

cultivated. In the instances referred to, and in all other matters machines and fabrication take precedence of everything, and govern every thing in England. These constitute the government, the aristocracy, the people; and never had Rome, Venice, or Carthage, a more despotic or hateful aristocracy than the fabricated machine aristocracy which presently lords it over the English.

From the Christian Treasury.

FALSE LIBERALITY.

LIBERALITY, or charity, as two sects of professed Christians would call it, is no real proof of good character; because, as generally understood, it is an external act, proceeding from a principle of humanity, which is, by the goodness of God, interwoven with our constitution, allowing for some exceptions.

But the giving of money, or all my goods to the poor, is no proof of love to God, or man for God's sake. One man is liberal in some few instances, to cover his covetousness, his over-reaching in trade, his extortionate charges, and his habit of "beating down" the prices of the poor, honest tradesman. I have known several zealous professors of religion make collections for poor tradesmen in distress, and these very persons have obliged those poor tradesmen to work for their families, so as never to gain one shilling by them in ten years! Why then, I inquired, did you work for them? 'Because I feared they would use their influence to ruin me if I did not,' was the answer. And is this liberality? To grind a poor tradesman for my own profit, and then collect money of others for him, to hide my injustice? And yet this is the charity, this is the liberality, this is the religion of many flaming professors of religion! 'O my soul! come not thou into their secret; to their honour be not thou united.'

A second class of professors are liberal from the love of distinction, power, and flattery; and many who know their weakness will fawn on them, crouch to them, say as they say, and do as they do, to make them dapes to their party, or to secure good dinners, loans of money—and, in a word, 'follow them for loaves and fishes.' How many little tradesmen sell their consciences, their liberty, and their peace to secure the custom of others? 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but he that putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be made fat,' or prosper. There are persons who make a trade of religion, as if 'gain were godliness.'

A third class are liberal to the cause of God, to obtain power and office in the Church of God. They hope to melt down the minister by their subscriptions, presents, and good tables—to preach their views of the Gospel—to shield their sins from reproof—to obtain from him a good name; and to form him in their own mould. Such a preacher is a man after their own heart; he is a man-pleaser, who holds men's persons in admiration, because of advantage. Should he enforce the discipline of Christ and exalt his authority in the Church, he would draw down on his own head the resentments of pride, lust, covetousness, and hypocrisy.

A fourth class of liberal professors will give largely to a religious society what they owe to their creditors; and after becoming bankrupts, and to enrich themselves, and prospering in their dishonesty, will still be liberal, to gain a standing in some religious society; and purchase the character of pious and just men, whilst their distressed creditors were put off with a few shillings in the pound. They quiet their consciences by the law of the land, which they substitute for the law of Christ, which enjoins them not to defraud, but to do justice—to owe no man anything, to be honest in the sight of all men, and to do to men as they would that men should do to them—knowing (whatever be their excuse) that the unjust, the dishonest, shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

I have known such bankrupts, who have failed more than once, proclaim their prosperity, and declare they intend to pay their creditors the remainder due, after they have secured so many thousands. But, beginning at the wrong end, and not paying when they could, death has seized them; they have died in their sins; and after they have been summoned to the bar of a just God, their children have said, 'What have I to do with my father's debts? He must answer for himself. Thus the father's example of injustice entails a curse on his family: they are partakers of his sins and his punishment.'

From the Evangelical Magazine.

THE MOTHERS PRAYER ANSWERED.

In a small village, resided a pious officer, retired from the British navy. He had six children, who were sent to a village school; and these had a pious mother. The eldest, however, a boy, fourteen years of age, seemed determined not to profit by either maternal love or pious instruction. He mingled with a class of wicked idlers who infested the village, and would have been as bad as the worst of them, but for his father's rigid discipline; that alone restrained him from rushing into excess of wickedness and riot. But the father died, and the poor widow had to combat with the waywardness of her boy alone. No, not alone; she sought the help of her heavenly Father.

Her son, however, soon grew worse, and resolved to leave her, and go to sea. A ship was obtained for him. The bustle of preparation began, and was over. Unknown to the

youth, the good mother placed the Bible in his chest, with a secret hope and a fervent prayer that its light might lead him to his heavenly Father, when he should be far off on the deep blue sea. Many were the prayers that the mother offered for the son, many the counsels that she gave him from the fullness of her heart.

The day of separation came. Oh! it was a day of trial to all but him, who was the cause of the family's sadness. Warm were the tears the mother shed, as, pressing him to her bosom, she bade him farewell and commended his wayward heart to God. Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned for her son, as though he had been dead; and, what was worse, she trembled for the safety of his undying soul. Could she have been assured of his happiness in a better world, her pained heart would have been at rest; but she wept as if he had been doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in midwinter; the wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents, and deep darkness obscured the sky. The widow and her children sat beside the winter fireside, and a chastened cheerfulness overspread the circle; though now and then a cloud of melancholy gathered over the mother's brow, as the driving storm reminded her of her lost son; when a slight tap came to the door. It was opened. A sailor stood there, way-worn and weather-beaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in the mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fireside and her food. When he had refreshed himself she questioned him as to his history. His tale was soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was going home, poor and penniless, to his mother. He had been shipwrecked once before.

The widow asked him to give her the account of his sufferings. He said that in a violent storm the ship ran ashore, and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned or dashed to death against the rocks. Himself and another were the only persons who reached the shore. They were thrown high upon the beach by a powerful wave. His companion was senseless at first, but at length revived, alas! but to die. 'He was a sweet youth,' the sailor observed. 'Once he had been the terror of the ship, for his excessive devotion to vice, but suddenly he changed. He became a serious, praying man, as remarkable for piety as he had been for vice. When he had revived a little on the beach,' said the sailor, 'he pulled a Bible from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Rummaging his chest one day, he found a Bible; his first impression was to throw it away, but chancing to see his mother's writing, he passed to examine it. It was his name. It made him think of his mother, of her instructions, and of his teacher at school; and then he saw his sins, and felt he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sunk upon his knees beside his chest, and wept and prayed, and vowed to change his way of life. And he did change it, for he became a decided Christian. After telling me about his change,' continued the sailor, 'he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then, falling back upon the sand, he expired, with a half-offered prayer upon his lips.'

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with a deep interest and feeling, inquired, 'Have you that Bible, my friend?'

'Yes, madam,' said he, and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvass. He at last produced a small pocket Bible, and gave it into her hands. Tremblingly and hastily she seized it, and turning to the blank page, lo! her child's name, and in her own hand-writing, was there. A death-like paleness overspread her usually pale cheek, as she made the discovery, and she exclaimed, 'Tis his! 'tis his!—my son! my son! Nature could bear no more, and she fainted. Her prayers were heard, and answered; for her son was dead; but behold! he is alive forevermore. It is true she saw him no more on earth, but she could look by faith, into the land afar off, and see his glorified spirit near the King in his beauty. Like the prodigal son, he had wandered, far from God, and far from peace; but the eye of his mother's God was over him in all his wanderings, and her prayers were answered, in leading her wandering boy to the chart of salvation and heaven.'

WHAT IS DEATH?

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLEY.

What is death? 'Tis to be free!

No more of love, or hope, or fear;

To join the dread equality

All, alike are humble there!

The mighty wave

Wraps lord and slave!

Nor pride nor poverty dares come

Within that refuge house—the tomb!

Spirit with the dropping wing,

And the ever weeping eye,

Thou of all earth's kings are king!

Empires at thy footstool lie!

Beneath thee strew'd

Their multitude,

Sink like the waves upon the shore;

Storms shall never rouse them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth,

To the grandeur round thy throne!

Riches, glory, beauty, birth,

To thy kingdom all have gone!

Before thee stand

The wondrous band.

Bards, heroes, sages side by side,

Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show

Many a million, for her one!

Through thy gates 'the mortal flow'

Has for countless years roll'd on,

Back from the tomb

No step has come;

There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound,

Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

From Old Humphrey's Addresses.

NO QUACKERY.

COME, listen to me, my poorer neighbours, for I am neither going to rail against you for anything wrong that you have done nor to wheedle and cajole you for my own advantage. The end I have in view is your good: listen, then to reason. When a quack doctor sells his prescription, however much he may puff it and praise it he may think more of getting your money than doing you good; but how a doctor can get anything who makes no charge for his advice, and prescribes physic that may be bad for nothing, it will be an easy thing to make out!

I may be that you have good health, and have no need, according to your own opinion, of my advice; but good health is worth keeping, and the medicine I recommend is as useful in preserving as in restoring health. Try a dose or two, and if you do not find yourself the better for it, tell me that I am an ignorant impostor. Perhaps you may ask me what cures my medicine has wrought; and if you do, I have an answer ready. It has given to thousands, whose bodies were weakly, and whose faces were almost as pale as a white-washed wall—it has given them, I say, strength, a firm step, and a ruddy cheek: if this does not satisfy you, I know not what will. If you like either to remain as you are, or unnecessarily to spend your money in being made better the fault will be your own; you may be made better if you are ill, and kept in health if well, without the expense of a single farthing. I am not speaking to those who have broken limbs, fever, and other heavy afflictions, but to such as are capable of moving from one place to another, and to them I say, *Take fresh air.*

You may smile, if you will, at my prescription, but fresh air is one of the most precious gifts of the Almighty, the merciful giver of unnumbered blessings; it costs nothing, and it is by far the best medicine in the world.

Listen to me neighbours, and I will tell you what will do you no harm to hear. In a little garret, in a small house, in a narrow street, worked a tailor. His shopboard and his bed almost filled the room, and yet there were four or five flower-pots close to the window, a canary in a cage hanging from the ceiling, and a rabbit in a pen against the wall.

The tailor rose early, and took late rest, eating the bread of careflessness, but could hardly make both ends meet; for he was sickly, weakly, and quagmy, as well as he might be, and could not get on at his work; he seemed to have no spirit. When I called upon him, I did not wonder at his being sickly, and weakly, and quagmy. I should have wondered very much had it been otherwise, for what with the room being so small, and what with the bed, the shop-board, the flower-pots, the bird-cage, the rabbit-pen, and the clothes and remnants and shreds and patches, it seemed wonderful to me how he was able to work, for he seldom left his garret rarely opened his window, and breathed the same tainted air day and night.

To make short of a long story, I undertook to cure him, or rather, I undertook to give him advice, for none but the Creator and Preserver of men can establish our health, or add to the number of our days.

Sickly, and pale, and panting for breath, as the tailor was, I made him change his lodging to an airy situation. No flower-pot, bird-cage, or rabbit-pen, did I allow in his chamber; his window was almost always kept open, and an hour every day he breathed the fresh air of heaven in walking abroad. He is now as hearty a man as ever used a needle; enjoys more health, works fewer hours, and gets more money, than ever he did before in his life; and what is better than all, finds time to read his Bible, thanking God heartily for his manifold mercies, and among them for the benefit and blessing of fresh air.

Neighbours, be advised; open your doors and your windows, get out of your houses, walk about, and take fresh air.

A hard-working cobbler, who was heard thumping away at his lapstone before his neighbours were up in the morning, and seen stitching away with his awl and waxes after they were gone to bed at night, found himself just in the same plight as the poor tailor—low and languishing, just dragging along as though he had no heart and soul in him. His room was small enough for all conscience, if he had it all to himself; but this was not the case: for besides the space taken up by his working bench and bed, he had with him a wife and four children, a black terrier, and a jackdaw in a wicker cage. Neighbours, I cannot tell you one half of the wretchedness of that wretched room, when I stepped into it. Scraps of leather, old rags, bones, and filth were seen

in all directions; the dog barked, the jackdaw chattered, the children cried, the wife scolded, and the poor, patient, half-worn-out cobbler could hardly pull his waxend through the holes his awl had made. To finish the picture a gin bottle stood in a corner, a dozen pawn-tickets were wrapped up in a piece of dirty flannel, in a little cupboard; the window was close shut, and the stench of the room was intolerable.

Neighbours, you may think this was a hopeless case, but I thought otherwise, and went to work at once. No peace did I let the old cobbler have till I had fairly ransacked and routed every thing out of his miserable dwelling, where for many a weary day and night he had grasped for breath, parboiled and smoke-dried by turns, till his flesh looked just the colour of dirty dough. I took him to the tailor, who told him a story that made him lift up his eyes with surprise. The cobbler's bed was removed into an airy garret, his working-room thoroughly swept and white-washed, the window set open, the black terrier and the jackdaw sent away, the children put to a day-school the wife employed up stairs, the gin bottle used to contain vinegar, and the pawn-tickets exchanged for the articles written upon them. Nor was this all; for the cobbler was not allowed to sit down to his bench for a single morning, till he had walked to the finger post on the common, a distance of a mile and a half across the fields.

Neighbours, the cobbler is another man: he drinks no gin, he pawns no clothes, he keeps no terrier dog nor jackdaw, but breathes freely, works blithely, while he sings a hymn or a psalm, pays his rent like a man, reads his Bible every day of his life, and looks as fresh as a daisy.

Now, what has done all this for him? Nothing in the world but fresh air. This, with God's blessing, has been the making of him; and why should it not be the making of you? Rout out your cupboards and closets, sweep out your floors, whitewash your walls, and open your windows; but, above all, get in the fields, and breathe the fresh air. Are you so fond of weakly frames and pale faces? Do you like to see pill-boxes, and phials, and gallipots? It is pleasant to allow salts, and rhubarb, and jalap, and to pay doctor's bills? If it is, heed not what I say; but if it is not, take my advice; take my prescription—take fresh air.

Neighbours I am no quack, but a plain dealing man, gratefully enjoying the blessing of health, and anxious that all of you may enjoy it too. Fresh air will not only improve the health, but the temper also; so that a man will laugh at the little troubles that before made him fume and fret like a madman. The good that is done, and the evil that is prevented by fresh air, are beyond calculation. Doctors usually recommend fresh air, even when all their skill and all their medicines have failed, and it is a proof how highly they think of it.

Let this open your eyes, neighbours; doctors know what you are about, and you ought to know what you are about too. If you prefer to call in a doctor, and to pay him for advising you to take fresh air, I can have no possible objection, neither will the doctor blame you for this course; but whether it will be wise in you to buy that which I give you for nothing, is a point worth a moment's consideration. Take my word for it or rather do not take my word for it, but prove it—fresh air is the best medicine in the world. If I were called upon to write a prescription to cure three-fourths of world's ills it should be this *Plain food, temperance in eating and drinking, exercise, fresh air, a clean skin, a contented mind and a clear conscience.*

There, neighbours! there is advice without quackery, take it, make the best of it; and may the blessing of good health be enjoyed by you all, and the Great Author of your mercies be ever loved, and ever praised!

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation that sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be worlds of invisible things; and that, could we draw aside the invisible veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the power of the microscope. But where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE SUN.

I have sometimes thought, if the sun were an intelligence, he would be horribly incensed at the world he is appointed to enlighten; such a tale of ages, exhibiting a tiresome repetition of stupidity, follies, and crimes.—*John Foster's Journal.*