me with a most capacious box-coat, which, he said he could perfectly well spare, having another top coat and a cloak besides. I demurred to the offer, 'since I should be only worse off for having accepted it when he got down at Reading.' 'But my coat needn't get down at Reading,' was his reply; 'here's a card of our house in town; you can forward it when you arrive.' The conversation of the morning flashed through my mind, and I hardly repressed an exclamation of astonishment. What! the traveller, the man of business and of the world, confide a coat that must have cost seven or eight pounds, and which, as I had seen in the daytime, was still in excellent condition, to a perfect stranger, to one whose name even he did not know, and as to whose whereabouts 'in town' he made no inquiry! As I donned with thankfulness the comfortable habiliment, having first deposited my card with its owner, I could not avoid repeating, 'Trust no man any further than you can see him.' 'Pooh!' said he; safe as the bank at Salisbury.' He shook my hand heartily when he alighted at his destined hostelry; and a nap I soon afterwards obtained in his coat was forwarded, I make no doubt, by my often murmured repetitions of, 'The world is not so bad as it is believed to be.'

From "Songs for Wayfarers."
PRAYER.

BY THE REV. J. C. FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

THERE is what, rising from the earth,
 Can pierce beyond the sky;
 The lightning from the dark cloud cast,
 The whirlwind travels not so fast,
 As it ascends on high.

How, in a twinkling, from the earth
 It to the heaven has gone!
 Not long a suppliant at heaven's gate
 Which opens wide, it passes straight
 Unto Jehovah's throne.

Swiftly to that bright messenger
 The seraphim, that dwell
 In light before Jehovah's face,
 Dividing their bright ranks, give place
 Till it its mission tell.

Tell me, what messenger of grace
 It is that cleaves the air,
 To heaven, through heaven's gate, to the
 throne,
 With speed so swift and sure has gone?
 'Tis prayer—believing prayer.

And tell me from what heart it went?
 From you poor troubled one,
 With manifold temptations worn,
 With manifold afflictions worn,
 So feeble and fore-done.

I saw the light fade from his eye—
 How quick his spirit fell!
 When Satan, striding 'thwart his path,
 At his poor head, with bickering wrath,
 Hurled the hot bolts of hell!

Long toiled the sore assailed one
 In the unequal fight:
 Foiled many a blow, and many a dart
 Took on his shield, which else his heart
 Had pierced with poisoned bite.

How swiftly sped that prayer on high!
 As swiftly speedeth down
 A gracious answer from the Lord,
 O faithful ever to His word—
 The tried and faithful One!

Bright were its rainbow wings, and ah,
 How joyfully it came!
 And breathed fresh life into the heart;
 Fresh vigour wrought through every part—
 Re-knit the weary frame!

The baffled foe has fled; with joy
 The saint pursues his way;
 Soon shall his journey lead where death
 Opens for him a joyful path
 Into eternal day.

From the Christian Treasury.
ADVICES TO A MOTHER.

THE influence of a mother upon the manners and salvation of children, especially the latter, is probably greater than that of all other created beings united. On you, then, it chiefly depends, under God, what your children shall be in both worlds. If you lose your authority over them, you lose, of course, the chief part of your influence, and then your children lose the choicest means which God has appointed for their happiness here and hereafter. If you once form such habits of management as to lose your authority, you never can regain it; for not only your own habits will stand in the way, but the confirmed habits of depraved and untamed children, who will no longer brook restraint. The present is your forming period. Two or three years to come will settle the question unchangeably (especially if the habits are wrong), whether you are to have a government which will form your children to honour, and glory, and immortality, or one which will leave their corruptions to take their natural course.

God will certainly hold you answerable for those young immortals, and for the distinguished talents which he has given you for their benefit. If you have any piety, my dear child, let it be brought to this bearing. Make the management of your children the object of your most anxious exertions, and the subject of your agonizing and unceasing prayers.

I have not time to go into a full treatise on family government, but will lay down the following rules for your daily and prayerful examination:—

1. Exercise your authority as seldom as possible, and instead of it employ kind persuasion and deliberate reasoning; but when you exercise it, make it irresistible.

2. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie. Threaten seldom, but never fail to execute. The parent who is open-mouthed to threaten, and threatens hastily, but is irresolute to punish, and when the child is not subdued by the first threat, repeats it half a dozen times with a voice of increasing violence, and with many shakes and twitches of the little culprit, will certainly possess no authority.

3. Avoid tones and gestures expressive of agitation for trivial matters indicative of no depravity, and indicating only the heedlessness or forgetfulness of children, or perhaps nothing more than is common to all young animals—a love to use their limbs. In all such cases the tones should be kind and persuasive, rather than authoritative; and the severity and even the gravity of authority should be reserved exclusively for cases of disobedience or depravity, or for the prevention of serious evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things will inevitably harden their hearts, and totally destroy parental authority and influence. There never was a fretting parent who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.

4. Establish the unchanging habit of not commanding a child but once. Cost what it may, break the child down to obedience to the first command. And when this is once done, if you are careful never to let disobedience escape punishment of some kind or other, and punishment that shall be effectual and triumphant, you find it not difficult to maintain your absolute authority.

New Works.

CHARACTER OF THE GERMANS.

ALL over Germany the natives are fond of flowers. The nursery of Mr Booth, a Scotsman by extraction, is famous for every variety of rose, and for an endless variety of plants and trees, collected from the Norwegian, Siberian, and other hyperborean regions. It is situated at the distance of three German leagues from Hamburg, in the direction of Altona, and occupies a surface of 150 English acres. It is delightful to see the steps to the thresholds of the meanest houses gay with the flowering plants, the small adjacent strips of land blushing with peonies and roses, whilst the honeysuckles and eternal creepers festoon the windows of the lowliest dwellings. There is a cleanliness of mind indicated in a taste for these embellishments, that savours of the golden age of innocence, rather than of these vitiated times. Sobriety and peace may be said to dwell where Flora reigns. In fact, after the changes of war, the devastations of revolutions, and the corrupting examples of treachery and treason attendant on unsettled politics, there is perhaps no nation in the world more pure, more sincere, and more well-disposed than the Germans.—*F. H. Standish.*

SIMPLICITY OF GOSPEL AGENCY.

This world is to be restored to more than it lost by the fall, by the simple annunciation of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Here we behold means apparently the weakest, employed to effect the most magnificent of purposes; and how plainly does this bespeak the agency of the omnipotent God! The means which effect his greatest purposes in the kingdom of nature are simple and unostentatious; while those which man employs are complicated and tumultuous. How many intellects are tasked, how many hands are wearied, how many arts exhausted, in preparing for the event of a single battle; and how great is the tumult of the moment of decision! In all this man only imitates the inferior agents of nature. The autumnal tempest, whose sphere of action is limited to a little spot upon our little world, comes forth attended by the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning; while the attraction of gravitation, that stupendous force which binds together the mighty masses of the material universe, acts silently. In the sublimest of natural transactions, the greatest result is ascribed to the simplest cause.—'He spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast.'—*Rev. F. Wayland.*

AFRICAN HAIR-DRESSING.

SOME of the tribes of the interior have a particularly troublesome method of plaiting the hair, and which is constantly seen in Benguela. They divide the hair into many thousand little braids, and, considering the peculiar curly nature of the negroes' locks, this must require considerable art, and a good stock of patience. A red, yellow, or blue, bead is drawn over the end of each braid or, which is perhaps more frequent, each plait is covered with as many various coloured beads as it can possibly hold. When the hair is thus arranged, it hangs down over the shoulders, and makes a noise at the slightest movement; whereas, when there are no beads attached to the braids, they stand off stiffly all around the head, and give it a very ugly appearance. Those who wear their hair

in this Medusa-like fashion, invariably place the additional ornament of a beautiful feather on the crown of the head or behind the ears. The most prevalent mode is to shave portions of the head, according to individual fancy, and form the remainder into the most ridiculous tufts; some, for instance, shave it quite close, with the exception of a small bunch, and which looks exactly like a worsted tassel. This almost appears to be an imitation of the Chinese; but the hair of the negroes is never so long, nor in this case is it ever braided. Other negroes have only a narrow strip of hair, running from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and is evidently intended to resemble the mane of a wild beast; and the object of acquiring a savage and warlike appearance is unquestionably attained. Others, again, shave one half of the head—either one side, the back, or the front—leaving the other in its natural state.—*Tam's South-western Africa.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

LAST among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth this feeling is the same; climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her infant, up to the third or fourth year of his life; she endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood, with indulgent, all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the examples of her matchless courage and contempt of danger; but if death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow?—*Mrs Austen.*

THE ADAPTATION OF THE GOSPEL.

THE preaching of the cross of Christ is a remedy for the miseries of the fall, which has tested by the experience of eighteen hundred years, and has never in a single instance failed.

Its efficacy has been proved by human beings of all ages, from the lisping infant to the sinner a hundred years old. All climates have witnessed its power. From the ice-bound cliffs of Greenland to the banks of the voluptuous Ganges, the simple story of Christ crucified has turned men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Its effect has been the same with men of the most dissimilar conditions; from the abandoned inhabitant of Newgate, to the dweller in the palaces of kings.

It has been equally sovereign amidst the scattered inhabitants of the forest, and the crowded population of the densest metropolis. Every where, and at all times, it has been 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'—*Rev F. Wayland.*

CHILDREN—THE LESSONS WHICH THEY TEACH.

POOR children! they bring and teach us, human beings, more good than they get in return! How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of a new and higher feeling! How often does the mother repay this, by doing her best to wipe off even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is unlocked by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, to the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened—then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate—that rough voice was tender and lisping—fond eyes followed him as he played—and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of God, and Jesus, and been sealed with the seal of Heaven. But harsh hands seized it, fierce goblin linaments were impressed upon it, and all is over with him for ever!

So of the tender, weeping child is made the callous, heartless man—of the all-believing child, the sneering sceptic—of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned; and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it not been always so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings—our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims—stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our hearts, the sweet radiance which might unfold it for