

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER
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pers, that we want.

ALL FOR CHRIST.

"Now, girls, I have got news for you!" The
speaker was a young girl, dressed in the height
of fashion. She was just entering the room
where sat several young ladies, her cousins
pursuing various household employments.

"What is it Ada?" cried one another.
"You'll never believe! Lizzie Ashbrook has
professed religion!" was the half serious, half
laughing reply.

"Lizzie Ashbrook!" The girls repeated the
name, more or less in surprise.

"Lizzie Ashbrook!" said the elder cousin,
Julia, seriously; "why! she was forever making
sport of the subject."

"And such a fashionable girl; why, she would
hardly look at a person who was meanly dressed,"
remarked another.

"Her father an infidel, too; what will he
say?"

"I heard that he had turned her out of the
house," said Ada.

There was a long silence.
"Well"—it was abruptly spoken by the young-
est of the family—"we shall see now if there is
the reality in religion that Christians talk about.
I don't believe there is one single person in any
branch of her family who is religious. She will
have unusual trials to undergo; I would not like
to be in her place."

"Trials! phew! there is no such thing as
persecutions in these days; it would be a rare
thing to see a martyr!" This was lightly spoken
by Ada, who had been Lizzie's nearest friend,
and who felt an unusual bitterness springing up
in her heart towards the young girl, who she
knew could no longer enjoy her companionship
as of yore.

Martyrs are not rare even in these days; aye,
and martyrs to religious persecution, as we shall
see.

The cousins made an early call on Lizzie, who
received them with her accustomed grace, and
with a sweeter smile than usual. Yet she was
pale, and though there was a purer expression on
her beautiful face, yet she appeared like one
wearied with some struggle in which she was the
sufferer. Although she did not speak directly of
the new vows she had taken upon her, the new
peace she had found, her visitors could see clearly
and distinctly the wondrous change in dress, in
manner, and even in countenance.

Lizzie was engaged to be married to a thorough
man of the world. George Phillips loved her
wine, his parties, the race course, the theatres,
the convivial and free-and-easy club. The Sab-
bath was his day of pleasure, and many a time
had Lizzie graced his elegant equipage, radiant
in beauty, on the holy day, as they swept along
he bore a dashing exterior, was intellectual; a
wit; courted, caressed, admired every where.

His brow darkened as he heard the news.—
What! the girl of his choice, the woman he
should place at the head of his brilliant house-
hold become a contemptible Christian! Nonsense!
He didn't believe it; he would see for himself.—
He didn't furnish his parlors for prayer-meetings;
he wanted no long-faced ministers, elders, or
sisters to visit his wife, not he. It was a ridicu-
lous hoax; it must have originated in the club-
room. What! the daughter of Henry Ashbrook,
the freest of free thinkers? "Ha! a capital joke—
a very clever joke—nothing more!"

He called on her not long after the visit before
mentioned. His cold eye scanned her from head
to foot—how sweetly! how gently she met
him! Surely the voice that was melting music
before was heavenly in its tones now. All the
winning grace was there, all the high-bred ease;
the merry smile dimpled her cheek; but there
was a something, a subtle something that thrill-
ed him from head to foot with apprehension be-
cause it was unlike her usual self. What could
it be?

At length, lightly, laughingly, he referred to
the report he had heard. For one moment the
frame trembled, the lips refused to speak; but
this passed, and something like a flush crossed
her beautiful face. It lighted the eyes anew, it
touched the cheek with the richer crimson as
she replied:

"George, please don't treat it as a jest, for
truly, thank God, I have become a Christian! O
George! her clasped hands were laid upon one
of his, "I have only just begun to live. If you
knew—"

The proud man sprang to his feet, almost
throwing his hands from him in his impatient
movement; and not daring to trust his voice, for
an oath was uppermost, he walked swiftly back
and forward for a moment. Then he came back

and stood before her. His forehead was purpled
with the veins that passion swelled, his face
white, and his voice unsteady, as he exclaimed:
"Do you really mean to say that you will really
cast your lot among these people, that for them
you will give up all—all?"

"I will give up all for Christ." The words
were very soft and low, and not spoken without
reflection. For one moment he looked his lips
together till they looked like steel in their rigid-
ity, then he said in a full, passionate voice:

"Lizzie—Miss Ashbrook, if these are your
sentiments, these your intentions, we must go
different ways."

This was cruel. It was a terrible test, for that
young girl had, as it were, placed her soul in his
keeping. Before a higher, a purer love was born
in her heart, she had given him her human love
—an absolute idolatry—and the thought of losing
him even now caused her cheek to grow ashen
and her eyes dim.

As he saw this his manner changed to en-
terity. He placed before her the position he
would give her; lured her by every argument
that might appeal to the womanly heart. And he
knew how to win by entreaty, by the subtlest
casuistry. His was a mastery of eloquence. He
could adapt his language, his very looks, with the
most adroit cunning, to the subject and object of
his discussion. More than once the gentle spirit
of the young Christian felt as if she must give
way—that only help direct from the fount of life
could sustain her with firmness to resist to the
end of the interview.

At last it was a final "All this will I give you
if you will fall down and worship me." It came
to this: "Christ or me!" There could be no
compromise; it was, "Christ or me." And
standing there, clothed with the mantle of a new
and heavenly faith, with its light shining in
her heart and playing over her pale features, she
said, with a firmness worthy the martyrs of old,
"Christ!"

Though his soul was filled with rage, so that
he could have gnashed his teeth, the slight figure
standing there in its pure white robes—the eye
that cast an earnest, upward glance—the brow
that seemed to have grown white with spirit light
—the attitude, so self-possessed, yet so modest
—so quiet, so eloquent—filled him with a strange
admiring awe. But the hostility toward religion
was so strong in his heart that it bore down all
his tenderness, almost crushed his love, and he
parted from her for the first time coldly and like
a stranger.

The engagement was broken off; but who can
tell the struggles it cost.

This was the first trial; there came another
while yet the blow lay heavy on her heart.

Her father had never been very loving toward
her. He was proud of her; she was the brightest
gem of his splendid home. She was beautiful,
and gratified his vanity; she was intellectual, and
he heard praises lavished upon her mind with a
miser's greedy ear, for she was his, a part of him-
self; she belonged to him.

He called her into his study, and required a
minute account of the whole matter. He had
heard rumours, he said; had seen a surprising
and not agreeable change in her; she had grown
moopish, quiet. What was the cause? It was a
great trial, with that stern, unbelieving face, full
of hard lines, opposite to stand and testify for
Christ. But who had promised with her, and
she told the story calmly, resolutely, kindly.

"And do you intend to be baptized?"
"Yes, sir."

A gleam of hope entered her heart; she did
not expect his approval, but she could not think
that he would absolutely refuse to sanction this
important step.

"You know your Aunt Eunice has long want-
ed you to become an inmate of her home?"

"Yes, sir," the gentle voice faltered.

"Well, you can go now. Unless you give up
this absurd idea, and trample it under your feet,
I do not wish you to remain with me. Be as
you were before, and you shall want no luxury
henceforth I am your father only in name."

And still, though her heart was broken, she
said, as she had before, "Christ!"

She did forsake all for him; but her step
became slow, her form wasted, her eye hollow,
her cheek sunken. The struggle had been too
much for a frame unable to cope with any
overwhelming sorrow. Swiftly she went down
into the valley, but it was not dark for her.—
Too late the man who had so sorely tempted
her knelt by the side of her bed and implored
her forgiveness. Too late! No, not too late
for his own salvation, for in that hour his eyes
were opened to the sinfulness of his life, and
by her dying pillow he promised solemnly to
give his heart to God. Her father, too, proud
infidel though he was, looked on his wasted
child, triumphing over death, with wonder and
with awe.

Such a dying scene it is the privilege of but
few to witness; she had given up all, absolutely
all for Christ, and in the last hour, like Stephen,
she saw heaven opened. Her face was angelic,
her language rapture, her chamber was the gate
of heaven. Like one who but the other day
untied the annals of life, and moved calmly and
trustingly down the one step between earth and
heaven, so she said, with a smile irrepressibly
sweet, "Sing."

And they sang, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"
At its close they heard one word—the last. It
was "Christ!"

What a Bad Temper did.

Little Harriet M.— was about five years
old; she was in many respects a good girl. She
was obedient, very affectionate to her friends,
and very obliging and kind; but she had a most
violent temper. When anything teased or pro-
voked her, she would get into a transport of fury.
One day as her mother passed the nursery-door,
she heard a great noise within, and Harriet's
voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she
was bad: so she opened the door, and there was
Harriet, with her little face swelled with rage,
her curly hair all in disorder, while with feet
and hands she was kicking and striking with all
her force at one of the servants, and crying out,
"I don't love you, Mary; I don't love you: I
hate you!" She stopped when she saw her mo-
ther— "What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs.
M.— to the servant.

"It is just this ma'am," said the servant, "that
Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room,
out of her little new jug; when I forbade her,
she threw the water that was in the jug in my
face; and when I attempted to take hold of her,
to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did
wrong, she flew at me, and struck me as you have
seen."

Mrs. M.— looked very grave, and lifting
the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into
her own room. She sat down with her on her
lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sob
had almost ceased. She then placed her on her
knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to re-
peat after her the following words: "Oh, my
heavenly Father, look down in mercy on my
wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such
bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could
put into it. Oh, my heavenly Father, drive away
this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and
pardon me the evil I have done this day, for
Christ Jesus' sake. Amen." Harriet trembled
exceedingly; but she repeated the words after
her mother, and as she did so, in her heart she
wished that God might hear them.

Her mother again placed her on her lap, and
asked if her rage was quite gone away. Harriet
answered in a soft voice: "Not quite, mother;
but it's better."

"Very well," said her mother, "until it is quite
gone away, I shall tell you a story that I was told
when I was young, and I hope it will make as
deep an impression on your mind, my poor child,
as it did on mine, and tend to make you try to
check your bad and furious temper.—Lord and
Lady— were very great and rich people.
They had only one child, and it was a daughter.
They were very fond of this child, and she was
shrewd, in truth, a very fine little creature;
very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and
exceedingly beautiful: but like you,
Harriet, she had a bad, very bad temper; like
you, she got into transports of rage when any-
thing vexed her, and like you, would turn at
strike whoever provoked her; like you, after
every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of
herself, and resolved never to be so bad again:
but when the next temptation came all that was
forgotten, and she was just your age, her mother
had a little son—a sweet little tender baby. Her
father and mother were glad—and little Evelyn
would have been glad too, but the servant very
foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her,
by telling her that her father and mother would
not care for her now; all their love and pleasure
would be for this little brother, and they never
would mind her. Poor Evelyn burst into a pas-
sion of tears, and cried bitterly. 'You are a
wicked woman to say so; mother will always
love me; I know she will, and I'll go this very
moment and ask her, I will,' and she darted out
of the nursery, and flew to her mother's room,
the servant in the nursery calling after her, 'Come
back, miss; you needn't go to your mother's
room; she won't see you now.' Evelyn burst
open the door of her mother's room, but was in-
stantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she
had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this per-
son 'you cannot be allowed to see your mother
just now.' She would have said more; she
could not see her mother then, because she
was very ill, and must not be disturbed. But
Evelyn was too angry to listen: she screamed
and kicked at the woman, who finding her so un-
reasonable, lifted her by force out of the room,
and carrying her into the nursery, put her down,
and said to the servant, as she was going away,
'that she must prevent miss coming to her mo-
ther's room.' Evelyn heard this, and it added to
her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out
laughing, and said, 'I told you that, miss; you
see mother doesn't love you now!' The poor
child became mad with fury; she darted at the
cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-
born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch
over it was sitting asleep upon her chair; and
oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary
just now, she struck it with all force—struck it
on its little tender head—and it gave one feeble,
struggling cry, and breathed no more."

"Why mother," cried Harriet, bursting into
tears, "why did it breathe no more?"

"It was dead—killed by its own sister!"

"Oh, mother, mother! what a wicked little
girl! Oh, mother, I am not so wicked as she
was; I never killed a little baby," sobbed Har-
riet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom,
and clung to her neck.

"My dear child," said Mrs. M.— solemnly

ly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as
Evelyn? You are more wicked, and, but for the
goodness of God to you, might have been at
this moment as miserable. Were you not in
as great a rage when I came to the nursery as
she was? Were you not striking Mary with all
your force, not one blow, but repeated blows?
and had Mary been, like the object of Evelyn's
rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It
was only because she was bigger, and stronger
than yourself that you did not do so; and only
think for a moment of the difference between the
provocation poor Evelyn received, and that
which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed,
Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she
was right; whereas, none can wonder Evelyn
was made angry by that wicked servant. Yet
had she not got into such a rage as not to listen
when she was spoken to by the person she saw in
her mother's room, she would then have heard
that it was from no change in her mother's love
that she had not seen her for several days, but
because she was confined to bed by weakness."

"And, mother, what did Evelyn's poor mother
say to her for killing the baby?"

"Evelyn never again saw her dear and beau-
tiful young mother; she died that night of grief,
and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely
infant was killed—and by whom."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear mother, was Evelyn sorry?"

"My love, how can you ask such a question?"

"But, mother, I mean how sorry was she:
what way was she sorry enough?"

"Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or
to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I
know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she
lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole
life no one ever saw her smile again."

"And, mother, it is quite a true story? It
is so dreadful, mother!"

"Yes, my child, it is quite a true story, that
unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of
the present Earl of E—."

"My dear mother," said Harriet, once more
bursting into tears, "let me go upon my knees
again, and pray God to take away my bad tem-
per, lest I, too, become so miserable."

"Yes, my love, pray to Him for that, and he
will hear and bless you; but also thank Him for
keeping you from the misery so often brought by
one fit of sinful rage."

The editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in
noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief
of its being perfectly true. "The unfortunate
angry child," says he, "was Anna Countess of
Livingstone. She was also Countess of Craw-
ford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the
Earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron
which, in her fit of rage and terror, she snatched
up and flung into the infant's cradle."

Her father never had another child, and so she
became heiress in her own right to the titles and
possessions of the family. She was married
when very young to the Earl of Kilmarnock, and
she was of an amiable disposition, but she seem-
ed as if she never could forget the dreadful deed
she had done, for like that King or England
whose son was drowned—

"She never smiled again!"

But more troubles awaited her; for her husband
was a rough bad man, as bad as a husband could
be to his wife. He joined the Scotch rebels in
1745, and was taken, tried, and condemned as a
traitor. She hurried to London to beg the King
to spare him; but the King refused, and the
Earl was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746.

What a sad life was that of this noble lady,
and chiefly through giving away to a bad temper
when a little girl!

And let my young readers mind one thing
more, bad tempers, like weeds in a garden, al-
ways grow faster than the good tempers. And
the reason is, our hearts by nature are so full of
pride and fashion. It is out of a bad heart that
bad tempers spring; so take care of your heart
and keep it with all diligence, for out of it comes
every evil thing. Let your prayer be, "Create
in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right
spirit within me!"—*English Magazine.*

Fulton St. Prayer Meeting.

A clergyman arose in the meeting, and spoke
with a foreign accent. He said he had never
been in the meeting before, though he had heard
and read much of the Fulton street meeting. He
had listened, he said, attentively, to what had
been said; and to the requests for prayers, and
to the prayers themselves, which had been offered.
And now he wanted to ask prayers, not for
an individual, or a number of individuals, but for
a people. The great armies were now encamped
within sixty miles of the people for whom we
should pray. He meant those pious Piedmon-
tenses, who were descendants of the Waldenses.
He said he had been a fellow student with
twelve of the pastors who are now settled in the
valleys and fastnesses of Piedmont under the
teachings of the illustrious D'Aubigne. In that
country it was a felony to give away a tract or a
Bible, a few years ago. He hoped we would
pray for the people, who, in despite, have stood
firm to their covenant, and had borne their testi-
mony, though it might cost them their liberty or
their life. He hoped we would pray for their
freedom of these people, and that God would so
override the contests of nations, that the bondage
of these people should cease.

Rev. Dr. John Thompson arose, and said that
some of the noble men of England and Scotland

had come to the country, and on landing, had
inquired for our great celebrities, and for this
meeting as one of them. He said he knew of
one nobleman, who had been several times in
this meeting, though unknown to every person
here. He went to Philadelphia, and under the
guidance of our friend, Geo. H. Stewart, Esq.,
he went into the Diligent Engine Co.'s prayer
meeting, and in that meeting he told what the
Lord had done for him in his conversion. We
have with us, continued the speaker, a distin-
guished merchant to-day from Glasgow—the
New York of Scotland—with three ladies, his
nieces, who came over here in their own yacht,
and he hoped we might hear from him.

The gentleman arose, and with great modesty
said he was not accustomed to speak in an as-
sembly like this. He landed yesterday, he pro-
ceeded to say, and the first inquiry he made, as
he stepped on shore was—"Where is Fulton
street?" He had heard of this meeting across
the sea. In Glasgow, in Aberdeen, in Edinburgh,
we have meetings for prayer, and they have been
much blessed. There is much awakened reli-
gious interest among all classes, and in our
churches of all names: Free Church—Estab-
lished Church—and all denominations. He was
thankful for the kind manner in which his coun-
try had been alluded to in prayer. He hoped
that we would all pray for Scotland.

A gentleman arose and said he was just from
London. He had never been in these meetings
before. It was interesting, he said, to stand in
the streets of London on every Sabbath day, and
see the thousands who would gather into the
streets around St. Paul's, and St. James' Hall,
and Westminster Abbey, by 4 o'clock in the
afternoon, and stand there till half past 7 p. m.,
so that they might, if possible, get into these
great places of convocation. Yet, Sabbath after
Sabbath, this is so. Yet, to him, it was more in-
teresting to stand here, upon this spot, conse-
crated to prayer, and the birth place of much of
the spiritual influence which has spread over the
world and is spreading still.

On his passage homeward they encountered
a terrible storm. The shaft of the steamship
was broken one wheel was disabled, and they
expected, every moment, to go down. On board
they had in one cabin several Catholic priests,
and as many nuns or sisters of charity. They
had also a very pious Methodist man. In the
midst of the storm the priests were about to ad-
minister extreme unction, the last rite of the
Church, by which all sin is supposed to be washed
away. This Methodist had been with them,
and to him one of the priests said, "I feel it my
duty to tell you that we are about to administer
extreme unction for the cleansing away of all
sin. I must tell you that you are out of the
true Church, and that if you die as you are you
will be lost forever—you will be damned. Will
you allow me to administer to you extreme unction,
and thus save your soul?"

"Sir," said the Methodist, "I have been down
to my state room for some time alone, with the
High Priest of my profession. I have made a
full and unreserved confession of all my sins.
He has pronounced absolution from all my guilt.
He has administered to me extreme unction. He
has assured me that he is ready to receive me.
He is mighty to save, and he tells me he can
save, to the uttermost, all who come unto God
through him. He has prepared me for death.
I know that my Redeemer liveth. I am ready
to have this vessel go down. I ask you if you
really believe I need any preparation at your
hands?"

The priest was confounded, and said no more.
This, the speaker said, evinced the power of
prayer to calm the mind in view of the most im-
minent dangers and the dread prospect of death
itself.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Man in the Dark.

DAVID EVANS, the celebrated Welsh preacher,
was the child of very poor but very religious
parents. Like most pious Welsh families, they
were very fond of social prayer. Thus, however
late the father came home, or however wearied
by the toils of the long, long day, the family altar
was never deserted; for like the Hebrew altar of
old, "the fire never went out." With God in
this lowly cottage, we cannot wonder that the
spot became holy and happy ground.

Whether from habits of economy, or to pre-
vent the mind being disturbed, it is not easy to
say, but most poor Welsh cottagers are accus-
tomed to put out the candle during family devo-
tion. The mind of little David was much impressed
by this fact, and it often became the subject of his
childish meditations. Employed by the good
spirit of God, it became the means of giving his
heart to the Saviour in his tenderest years.

When David Evans was a man he became a
wonderful preacher; and thousands flocked to
his preaching, as to another Whitefield. He was
once asked by a friend,

"What made you first feel the value of the
soul?"

He thus replied—"After my father read the
Bible to my dear mother at night, he always put
the candle out, and talked to some one in the
dark. For some time I could not make out who
my father was speaking to; for I never heard any
one speak to him in return, and when the candle
was relighted, there was none in the room."

This puzzled me very much. Often I lay in my
bed wondering with whom my father had been
conversing, especially as he always seemed to be

much happier afterwards. Now, as my father was
a very good man, I thought what he did every
night could not be wrong; so I determined to
speak to the Man in the dark before I went to
bed. Very often I said to myself, 'As I see no
one and hear no voice, I wonder whom I talk
with in the dark?' But I could not give any
answer but this—"I speak to the same Man my
dear father talks to when the candle is put out."
Very soon, however, did David find that it was
no mere man that his father talked to: for the
unseen One present was no less than the great
God, who can hear one in the dark as well as in
the sunshine. Nor did he cease to talk to the
One in the dark, until his work in this world was
finished, and he reached that happy place where
"they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for
the Lord giveth them light."—*S. S. Banner.*

What is the Family?

It is a little EMPIRE. The father is the sove-
reign. It is an absolute sovereignty, constituted
in wisdom and restrained by affection. It is de-
rived from the fountain of all power. With this
authority is connected immense responsibility.
To the government thus constituted, unreserved
obedience is required, that its ends may be fully
answered. It is a type of that ultimate submis-
sion which will be paid to the Father of all by
his redeemed family in heaven. Then cometh
the end, when he shall have delivered up the
kingdom to God, even the Father.

The family is a NURSERY. The idea is derived
from a material process in nature to which ani-
mals and plants are subjected. God speaks of
planting a "noble vine." Such is the family. It
requires nourishing, protecting, maturing, as
much as the literal vine. "Christian families are
the nurseries of the Church on earth, as the
Church is the nursery for heaven." The nurse-
ry is a retired place, but pregnant with prepara-
tions for eternity. Its germinations are immortal.
It is the birth-place of both the body and mind.
Happy, when some auspicious star of hope ho-
vers over it. A train of associations is there
commenced, which is imperishable; habitudes
into which the very soul is moulded; impressions
are engraven, which no lapse of time shall ever
obliterate, which eternity itself will but confirm
and perpetuate. Like seed, like harvest: "He
that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap
life everlasting." A mental philosopher has
said, that the character is formed before the ex-
piration of the sixth year of our existence. And
these years are in the hands of the mother! The
mother of Byron would become frantic with pas-
sion, and throw the tongue at him, in early in-
fancy. Hence he became more and more ungo-
vernable; in fact, never knew what self govern-
ment was, for he was never taught it. He had
no home. Not so with Cowper, who, embalm-
ed, in fascinating poetry, his recollections of the
sanctity of home. The reminiscences of his
mother were so delightful, he could apos-
trophize in tender numbers even her portrait
when brought to view.

The family is a SCHOOL. The parent is the na-
tural teacher. With what beauty of language
and solemnity of style, with what divine authority
does the law-giver of Israel appoint the parent to
this work—Deut. vi: 7. In the house, by the way,
in the morning, in the evening, must this work be
constantly done. Happy the child who can say,
"I was my father's son—taught me also." Happy
the parent who saith, "Hear, ye children, the
instructions of a father." Speak not of wealth,
of legacies, of estates bequeathed. The best in-
heritance is the education of the soul for eternity.
Alas! how many thousands are trained to a ca-
reer of guilt and shame!

The family is a SOCIETY. In it are all the ele-
ments of social relations. Numbers, intellect
attachments, sympathies, temperaments, attrition
of mind, moral power. Thus it is the very foun-
dation of civil society, whose dignity, advance-
ment, and prosperity, in every form, depend upon
the same qualities in the family. This is the
only road to the perfection of the social state.

The family is a SANCTUARY. If on earth can
be found a refuge from earth's ills, toils, and cala-
mities, it is here. To the man of business, jaded
with cares; to the laborer, worn with toil; to
the professional man, the clerk, the politician; to
the sailor, from the stormy wave; to the soldier,
from the bloody fight; to all who come from the
battle of life, how refreshing to find spot where
the heart is sure to repose, undisturbed by a
doubt that there every face beams with joyful emotion;
welcome, every heart bounds with joyful emotion!
The well-ordered family is a little church.
Believers and their children in covenant with
God constitute the essential idea of a church—at
least in a qualified sense. Such a family is the
miniature of the "whole family named in heaven."
"To the church in thy house," said Paul to Phile-
mon. Happy house!—Thrice blest home! God
is in thy father, Christ thy elder brother, the
Holy Spirit that sanctifier and guide. That house
is the vestibule of heaven. The sacred shrine
is there. There the incense of prayer diffuses its
sweetness. The melody of praise is there.—Death
does not break, but sanctifies, the link which binds
it to the family above. The grave but opens the
passage to glory.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Good HUMOUR.—Keep in good humour.
It is not many calamities that embitter exis-
tence, it is the petty vexations, small jealous-
ies, the little disappointments, the minor mi-
series, that make the heart heavy and the
temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a
pure waste of vitality.