

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Necessity of Suffering.

It was one of the truest sayings of one of the sweetest Christian poets that ever wrote,
 "The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

It is God's will and way to make his children perfect through suffering. Even the great Captain of our salvation had to be sealed with the sacred seal of suffering. In the language of the quaint old hymn, so full of genuine religious experience,

'Christ leads us through no darker way
 Than he went through before;
 He that into God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by that door.'

Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain;
 He told me no less.

The heirs of salvation,
 I know by his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.'

'You have entered the ship with Christ, (said Luther to his friend, John of Hesse,) you have entered the ship with Christ; what do you look for? fine weather? Rather expect winds, tempests and waves to cover the vessel; till she begins to sink. This is the baptism with which you must begin to be baptized; and then the calm will follow upon your awakening with Christ, and imploring his help; for sometimes he will appear to sleep for a season.'

Suffering is intended to prepare and make room in our hearts for the grace of Christ, because the tendency of the human heart, if left to itself, is to pride and self-dependence; and if suffered to work our own way, we will almost inevitably make shipwreck of our own souls. He who has infinite wisdom knows what ballast of suffering we want, as well as what fair wind to swell our sails; and his love will undertake both for the one and the other, and so temper them together, that we may not be stranded on the heavy sands of adversity, nor be drawn off out of our reckoning by too strong a gale of apparent prosperity. Let us adore our heavenly Father for his merciful and wise dispensations, and pray with sincerity of heart that he will neither give us those possessions which would in any wise draw our hearts aside from him, nor take away that suffering which is designed to draw us to him, until it has wrought this effect, nor suffer our ears to get heavy or dull under his teachings. That is a striking word of Jeremiah, true, alas, of very many, 'I spake unto thee in thy prosperity and thou saidst I will not hear.' How often is it so, a man's ear wanton and ungoverned, or quite deaf to expostulation and to the voice even of God, and the heart as obdurate as marble, till the deaf ear is pierced, and the hard heart made tender by suffering.

'Tis sorrow teaches us the truth of things,
 Which have been hid beneath the crown of flowers
 That gladness wears.' [Evangelist.]

A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

The following melancholy picture of a drunkard's home is copied from the Buffalo Spectator. The writer says it may be relied on as fact:

"Intemperance rifles 'sweet home' of its pleasant joys. A few weeks ago, I addressed the people in Sunbury, Conn., on intemperance. Sabbath afternoon I visited a drunkard's home. There was but a single room in the house, and that looked as if it had not for a long time known the operation of cleansing. It was covered with dirt. Sticks, crumbs of bread, walnut shells, were scattered over the floor. On a chest sat Jeremiah Hamerson, the father. He was no common drunkard. For fifteen years he could justly be styled the 'King of Drunkard's.' He had from day to day drank himself drunk, in spite of every thing. He was a mechanic. He had been a man of strong mind, and extensive reading and intelligence; and was said to have a remarkable tenacious memory.

"Intemperance had, during fifteen successive years, sunk him lower and lower. Some of the bitter fruits of his transgressions were blasphemy, infidelity, abuse of his wife, poverty, disease, and debt. Hamerson sat on the chest, resting his elbow on a table, on which were a few dishes, broken and dirty. Two of his children stood near.

Some men from the house of God soon swept and cleansed the room, and removed the pieces

of furniture and bed out of doors. This was hardly done before a sleigh came slowly to the door, bringing the ghastly and stiffened corpse of Hamerson's wife, which had been found in the neighbouring woods. Hamerson had often savagely beat this miserable woman. Her cries sometimes were heard at a distance of half a mile. At last her spirit sunk: it seemed as if the grave was the only outlet for her accumulated sorrows. A few days before this, Hamerson had beat her severely; in despair, she fled into the woods, and perished alone, in darkness and storm, at midnight. This was a drunkard's home. Would that every female, about to unite her interests with one who tastes the intoxicating cup, could look upon this home! Verily they would 'receive instruction.'

THE WAY TO CURE A BAD HUSBAND.

One Farmer Potter, of the Parish of Bow, in Devonshire, a man much inclined to sottishness, having occasion to sell a yoke of oxen, drove them to Crediton Fair, about six or seven miles distance—and meeting with a good Fair, agreeable entertainment, and jovial companions, he was mightily in his element, and did not cry to go home, but tarried there some weeks, singing the songs of the drunkard, until at last he was disposed to set out for Bow, and taking his landlord with him, they soon arrived at the farmer's house, where he expected to meet with a warm reception from his wife; but the good woman had formed a better resolution. Upon the sight of his wife, who came to the door, he accosted her with, "So, Grace, I am returned;" to which she answered, "I see you be, my dear; you are very welcome." "But," said he, "I have brought another man with me." Quoth she, "He is welcome, too, for your sake." "But my love," replied he, "I have sold my oxen."—"My dear," replied she, "you went to the fair for that purpose." "I've spent the money."—"If you have," quoth she, "'twas no more than your own." "But, farther than that," said he, "I have gone a score to the amount of forty shillings, and here is my landlord come for it." "If so," said she, "I'll go up stairs and fetch it to him," which she immediately did; and afterwards treating the landlord with a pitcher of cider and a pipe of tobacco, in an amicable manner he took his leave. The farmer being so charmed with the good economy of his wife Grace, told her, with tears in his eyes, he would do so more; and declared her his darling, and the best of women; and from thence lived temperate and happy with Dame Grace to the day of his death. But had she stormed him in the manner too many are wont to do on such occasions, there is the greatest probability in the world, he would have pursued his vicious course of life, and brought down poor Dame Grace's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

A GENTLE HINT.

I was amused the last morning watch that I kept. We were stowing the hammocks in the deck nettings, when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his cheek.

"What have you got there, my good lad—a gum-bile? your cheek is much swelled."

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there's nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be; is it a bad tooth, then? open your mouth, and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, and discovered a large roll of tobacco.

"I see, I see," said the first lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with his tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance, the boy was made to open his mouth, while the chew of tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There now," said the first lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have any appetite. Now, captain of the after-guard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand here, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the after-guard came forward, and putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with the sand and canvas for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the first lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, your mouth is nice and clean, and you'll enjoy your breakfast. It was

impossible for you to have eaten any thing with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it's dirty again, come to me, and I'll be your dentist."

From the Vermont Chronicle.

SCOTLAND AND THE BIBLE.

The common schools of Scotland have a powerful influence in moulding the character of the people.—In the southern parts of the country, with which I am more particularly acquainted, a good education is placed within the reach of the whole rising generation, and there is not a child that does not acquire some knowledge of the ordinary branches of learning. The course of education in the common schools of Scotland is not very extensive, but the instruction given in the different branches which compose that course, is thorough; and by means of it, a foundation is laid on which may be erected a superstructure of almost any dimensions. Biblical instruction forms a part of the exercises of every school. The Bible, so far as I know, is always one of the class books; and the Assembly's Catechism is regularly repeated by every scholar that is old enough to commit it to memory. Other compendiums of Christian doctrine and duty, in the shape of catechisms, suited to the different capacities and attainments of the pupils, are used in most of the schools. At the Seminary, which I attended, we were required, every Monday to repeat the texts of the sermons which we had heard the preceding day; and if any of us had not attended a place of worship, it was expected that we should give a satisfactory reason why we had not done so. I cannot say how common such rules were in other schools; but I know that we were obliged to submit to them, and never supposed that we were more strictly dealt with than others in our circumstances. Even in the classical schools of Scotland, one day in the week is usually devoted to the reading of books on religious subjects; so far, at least, as my knowledge enables me to speak on this point, such a practice is common. "Sacred Dialogues," and "Buchanan's Psalms" (Latin) are books which form part of the reading of the different classes that pass through the grammar schools of Scotland. It is unnecessary to say, that all this is well calculated to exert upon the youthful mind an influence which is favorable to religion and morality.

Instruction on religious subjects is given, at stated times, by most of their respective households. The evening of the Sabbath is usually employed in reading the Scriptures, and in attending to catechetical and other religious exercises. The Assembly's Catechism is made a text book in every family, as well as in every school. Family worship is so common in Scotland, that it is attended to, in many instances, even by those who are not considered as pious.

Expository preaching is common among all the different denominations in Scotland; and this I doubt not, contributes largely to the intelligence of the people on religious subjects. I believe there are ministers in Scotland, who have in their public discourses, expounded to their congregations the whole of the sacred Scriptures. It is interesting to see every person, young and old, come to meeting with his Bible, and follow the minister as he proceeds from verse to verse, and refers to the different passages by means of which he illustrates and confirms the various positions advanced in his discourse. In the south of Scotland, and, for anything I know to the contrary, in other parts of the country also, it is so common for people to carry their Bibles with them to the House of God, or to keep a sufficient number for the use of their families in their pews, that any person who might not have one, would appear singular, and it would be deemed a piece of politeness to hand him one to use during the time of the meeting.

The Scotch ministers regularly examine their people on theological subjects. Once, at least, or more commonly twice in the year, every minister goes around the whole of what would be called his "parish," and catechises all his hearers, old and young, male and female. On the Sabbath day he appoints from the pulpit the place and time of his "examinations" during the week; and it is expected that at the appointed hour, all his hearers who reside in the neighborhood shall assemble in the house which has been fixed upon for the meeting. The minister has a list of his people in the vicinity, which he calls over, each one answering to his name as called. The names of those who may be absent are marked, and enquiries are made of such as are present whether the reason of their absence is known. The Assembly's Catechism is always made a text-book on such occasions; and the man, woman, or child that could not answer the questions contained in that manual, would be sure to be noticed as peculiarly ignorant by all who were present.

Such, I think, are some of the most important of the means which, under God, have rendered the

people of Scotland so distinguished among the rest of the nations of the earth for their knowledge, their morality, and their religion. So far as these means have fallen into disuse, in any part of the country, the people have become as ignorant and vicious as others; but so far as they have been vigorously employed, they have been instrumental in maintaining that high standard of sobriety and intelligence for which the Scotch have been so noted.

INGRATITUDE.

Our readers will agree with us, that the following recital, in which we mention no names, exhibits an instance of inexcusable ingratitude. Mr. A. had for many years shown peculiar favor to his poor neighbor, Mr. B. He raised him from the lowest state of life, educated him, put him into a profitable business, and did not suffer a day to pass without conferring on him some favor. It would be endless to recount the many acts of kindness shown him by his disinterested benefactor. Mr. B. was not entirely insensible to the kindness of his benevolent friend, but as the sequel will show, he did not requite it.—On one occasion he requested the man he had enriched to perform a slight service for him, which would cost him neither trouble or expense. Of course he promised to do it, but on enquiry, several days after, it was found that he had neglected it, and pleaded in excuse, that he had forgotten the request. Without any rebuke, the request was renewed, and a similar promise given, but again it was neglected by Mr. B., on the plea that he had been too busy to attend to it. The same thing was repeated again and again, Mr. B. always finding some excuse for disregarding the commission of his friend. What peculiarly aggravated this ingratitude was, that during the whole time, Mr. A. was daily conferring some fresh benefit on his neighbor, which he now seemed to receive as mere matters of course, which called for no particular acknowledgement.—At length Mr. A. called upon his neighbor who was surrounded by comforts, which had all been the gifts of his benevolence, and told him that he wished him to attend to a little service, in the prompt performance of which his credit and reputation in the neighborhood was involved. "Of course," said Mr. B., "if your honor in any degree depends on my faithfully attending to this business, I will make everything else give place, while I perform it."—With this assurance they parted, and yet will it be credited, that Mr. B., loaded with benefits, and under so many obligations to his friend, actually forgot his promise, and by his neglect gave occasion to the whole neighborhood to assail Mr. A. as not a man of his word!

The baseness of this ingratitude must be admitted by all, and our readers would no doubt wish to know the real name of Mr. B., that they might hold it up to public execration. Even then, at the risk of being personal, we will disclose the whole.—Reader, thou art the man! The blessed Saviour has conferred benefits on you, which you can never repay. He asks in return only your friendship and such services of kindness, as profit you more than they can him. He requests you to shield the honor of his name, and yet, in the daily receipt of his favors, you forget him, neglect him, and suffer his holy name to be blasphemed!—Presbyterian.

A LESSON FOR STATESMEN.

The purposes of Providence, as declared by those Divine Records whose prophecies have now become history, were often such as no human sagacity, looking merely at second causes, could have anticipated—such as no human power then existing could have effected. Still they were wrought out in conformity with that higher, and uniform, and all-encompassing movement, with reference to which he who stands at the helm should guide the state; but to ascertain which, he must not take his bearing from the shifting headlands of circumstances, but must lift his eyes to those eternal principles which abide ever the same.

On this subject there is written on the walls of the past a lesson for statesmen that needs no interpreter. Look at Babylon. Who is it that stands before its walls, and utters its doom? It is a despised Jew. And who is he that walks in pride upon those walls, and as he points to that mighty city as the centre of civilization and power, as combining every advantage of climate and of commerce, mocks at that doom? It is a politician of those days. The voice of the prophet is uttered, and it seems to pass idly upon the wind. The eye of sense sees no effect. No clouds gather, no lightnings descend. But that voice was not in vain. The waters of desolation heard it in their distant caves, and never ceased to rise till they had whelmed palace, and tower, and temple in one undistinguished ruin.