

# VARIOUS

MRS. WHITTEELSEY'S  
MAGAZINE FOR  
MOTHERS AND  
DAUGHTERS

**Various**  
**Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine**  
**for Mothers and Daughters**

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Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine for Mothers and Daughters / Volume 3:*

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# **Various Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine for Mothers and Daughters / Volume 3**

## **A WORD OF EXHORTATION**

Sensible of our accountability to God, of our entire dependence upon his blessing for success in all our undertakings, knowing that of ourselves we can do nothing, but believing that through Christ strengthening us we may accomplish something in his service, we enter upon the duties of another year—the twentieth year of our editorial labors.

With language similar to that which the mother of Moses is supposed to have employed when she laid her tender offspring by the margin of the Nile:—

"Know this ark is charmed  
With incantations Pharaoh ne'er employed,  
With spells that impious Egypt never knew;  
With invocations to the living God,  
I twisted every slender reed together,  
And with a prayer did every ozier weave"—

we launched our frail bark upon the tide of public opinion. Since then, with varied success, have we pursued our course—often amid darkness, through difficulties and dangers, and to the present time have we been wafted in safety on our voyage, because, as he did Moses in the ark, "the Lord hath shut us in."

Referring whatever of success has attended our efforts to His blessing, and believing that He has given us length of days, and strengthened our weakness, and poured consolation into our hearts when ready to sink in despair, in answer to persevering and importunate prayer, we come to direct our readers to this source of wisdom and aid,—to urge upon them to engage often in this first duty and highest privilege. Let us go forth, dear friends, to the work we have to do in the education of our families, having invoked the Divine blessing upon our efforts, holding on to the promises of the covenant, and pleading for their fulfillment in reference to ourselves and our households.

As Mrs. H. More has beautifully said: "Prayer draws all the Christian graces into her focus. It draws Charity, followed by her lovely train—her forbearance with faults—her forgiveness of injuries—her pity for errors—her compassion for want. It draws Repentance, with her holy sorrows—her pious resolutions—her self-distrust. It attracts Truth, with her elevated eyes; Hope, with her gospel anchor; Beneficence, with her open hand; Zeal, looking far and wide; Humility, with introverted eye, looking at home."

And who need these graces more than parents, in the government and training of those committed to their charge? Could our Savior rise a great while before day,—forego the pleasures of social intercourse with his beloved disciples, and retiring to the mountains, offer up prayers with strong crying and tears, unto Him who was able to save from death in that he feared, and shall we, intrusted with the immortal destinies of our beloved offspring, refuse to follow his example, and pleading want of time and opportunity for this service, be guilty of unbelief, of indolence, and worldly-mindedness?

You labor in vain, dear readers, unless the arm of the Almighty shall be extended in your behalf, and you cannot receive the blessing except you ask it. Let then your supplications be addressed to your Father in heaven;—pray humbly, believingly, perseveringly, for wisdom and aid, then may you expect to be blessed. So important is this duty, and so much is it neglected, that we could not forbear to urge your attention thereto, ere we entered upon another year.

And will not our Christian friends remember us in their prayers, asking that we may be directed in what we shall say and do this present year, in the work in which we are engaged? And if God shall answer our united petitions, we shall not labor in vain.

**Original**

# TO FATHERS

BY AMICUS

How gladly would the writer gain (were it possible) the ear of every father in the land, if it were but for the short space of one quarter of an hour,—nay, some ten minutes, at a *propitious time*,—such a time as, perhaps, occasionally occurs, when business cases are not pressing, when the mind is at ease, and the heart has ceased its worldly throbbings. He wants such a quarter of an hour, if it ever exists.

"And for what?" That he may have an opportunity to propose some worldly scheme,—some plan which has reference to the probable accumulation of hundreds of thousands? Nothing of the kind. Fathers at the present day generally need no suggestions of this sort—no impulses from me in that direction. They are already so absorbed, that it is difficult to gain their attention to any matters which do not concern the line of business in which they are engaged.

Look for a moment at that busy, bustling man; you see him walking down Broadway this morning; it is early, quite early. May be he is calling a physician, or is on some visit to a sick friend. He walks so fast; and though early, there is something on



his brow which indicates care and anxiety. And yet I think no one of his family is sick, nor do I know of any of his friends who are sick. I have seen that man out thus early so often, and hurrying at just that pace, that I suspect, after all, he is on his way to his place of business. That, doubtless, is the whole secret. He is engaged in a large mercantile concern. It seems to require—at least it takes—all his attention. He is absorbed in it. And, if you repair to his store or office at any hour of the day, you can scarcely see him,—not at all,—unless it be on some errand connected with his business, or with the business of some office he holds, and which *must* be attended to; and even in these matters you will find him restless. He attends to you so far as to hear your errand; and what then? Why, if it will require any length of time, he says: "I am very busy at this moment, I can't *possibly* attend to it to-day; will you call to-morrow? I may then have more leisure." Well, you agree for to-morrow. "Please name the hour," you say. He replies—"I can't *name any hour*; but call, say after twelve o'clock, and I will catch a moment, *if I can*, to talk over the business."

Now, that merchant is not to blame for putting you off. His business calls are so many and so complex, that he scarcely knows which way to turn, nor what calculations to make. The real difficulty is, he has undertaken too much; his plans are too vast; his "irons," as they say, are too many.

This is the *morning* aspect of affairs. Watch that merchant during the day,—will you find things essentially different? The morning, which is dark and cloudy and foggy, is sometimes

followed by a clear, bright, beautiful day. The mists at length clear off, the clouds roll away, and a glorious sun shines out broadly to gladden the face of all nature. Not so with the modern man of business. It is labor, whirl, toil, all the day, from the hour of breakfast till night puts an end to the active, hurrying concerns of all men. There is no bright, cheerful, peaceful day to him. Scarcely has he time to eat—never to *enjoy* his dinner,—that must be finished in the shortest possible time: often at some restaurant, rather than with his family. Not one member of that does he see from the time he leaves the breakfast table till night, dark night has stretched out her curtain over all things.

Let us go home with him, and see how the evening passes.

His residence, from his place of business, perchance, is a mile or two distant—may be some fifteen or twenty, in which latter case he takes the evening train of cars. In either case he arrives home only at the setting in of the evening shades. How pleasant the release from the noise and confusion of the city! or, if he resides within the city, how pleasant in shutting his door, as he enters his dwelling, to shut out the thoughts and cares of business! His tea is soon ready, and for a little time he gives himself up to the comforts of home. His wife welcomes him, his children may be hanging upon him, and he realizes something of the joys of domestic life!

Scarcely, however, is supper ended, before it occurs to him that there is a meeting of such a committee, or such an insurance company, to which he belongs, and the hour is at hand, and he

*must* go. And he hies away, and in some business on hand he becomes absorbed till the hours of nine, ten, or eleven, possibly twelve o'clock. He returns again to his home, wearied with the toils of the day,—his wife possibly, but certainly his children, have retired,—and he lays his aching head upon his pillow to catch some few hours of rest, and with the morning light to go through essentially the same busy routine, the same absorbing care, the same wearing, weary process.

This is an outline of the life which thousands of fathers are leading in this country at this present time. We do not pretend that it is true of all,—but is it not substantially true, as we have said, of thousands? And not only of thousands in our crowded marts of commerce, but in our principal towns—nay, even in our rural districts. It is an age of impulse. Every thing is proceeding with railroad speed. Every branch of business is urged forward with all practical earnestness. Every sail is set—main-sail, top-sails, star-gazers, heaven-disturbers—all expanded to catch the breeze, and urge the vessel to her destined port.

This thirst for gain! this panting after fortune! this competition in the race for worldly wealth, or honor, where is it leading the present generation—where?

To men who have families—to fathers, who see around them children just emerging from childhood into youth, or verging toward manhood,—this is and should be a subject of the deepest interest.

Fathers! am I wrong when I say you are neglecting your

offspring? Neglecting them? do I hear you respond with surprise;—"Am I not daily, hourly stretching every nerve and tasking every power to provide for them, to insure them the means of an honorable appearance in that rank of society in which they were born, and in which they must move? In these days of competition, who sees not that any relaxation involves and necessarily secures bankruptcy and ruin?"

I hear you, and you urge strongly, powerfully your cause. You must, indeed, provide for your household. You must be diligent in business. You may—you ought in some good measure, to keep up with the spirit, the progress of the age. But has it occurred to you that there is danger in doing as you do; that you will neglect some other interests of your children as important, to say the least, as those you have named? Are not your children immortal? Have they not souls of priceless value? Have they not tendencies to evil from the early dawn of their being? And must not these souls be instructed—watched over? Do they not need counsel—warning—restraint? "O yes!" I hear you say, "they must be instructed—restrained—guided—all that, but this is the appropriate business and duty of their *mother*. I leave all these to her. I have no leisure for such cares myself; my business compels me to leave in charge all these matters to her."

And where, my friend—if I may speak plainly—do you find any warrant in the Word of God for such assumptions as these? Leave all the care of your children's moral and religious instruction, guidance, restraint, to their mother! It is indeed her

duty, and in most cases she finds it her pleasure, to watch over her beloved ones. And in the morning of their being, and in the first years of their childhood, it is *hers* to watch over them, to cherish them, and to bring out and direct the first dawns of their moral and intellectual being.

But beyond this the duties of father and mother are coincident. At a certain point your responsibilities touching the training of your children blend. I find nothing in the Word of God which separates fathers and mothers in relation to bringing up their children in the ways of virtue and obedience to God.

I know what fathers plead. I see the difficulties which often lie in their path. I am aware of the competition which marks every industrial pursuit in the land. And many men who wish it were different, who would love to be more with their families, who would delight to aid in instructing their little ones, find it, they think, quite impossible so to alter their business—so to cast off pressure and care, as to give due attention to the moral and religious training of their children.

But, fathers, might you not do better than you do? Suppose you should make the effort to have *an hour* each day to aid your wife in giving a right moral direction to your little ones? How you would encourage her! What an impulse would you give to her efforts! Now, how often has she a burden imposed upon her, which she is unable to bear! What uneasiness and worry—what care and trouble are caused her, by having, in this matter of training the children, to go on single-handed! whereas, were

your parental authority added to her maternal tenderness, your children would prove the joy of your hearts and the comfort of your declining years. But as you manage—or rather as you neglect to manage them, a hundred chances to one if they do not prove your sorrow, when in years you are not able well to sustain it. Gather a lesson, my friend, from the conduct of David in respect to Absolom. He neglected him—he indulged him, and what was the consequence? The bright, beautiful, gifted Absolom planted thorns in his father's crown,—he attempted to dethrone him,—he was a fratricide,—he would have been a parricide: and what an end! Oh, what an end! Listen to the sorrowful outpourings of a fond, too fond, unfaithful parent: "My son, oh, my son Absolom,—would to God I had died for thee, oh, Absolom, my son, my son!"

Take another example, and may it prove a warning to such indulgence and such neglect! Eli had sons, and they grew up, and they walked in forbidden ways, and he restrained them not; yet he was a good man: but good men are sometimes most unfaithful fathers, and what can they expect? Shall we sin because grace abounds? Shall we neglect our children in expectation that the grace of God will intervene to rescue them in times of peril? That expectation were vain while we neglect our duty. That expectation is nearly or quite sure to be realized if duty be performed.

But I must insist no longer; I will only add, then, in a word,—that it were far, far better that your children should occupy a

more humble station in life—that they should be dressed in fewer of the "silks of Ormus," and have less gold from the "mines of Ind," than to be neglected by a father in regard to their moral and religious training. Better leave them an interest in the Covenant than thousands of the treasures of the world. Your example, fathers,—your counsel—your prayers, are a better bequest than any you can leave them. Think of leaving them in a cold, rude, selfish world, without the grace of God to secure them, without his divine consolation to comfort. Think of the "voyage of awful length," you and they must "sail so soon." Think of the meeting in another world which lies before you and them, and say, Does the wide world afford that which could make amends for a separation—an eternal separation from these objects of your love?

## **Original**

# FAULT-FINDING: ITS EFFECTS

"What in creation have you done! Careless boy, how could you be so heedless? You are forever 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 I am sorry to say they were uttered by Mr. Colman, who would be exceedingly indignant if any body should hint a suspicion that he was, or could be, other than a gentleman, and a *Christian*. His son, a bright and well-meaning lad of fourteen, had accidentally hit the end of a pretty new walking cane, which his favorite cousin had given him a few hours before, against a delicate china vase which stood upon the mantle-piece, and in a moment it lay in fragments at his feet. He was sadly frightened, and would have been very sorry too, but for the harsh and ill-timed reproof of his father, which checked the humble plea for forgiveness just rising to his lips, and as Mr. Colman left the room, put on his hat and coat in the hall, and closed the street door with more than usual force, to go to his store, the young lad's feelings were anything but dutiful. Just then his mother entered.

"Why James Colman! Did you do that? I declare you are the most careless boy I ever beheld! That beautiful pair of vases your father placed there New Year's morning, to give me a pleasant surprise. I would not have had it broken for twenty dollars."



"Mother, I just hit it accidentally with this little cane, and I'm sure I'm as sorry as I can be."

"And what business has your cane in the parlor, I beg to know? I'll take it, and you'll not see it again for the present, if this is the way you expect to use it. You deserve punishment for such carelessness, and I wish your father had chastised you severely." And taking the offending cane from his hand, she, too, left him to meditations, somewhat like the following:—

"'Tis too bad, I declare! If I had tried to do the very wickedest thing I possibly could, father and mother would not have scolded me worse. That dear little cane! I told Henry I would show it to him on my way to school, and now what shall I say about it? It's abominable—it's right down cruel to treat me so. When I had not intended to do the least thing wrong, only just as I was looking at the bottom of my cane, by the merest accident the head of it touched that little useless piece of crockery. I hate the sight of you," he added, touching the many colored and gilded fragments with the toe of his boot, as they lay before him, "and I hate father and mother, and every body else—and I'm tired of being scolded for nothing at all. Big boy as I am, they scold me for every little thing, just as they did when I was a little shaver like Eddy. What's the use? I won't bear it. I declare I won't much longer." And then followed reveries like others often indulged before, of being his own master, and doing as he pleased without father and mother always at hand to dictate, and find fault, and scold him so bitterly if he happened to make a little mistake. Other boys of his age had

left home, and taken care of themselves, and he would too. "I am as good a scholar as any one in school, except Charles Harvey, and I am as strong as any boy I play with, and pity if I can't take care of myself. Home! Yes, to be sure it might be a dear good home, but father is so full of business, and anxious, and thinking all the time, he never speaks to one of us, unless it is to tell us to do something, or to find fault with what is done. And mother—fret, fret, fret, tired to death with the care of the children, and company, and servants, and societies, and every thing—it really seems as if she had lost all affection for us—*me*, at any rate, and I am sure I don't care for any body that scolds at me so, and the sooner I am out of the way the better. I am sure if father is trying to make money to leave me some of it, I'd a thousand times rather he'd give me pleasant words as we go along, than all the dollars I shall ever get—yes, indeed I had."

The above scene, I am sorry to say, is but a sample of what occurred weekly, and I fear I might say daily, or even hourly, to some member of the family of Mr. Colman, and yet Mr. and Mrs. Colman were very good sort of people—made a very respectable appearance in the world, regular at church with their children—ate symbolically of the body, and drank of the blood, of that loving Savior, who ever spake gently to the youthful and the erring—and meant to be, and really thought they were, the very best of parents. Their children were well cared for, mentally and physically. They were well fed, well clothed, attended the best schools—but as they advanced beyond the years of infancy, there

was in each of them the sullen look, or the discouraged tone, the tart reply, or the vexing remark, which made them any thing but beloved by their companions, any thing but happy themselves. At home there was ever some scene of dispute, or unkindness, to call forth the stern look, or the harsh command of their parents—abroad, the mingled remains of vexation and self-reproach, caused by their own conduct or that of others, made them hard to be pleased—and so the cloud thickened about them, and with all outward means for being happy, loving and beloved, they were a wretched family. James, the eldest, was impetuous and self-willed, but affectionate, generous, and very fond of reading and study, and with gentle and judicious management, would have been the joy and pride of his family, with the domestic and literary tastes so invaluable to every youth, in our day, when temptations of every kind are so rife in our cities and larger towns, that scarcely is the most moral of our young men safe, except in the sanctuary of God, or the equally divinely appointed sanctuary of home. But under the influences we have sketched, he had already begun to spend all his leisure time at the stores, the railroad dépôts, wharves, engine-houses, and other places of resort for loiterers, where he saw much to encourage the reckless and disobedient spirit, which characterized his soliloquy above quoted. Little did his parents realize the effects of their own doings. Full of the busy cares of this hurrying life, they fancied all was going on well, nor were they aroused to his danger, until some time after the scene of the broken vase, above alluded

to, when his more frequent and prolonged absence from home, at meal times, and until a late hour in the evening, caused a severe reprimand from his father. With a heart swelling with rage and vexation, James went to his room—but not to bed. The purpose so long cherished in his mind, of leaving parental rule and restraint, was at its height. He opened his closet and bureau, and deliberately selected changes of clothing which would be most useful to him, took the few dollars he had carefully gathered for some time past for this purpose, and made all the preparation he could for a long absence from the home, parents, and friends, where, but for ungoverned tempers and tongues, he might have been so useful, respected and happy. When he could think of no more to be done, he looked about him. How many proofs of his mother's careful attention to his wishes and his comfort, did his chamber afford! And his little brother, five years younger, so quietly sleeping in his comfortable bed! Dearly he loved that brother, and yet hardly a day passed, in which they did not vex, and irritate, and abuse each other. He was half tempted to lie down by his side, and give up all thoughts of leaving home. But no. How severe his father would look at breakfast, and his mother would say something harsh. "No. I'll quit, I declare I will—and then if their hearts ache, I shall be glad of it. Mine has ached, till it's as hard as a stone. No, I've often tried, and now I'll go. I won't be called to account, and scolded for staying out of the house, when there is no comfort to be found in it." And again rose before his mind many scenes of cold indifference or harshness from his

parents, which had, as he said, hardened his heart to stone. "I'll bid good bye to the whole of it. Little Em,—darling little sister! I wish I could kiss her soft sweet cheek once more. But she grows fretful every day, and by the time she is three years old, she will snap and snarl like the rest of us. I'll be out of hearing of it any way." And he softly raised the window sash, and slipped upon the roof of a piazza, from which he had often jumped in sport with his brothers, and in a few moments was at the dépôt. Soon the night train arrived, and soon was James in one of our large cities—and inquiring for the wharf of a steamer about to sail for California; and when the next Sabbath sun rose upon the home of his youth, he was tossing rapidly over the waves of the wide, deep, trackless ocean, one moment longing to be again amid scenes so long dear and familiar, and the next writhing, as he thought of the anger of his father, the reproaches of his mother. On he went, often vexed at the services he was called to perform, in working his passage out, for which his previous habits had poorly prepared him. On went the stanch vessel, and in due time landed safely her precious freight of immortal beings at the desired haven—but some of them were to see little of that distant land, where they had fondly hoped to find treasure of precious gold, and with it happiness. The next arrival at New York brought a list of recent deaths. Seven of that ship's company, so full of health and buoyancy and earthly hopes, but a few short months before, were hurried by fevers to an untimely, a little expected grave. And on that fatal list, was read with agonized hearts in

the home of his childhood, the name of their first-born—James Colman, aged sixteen.

Boys! If your father and mother, in the midst of a thousand cares and perplexities, of which you know nothing—cares, often increased seven-fold, 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—rather with noble disregard of your own feelings, strive still more to please them, to soothe the weary spirit you have disturbed, and so in due time you shall reap the reward of well-doing, and the blessing of Him, who hath given you the fifth commandment, and with it a promise.

Fathers! Provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged, for the tempter is ever at hand to lead them astray. The harsh reproof—the undeserved blame—cold silence, where should be the kind inquiry, or the affectionate welcome—oh, how do these things chill the young heart, and plant reserve where should be the fullest confidence, if you would save your child.

Mothers! Where shall the youthful spirit look for the saving influence of love, if not to you? The young heart craves sympathy. It must have it—it will have it. If not found at home, it will be found in the streets, and oh, what danger lurks there! Fathers and mothers—see to it, that if your child's heart cease to beat, your own break not with the remembrance of words and looks, that bite like a serpent and sting like an adder!

*Ellen Ellison.*

**Original**

# CHINESE DAUGHTERS

*Chánghái, Aug. 15th, 1851.*

My dear Mrs. Whittelsey:

In order to keep before my own mind a deep interest for this people, and to awaken corresponding sympathies in my native land, I make short monthly memorandums of my observations among the Chinese. They are indeed a singular people, with manners and customs peculiar to themselves; and it would seem that, in domestic life, every practice was the opposite of our own; but in the kindly feelings of our nature, those whom I have seen brought under the influence of Christian cultivation, are as susceptible as those of any nation on earth. At first they are exceedingly suspicious of you,—they do not, they *cannot* understand your motives in your efforts to do them good; and it is not until by making one's actions consistent with our words, and by close observation on their part, that you enjoy their confidence.

Since I last wrote I have been quite indisposed. During my husband's absence in committee my nurses were Chinese girls, one eleven, the other thirteen years of age. No mother who had bestowed the greatest care and cultivation upon her daughters, could have had more affectionate attention than I had from these late heathen girls,—they were indeed unto me as



daughters,—every want was anticipated, and every thing that young, affectionate hearts could suggest, was done to alleviate my pain. One has been four years, the other a year and a-half, under instruction. Christianity softens, subdues, and renders docile the human mind, before the dark folds of heathenism have deepened and thickened with increasing years.

One of these pupils, after reading in the New Testament the narrative of Christ's sufferings, one day asks—"Why did Jesus come and suffer and be crucified?" I then explained to her as well as I could in her own tongue. She always seems thoughtful when she reads the Scriptures. Will some maternal association remember in prayer these Chinese girls?

During the current month a vile placard has been published against foreigners, and some of the pupils have been railed at by their acquaintances for being under our instruction. One, on returning from a visit to her friends, told me the bitter and wicked things that were said and written; I asked her if she had found them true? she said "No." I asked her if foreigners, such as she had seen, spoke true or false? She said "always true." Did they wish to kill and destroy the Chinese as the placard stated? She replied, "No; but they helped the poor Chinese when their own people would not." The mothers were somewhat alarmed lest we were all to be destroyed. We told them there was nothing to fear, and their confidence remained unshaken.

The school has enjoyed a recess of a week from study, but they do not go to their own homes, except to return the same

day. Our house is just like a bee-hive, with their activity at their several employments; and usually some *deprivation* is a sufficient punishment for a dereliction from any duty.

Who will pray for these daughters? Who will sympathize with the low-estate of the female sex in China? I appeal to the happy mothers and daughters of America, our dear native land. Though severed from thee voluntarily, willingly, cheerfully, yet do we love thee still; thy Sabbaths hallowed by the voice of prayer and praise; thy Christian ordinances blessed with the Spirit's power. Oh, when will China, the home of our adoption, be thus enlightened, and her idol temples turned into sanctuaries for the living God?

*Affectionately,  
Eliza J. Bridgman.*

**Original**

# MINISTERING SPIRITS

## LINES WRITTEN FOR A LITTLE GIRL BY AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN

Do ANGELS minister to me—  
Can such a wonder ever be?  
Oh, sure they are too great;  
Too glorious with their raiment white,  
And wings so beautiful and bright,  
Upon a child to wait.

Yet so it is in truth, I know,  
For Jesus Christ has told us so,  
And that to them is given  
The loving task to guard with care  
And keep from every evil snare  
The chosen ones of heaven.

And so if I am good and mild,  
And try to be a holy child,  
My angel will rejoice;  
And sound his golden harp to Him  
Who dwells among the cherubim,

And praise Him with his voice.

But if I sin against the Lord,  
By evil thought or evil word,  
Or do a wicked thing;  
Ah! then what will my angel say?  
Oh, he will turn his face away,  
And veil it with his wing.

Then let us pray to Him who sends  
His angels down to be our friends,  
That, strengthened by his grace,  
I may not prove a wandering sheep,  
Nor ever make my angel weep,  
Nor hide his glorious face.

**Original**

# A TEMPTATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

Not long since, in one of the cities on the Atlantic seaboard, there was a lad employed in a large jewelry establishment. A part of his duty was to carry letters to the post-office, or to the mail-bag on the boat, when too late to be mailed in the regular way. On one occasion, after depositing his letters, he observed a part of a letter, put in by some other person, projecting above the opening in the bag. Seizing the opportunity he extracted this letter without being seen, and took it home. On examination he found it contained a draft for one thousand dollars. Forging the name of the person on whom it was drawn, he presented the draft at a bank and drew the money, and very soon afterwards proceeded to a distant western city.

After a little while, the draft was missed and inquiries made. It was found that this lad had been near the mailbag on the day when the missing letter had been put in it, that he was unusually well provided with money, and that he had suddenly disappeared. Officers of justice were commissioned to find him. They soon traced him to his new residence, charged him with his crime, which he at once confessed, and brought him back to meet the consequences of a judicial investigation. After a short imprisonment he was released on bail, but still held to

answer, and thus the case stands at present. He must of course be convicted, but whether the penalty of the law will be inflicted in whole or in part, it will be for the Executive to say.

Meanwhile the circumstances suggest some thoughts which may be worth the reader's attention. This lad was a member of a Sunday school, but irregular in his attendance, and this latter fact may in some degree explain his wandering from the right path. He might, indeed, have been a punctual attendant on his class, and still have fallen into this gross sin, but it is not at all probable. And it is curious and instructive, that wherever any inmates of prisons, houses of refuge, or other places of the kind, are found to have been connected with Sunday-schools, it is nearly always stated in accompaniment that they attended only occasionally and rarely.

Again, how much weight is there in Job's remarkable expression (ch. 31:5), *I have made a covenant with my eyes!* The eye, the most active of our senses, is the chiefest inlet of temptation, and hence the apostle John specifies "the lust of the eyes" as a leading form or type of ordinary sins. The lad in the case before us allowed his eye to dwell on the letter, until the covetous desire to appropriate it had grown into a fixed purpose. Had he made the same covenant as Job, and turned his eye resolutely away as soon as he felt the first wrongful emotion in his heart, the result had been widely different. But he rather imitated the unhappy Achan, who, in recounting his sin, says, "*When I saw among the spoils a Babylonish garment and two hundred shekels*

of silver, and a wedge of gold, *then* I coveted them." A fool's eyes soon lead his hands astray.

Here also we see the deceitfulness of the heart. A mere boy of fifteen years, of good ordinary training, at least in part connected with a Sunday-school, and not prompted by any urgent bodily necessity, commits a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. Had any one foretold to him a week before even the possibility of this occurrence, how indignantly would he have spurned the very thought! That he should become, and deservedly so, the inmate of a felon's cell—how monstrous the supposition! Yet so it came to pass. The heart is deceitful above all things, and he who trusts in it is "cursed." Multitudes find their own case the renewal of Hazael's experience. When Elijah told him the enormities he, when on the throne of Syria, would practice, he exclaimed—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do these things?" He was not then, but he afterwards became just such a dog.

But if the heart be deceitful, sin is scarcely less so. When the poor boy first clutched his prize, as he esteemed it, he promised himself nothing but pleasure and profit, but how miserably was he deceived! After he had converted the draft into money, and thus rendered its return impossible without detection, he saw his guilt in its true character, and for many nights tossed in torment on a sleepless bed, while at last he was made to take his place along with hardened convicts in a city prison. Thus it always is with sin. Like the book the apostle ate in vision, it is sweet as

honey in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Like the wine Solomon describes, it may sparkle in the cup and shoot up its bright beads on the surface, but at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The experiment has been tried times without number, from the beginning in Eden down to our own day, by communities and by individuals, but invariably with the same result. The way of transgressors is hard, however it may seem to them who are entering upon it a path of primrose dalliance. And surely "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Finally, how needful is it to pray—"Lead us not into temptation." Snares lie all around us, whether old or young, and it is vain to seek an entire escape from their intrusion. The lad we are considering, had not gone out of his way to meet the temptation by which he fell. On the contrary, he was doing his duty, he was just where he ought to have been. Yet there the adversary found him, and there he finds every man. The very fact that one is in a lawful place and condition is apt to throw him off his guard. There is but one safeguard under grace, and that is habitual watchfulness. Without this the strongest may fall—with it, the feeblest may stand firm. O for such a deep and abiding conviction of the keenness of temptation and the dreadful evil of sin as to lead all to cry mightily unto God, and at the same time be strenuous in effort themselves—to pray and also to watch.

**Original**



# MEMOIR OF MRS. VAN LENNEP

The following review, written by Mrs. D.E. Sykes, of the Memoir of Mrs. M.E. Van Lennepe, we deem among the finest specimens of that class of writings. The remarks it contains on the religious education of daughters are so much in point, and fall in so aptly with the design of our work, that we have obtained permission to publish it. We presume it will be new to most of our readers, as it originally appeared in the *New Englander*, a periodical which is seldom seen, except in a Theological Library.

An additional reason for our publishing it is, our personal interest both in the reviewer, who we are happy to say has become a contributor to our pages, and the reviewed—having been associated with the mothers of each, for a number of years, in that most interesting of all associations, "The Mother's Meeting."

For eleven years, Mary E. Hawes, afterwards Mrs. Van Lennepe, was an attentive and interested listener to the instructions given to the children at our quarterly meetings—and it is interesting to know that her mother regards the influence of those meetings as powerfully aiding in the formation of her symmetrical Christian character.

An eminent painter once said to us, that he always disliked to attempt the portrait of a woman; it was so difficult to give to such a picture the requisite boldness of feature and distinctness of

individual expression, without impairing its feminine character. If this be true in the delineation of the outer and material form, how much more true is it of all attempts to portray the female mind and heart! If the words and ways, the style of thinking and the modes of acting, all that goes to make up a biography, have a character sufficiently marked to individualize the subject, there is a danger that, in the relating, she may seem to have overstepped the decorum of her sex, and so forfeit the interest with which only true delicacy can invest the woman.

It is strange that biography should ever succeed. To reproduce any thing that was transient and is gone, not by repetition as in a strain of music, but by delineating the emotions it caused, is an achievement of high art. An added shade of coloring shows you an enthusiast, and loses you the confidence and sympathy of your cooler listener. A shade subtracted leaves so faint a hue that you have lost your interest in your own faded picture, and of course, cannot command that of another. Even an exact delineation, while it may convey accurately a part of the idea of a character, is not capable of transmitting the more volatile and subtle shades. You may mix your colors never so cunningly, and copy never so minutely every fold of every petal of the rose, and hang it so gracefully on its stem, as to present its very port and bearing, but where is its fragrance, its exquisite texture, and the dewy freshness which was its crowning grace?

So in biography, you may make an accurate and ample statement of facts,—you may even join together in a brightly

colored mosaic the fairest impressions that can be given of the mind of another—his own recorded thoughts and feelings—and yet they may fail to present the individual. They are stiff and glaring, wanting the softening transition of the intermediate parts and of attending circumstances.

And yet biography does sometimes succeed, not merely in raising a monumental pile of historical statistics, and maintaining for the friends of the departed the outlines of a character bright in their remembrance; but in shaping forth to others a life-like semblance of something good and fair, and distinct enough to live with us thenceforward and be loved like a friend, though it be but a shadow.

Such has been the feeling with which we have read and re-read the volume before us. We knew but slightly her who is the subject of it, and are indebted to the memoir for any thing like a conception of the character; consequently we can better judge of its probable effect upon other minds. We pronounce it a portrait successfully taken—a piece of uncommonly skillful biography. There is no gaudy exaggeration in it,—no stiffness, no incompleteness. We see the individual character we are invited to see, and in contemplating it, we have all along a feeling of personal acquisition. We have found rare treasure; a true woman to be admired, a daughter whose worth surpasses estimation, a friend to be clasped with fervor to the heart, a lovely young Christian to be admired and rejoiced over, and a self-sacrificing missionary to be held in reverential remembrance. Unlike most

that is written to commemorate the dead, or that unavails the recesses of the human heart, this is a cheerful book. It breathes throughout the air of a spring morning. As we read it we inhale something as pure and fragrant as the wafted odor of

"— old cherry-trees,  
Scented with blossoms."

We stand beneath a serene unclouded sky, and all around us is floating music as enlivening as the song of birds, yet solemn as the strains of the sanctuary. It is that of a life in unison from its childhood to its close; rising indeed like "an unbroken hymn of praise to God." There is no austerity in its piety, no levity in its gladness. It shows that "virtue in herself is lovely," but if "goodness" is ever "awful," it is not here in the company of this young happy Christian heart.

We have heard, sometimes, that a strictly religious education has a tendency to restrict the intellectual growth of the young, and to mar its grace and freedom. We have been told that it was not well that our sons and daughters should commit to memory texts and catechisms, lest the free play of the fancy should be checked and they be rendered mechanical and constrained in their demeanor, and dwarfish in their intellectual stature. We see nothing of this exemplified in this memoir. One may look long to find an instance of more lady-like and graceful accomplishments, of more true refinement, of more liberal and varied cultivation,

of more thorough mental discipline, of more pliable and available information, of a more winning and wise adaptation to persons and times and places, than the one presented in these pages. And yet this fair flower grew in a cleft of rugged Calvinism; the gales which fanned it were of that "wind of doctrine" called rigid orthodoxy. We know the soil in which it had its root. We know the spirit of the teachings which distilled upon it like the dew. The tones of that pulpit still linger in our ears, familiar as those of "*that good old bell*," and we are sure that there is no pulpit in all New England more uncompromising in its demands, more strictly and severely searching in its doctrines.

But let us look more closely at the events of this history of a life, and note their effect in passing upon the character of its subject.

Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Conn., was born in 1821. Following her course through her youth, we are no where surprised at the development of any remarkable power of mind. She was prayerful and conscientious, diligent in acquiring knowledge, enthusiastic in her love of nature, evincing in every thing a refined and feminine taste, and a quick perception of the beautiful in art, in literature, and in morals. But the charm of her character lay in the warmth of her heart. Love was the element in which she lived. She loved God—she loved her parents—she loved her companions—she loved everybody. It was the exuberant, gushing love of childhood, exalted by the influences of true piety. She seems never to have known what

it was to be repelled by a sense of weakness or unworthiness in another, or to have had any of those dislikes and distastes and unchristian aversions which keep so many of us apart. She had no need to "unlearn contempt." This was partly the result of natural temperament, but not all. Such love is a Christian grace. He that "hath" it, has it because he "dwelleth in God and God in him." It is the charity which Paul inculcated; that which "thinketh no evil," which "hopeth" and "believeth all things." It has its root in humility; it grows only by the uprooting of self. He who would cultivate it, must follow the injunction to let nothing be done through strife or vainglory, but in lowliness of heart esteem others better than himself. As Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst to teach his disciples, so would we place this young Christian woman in the assemblies of some who are "called of men Rabbi, Rabbi," that they may learn from her "which be the first principles" of the Christian life.

But let no one suppose that there was any weakness or want of just discrimination in the subject of this memoir. It is true that the gentler elements predominated in her character, and her father knew what she needed, when he gave her the playful advice to "*have more of Cato*." Without Christian principle she might have been a victim of morbid sensitiveness, or even at the mercy of fluctuating impulses; but religion supplied the tonic she needed, and by the grace of God aiding her own efforts, we see her possessed of firmness of purpose and moral courage enough to rebuke many of us who are made of sterner stuff.

For want of room we pass over many beautiful extracts from the memoir made to exhibit the traits of her character, and to illustrate what is said by the reviewer.

In September, 1843, Miss H. was married to the Rev. J. Van Lennep, and in the following October sailed with him for his home in Smyrna. Our readers have learned from the letter of Rev. Mr. Goodell, which we lately published, through what vicissitudes Mrs. Van Lennep passed after her arrival at Constantinople, which had been designated as her field of labor.

It was there she died, September 27, 1844, in the twenty-third year of her age, only one year and twenty-three days from her marriage-day, and before she had fully entered upon the life to which she had consecrated herself. Of her it has been as truly as beautifully said:

"Thy labor in the vineyard closed,  
Long e'er the noon-tide sun,  
The dew still glistened on the leaves,  
When thy short task was done."

And yet this life, "so little in itself," may be found to have an importance in its consequences, hardly anticipated at first by those who, overwhelmed by this sudden and impetuous providence, were ready to exclaim, "To what purpose is this waste?" Her day of influence will extend beyond the noon or the even-tide of an ordinary life of labor. "*Sweet Mary Hawes*" (as she is named by one who never saw her, and whose knowledge

of her is all derived from the volume we have been reviewing), shall long live in these pages, embalmed in unfading youth, to win and to guide many to Him, at whose feet she sat and learned to "choose the better part." Her pleasant voice will be heard in our homes, assuring our daughters that "there is no sphere of usefulness more pleasant than this;" bidding them believe that "it is a comfort to take the weight of family duties from a mother, to soothe and cheer a wearied father, and a delight to aid a young brother in his evening lesson, and to watch his unfolding mind." They shall catch her alacrity and cheerful industry, and her "facility in saving the fragments of time, and making them tell in something tangible" accomplished in them. They shall be admonished not to waste feeling in discontented and romantic dreaming, or in sighing for opportunities to do good on a great scale, till they have filled up as thoroughly and faithfully as she did the smaller openings for usefulness near at hand.

She shall lead them by the hand to the Sabbath-school teacher's humble seat, on the tract distributor's patient circuit, or on errands of mercy into the homes of sickness and destitution,—into the busy sewing-circle, or the little group gathered for social prayer. It is well too that they should have such a guide, for the offense of the Cross has not yet ceased, and the example of an accomplished and highly educated young female will not fail of its influence upon others of the same class, who wish to be Christians, and yet are so much afraid of every thing that may seem to border on *religious cant*, as to shrink back from the



prayer-meeting, and from active personal efforts for the salvation of others. Her cheerful piety shall persuade us that "*it is indeed the simplest, the easiest, the most blessed thing in the world, to give up the heart to the control of God*," and by daily looking to him for strength to conquer our corrupt inclinations, *to grow in every thing that will make us like him.*" Her bright smile is worth volumes to prove that "*Jesus can indeed satisfy the heart,*" and that if the experience of most of us has taught us to believe, that there is far more of conflict than of victory in the Christian warfare,—more shadow than sunshine resting upon the path of our pilgrimage, most of the fault lies in our own wayward choice. The child-like simplicity and serene faith of this young disciple, shall often use to rebuke our anxious fears, and charm away our disquietudes with the whisper—"*that sweet word, TRUST, tells all.*" Her early consecration of her all to the great work of advancing the Redeemer's kingdom, shall rouse us who have less left of life to surrender, to redouble our efforts in spreading like "love and joy and peace," over the earth, lest when it shall be said of her, "She hath done what she could," it shall also be added, "She hath done more than they all."

There has been no waste here,—no sacrifice but that by which, in oriental alchemy, the bloom and the beauty of the flower of a day is transmitted into the imperishable odor, and its fragrance concentrated, in order that it may be again diffused abroad to rejoice a thousand hearts. If any ask again, "To what purpose was this waste?"—we answer, "The Lord had need of

it."

We are indebted to God for the gift of Washington: but we are no less indebted to him for the gift of his inestimable mother. Had she been a weak and indulgent and unfaithful parent, the unchecked energies of Washington might have elevated him to the throne of a tyrant, or youthful disobedience might have prepared the way for a life of crime and a dishonored grave.

**Original**

# INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUNG IN THE DOCTRINES AND PRECEPTS OF THE GOSPEL

*Mrs. A.G. Whittelsey:*

Dear Madam—It is among the recollections of my early youth, that your departed husband was pastor of one of the churches in the southern section of Litchfield County, Conn. Among the distinguishing religious characteristics of that portion of country, at that period, was the soundness of the Congregational churches in the faith of the gospel: the means for which, in diligent use, were, the faithful preaching of the gospel in its great and fundamental doctrines and precepts; and catechetical instruction, in the family and in the school. I am not informed as to the present habits there, on the latter means. But knowing what was the practice, extensively, in regard to the instruction of children and youth, and what its effects on the interests of sound piety and morals in those days, I feel myself standing on firm ground for urging upon the readers of your Magazine, the importance of the instruction of the young in the doctrines and duties of the gospel. The position taken in your Magazine, on that great and important subject, Infant Baptism, is one which you will find approved and sustained by all who fully

appreciate the means for bringing the sons and daughters of the Church to Christ. I hope that in its pages will also be inculcated all those great and distinguishing doctrines and commands of our holy religion, which, in the Bible, and in the minds of all sound and faithful men, and all sound confessions of Christian faith, stand inseparably associated with Infant Baptism.

Such instruction should be imparted by parents themselves; not left to teachers in the Sabbath-school alone; as soon as the minds of children begin to be capable of receiving instruction, of any kind, and of being impressed, permanently, by such instruction. It should be imparted frequently—or, rather, constantly,—as God directed his anointed people: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou 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." It should be done with clearness and simplicity, adapted to the minds of children and youth; with particularity; and with a fullness, as regards "the whole word of God," which shall not leave them uninstructed in any doctrine or command in the sacred word. These points in the manner of instructing the young are suggested, with an eye to the fact, that since the establishment of Sunday-schools, there is a temptation for parents to leave to others this important work; that it is therefore delayed till the age at which children have learned to read,—by which time, some of the best opportunities for impressing

truth have become lost—because also there is infrequency and omission of duty; and because there is not always the requisite pains taken to have children understand what is taught; and indefinite ideas on the doctrines and precepts of the gospel are the consequences; and because there is an inclination, too often indicated, to pass over some doctrines and precepts, under the notion that they are distasteful, and will repel the young mind from religion. We set down as a principle of sound common sense, as well as religion, that every truth of the Bible which is concerned in making men wise unto salvation, is to be taught to every soul whose salvation is to be sought, and that at every period of life.

Let a few words be said, relative to the advantages of thorough and faithful instruction of the young, in the doctrines and duties of the gospel. It pre-occupies and guards their minds against religious error. It prepares them early and discriminately to perceive and understand the difference between Bible truth, and the words taught by men, however ingenious and plausible. It exerts a salutary moral influence, even before conversion takes place,—which is of high importance to a life of correct morality. It prepares the way for intelligent and sound conversion to God, whenever that desirable event takes place; and for subsequent solidity and strength of Christian character, to the end of life. Added to these, it may in strict propriety be asserted, that the influence of thorough instruction in the sound and sacred truths of God's word is inestimable upon the intellect as well as on the

heart. Divine truth is the grand educator of the immortal mind. It is therefore an instrumentality to be used in childhood and youth, as well as in adult years.

The objection often made, to omit instruction as advocated in this article,—that children and youth cannot understand it,—is founded in a mistake. Thousands and thousands of biographies of children and youth present facts which obviate the objection and go to correct the mistake. It is the beauty of what our Savior called "the kingdom of God,"—the religion of the gospel,—that while it is to be "received" by every one "*as a little child*," it is received *by* many "a little child," who is early taught it. But on the other hand, it is an affecting and most instructive fact, that of multitudes who are left uninstructed in early life, in the truths of the gospel; that Scripture is proved but too true, "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

May your Magazine, dear Madam, be instrumental in advancing the best interests of the rising generation, by its advocacy of bringing up children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" into which enters, fundamentally, teaching to the young,—by parents themselves,—and that "right early," constantly, clearly, particularly and fully, the truths of the gospel; the sure and unerring doctrine and commands of the Word of God. With Christian salutations, yours truly,

*E. W. Hooker.*

*South Windsor, Conn., August, 1851.*

# Original

# THE DEATH-BED SCENE

The following death-bed conversation of a beloved daughter, detailed to us by her mother, exhibits such sweet resignation and trust in God, that we give it a place in our Magazine. Would that we all might be prepared to resign this life with cheerfulness, and with like hopes enter upon that which is to come!

"Mother," said she, "I once thought I could be a Christian without making a profession of religion, but when God took my little Burnet 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 Savior has always delivered me from his snares."

I was absent from her one day for a short time; when I returned she looked at me with such a heavenly expression, and said:

"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, 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, husband and children dearly as any one ever did, and have every thing in this world that 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 Savior, 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 me, 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 Mr. H. she 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, train them up for Christ, keep them from the world." She then prayed for them. After lying still for some time, she said:

"Mother, I thought I was going just, now, and I tried to put up one more prayer for my husband, children, and friends, but (looking up with a smile), would you believe I could not remember their names, and I just said, Here they are, Lord, take them, and make them what thou wouldst have them, and bring them to thy kingdom at last."

When she was almost cold, and her tongue stiffened, she

motioned me to put my head near her.

"My dear child," said I, "it seems to distress you to talk, don't try."

"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 Savior is with me, and keeps them off. Never be afraid to go to him. Farewell! And now, Lord Jesus, come, O come quickly. My eyes are fixed on the Savior, and all is peace. Let me rejoice! let me rejoice!"

# NOTICES OF BOOKS

"Roger Miller," or "Heroism in Humble Life,"—Is the title of a small "Narrative"—a reprint from a London Edition, by Carter and Brothers, 235 Broadway, New York.

The field of benevolent action of this holy man, was that great metropolis—London. His life and character were in fact a counterpart of our own Harlan Page. The somewhat extended "Introduction" to this reprint was prepared by Dr. James Alexander. We feel justified in saying, with his extensive experience, and his keen perceptions of truth and of duty in such matters, this Introduction is worth all the book may cost.

The main thought of the work suggests "*The condition of our metropolitan population*"—points out the "*true remedy*" for existing evils—shows us the value of "*lay agency*," and "how much may be done by individuals of humble rank and least favored circumstances."

Every parent has a personal interest to aid and encourage such benevolent action. Vice is contagious. Let our seaboard towns become flagrantly wicked—with "railroad speed" the infection will travel far and wide. Mothers are invited to peruse this little volume—as an encouragement to labor and pray, and hope for the conversion of wayward wandering sons—for wicked and profligate youth.

Roger Miller, whose death caused such universal lamentation

in the city of London, was for many years a wanderer from God, and was at length converted by means of a tract, given him by the "*way-side*," by an old and decrepit woman.

"Newcomb's Manual"—Is a carefully prepared little volume, containing Scripture questions, designed for the use of Maternal Associations at their Quarterly Meetings.

"Mary Ashton"—Is the title of a little work recently issued from the press, delineating the difference between the character of the London boarding-school Miss, and one of nearly the same age, educated and trained by the devoted, affectionate care of a pious mother. The influence which the latter exerts upon the former is also set forth during the progress of the story. Those readers who are fond of delineations of English scenery and of the time-hallowed influences of the old English Church, will be pleased with the style of the volume, while some few mothers may possess the delightful consciousness of viewing in *Mary Ashton* the image of their loved ones now laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, or transferred to his more blessed service in the skies. But few such, alas! are to be found among even the baptized children of the Church; those on whom the dew and rain gently distilled in the privacy of home and from the public sanctuary bring forth the delightful plant. God grant that such fruits may be more abundant!

**Original**

# RECOLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MATERNAL INFLUENCE

In thinking over the scenes of my childhood the other day, I was led to trace the path of some of my youthful companions into life; and I could not but be struck with the fact, that in almost every instance, both the character and the condition were referable, in a great measure, to the influence of the mother. Some of them were blessed with good mothers, and some were cursed with bad ones; and though the conviction is not in all the cases marked with equal distinctness, yet in several of them, the very image and superscription of the mother remains upon the child to this day. I sometimes visit the place which was the scene of my early training, and inquire for those who were the playmates of my childhood, and I receive answers to some of my inquiries that well nigh make me shudder; but when I think of the early domestic influence, especially the maternal influence, to which some of them were subjected, there is nothing in the account that I hear concerning them, but what is easily explained. For the cause of their present degradation and ruin, I have no occasion to go outside of the dwelling in which they were reared. I am glad to put on record, for the benefit of both mothers and their children, two of the cases which now occur to me, as illustrative of different kinds of maternal influence.

One of the boys who attended the same school with me, and whose father's residence was very near my father's, was, even at that early period, both vulgar and profane in his talk. He seemed destitute of all sense and propriety, caring nothing for what was due from him to others, and equally regardless of the good-will of his teacher and of his companions. When I returned to the place, after a few years' absence, and inquired for him, I was told that he was growing up, or rather had grown up, in habits of vice, which seemed likely to render him an outlaw from all decent society: that even then he had no associates except from the very dregs of the community. In my visits to my native place ever since, I have kept my eye upon him, as a sad illustration of the progress of sin. He has been for many years—I cannot say an absolute sot—but yet an intemperate drinker. He has always been shockingly profane; not only using the profane expressions that are commonly heard in the haunts of wickedness, but actually putting his invention to the rack to originate expressions more revolting, if possible, than anything to be found in the acknowledged vocabulary of blasphemy. He has been through life an avowed infidel—not merely a deist, but a professed atheist,—laughing at the idea both of a God and a hereafter; though his skepticism, instead of being the result of inquiry or reflection, or being in any way connected with it, is evidently the product of unrestrained vicious indulgence. His domestic relations have been a channel of grief and mortification to those who have been so unfortunate as to be associated with

him. His wife, if she is still living, lives with a broken heart, and the time has been when she has dreaded the sound of his footsteps. His children, notwithstanding the brutalizing influence to which they have been subjected, have, by no means, sunk down to *his* standard of corruption; and some of them at least would seem ready to hang their heads when they call him "father." I cannot at this moment think of a more loathsome example of moral debasement than this person presents. I sometimes meet him, and from early associations, even take his hand; but I never do it without feeling myself in contact with the very personification of depravity.

Now, I am not surprised at all this, when I go back to the time when he had a mother, and remember what sort of a mother she was. She was coarse and vulgar in her habits; and I well recollect that the interior of her dwelling was so neglected, that it scarcely rose above a decent stable. The secret of this, and most of her other delinquencies was, that she was a lover of intoxicating drinks. I believe she sometimes actually made a beast of herself; but oftener drank only so much as to make her silly and ridiculous. It happened in her case, as in many similar ones, that her fits of being intoxicated were fits of being religious; and though, when she was herself, she never, to my knowledge, made any demonstrations of piety or devotion; yet the moment her tongue became too large for her mouth, she was sure to use it in the most earnest and glowing religious professions. A stranger might have taken her at such a time for a devoted Christian; but

alas! her religion was only that of a wretched inebriate.

Now who can think it strange that such a mother should have had such a son? Not only may the general corrupt character of the son be accounted for by the general corrupt influence of the mother, but the particular traits of the son's character may also be traced to particular characteristics of the mother, as an effect to its legitimate cause. The single fact that she was intemperate, and that her religion was confined to her fits of drunkenness, would explain it all. Of course, the education of her son was utterly neglected. No pains were taken to impress his mind with the maxims of truth and piety. He was never warned against the power of temptation, but was suffered to mingle with the profane and the profligate, without any guard against the unhallowed influences to which he was exposed. This, of itself, would be enough to account for his forming a habit of vice—even for his growing up a profligate;—for such are the tendencies of human nature, that the mere absence of counsel and guidance and restraint, is generally sufficient to insure a vicious character. But in the case to which I refer, there was more than the absence of a good example—there was the presence of a positively bad one—and that in the form of one of the most degrading of all vices. The boy saw his mother a drunkard, and why should he not become a drunkard too? The boy saw that his mother's religious professions were all identified with her fits of intoxication, and why should he not grow up as he did, without any counteracting influence? why should he not settle down with the conviction



that religion is a matter of no moment? nay, why should he not become what he actually did become,—a scoffer and an atheist? Whenever I meet him, I see in his face, not only a reproduction of his mother's features, but that which tells of the reproduction of his mother's character. I pity him that he should have had such a mother, while I loathe the qualities which he has inherited from her, or which have been formed through the influence of her example.

The other case forms a delightful contrast to the one already stated, and is as full of encouragement as *that* is full of warning. Another of my playmates was a boy who was always noticed for being perfectly-correct and unexceptionable in all his conduct. I never heard him utter a profane or indecent word. I never knew him do a thing even of questionable propriety. He was bright and playful, but never mischievous. He was a good scholar, not because he had very remarkable talents, but because he made good use of his time—because he was taught to regard it as his duty to get his lessons well, and he could not be happy in any other course. His teachers loved him because he was diligent and respectful; his playmates loved him, because he was kind and obliging; all loved him, because he was an amiable, moral, well-disposed boy. He evinced so much promise, that his parents, though not in affluent circumstances, resolved on giving him a collegiate education, and in due time he became a member of one of our highest literary institutions. There he maintained a high rank for both scholarship and morality, and graduated

with distinguished honor. Not long after this, his mind took a decidedly serious direction, and he not only gave himself to the service of God, but resolved to give himself also to the ministry of reconciliation. After passing through the usual course and preparation for the sacred office, he entered it; and he is now the able and successful minister of a large and respectable congregation. He has already evidently been instrumental of winning many souls. I hear of him from time to time, as among the most useful ministers of the day. I occasionally meet him, and see for myself the workings of his well-trained mind, and his generous and sanctified spirit. I say to myself, I remember you, when you were only the germ of what you are; but surely the man was bound up in the boy. I witness nothing in your maturity which was not shadowed forth in your earliest development.

Here again, let me trace the stream to its fountain—the effect to its cause. This individual was the child of a discreet and faithful Christian mother. She dedicated him to God in holy baptism, while he was yet unconscious of the solemn act. She watched the first openings of his intellect, that no time might be lost in introducing the beams of immortal truth. She guarded him during his childhood, from the influence of evil example, especially of evil companions, with the most scrupulous care. She labored diligently to suppress the rising of unhallowed tempers and perverse feelings, with a view to prevent, if possible, the formation of any vicious habit, while she steadily inculcated the necessity of that great radical change, which alone forms the

basis of a truly spiritual character. And though no human eye followed her to her closet, I doubt not that her good instructions were seconded by her fervent prayers; and that as often as she approached the throne of mercy, she left there a petition for the well-doing and the well-being, the sanctification and salvation of her son. And her work of faith and labor of love were not in vain. The son became all that she could have asked, and she lived to witness what he became. She lived to listen to his earnest prayers and his eloquent and powerful discourses. She lived to hear his name pronounced with respect and gratitude in the high places of the Church. He was one of the main comforters of her old age; and if I mistake not, he was at her death-bed, to commend her departing spirit into her Redeemer's hands. Richly was that mother's fidelity rewarded by the virtues and graces which she had assisted to form. Though she recognized them all as the fruits of the Spirit, she could not but know that in a humble, and yet very important sense, they were connected with her own instrumentality.

Such has been the career of two of the playmates of my childhood. They are both living, but they have been traveling in opposite directions,—I may say ever since they left the cradle. And so far as we can judge, the main reason is, that the one had a mother whose influence was only for evil, the other, a mother who was intent upon doing good. Both their mothers now dwell in the unseen world; while the one is represented on earth by a most loathsome specimen of humanity, the other by a pure and

elevated spirit, that needs only to pass the gate of death to become a seraph.

Mothers, I need not say a word to impress the lessons suggested by this contrast. They lie upon the surface, and your own hearts will readily take them up. May God save you from looking upon ruined children, and being obliged to feel that you have been their destroyers! May God permit you to look upon children, whom your faithfulness has, through grace, nurtured not only into useful members of human society, but into heirs of an endless glorious life!

**Original**

# REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET

BY MRS. G.M. SYKES

There is a little legend of the Queen of Sheba and wise King Solomon, which is fragrant with pleasant meaning. She had heard his wonderful fame in her distant country, and had come "with a very great company, and camels that bare spices, and gold in abundance, and precious stones;" this imposing caravan had wound its way over the deserts, and the royal pilgrim had endured the heat and weariness of the way, that she "might prove the king with hard questions, at Jerusalem." This we have upon the highest authority, though for this particular test we must be content with something less. Entering his audience-chamber one day, she is said to have produced two crowns of flowers, of rare beauty, and apparently exactly alike. "Both are for thee, O wise king," said she, "but discern between them, which is the workmanship of the Most High, and which hath man fashioned in its likeness?"

We read of costly oriental imitations of flowers in gold and silver, in pearls, and amethysts, and rubies. How shall Solomon the King detect the cunning mimicry? Solomon the Wise has determined. He causes the windows looking upon the gardens of

his ivory palace to be thrown open, and immediately the crown of true flowers is covered with bees.

Like King Solomon's bees are the instincts of childhood, sure to detect the fragrance of the genuine blossom in human nature, and settle where the honey may be found. It was a rare distinction of the good man whose name stands at the head of this chapter, that children everywhere loved him, and recognized in him their true friend. An enduring monument of his love for children, and his untiring efforts to do them good is found in the books he has written for them. His *Child's Book on the Soul*, has, if I am not mistaken, been translated into French, German, and Modern Greek, and has issued from the Mission-press at Ceylon, in one or more of the dialects of India. It has also been partially rendered into the vernacular at the missionary stations, in opposite parts of the world. His *Child's Book on Repentance*, and his *Histories of the Patriarchs*, published by the American Tract Society, are the result of diligent study. The *Life of Moses* may be specified, as having cost him most laborious investigation; and it is true of them all that there is in them an amount of illustrative Biblical research, and a depth of mental philosophy, which more ambitious writers would have reserved for their theological folios. But even his books, widely as they are known and appreciated, convey but an imperfect idea of the writer's power to interest and benefit children. They cannot present his affectionate, playful manner, nor the genial and irresistible humor of his intercourse with them. Mothers

were glad to meet Mr. Gallaudet, but they were more glad to have their children meet him, even in the street; for a kind word, or a smile of pleasant greeting, told every young friend, even there, that he was remembered and cared for,—and these things encourage children to try to deserve favor.

In person, Mr. G. was rather short and slender, but with an erectness of carriage, and a somewhat precise observance of the usages of refined society, which gave him an unfailing dignity of appearance. A certain quaintness of manner and expression was an irresistible charm about him. Sure I am, that one little girl will always remember the kind hand stretched out to seize her own,—and the question after the manner of Mrs. Barbauld: "Child of mortality, whither goest thou?"

His most remarkable personal characteristic was the power of expression in his face. The quiet humor of the mouth, and the bright, quick glance of the eye, were his by nature; but the extraordinary mobility of the muscles was owing, probably, to his long intercourse with deaf mutes. It was a high intellectual gratification to see him in communication with this class of unfortunates, to whom so large a proportion of the labors of his life was devoted. It is said that Garrick often amused his friends by assuming some other person's countenance. We are sure Mr. Gallaudet could have done this. We remember that he did astonish a body of legislators, before whom there was an exhibition, by proving to them that he could relate a narrative to his pupils by his face alone, without gesture. This power of

expression has a great attraction for children. Like animals, they often understand the language of the face better than that of the lips; it always furnishes them with a valuable commentary on the words addressed to them, and the person who talks to them with a perfectly immovable, expressionless countenance, awes and repulses them. In addition to this, our friend was never without a pocketful of intellectual *bon-bons* for them. A child whom he met with grammar and dictionary, puzzled for months over the sentence he gave her, assuring her that it was genuine Latin:—

"Forte dux fel flat in guttur."

To another he would give this problem, from ancient Dilworth:

—

"If a herring and a half cost three-halfpence, how many will eleven pence buy?"

Persons who are too stately to stoop to this way of pleasing childhood, have very little idea of the magic influence it exerts, and how it opens the heart to receive "the good seed" of serious admonition from one who has shown himself capable of sympathy in its pleasures.

Those whose privilege it has been to know Mr. Gallaudet in his own home, surrounded by his own intelligent children, have had a new revelation of the gentleness, the tenderness and benignity of the paternal relation. Many years since I was a "watcher by the bed," where lay his little daughter, recovering from a dangerous illness. He evidently felt that a



great responsibility was resting upon a young nurse, with whom, though he knew her well, he was not familiar in that character. I felt the earnest look of inquiry which he gave me, as I was taking directions for the medicines of the night. He was sounding me to know whether I might be trusted. At early dawn, before the last stars had set, he was again by the bed, intent upon the condition of the little patient. When he was satisfied that she was doing well, and had been well cared for, he took my hand in his, and thanked me with a look which told me that I had now been tried, and found faithful and competent.

Not only was he a man made of tender charities, but he was an observant, thoughtful man, considerate of the little as well as the great wants of others. I can never forget his gentle ministrations in the sick room of my most precious mother, who was for many years his neighbor and friend. She had been brought to a condition of great feebleness by a slow nervous fever, and was painfully sensitive to anything discordant, abrupt, or harsh in the voices and movements of those about her. Every day, at a fixed hour, this good neighbor would glide in, noiselessly as a spirit, and, either reading or repeating a few soothing verses from the Bible, would kneel beside her bed, and quietly, in a few calm and simple petitions, help her to fix her weak and wavering thoughts on that merciful kindness which was for her help. Day after day, through her slow recovery, his unwearied kindness brought him thither, and gratefully was the service felt and acknowledged. I never knew him in the relation he afterwards sustained to the

diseased in mind, but I am sure that his refined perceptions and delicate tact must have fitted him admirably for his chaplaincy in the Retreat.

I retain a distinct impression of him as I saw him one day in a character his benevolence often led him to assume, that of a city missionary; though it was only the duties of one whom he saw to be needed, without an appointment, that he undertook. How he found time, or strength, with his feeble constitution, for preaching to prisoners and paupers, and visits to the destitute and dying, is a mystery to one less diligent in filling up little interstices of time.

I was present at a funeral, where, in the sickness or absence of the pastor, Mr. Gallaudet had been requested to officiate. It was on a bleak and wintry day in spring: the wind blew, and the late and unwelcome snow was falling. There was much to make the occasion melancholy. It was the funeral of a young girl, the only daughter of a widow, who had expended far more than the proper proportion of her scanty means in giving the girl showy and useless accomplishments. A cold taken at a dance had resulted in quick consumption, and in a few weeks had hurried her to the grave. Without proper training and early religious instruction, it was difficult to know how much reliance might safely be placed on the eagerness with which she embraced the hopes and consolations of the Gospel set before her on her dying bed. Her weak-minded and injudicious mother felt that she should be lauded as a youthful saint, and her death spoken of as

a triumphant entrance into heaven.

There was much to offend the taste in the accompaniments of this funeral. It was an inconsistent attempt at show, a tawdry imitation of more expensive funeral observances. About the wasted face of the once beautiful girl were arranged, not the delicate white blossoms with which affection sometimes loves to surround what was lovely in life, but gaudy flowers of every hue. The dress, too, was fantastic and inappropriate. The mother and little brothers sat in one of the two small rooms; the mother in transports of grief, which was real, but not so absorbing as to be forgetful of self and scenic effect. The little boys sat by, in awkward consciousness of new black gloves, and crape bands on their hats. Everything was artificial and painfully forlorn; and the want of genuineness, which surrounded the pale sleeper, seemed to cast suspicion on the honesty and validity of her late-formed hope for eternity.

But the first words of prayer, breathed forth, rather than uttered, in the low tones the speaker was most accustomed to use, changed the aspect of the poor place. *He* was genuine and in earnest.

The mother's exaggerated sobs became less frequent, and real tears glistened in eyes that, like mine, had been wandering to detect absurdities and incongruities. We were gently lifted upwards towards God and Heaven. We were taught a lesson in that mild charity which "thinketh no evil,"—which "hopeth all things, and endureth all things;" and when the scanty funeral train

left the house, I could not but feel that the ministration of this good man there had been—

"As if some angel shook his wings."

We preserve even trifling memorials of friends whom we have loved and lost; and even these recollections, deeply traced, though slight in importance, may bear a value for those who knew and estimated the finely organized and nicely-balanced character of the man who loved to "do good by stealth," and who has signalized his life by bringing, in his own peculiar and quiet way, many great enterprises from small beginnings.

Norwich, Ct.

**Original**

# THE IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY RELIGION

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER

It is a very general remark, at the present time, throughout our country, and the complaint comes back, especially from the great West, through those who are familiarly acquainted with society there, that there is a growing spirit of insubordination in the family, and, of course, in the State; and it is ascribed to laxity and neglect in the *Mothers* as much as in the *Fathers*. Its existence is even made the matter of public comment on such occasions as the celebration of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers, those bright exemplars of family religion. And grave divines and theological professors, in their addresses to the people, deprecate it as a growing evil of the times.

Now, without entering into other specifications here, may it not be that a chief reason for the *increase* of family insubordination is to be found in the DECREASE OF FAMILY RELIGION? By this we mean Religion in the household; in other words, the inculcation and observance of the duties of religion in American families, in their organized capacity as separate religious communities. Family religion, in this sense,

implies the acknowledgment of God in the family circle, by the assembling of all its members around the domestic altar, morning and evening, and by united prayer and praise to the God of the families of all flesh; by the invocation of God's blessing and the giving of thanks at every social repast; by the strict observance of the Sabbath; and by the religious instruction and training of children and servants, and the constant recognition of God's providence and care. This constitutes, and these are the duties of family religion—duties which no Christian head of a family, whether father or mother, can be excused from performing. They are duties which all who take upon themselves the responsibilities of the family should feel it a privilege to observe.

The duty of family prayer, especially by the one or the other head of the household, as the leading exercise of the family religion, should be performed with seriousness, order and punctuality. John Angell James very properly asks if the dwellings of the righteous ought not to be filled with the very element of piety, the atmosphere of true religion. "Yet, how few are the habitations, even of professors, upon entering which the stranger would be compelled to say, Surely this *is* the house of God, this *is* the gate of heaven! It may be that family prayer is gone through with, such as it is, though with little seriousness and no unction. But even this, in many cases, is wholly omitted, and scarcely anything remains to indicate that God has found a dwelling in that house. There may be no actual dissipation, no drunkenness, no card-playing, but, oh! how little of true

devotion is there! How few families are there so conducted as to make it a matter of surprise that any of the children of such households should turn out otherwise than pious! How many that lead us greatly to wonder that any of the children should turn out otherwise than irreligious! On the other hand, how subduing and how melting are the fervent supplications of a godly and consistent father, when his voice, tremulous with emotion, is giving utterance to the desires of his heart to the God of heaven for the children bending around him! Is there, out of heaven, a sight more deeply interesting than a family, gathered at morning or evening prayer, where the worship is what it ought to be?"

It is hardly to be supposed that any pious heads, or pious members, of American households, are in doubt whether family worship be a duty. We are rather to take it for granted, as a duty universally acknowledged among Christians, nature itself serving to suggest and teach it, and the word of God abundantly confirming and enforcing it, both by precept and example. God himself being the author and constitutor of the family relation, it is but a dictate of reason that He should be owned and acknowledged as such, "who setteth the children of men in families like a flock, who hath strengthened the bars of thy gates, and hath blessed thy children within thee." Of whom it is said, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward."

It is this great Family-God, whose solemn charges, by his servant Moses, are as binding upon Christian families now as of

old upon the children of Israel—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might: and these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou 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.

This is God's command, and He will hold every parent responsible for the religious instruction of his or her children. In such an education for God, which is the duty of the parent and the right of the child, the habit of family worship constitutes an essential part. Nothing can make up for the want of this. Neither the best of preaching and instruction in the sanctuary or Sabbath-school, nor the finest education abroad, in the boarding-schools or seminaries, will at all answer for the daily discipline of family religion. This is something which no artificial accomplishment can supply. A religious home education, under the daily influence of family worship, and the devout acknowledgment of God at the frugal board, and the godly example and instruction of a pious parentage, are more influential upon the future character and destiny of the child than all the other agencies put together.

The true divine origin of the domestic economy is to train children, by habits of virtue, obedience, and piety in the family, to become useful members of society at large and good subjects of the State, and above all to be fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of faith. In order to this the strict maintenance



of family religion is absolutely essential. It is therefore laid down as an axiom that no State can be prosperous where family order and religion are generally neglected. The present condition of France, and the so far successful villainy of her perjured usurper, are in proof of this position, which was understood by one of her statesmen a few years ago, when he said with emphasis on his dying bed, "What France wants is family religion; what France wants is family religion."

On the contrary, every State *will be prosperous*, whatever its political institutions, where family religion and healthy domestic discipline are strictly maintained. Disorderly and irreligious families are the hot-beds of disorderly and irreligious citizens; on the other hand, families in which God is honored, and the children educated under the hallowed influences of family religion, are heaven's own nurseries for the State and the Church. The considerations which should urge every Christian householder to be strict in the maintenance of family religion are therefore both patriotic and religious. The good results of such fidelity and strictness on the part of parents are by no means limited to their own children, as the experience of a pious tradesman, related to his minister in a conversation on family worship, most instructively proves.

When he first began business for himself, he was determined, through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Morning and evening every individual of his household was required to be present at the domestic altar; nor

would he allow his apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the benefits of such fidelity in daily family religion manifestly appeared; the blessings of the upper and nether springs followed him; health and happiness crowned his family, and prosperity attended his business.

At length, however, such was the rapid increase of trade, and the importance of devoting every possible moment to his customers, that he began to think whether family prayer did not occupy too much time in the morning. Pious scruples indeed there were against relinquishing this part of his duty; but soon worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce him to excuse the attendance of his apprentices; and it was not long before it was deemed advisable for the more eager prosecution of business, to make praying in the morning when he first arose, suffice for the day.

Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this sinful omission, the calls of a flourishing business concern and the prospect of an increasing family appeared so pressing, that he found an easy excuse to himself for this unjustifiable neglect of an obvious family duty. But when his conscience was almost seared as with a hot iron, it pleased God to awaken him by a peculiar though natural providence. One day he received a letter from a young man who had formerly been an apprentice, previous to his omitting family prayer. Not doubting but that domestic worship was still continued in the family of his old master, his letter was chiefly on the benefits which he had

himself received through its agency.

"Never," said he, "shall I be able to thank you sufficiently for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O, sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I have learned. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched estate as a sinner; it was there that I first found the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of Christ in me the hope of glory. O, sir, permit me to say, Never, never neglect those precious engagements. You have yet a family and more apprentices. May your house be the birth-place of their souls!"

The conscience-stricken tradesman could proceed no further, for every line flashed condemnation in his face. He trembled, and was alarmed lest the blood of his children and apprentices should be demanded at his hands. "Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled," said he, "for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized in prayer, till light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present, I have been faithful, and am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of it and retain my devotion. Better lose a few dollars than become the deliberate moral murderer of my family and the instrument of ruin to my own soul."

Now this experience is highly instructive and admonitory. It

proves how much good may be doing by family worship faithfully observed when we little know it, and the importance, therefore, of always maintaining it. It proves the goodness of God in reproof and checking his children when they neglect duty and go astray. And it shows the insidious way in which backsliding begins and grievous sin on the part of God's people. May the engagements of business never tempt any parent that reads this article to repeat the tradesman's dangerous experiment! But if there be any that have fallen into the same condemnation, as it is to be feared some may have done, may God of his mercy admonish them of it, and bring them back before such a declension, begun in the neglect of family religion, shall be consummated in the decay and loss of personal religion, and the growing irreligion both of your family and your own soul.

# THE BONNIE BAIRNS

This exquisitely touching ballad we take from the "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," edited by Allan Cunningham. He says, "It is seldom indeed, that song has chosen so singular a theme; but the *superstition* it involves is current in Scotland."

The ladie walk'd in yon wild wood,  
Aneath the hollow tree,  
And she was aware of twa bonnie bairns  
Were running at her knee.

The tane it pulled a red, red rose,  
Wi' a hand as soft as silk;  
The other, it pull'd a lily pale,  
With a hand mair white than milk.

"Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns?  
And why the white lily?"  
"Oh, we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,  
For soul of thee, ladie!"

"Oh, bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!  
I'll cleid ye rich and fine;  
And a' for the blaeberries of the wood,  
Yese hae white bread and wine."

She sought to take a lily hand,  
And kiss a rosie chin—  
"O, naught sae pure can bide the touch  
Of a hand red—wet wi' sin"!

The stars were shooting to and fro,  
And wild-fire filled the air,  
As that ladie follow'd thae bonnie bairns  
For three lang hours and mair.

"Oh, where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?  
I'm woe and weary grown!"  
"Oh, ladie, we live where woe never is,  
In a land to flesh unknown."

There came a shape which seem'd to her  
As a rainbow 'mang the rain;  
And sair these sweet babes plead for her,  
And they pled and pled in vain.

"And O! and O!" said the youngest babe,  
"My mither maun come in;"  
"And O! and O!" said the eldest babe,  
"Wash her twa hands frae sin."

"And O! and O!" said the youngest babe,  
"She nursed me on her knee."  
"And O! and O!" said the eldest babe,  
"She's a mither yet to me."

"And O! and O!" said the babes baith,  
"Take her where waters rin,  
And white as the milk of her white breast,  
Wash her twa hands frae sin."

## **Original**

# MY LITTLE NIECE, MARY JANE

This little girl was doubtless one of those whom the Savior early prepares for their removal to his pure and holy family above. The sweet, lovely, and attractive graces of a sanctified childhood, shone with a mild luster throughout her character and manners, as she passed from one period of intelligence to another, until she had reached the termination of her short journey through earth to heaven.

Peace to thy ashes, gentle one! "Light lie the turf" upon thy bosom, until thou comest forth to a morning, that shall know no night!

After the birth of this their first child, the parents were continually reminded of the shortness and uncertainty of life, by repeated sicknesses in the social circle, and by the sudden death of one of their number, a beloved sister.

Whether it was that this had its influence in the shaping of the another's instructions, or not, yet such was the fact, that the subject of a preparation for early death, was not unfrequently the theme, when religious instruction was imparted. The mind of the mother was also impressed with the idea of her own responsibility. She felt that the soul of the child would be required at her hands, and that she must do all in her power to fit it for heaven. Hence she was importunate and persevering in prayer, for a blessing upon her efforts; that God would graciously



grant his Spirit, not only to open the mind of her child to receive instruction, but also to set it home and seal it there.

Her solicitude for the spiritual welfare, of the child was such, as often to attract the notice of the writer; while the results forced upon her mind the conviction, that the tender bud, nurtured with so much care and fidelity, and watered with so many prayers and tears, would never be permitted to burst into full flower, in the ungenial soil of earth.

Mary Jane had hardly numbered three winters, when a little sister of whom she was very fond, was taken dangerously sick. Her mother and the nurse were necessarily confined with the sick child; and she was left very much alone. I would fain have taken the little girl home with me; but it was feared that a change of temperature might prove unfavorable to her health, so I often spent long hours with her, in her own home. Precious seasons! How they now come up to me, through the long vista of the dim and distant past, stirring the soul, like the faint echoes of melting music, and wakening within it, remembrances of all pleasant things.

I had been spending an afternoon with her in the usual manner, sometimes telling her stories, and again drawing forth her little thoughts in conversation, and was about taking leave, when I said to her, "Mary Jane, you must be sure and ask God to make your little sister well again." Sliding down from her chair, and placing her little hand in mine, she said with great simplicity, "Who will lead me up there?" Having explained to her as well as I could,

that it was not necessary for her to go up to heaven; that God could hear her, although she could neither see him nor hear his answers, I reluctantly tore myself away. Yet it was well for the child that I did so; for being left alone, the train of her thoughts was not diverted to other objects; and she continued to revolve in her mind, as was afterwards found, the idea of asking God to make her sister well.

That night, having said her usual evening prayer, "Our Father," "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., the nurse left her quietly composed to sleep, as she thought, but having occasion soon to pass her door, she found that Mary Jane was awake and "talking loud." On listening, she found that the little girl was praying. Her language was, "My dear Father up in heaven, do please to make my little sister well again."

Before her sister recovered, she was taken sick herself. A kind relative who was watching by her bedside one night, offered her some medicine which she refused to take. The watcher said, "I want to have you take it; it will make you well." The sick child replied: "The medicine can't cure me—the doctors can't cure me—only God can cure me; but Jesus, he can make me well." On being told that it would please God, if she should take the medicine, she immediately swallowed it. After this she lay for some time apparently in thought; then addressing the watcher she said, "Aunty B—, do you know which is the way to heaven?" Then answering the question herself she said, "Because if you don't, you go and ask my uncle H—, and he will tell you which is the

way. He preaches in the pulpit every Sabbath to the people to be good,—and that is the way to go to heaven."

Were the dear child to come back now, she could hardly give a plainer or more scriptural direction—for, "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord."

Before Mary Jane had recovered from this sickness, a little brother was added to the number; thus making a group of infants, the eldest of whom could number but three years and one month.

As the little ones became capable of receiving impressions from religious truth, Mary Jane, though apparently but an infant herself, would watch over them with the most untiring vigilance. One thing she was very scrupulous about; it was their evening prayer. If at any time this had been omitted, she would appear to be evidently distressed. One evening while her mother was engaged with company in the parlor, she felt something gently pulling her gown. On looking behind her chair, she found little Mary Jane, who had crept in unobserved, and was whispering to her that the nurse had put her little brother and sister to bed without having said their prayers.

It was often instructive to me to see what a value this dear child set upon prayer. I have since thought that the recovery of her infant sister, and her own prayer for the same, were so associated in her mind, as to produce a conviction of the efficacy of prayer, such as few possess.

Being confined so much to the nursery, the mother improved the favored season, in teaching her little girl to read, to sew

and spell; keeping up at the same time her regular routine of instruction in catechism, hymns, &c. She had an exercise for the Sabbath which was admirably adapted to make the day pass, not only pleasantly but profitably. In the morning, unless prevented by illness, she was invariably found in her seat in the sanctuary, with such of her children as were old enough to be taken to church. In the afternoon she gave her nurse the same privilege, but retained her children at home with herself. The moment the house was clear, Mary Jane might be seen collecting the little group for the nursery; alluring them along with the assurance that "now mother was going to make them happy." This meeting was strictly in keeping with the sacredness of the day. It was also a social meeting, each little one as soon as it could speak, being required to take some part in it, the little Mary Jane setting the example, encouraging the younger ones in the most winning manner; and always making one of the prayers. The Bible was not only the text book, but the guide. It furnished the thoughts, and from it the mother selected some portion which for the time, she deemed most appropriate to the state of her infant audience. Singing formed a delightful part of the exercises. The mother had a fine voice, and the little ones tried to fall in with it, in the use of some hymn adapted to their tender minds.

These meetings were also very serious, and calculated to make a lasting impression on the tender minds of the children. At the close of one, the mother who had been telling the children of heaven, turned to Mary Jane, and said, "My dear child, if you

should die now, do you think you should go to heaven?" "I don't know, mother," was her thoughtful reply; "sometimes I think I am a good girl, and that God loves me, and that I shall certainly go to heaven. But sometimes I am naughty. J— teases me, and makes me unthread my needle, and then I feel angry; and I *know* God does not love me *then*. I don't know, mother. I am afraid I should not go to heaven." Then encouraging herself, she added in a sweet confiding manner, "I hope I shall go there; don't you hope so too, mother?"

Oh, who of our fallen race would ever see heaven, if sinless perfection only, were to be the ground of our admittance there? True, we must be free from sin, before we can enter that holy place; but this will be, because God "hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."<sup>1</sup>

How much of the great doctrine of Justification by Faith in Christ this little girl could comprehend, would be very difficult to tell. But, that she regarded him as the medium through which she must receive every blessing, there could be no doubt. He died that she might live; live in the favor and friendship of God here, and live forever in his presence hereafter.

Since commencing this simple narrative, I have regretted that more of her sweet thoughts respecting Jesus and heaven could not be recalled. Every thing relating to the soul, to its preparation for another and better state of existence; to the enjoyments and

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<sup>1</sup> 2 Cor. 5:21.

employments of the blessed, had an almost absorbing power over her mind; so that she greatly preferred to read of them, and reflect upon them, to joining in the ordinary sports of childhood. Yet she was a gentle and loving child, to her little companions, and would always leave her book, cheerfully and sweetly, when requested to join their little circle for play. But it was evident that she could not as easily draw back her thoughts from their deep and heavenly communings.

Whenever she witnessed a funeral procession, instead of lingering over the pageant before her, her thoughts would follow the individual into the invisible world. Was the person prepared for death? Had the soul gone to God? were questions which she pondered with the deepest interest.

A short time previous to her death, she was permitted at her urgent and oft repeated request, to witness the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Her mother was much affected to see the interest which the dear child manifested on the occasion, and also the readiness with which she entered into the meaning and design of the sacred ordinance.

The entire sixth year of Mary Jane was a period of unusual confinement. Several members of the family were sick during that time; her mother more than once; and she was often confined for whole days to the nursery amusing the younger children and attending to their wants. Hence, when a visit to the 'water-side' was talked of, the proposal was hailed with joy. The prospect of escaping from her confinement, of being permitted to go

freely into the fresh air, to see the ocean, and gather shells and pebbles upon its beach, was hailed with joyous emotion. Yet all these delightful anticipations were destined to disappointment. The family did indeed go to the 'water-side'; but they had scarcely reached the place when their second daughter was taken alarmingly ill. When the dear child was told that she must return home with her little brother, not a murmur escaped her lips. Not that she cared nothing for the ocean, or the treasures upon its beach; but she had learned the great lesson of self-denial, although so young. A moment before, and she was exulting in prospect of the joyous rambles in which she should participate, amidst the groups of sportive children collected at the watering place. But when the carriage was brought to the door, and her little bonnet was being tied on, not even, 'I am sorry' was uttered by her, although her whole frame trembled with emotion. With a hurried, though cheerful, 'good bye, mother,' she leaped into the coach and was gone.

The two children were brought home to me; and as day after day passed and no favorable intimation reached us respecting the sick child, I had ample opportunity to see how she resorted to her old refuge, prayer. Often would the dear child return to me with the clear light shining in her countenance, after a short season of retirement for prayer. I feel my heart grow warm, now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century nearly, as I recall *that look*, and that winning request, 'Aunty, may I stay with you? the children plague me.' Her two little playmates were boys;

and they could not understand why she refused to unite in their boisterous sports. She could buckle on their belts, fix on their riding caps, and aid them in mounting their wooden horses; but why she would not race up and down with them upon a cane, they could not comprehend. She was patient and gentle, towards her little brother. It was a great treat to her, to be permitted to take him out to walk. I have seldom seen more gratitude expressed by a child, than she manifested, when she found that 'aunty' reposed confidence enough in her, to permit her to take him out alone. And how careful she was not to abuse that confidence, by going beyond the appointed limits. Often since then I have found myself adverting to this scene, as furnishing evidence that a child who fears God can be trusted. I can see the dear little girl now, as she arrived at a particular corner of the street, from which the house could be seen, before turning to go back again, stopping and gazing earnestly at the window, if perchance she might catch a bow and smile from "aunty," expressing by her countenance more forcibly than words could, "you see I am here."

TO BE CONTINUED.

**Original**



# HOW EARLY MAY A CHILD BE CONVERTED TO GOD

In conversation with some Christian friends, a few days since, one young lady remarked that she should never forget a sermon preached by her father several years before, in which he remarked that Christian biographers of the present day differed very much from those *inspired* of God to write for succeeding generations, for *they* did not fear to tell the faults and expose the sins of primitive Christians who were to be held up as examples, while those who now wrote took every possible pains to hide the faults and make the subjects of their memoirs perfection itself, not admitting they had a fault or flaw in their characters. "Since hearing these remarks from my pastor," said she, "I have never tried to cultivate a taste for memoirs and have seldom looked into one."

"Depend upon it, my dear friend," I replied, "you have denied yourself one of the richest means of growth in grace, and one of the most delightful pleasures afforded the Christian; and while your pastor's remarks may have been true of *some*, I cannot agree with him in condemning all, for I have read most that have come within my reach for ten years past, and have seen but two that I thought merited censure."

"But you will admit," continued my friend, "that those

published of children are extravagant, and quite beyond any thing seen in common life."

"No; I can admit nothing of the kind, for let me tell you what I witnessed when on a visit to a friend missionary's family at Pairie du Chien: The mother of little George was one of the most spotless characters I ever saw, and as you witnessed her daily walk you could not but realize that she enjoyed intercourse with One who could purify and exalt the character, and 'keep staid on Him in perfect peace the soul who trusted in Him.' And should it have fallen to my lot to have written her memoirs, I am quite sure it would have been cast aside by those who think with you that memoirs are extravagant. I cannot think because David committed adultery, and the wisest man then living had three hundred wives, and Peter denied his Savior, that all other Christians living in the present enlightened age have done or would do these or like grievous sins. It has been my lot at some periods of my life to be cast among Christians whose confidence in Christ enabled them to rise far above the attainments made by the generality of Christians, indeed so far as to be almost lost sight of, who would shine as brightly on the pages of written Christian life.

"But, as I was going to say, little George was not yet four years old when his now sainted mother and myself stood beside his sick bed, and beheld the sweet child with his hands clasped over his eyes, evidently engaged in prayer, with a look of anguish on his face. We stood there by his side, watching him constantly for

over an hour, not wishing to interrupt his devotions, and at last we saw that look of distress gradually disappear, and as silently we watched him we felt that the influence of God's Spirit was indeed at work in that young heart.

"At last he looked up at his mother, and a sweet smile lighted up his little face as he said, 'Mother, I am going to die; but don't cry, for I am going straight to Jesus; my sins are all forgiven, mother.'"

"How do you know that, my sweet child?"

"Why, Jesus said so, ma."

"Said so; did you, indeed, hear any voice, my son?"

"O no, mother; but you know how it is. He speaks it in me, right here, here, mother," laying his little hand on his throbbing breast. "I don't want to live; I want to go where Jesus is, and be His own little boy, and not be naughty any more; and I hope I shan't get well, I am afraid if I do I shall be naughty again. O, mother, I have been a great sinner, and done many naughty things; but Jesus has forgiven me all my sins, and I do wish sister would go to Him and be forgiven for showing that bad temper, and all her other sins; don't you, ma?"

"Contrary to expectation this lovely boy recovered, and a few days after he got well I saw him take his sister's hand and plead with her to come and pray. 'O, sister,' he said, 'you will lose your soul if you don't pray. Do, do ask Jesus to forgive your sins, He will hear you, He will make you happy; do, do come right to Him, won't you, sissy?' But his sister (who was six years old) turned a

deaf ear to his entreaties, and it grieved him so, that he would go away and cry and pray for her with exceeding great earnestness.

"Months after, he had the happiness of seeing his sister converted to Jesus, and knowing that his infant prayer was answered, and great indeed was the joy of this young saint, as well as that of the rest of the household as they saw these two of their precious flock going off to pray together, not only for themselves, but for an older brother, who seemed to have no sympathy with them."

"Well," said my friend, "this is indeed as remarkable as any thing I ever read, and I must say, hearing it from your own lips, has a tendency to remove that prejudice I have felt toward reading children's conversion. Did this child live?"

"O, yes, and remains a consistent follower of Jesus; he is now twelve years old."

"This is a very remarkable case," continued my friend; "very rare precocity. I have never met with any thing of the kind in my life."

"Yet, I have known several such instances in my short life, one more of which I must detain you to relate."

TO BE CONTINUED.

**Original**

# REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, PUTNAM, OHIO

Time, in its rapid flight, my dear sisters, has again brought us to another anniversary of our Association. It seems but yesterday since we held our last annual meeting, but while we have been busy here and there, the fugitive moments have hurried us along almost with the celerity of thought through another year. Were it not an established usage of our society, that something like a report be rendered of the past, the pen of your secretary would have remained silent. The thought has often arisen, what foundation have I for giving that which will be of any interest to those who may come together? It is true that each month has witnessed the quiet assembling of a little band in this consecrated place, but how small the number! Have we *all* been here, with united hearts, glowing with love for the souls of our children, and feeling that we had power with God, that we had in our possession that key which is said to unlock heaven, and bring down precious blessings upon those committed to our charge? Have not family cares been suffered, too often, to detain some from the place of meeting? and their absence has thrown the chill air of despondency over those who *were* here. The average attendance during the year has been but five, while fourteen names are upon the record as members. Are we manifesting

that interest in this important cause which those did who were the original founders of this society? Almost all of those are now absent, several have removed to other places; two, we trust, have long since been joining in the praises, and participating in the enjoyments, of heaven; and others, by reason of illness or the infirmities of age, are usually detained from the place of prayer. But we trust their hearts are with us; and shall we not endeavor to be faithful representatives of those whose places we now occupy? Have we not motives sufficient to stimulate us to a more diligent discharge of duty? God has given to us jewels of rare beauty, no gem from mountain or mine, no coral from the ocean's flow, can compare with them. And they are of priceless value too; Christ's blood alone could purchase them, and this He gave, gave freely too, that they might be fitted to deck His diadem of glory. He has encased these gems in caskets of exquisite workmanship, and given them to us, that we may keep them safely, and return them to Him when He shall ask them of us. Shall we be negligent of this trust? Shall we be busy, here and there, and suffer the adversary of souls to secure them to himself? We know that God is pleased to accept the efforts of the faithful mother; his language to us is, "Take this child and nurse it for *me*, and I will give thee thy wages." But on this condition alone, are we to receive the reward promised that they be trained for His service. And have we not the evidence, even now, before us of the fulfillment of His precious promise? Those of us who were privileged on the last Sabbath to witness the consecration of

that band of youthful disciples to the Savior, felt that the efforts of faithful mothers *had* been blessed, their prayers *had* been answered, and when we remembered that six of those loved ones were the children of our little circle, and others were intimately connected with some of our number, we felt our confidence in God strengthened, and I trust all gained new encouragement to labor for those who were yet out of the ark of safety. There are others of our number with whom God's Spirit has been striving, and even now His influences are being felt. Shall they be resisted, and those thus influenced go farther from Him who has died that they might live?

Not many years since I was permitted to stand by the death-bed of a mother in Israel. Her sons were there, and as she looked at them with eyes in which we might almost see reflected the bright glories of the New Jerusalem, she exclaimed, "Dear sons, I shall meet you all in heaven." Why, we were led to ask, does she say this? Two of them had already reached the age of manhood, and had as yet refused to yield obedience to their Heavenly Father. But she trusted in her covenant-keeping God, she had given them to Him; for them she had labored and prayed, and she *knew* that God delighted to answer prayer. We realized the ground of her confidence, when tidings came to us, ere that year had expired, that one of those sons, far away upon the ocean, with no Sabbath or sanctuary privileges within his reach, had found the Savior precious to his soul. The other, ere long, became an active member of the church on earth. Is not our God the same in

whom she so implicitly trusted, and will He not as readily bless our efforts as hers, if we are truly faithful?

We are all, I trust, prepared to-day to render a tribute of praise to our Heavenly Father, who has so kindly preserved us during the year now passed. As we look around our little circle we find no place made vacant by death, I mean of those who have been the attendants upon our meeting. We do not forget that the messenger has been sent to the family of our eldest sister, and removed that son upon whom she so confidently leaned for support. He who so assiduously improved every opportunity to minister to her comfort and happiness, has been taken, and not only mother and sisters have been bereaved, but children, too, of this association have, by this providence, been made orphans. We trust *they* have already realized that precious promise, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" and may He whose judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out, enable that sorely afflicted mother to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

What the events of the coming year are to be, as it regards ourselves, we know not. We would not lift the curtain to gaze into futurity; but may we each have strength and wisdom given us to discharge faithfully every duty, that whether living or dying we may be accepted of God!

*Sarah A. Guthrie, Secretary.*



# THE EDITOR'S TABLE

The steamer *Humboldt*, after a long passage, having encountered heavy seas, and been obliged to put into port for repairs, has just arrived. She has proved herself a staunch vessel, thoroughly tested her sea-going qualities, and escaped dangers which would have wrecked an ordinary steamer. Her passengers express the utmost confidence in the vessel and her officers, and advise travelers to take passage in her.

*Our* bark has now accomplished a voyage, during which it met many dangers and delays which as thoroughly tested its power and capacity; and we too meet with expressions of kindness and confidence, some of which we venture to extract from letters which the postman has just laid on our table.

A lady, residing near Boston, writes thus: "Permit me to assure you, my dear Madam, of my warmest interest in you and your work, and of my earnest desire that your enterprise may prove a successful one. Your work certainly deserves a wide circulation, and has in my opinion a stronger claim upon the patronage of the Christian public than any other with which I am acquainted. You must have met with embarrassments in commencing a new work, and hence, I suppose, the occasional delays in the issuing of your numbers."

A lady from Michigan writes: "My dear Mrs. W., we rejoice in the success which has thus far attended your efforts in the

great work of your life. May their results, as manifested in the lives and characters of the children of the land, for many many years, prove that your labors were not in vain, in the Lord. We were beginning to have some anxiety as to the success of your Magazine from not receiving it as early as we expected; no other periodical could fill its place. May you, dear Madam, long be spared to edit it, and may you have all the co-operation and patronage you need."

A friend says: "Our pleasant interview, after a lapse of years, and those years marked by many vicissitudes, has caused the tide of feelings to ebb and flow till the current of my thoughts is swollen into such a stream of intensity as to lead me, through this channel of communication, to assure you of my warmest sympathy and my deep interest in the important work in which you have been so long engaged. It was gratifying to learn from your lips that amid the varied trials which have been scattered in your pathway God has been your refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble, and cheering to hear your widowed heart sing of mercy and exult in the happiness of that precious group who have gone before you into the eternal world." \* \* \*

"My dear friend, may the sentiments and doctrines inculcated in your work drop as the rain, and distill as the dew, fertilizing and enlivening the sluggish soul, and encouraging the weary and heavy-laden. I know you need encouragement in your labor of love, and as I expect soon to visit M—, when I shall greet that precious Maternal Association to which I belonged for so many

years, and which has so often been addressed by you, through the pages of your Magazine, as well as personally, I shall hope to do something in increasing the circulation of the work there. \* \*

*"Your friend,*

*"E.M.R."*

We have many other letters from which we might make similar extracts, but our purpose in making the above was to give us an opportunity to say to our friends, that our bark is again ready for sea, with the flattering prospect of making a pleasant voyage, and that our sails are trimmed and need but the favoring breeze to speed it on its way.

**Original**

# **COUSIN MARY ROSE; OR, A CHILD'S FIRST VISIT**

**BY GEORGIANA MAY SYKES**

How capricious is memory, often retaining through life trivial and transient incidents, in all the freshness of minute details, while of far more important events, where laborious effort has been expended to leave a fair and lasting record, but faint and illegible traces frequently remain!

Far back in my childhood, so far that I am at a loss where to place it, is a little episode, standing so far apart from the main purport of its history, that I do not know how it happened, or whether the original impression was deepened by its subsequent recurrence. This was a visit to the village of W—, the home of my Cousin Mary Rose.

I remember distinctly the ride; short it must have been, since it was but four or five miles from home, but it seemed long to me then. There was great elation of spirits on my part, and no particular excitement; but a very sedate pace on the part of our old horse, to whose swinging gait a monotonous creaking of the old-fashioned chaise kept up a steady response, not unharmonious, as it was connected in my mind with the idea

of progress. I remember the wonders of the way, particularly my awe of a place called Folly Bridge, where a wide chasm, filled with many scattered rocks, and the noisy gurgle of shallow water, had resulted from an attempt to improve upon the original ford. Green fields, and houses with neat door-yards, thickened at last into a pretty village, with a church and school-house, stores and workshops. Then, turning from the main street, near the church, we took a quiet lane, which soon brought us to a pause, where our wheels indented the turf of a green slope, before the gate of a long, low dwelling, half buried in ancient lilac trees. This was the home of Aunt Rose, who, though no veritable aunt of mine, was one of those choice spirits, "to all the world akin," around whose memory lingers the fragrance of deeds of kindness. Here, by special invitation, I had come on a visit—my *first* visit from home. I had passed through no small excitement in the prospect of that event. I had anxiously watched every little preparation made for it, and my own small packing had seemed momentous. I felt to the full the dignity of the occasion. The father and mother, the brothers and sisters, the inseparable and often tedious nursery-maid, Harriet, were all left behind.

I stood for the first time on my individual responsibility among persons of whom I had known but little. The monotony of home-life was broken in upon, and my eyes and ears were both open to receive new impressions. Doubtless, the careful mother, who permitted me to be placed in this new situation, was well satisfied that I should be subjected only to good influences, but had they

been evil, I should certainly have been lastingly affected by them, since every thing connected with the house and its inmates, the garden, the fields, the walks in the village, lives still a picture of vivid hues.

What induced the family to desire my company, I do not know; I have an idea that I was invited because, like many other good people, they liked the company of children, and in the hope that I might contribute to the element of home-cheerfulness, with which they liked to surround their only daughter, my Cousin Mary Rose, whose tall shadowy figure occupies in my recollections, as it did in reality, the very center of this household group. That she was an invalid, I gather from many remembered trifles, such as the constant consideration shown for her strength in walks and rides, the hooks in the ceiling from which her swing-chair had formerly hung (at which I used to gaze, thinking it *such* a pity that it had ever been removed); her quiet pursuits, and her gentle, and rather languid manner. She must have been simple and natural, as well as refined in her tastes, and of a delicate neatness and purity in her dress. If she was a rose, as her name would indicate, it must have been a white rose; but I think she was more like a spotted lily. There was her father, of whom I remember little, except that he slept in his large arm-chair at noontide, when I was fain to be quiet, and that he looked kindly and chatted pleasantly with me, as I sat on his knee at twilight. I found my place at once in the household. If I had any first feelings of strangeness to be overcome, which is probable, as I was but

a timid child, or if I wept any tears under deserved reproof, or was in any trouble from childish indiscretions, the traces of these things have all vanished; nothing remains but the record of long summer-days of delight. Up and down, in and out, I wandered, at will, within certain limits.

An old cider mill (for such things *were* in New England) in the orchard was the remotest verge in one direction; to sit near it, and watch the horse go slowly round and round, and chat with Chauncey, the youngest son of the house, who was superintending it, was a great pleasure; but most of my out-of-doors enjoyments were solitary. I think this must have given a zest to them, for at home I was seldom alone. I was one of a little troop of brothers' and sisters, whose pleasures were all *plays*, gregarious and noisy. It was a new thing to be so quiet, and to give my still fancies such a range. I was never weary of watching the long processions of snow-white geese, moving along the turfy sides of the road, solemn and stately, each garnished with that awkward appendage the "*poke*," which seemed to me very cruel, since, in my simplicity, I believed that the perpendicular rod in the center passed, like a spit, directly through the bird's neck. Then, how inexhaustible were the resources of the flower garden, on the southern side of the house, into which a door opened from the parlor, the broad semicircular stone doorsteps affording me a favorite seat.

What a variety of treasures were spread out before me: larkspurs, from whose pointed nectaries I might weave "circles

without end," varying the pattern of each by alternate proportions of blue, and pink, and white. There were foxgloves to be examined, whose depths were so mysteriously freckled; there were clusters of cowslips, and moss-pinks to be counted. There were tufts of ribbon-grass to be searched as diligently as ever merchandise in later days, for perfect matches; there were morning-glories, and moon-sleeps, and four o'clocks, and evening primroses to be watched lest they might fail to be true to their respective hours in opening and shutting. There were poppies, from whose "diminished heads" the loose leaves were to be gathered in a basket, (for they might stain the apron,) and lightly spread in the garret for drying. There were ripe poppy-seeds to be shaken out through the curious lid of their seed-vessel, in which a child's fancy found a curious resemblance to a *pepper-box*; I often forced it to serve as one in the imaginary feasts spread out on the door-step, though there were no guests to be invited, except plenty of wandering butterflies, or an occasional humming-bird, whizzing about the crimson blossoms of the balm. Oh, the delights of Aunt Rose's flower-garden!

Then, there were the chickens to be fed, and the milking of the cows to be "assisted at," and a chat enjoyed, meanwhile, with good-natured Nancy, the maid, to stand beside whose spinning-wheel when, in an afternoon, she found time to set it in motion, herself arrayed in a clean gown and apron, was another great delight.

But my greatest enjoyments were found in Cousin Mary



Rose's pleasant chamber, which always seemed bright with the sunshine. From its windows I looked out over fields of grain, and fruitful orchards, and green meadows, sloping all the way to the banks of the blue Connecticut. I doubt if I had ever known before that there was any beauty in a prospect. There was plenty of pleasant occupation for me in that chamber. I had my little bench, on which I sat at her feet, and read aloud to her as she sewed, something which she had selected for me. Though I never had an opportunity of knowing her in years when I was more capable of judging of character (for we were separated, first by distance, and now, alas, by death), I am sure that she must at that time have been of more than the average taste and cultivation among young ladies. Sure I am that she opened to me many a sealed fountain. My range of reading had been limited to infant story-books and easy school-lessons. She took from her book-shelves Cowper, and made me acquainted with his hares, *Tiny* and *Bess*, and enlisted my sympathies for his imprisoned bullfinch. She turned over many leaves of the *Spectator* and *Rambler*, till she found for me allegories and tales of Bagdad and Balsora, and showed me the Vision of Mirza, the Valley of Human Miseries, and the Bridge of Human Life; I caught something of their meaning, though I could not grasp the whole, and became so enamored of them that when I returned home nothing would satisfy me but the loan of my favorites, that I might share the great pleasure of these wonderful stories with my friends there. How great was my surprise to find that the same books held a conspicuous place in

the library at home!

The little pieces of needlework, too, which filled a part of every day, unlike the tedious, never-ending patchwork of school, were pleasant. Cousin Mary Rose well understood how to make them so, when she coupled the setting of the delicate little stitches with the idea of doing a service or giving a pleasure to somebody. This was a bag for Nancy. To-morrow, it was a cravat for Chauncey. Now, this same Chauncey was my special delight, he being a lively youth of eighteen, the only son at home, with whom, after tea, I had always a merry race, or some inspiring game of romps. And then, feat of all, came the hemming of a handkerchief for Mr. Williams.

But who was Mr. Williams? I had no manner of idea who he was, or what relation he held to the family, which entitled him to come in unceremoniously at breakfast, dinner or tea-time, and gave him the privilege of driving my Cousin Mary Rose over hill and valley for the benefit of her health. In these rides I often had my share, for my little bench fitted nicely into the old-fashioned chaise, where I sat quietly between the two, looking out for wonders with which to interrupt the talk going on above my head. Not that the talk was altogether unintelligible to me. It often turned on themes of which I had heard much. It spoke of God, of heaven, of the goodness and love of the blessed Savior, of the hopes and privileges of the Christian. I liked to hear it; there was no constraint in it. They might have talked of any thing else; but I knew they chose the topic because they liked it,—I

felt that they were true Christians, and that it was safe and good to be near them. Sometimes the conversation turned on earthly hopes and plans, and then it became less intelligible to me.

One ride, I remember, which occupied a long summer afternoon. We left home after an early dinner, and wound our way over hills rocky and steep, from which we would catch views of the river, keeping always near its bank, till we came to Mr. Williams's own home, or rather that of his mother. What a pleasant visit was that! How Mr. Williams's mother and sisters rejoiced over our coming! What a pet they made of me! and how much they seemed inclined to pet my Cousin Mary Rose. I have an indistinct idea of a faint flush passing now and then over the White Rose. What a joyous, bountiful time it was! Such pears, and peaches, and apples as were heaped up on the occasion! How social and cheerful was the gathering around the teatable, lavishly spread with dainties!

How golden and glorious looked the hills, the trees, and the river in the last rays of the setting sun, as we started from the door on our return! How the sunset faded to twilight, and the dimness gave place to the light of the rising moon, long before we reached the door, where anxious Aunt Rose was watching for us! How much talk there was with the old people about it all; for I suspect that, in their life of rare incidents, it was the custom to make much of every thing that occurred. What an unlading there was of the chaise-box, and bringing to light of peaches and pears, which kept the journey in remembrance for many days after!

That night, as on every other night of my stay, my kind cousin saw me safely placed in my bed, after I had knelt beside her to repeat my evening prayer. Then, as she bent to kiss me, and gently whispered, "*God bless thee, child,*" she seemed to leave her serene spirit as a mantle of repose.

When the Sabbath came, I walked hand in hand with her to the village church. There was much there to distract my attention, particularly in that rare sight, the ample white wig (the *last of the wigs* of Connecticut!) on the head of the venerable minister, who, though too infirm for much active service, still held his place in the pulpit; but I listened with all my might, intent on hearing something which I might remember, and repeat to please Cousin Mary Rose; for I knew that she would expect me to turn to the text, and would question me whether I had understood it. I have pleasant hymns too, in recollection, which date back to this very time. They have outlived the beautiful little purse which was Mr. Williams's parting gift to me, and the tortoise-shell kitten, with which Aunt Rose sought to console me, in my grief at seeing myself sent for to return home. The summons was sudden but peremptory, and I obeyed it with a sad heart.

I cannot tell how long afterwards it was, for months and years are not very different in the calendar of childhood, when I was surprised with the announcement that a change had come over Cousin Mary Rose. She was changed to Mrs. Williams, and had gone with him, I think, to the South.

I doubt if any trace of the family is still to be found in the

pleasant village which was their home. The parents have gone to their rest. The younger members removed long ago to the distant West.

My Cousin Mary Rose, for many years a happy and useful wife, has at last found, in some part of the great western valley, a peaceful grave. I do not know the spot where she lies, but I would fain twine around it these little blossoms of grateful remembrance.

There is a moral in this slight sketch which I wish to impress on the *daughters* who read this Magazine. It is that their influence is greater than they may suppose. Children read the purpose, the motive of conduct, and understand the tenor of character; they are attracted by feminine grace and refinement; they are keen admirers of personal beauty, and they can be won by goodness and gentleness. Never, dear young friends, overlook or treat with indifference a child thrown in your way. You may lose by it a choice opportunity of conferring happiness and lasting benefit.

*Norwich, Conn.*

**Original**

# MY LITTLE NIECE, MARY JANE

## CONCLUDED

When the sick child had recovered, and the family were again collected, Mary Jane was sent to school. This was a delightful change to her—she loved her teacher, she loved the little girls, she loved her book, but more than all, her needle. The neatly folded patchwork made by her little fingers, is kept as a choice relic to this day.

She had been in school just one month when she was taken sick. Whether this was owing to the confined air of the school-room, or to a too close application to her studies and work, is not known.

She returned from school one evening, and having sat with the family at the table as usual, she went to her mother, and with rather unusual earnestness requested her to take her in her lap and tell her a story. To be told a story in mother's lap was regarded as a great indulgence by the children. The little ones on hearing her request, ran to mother and insisted on being attended to first. "Take me up, mother, and do take me up." At length Mary Jane with her usual self-denial restored quiet by requesting her mother to begin with the youngest first. When a short story had been

told her little brother, and she was about occupying the desired position, she again yielded her right to the importunities of her younger sister. A longer story was now told, in which she became quite interested herself, so that when her turn came, she appeared somewhat exhausted. As her mother took her in her arms, she laid her head upon her shoulder, saying it ached very hard. It was thought that sleep would restore her, so she was placed in bed.

At midnight the mother was aroused by the ineffectual efforts of Mary Jane to awaken her nurse. On entering the chamber, she found that the dear child had not slept at all. Her head was throbbing with pain, and she was saying in a piteous manner, "I can't wake up Nancy." Her mother immediately carried her to her own bed, and having placed her there, perceived that from an almost icy coldness, she had suddenly changed to an intense and burning heat.

Her father was standing by the bed uncertain whether or not to call a physician, when in a pleased but excited manner she called out to him "to see all those little girls." She imagined that little girls were all around her, and although somewhat puzzled in accounting for their presence, yet she appeared greatly delighted to see them.

After this she lay for some time in a dozing state, then she became convulsed. During her short but distressing sickness, she had but few lucid intervals. When not lying in a stupor her mind was usually busied amidst past scenes.

At one time as I was standing by her pillow, bathing her head,

she said in a piteous tone, "I can't thread my needle." Then in a clear sweet musical voice she called "Nancy" to come and help her thread it.

At another time her father supposing her unconscious said "I fear she will never get well." She immediately opened her eyes, clasped her little hands and laying them upon her bosom, looked upward and with great earnestness commended herself to God: "My dear Father up in heaven," she said, "please to make me well, if you think it is best; but if you do not think best, then please to take me up to heaven where Jesus is." After this, she continued for some time in prayer, but her articulation was indistinct. One expression only was audible. It was this, "suffer little children to come."

What gratitude is due to the tender and compassionate Savior for this rich legacy of love, to the infant mind! How often has it comforted the dying, or drawn to the bosom of everlasting love, the living among little children. "Suffer little children to come unto me." The preciousness and efficiency of this touching appeal seem to be but little realized even among believing parents. Were it otherwise, should we not see more of infant piety, in the families of professing Christians?

Once as the gray dawn approached, she appeared to wake as from a quiet sleep, and asked if it was morning. On being told that it was, she folded her hands and commenced her morning prayer. Soon, however, her mind wandered, and her mother finished it for her.



From this time she lay and moaned her little life away. But whenever prayer was offered, the moaning would cease for a short interval, indicating that she was conscious, and also interested.

During the last night of her life, her mind appeared perfectly clear. She spoke often of "heaven" and of "Jesus"; but little is recollected, as her mother was not by. Not apprehending death to be so near, she had been persuaded to try to get some rest. Suddenly there was a change. The mother was called. Approaching the bed she saw that the last struggle had come on. Summoning strength, she said, "Are you willing to die and go to heaven where Jesus is?" The dear dying child answered audibly, "Yes." The mother then said, "Now you may lay yourself in the arms of Jesus. He will carry you safely home to heaven." Again there was an attempt to speak, but the little spirit escaped in the effort, and was forever free from suffering, and sorrow, and sin.

In the morning I went over to look upon my little niece, as she lay sleeping in death. "Aunt B—" was there standing by the sofa. Uncovering the little form she said, "She has *found the way to heaven* now;" alluding to the conversation she had with Mary Jane, more than three years before.

Soon, the person whose office it was to prepare the last narrow receptacle for the little body, entered the room and prepared to take the measurement. Having finished his work, he seated himself at a respectful distance, and gazed on the marvelous beauty of the child. At length turning to the father he asked,

"How old was she?" "Six years and eight months," was the reply. "So young!" he responded; then added that he had often performed the same office for young persons, but had never seen a more intelligent countenance, at the age of fifteen. Yet notwithstanding the indications of intellect, and of maturity of character, so much in advance of her tender age; her perfectly infantile features, and the extreme delicacy of their texture and complexion, bore witness to the truthfulness of the age, beneath her name on the little coffin: "six years and eight months."

And now as my thoughts glance backwards and linger over the little sleeper upon that sofa, so calm and beautiful in death, a voice seems sounding from the pages of Revelation that she shall not always remain thus, a prey to the spoiler. That having accomplished his work, "ashes to ashes," "dust to dust," Death shall have no more power, even over the little body which he now claims as his own.

But it shall come forth, not as then, destined to see corruption, but resplendent in beauty, and shining in more than mortal loveliness; a fit receptacle for its glorified inmate, in the day of the final resurrection of the dead.

Let all Christian parents who mourn the loss of pious children, comfort themselves with the words of the apostle, "Them also that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him," "when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

It was in the month of November that Mary Jane died, and

was buried; reminding one of those lines of Bryant:

"In the cold moist earth we laid her,  
When the forest cast his leaf;  
And we mourn'd that one so lovely,  
Should have a life so brief.  
Yet not unmeet it was, that one,  
Like that young child of ours,  
So lovely and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers."

On the return of her birth-day, February 22, when if she had lived, she would have been seven years old, the following lines were sent to the bereaved mother by Mrs. Sigourney.

## **THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE FIRST BORN**

Thy first born's birth-day,—mother!—  
That cold and wintry time,  
When deep and unimagined joy  
Swell'd to its highest prime.—

Thy little daughter smileth,—  
Thy son is fair to see,—  
And from its cradle shouts the babe,  
In health and jollity:

But still thy brow is shaded,  
The fresh tear trickleth free,  
Where is thy first born darling?  
Oh, mother,—where is she?

And if she be in heaven,  
She, who with goodness fraught,  
So early on her Father—God  
Repos'd her bursting thought:—

And if she be in heaven,  
The honor how divine,  
To give an angel to His arms,  
Who gave a babe to thine!

*L.H.S.*

Human improvement must begin through mothers. It is through them principally, as far as human agency is concerned, that those evils can be *prevented*, which, age after age, we have been vainly endeavoring to *cure*.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.

**Original**

# SABBATH MEDITATIONS

## John 5:1

It is a time of solemnities in Jerusalem—"a feast of the Jews"—and crowds throng the sacred city, gathered from all parts of Judea, mingling sympathies and uniting in the delightful services which the chosen people so justly prize. The old and young, the joyful and the sad, all classes and all conditions are there, not even are "the impotent, the blind, the halt, the withered," absent. Through the aid and kindness of friends they have come also, cheered and animated by the unwonted excitement of the scene, and doubtless hoping for some relief in known or unknown ways, from their various afflictions. Among these, a numerous company of whom are lying near the sheep-gate, let us spend an hour. By God's help it shall not be wasted time. How many are here who for long years have not beheld the sun, nor looked on any loved face, nor perused the sacred oracles. A lesson of resignation we may learn from them, in their proverbial peacefulness under one of the severest of earth's trials, for "who ever looked on aught but content in the face of the born-blind?" Here also are those who have felt the fearful grasp of pain, whose nerves have been shocked, and the whole frame

tortured by untold sufferings; and those who cannot walk forth on God's earth with free elastic step, nor pursue any manly toil—the infirm, the crippled, the helpless. How it saddens the heart to look upon them, and hear their moans! Yet they all have a look of hope on their faces. The kind angel who descends to ruffle the hitherto calm waters of the lake may be near at hand. Soon sorrow to some of these will give place to proportioned gladness. He who can *first* bathe his limbs in the blessed wave, says the sacred oracle, shall find relief from every infirmity. First: It is a short and simple word, yet how much of meaning it contains, and in its connection here how much instruction it affords! It is ever thus under the moral and providential government of God. The first to ask his blessing are those who gain it. "Those who seek Him early are the ones to find Him." The prompt and active are the successful competitors. To those who with the dawning day are found offering their daily sacrifice, He vouchsafes most of his blessed presence. "Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep Him company all day, and in Him sleep."

It is those who dedicate to Him the freshness of youth, that thrive most under His culture, and still bring forth fruit in old age. Their whole lives are spent beneath the shadow of his wings, and they know not the doubts and fears of those who long wandered before they sought that sheltering spot. They who are on the watch, who see the cloud as big as a man's hand, are the largest recipients of the blessing when the Spirit is poured out from on high. The lingerers, who think they need not bestir themselves,

for the blessing is sure, may nevertheless fail, for though there was a sound of rain, the clouds may scatter, when but a few drops have fallen, and the *first* be the only ones who are refreshed.

But we are wandering. In this porch lies one who scarce bears any resemblance to living humanity, and from his woe-worn countenance has departed the last glimmering of hope. "Thirty and eight years" a helpless being! a burden to himself and all around him! Alas, of what untold miseries has sin made human flesh the inheritor! He came long since to this healing pool, with cheerful anticipations, perhaps undoubting faith, that he should soon walk forth a man among men. But he has been grievously disappointed. He seems friendless as well as impotent. Listen while he answers the inquiry of one who speaks kindly to him: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeth down before me." This is indeed hopeless wretchedness. But who is it thus asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Little didst thou dream, unfortunate, yet most fortunate, of sufferers, who it was thus bending tenderly over thy painful couch! Said we that thou wert friendless; that none knew thy woes? Blessed be God, there is ever One eye to see, One ear to hear, One heart to pity.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path." "He is not far from every one of us." But, though He is ever near, yet God often waits long before he relieves. Why is it thus? We do not always see the reason, but we may be sure it is infinite wisdom that defers. He would have us

feel our dependence on Him, and when we do feel this, when we hope no more from any earthly source, and turn a despairing eye to Him, then he is ever ready to rescue. Even toward those who have long withstood his grace, and rebelled against his love, is he moved to kindness "when He seeth that their power is gone." "We must sometimes have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead."

Even where we would accomplish most, when we would fain secure the salvation of those dearest to us, when we would win eternal life for our children, we must be made to rely on Him who, as he can raise the dead, even call life from nothing, can also revive the spiritually dead, and break the sleep which threatens to be eternal.

He is gone—while we looked, suddenly he rose in the full vigor of manliness, and now, exulting in his new-found faculties, he is walking yonder among the multitude, carrying upon his shoulders the couch which has so long borne his weary, helpless frame. See, one with frowning countenance and harsh words arrests his steps, and wholly unmindful of the joy which lights his pale face, reproves him with severe and bitter words: "It is the Sabbath day. It is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed." The command indeed is, "Thus saith the Lord, take heed to yourselves and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem. Neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day; neither do ye any work; but



hallow ye the Sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers." He stands dismayed and troubled. In his new-found happiness he has forgotten the solemn mandate. Timidly he answers, "He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed and walk." Thou hast answered well. Only the Lord of the Sabbath could have done on thee this work of healing. Go on thy way rejoicing. Return not to seek Him, He was here, he spoke to thee; but he is gone. None saw him depart. Everywhere present, He is, yet, when He will, invisible to mortal eyes.

**Original**

# REPORTS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS

## SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF DETROIT

Another year has passed over us, and we, a little band, have met to recount, and gratefully to acknowledge, God's goodness and loving-kindness to us and our families. Our Association, commencing as a small stream, has not yet grown to be a mighty river; yet it has flowed steadily in its course, and we confidently believe, has sent forth sweet and hallowed influences, refreshing some thirsty souls with pure and living waters.

During the year now past, our meetings have been continually sustained, although sickness and absence from the city, especially during most of the summer, have deprived us of the attendance of a large proportion of our members. Notwithstanding our meetings have been much smaller than we could desire, and sometimes tempted us to be "*faint and weary* in well-doing," still we believe that our prayers and consultations have been a source of blessing to ourselves and to our offspring. We are told that "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." We feel assured that we can testify to the faithfulness of the promise,

for not only can we gratefully acknowledge the love of God in shedding more grace upon our hearts; but the gracious call of the gospel of salvation has been accepted by some of our precious children, and we trust that they are now in the "narrow way that leadeth unto life." Oh, may the Spirit of all truth guide their youthful steps through all the thorny mazes of life, preserve them from the alluring and deceitful charms that surround them, and bring them at last to those blissful mansions prepared for those who love and serve God. We do indeed rejoice with those dear mothers who have been made the recipients of so large a blessing—that of seeing the precious lambs of the flock gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Oh, may the prayer of faith ever encircle them in this only safe retreat from the ravening wolves and the hungry monsters of sin!

But whilst we rejoice with those of our number who have been so greatly blessed, we turn with heartfelt sympathy toward those whose hearts have been wrung by the loss, *to them*, of the objects of their hopes and affections. Three of the children of members of this Association have died during the past year. Thus we believe so many sweet angels of God have gone from our midst and escaped the sorrows of this evil world. Let the dear parents think of them as already far surpassing their own best attainments, and praising the blessed Savior, in the heavenly paradise, and turn their more anxious and diligent thoughts to the living. Two children have been added by birth to the number of those connected with the Association.

Our membership has not greatly changed within the past year. Three mothers have united with the Association since the last Annual Report, and three have left us, making the number the same that it was one year since.

While we regret the loss of each and all of those who have departed from our midst, we think it would not be deemed invidious to express our deep sense of the loss we have sustained by the removal from the city of Mrs. Parker, the former secretary. Her devotion and faithfulness in every sphere of duty, afforded us all an example well adapted to stimulate us in the discharge of our obligations, as well as to guide us in the paths of usefulness. We hope and pray that she may long be spared to shed a hallowed influence around her wherever her lot may be cast.

Our quarterly meetings have been sustained with interest and profit. Portions of Scripture have been committed by the children, and the instructions and truths contained in them have been enforced by appropriate remarks from the Pastor. We consider this an invaluable means of instilling saving truth into the tender minds of our children, and would urgently request that it be accompanied by the constant and believing prayers of all parents. Upon a full review of the past year, we see abundant cause for gratitude and encouragement. We have especial occasion for thankfulness that none of our number have been removed by death. Since we know that the Lord has thus prolonged our stewardship, that we may work in his vineyard, let us be the more diligent, that we may be prepared to

render our account with joy at the last day. Amongst the means for preparing ourselves for the faithful discharge of our duties to our own families, and as members of this Association, we take pleasure in acknowledging the *pre-eminent merits of Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine*, and would urgently recommend its more general perusal and circulation. During the past summer some of us enjoyed the inestimable privilege of hearing her experienced counsel, and fervent exhortations. We believe that her visit to this city resulted in much good, and we wish her abundant success in her noble calling.

Dear Mothers, let us persevere, looking unto the covenant-keeping God for the salvation of our children, as well as for the triumph of the Gospel throughout the community and this sin-ruined world.

# SALEM, MICHIGAN

We have been brought, through the kindness of our Heavenly Father, to this the first anniversary of our Maternal Association. We meet to-day that we may together look back upon the year just closing, and recall the mercies and judgments of our God, in which I think we cannot fail to recognize the guiding hand of our Heavenly Father, who we believe has presided over and defended the dearest interests of this our little society. We bless his name that a few individuals, sustaining the sacred name of mother, and upon whom consequently devolve important duties, were led to roll their burden, in all its magnitude, upon an Almighty arm, and in a united capacity to plead for promised grace. We rejoice that this feeling has been perpetuated, and that there have been those who have not "forsaken the assembling of themselves together," but who have been drawn to the place of prayer by an irresistible influence, esteeming it a privilege thus to resign their numerous anxieties into the hands of an all-wise God. And may we not rejoice, dear sisters, that as each returning fortnight has brought its precious opportunity for prayer and instruction, our hearts have cheerfully responded to its call, and that we have hailed these seasons as acknowledged and well-tested sources of profit. If they have not proved so to us, have we not reason to fear that our guilt will be greatly increased, and that we shall share the condemnation of those who have been

frequently and faithfully reminded of duty, but who have failed in its performance? During the past year we have had twenty-two meetings, the most of which have been attended by from six to ten mothers. A small number, indeed; yet God, we remembered, promised that where two or three are met together in His name, He would be in their midst to bless them. On the 7th of May the Rev. Mr. Harris preached to the children, from the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Sixteen ladies were present, and twenty-three children. On the 28th of September, Professor Agnew addressed mothers on their various important duties. At the commencement of the year we numbered twelve mothers and twenty-three children, under the age of fifteen. We now number sixteen mothers and thirty-three children; one little one has been added to our number. God, in wise providence, and for some wise purpose, has seen fit to lay his afflicting hand upon us. Early in the year it pleased Him to call an aged and beloved father of one of our sisters from time to eternity. With our sister we do most sincerely sympathize; may it truly be said of us, as an Association:

"We share each other's joys,  
Each other's burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear."

But God has come nearer still unto us as an Association, and has taken one of our little number, dear sister Elizabeth C.

Hamilton, who was one of the four mothers who met together to converse and to ask counsel of our pastor on the subject of forming this Association. On the 11th of October, her spirit took its flight from this frail tenement of clay, as we humbly trust to the mansions of the blest. With her bereaved and afflicted companion and infant daughters, we do most sincerely sympathize. May we remember that we have promised to seek the spiritual and eternal interests of her children as we do that of our own! Let us not cease to pray for her children until we shall hear them lisping forth the praises of the dear Redeemer. As we commence a new year, shall we not commence anew to live for God? Ere another year has gone, some one of this our little number may be called from time to eternity; and shall we not prove what prayer can do; what heavenly blessings it will bring down upon our offspring? But perhaps some mother will say, I should esteem it the dearest of all privileges, if I could lay hold in faith on God's blessed promises, but when I would do so a sense of my own unworthiness shuts my mouth. But which of God's promises was ever made to the worthy recipient? Are they not all to the unworthy and undeserving? And if "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees," shall we not take courage, and claim God's blessed promises for ours, and often in silence and in solitude bend the knee for those we love most dear?

While memory lasts I shall never forget my mother's earnest, supplicating, trembling voice, as she pleaded with God for



Christ's sake to have mercy on her children. And shall our children forget ours? No, dear sisters, let our entreaties with our God be as they will, I think they will not be forgotten. Therefore, let us be more awake to this subject, let us sincerely endeavor to train our children up for God, that they may be useful in his service while they live, and that we may be that happy band of mothers that may be able to say in God's great day: Here, Lord, are we, and the children which thou hast given us.

*A. Hamilton, Secretary.*

*Salem, Wash. Co., Michigan, Dec. 31, 1851.*

**Original**

# **BROTHERLY LOVE**

**BY REV. MANCIUS S. HUTTON, D.D**

"Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."

In no system of morals or religion, except the Bible, can such a precept be found. It at once proclaims its divine author. We feel as we read it—here speaks that God and Almighty Father who so loved the world as to give his Son to die to save it. We feel that none but a being who regards himself as the Father of all, and who would unite his children in the bonds of family affection, would think of urging upon a company of men and women, gathered from all classes and conditions of life, the duly regarding each other with the same sincerity, tenderness, respect and kindness as if they were the nearest relatives. Such is the force of the expression, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." The word expresses properly the strong natural affection between parents and children; but the apostle is not satisfied with this, and uses the word to qualify that brotherly love which our Lord has made the badge of discipleship. It should be with the tenderness and the unselfishness which characterize the filial and paternal relation, blending love with natural affection, and making it

manifest in common intercourse. Oh, how different this from the spirit of the world, the spirit which seeks not to bless others, but self; not to confer honor but to obtain it; which aims not to diffuse respect, but to attract all others to give honor to ourselves.

I design at present to use this divine injunction as conveying the Holy Spirit's direction and description of proper family intercourse, in reference, particularly, to children in the family circle.

I notice very briefly (for the direction must commend itself to the heart of every child) its application to parents: "Be kindly affectioned toward your father and mother." It is indeed hardly necessary to urge this duty, for God has in his wisdom so constituted us, as in a good degree to insure the duty of filial love even in those who do not regard his own authority over their spirits. No child can for a moment reflect upon the love and care which he has received from his parents, without a moved heart, although he can never know their full power until he himself becomes a parent; but here indeed lies the difficulty, and here do I find the necessity of dwelling for a moment upon this point. Children do not reflect upon this. Few ever sit down, calmly and consecutively, to recall the parental kindness, and therefore, would I ask each of you, my young friends, that you may obey this injunction, and be kindly affectionate towards father and mother, to consider their kindness to you. Why, if you look at it, you will hardly be able to find that they have any other care in the world, or any other object, than yourselves. What does that kind

mother of yours do which is not for her children? does she not seem always to be thinking of you? have you never noticed how her eye brightens with delight when you or any of your brothers or sisters do right, or even when she looks around on the health and happiness of her children? and, when you or any of her dear ones are ill, how sad she looks, how her cheek will become pale, and how she will watch and wait at the bed-side of her child, how her own hand gives the medicine, how nothing can call her away from home, no friends, no amusements, often not even the church and Sabbath-day, and if she did go to church while you were ill, she went there to pray that God would make you well. And I would have you also think of the large surrenders of ease, time and fortune which your father is daily making for the benefit and comfort of his children. How many fathers will compass land and sea in quest of provision for them, and in order to give them name and station in society? How many adventurously plow the ocean in their behalf? How many live for years in exile, and in the estrangement of a foreign land, with nothing to soothe them in the midst of their toil and fatigue, but the image of their dear and distant home? How many toil and plan, day after day, and year after year, from early morn until late at night, for no other object than to gather wealth, which in their love they expect and intend their children to enjoy, when they themselves have gone down to the grave! Oh, my young friends, though ye have not perhaps thought of it, yet the devotedness of a parent to his children, in the common every-day duties and comforts of life,

often equals and surpasses that which history has recorded for us of the sublimest heroism.

It would often seem utterly impossible to wear out a father's affection or a mother's love, and many a child, after the perversities and losses of a misdirected manhood, has found himself welcomed back again to the paternal home, with all the unquenched and unextinguishable kindness of his early and dependent childhood; welcomed even amid the hardships of poverty, with which declining years and his own hand, perhaps, have united to surround the whitening heads of the authors of his being.

Now, it is in view of the reality and strength of these parental regards, thus flowing from a father's or a mother's heart upon their children, that we bid you see the force, the reason, and the right of the direction, Be kindly affectionate in all your intercourse with them. And it is in the same view that we appeal to your own hearts, and ask whether it be not most revolting and wrong for a son or daughter to utter the word, or dart the look, or feel the feeling which is prompted by wickedness; a disdainful son or disrespectful daughter is a sight most painful to every right-minded man.

But while I mention this as the rule which should govern the family in their treatment of those who stand at its head, I would also beg leave to remark, that this same law should govern the heads of the family towards each other and all the members. This is the only way by which reciprocal affectionate regard

and treatment can be inculcated and insured. The Holy Spirit has deemed this so important, that He has given the express injunction to parents: "Fathers, provoke not your children;" and it is an injunction which parents need constantly to remember. The natural and necessary subjection of the children to parental authority, unless the hearts of the parents be guided by religious principle, will often induce an arbitrary and enforced obedience, which, unless guided and controlled by affection, will have only the appearance of harshness, and will only produce unpleasant feeling. Parents should never forget that it is always as unpleasant to a child to have his will and plans crossed as it is to themselves, and that, therefore, it is their own obedience to the injunction, Be kindly affectioned, which alone can make their authority both strong and pleasant. There are again so many cares and anxieties connected with the details of family arrangements, and there are so much thoughtlessness and perversity in the depraved hearts of the most amiable and properly disposed children, that the patience of even the all-enduring mother will often be tried in a manner which nothing but divine grace can sustain. Ill health and natural irritability, so constantly exposed to attack, will often increase the difficulty, and thus make the injunction, Be kindly affectioned, one of the most arduous duties of life. But the triumph of principle will always be accompanied with corresponding valuable results in the happiness and comforts of the whole family circle.

# Original

# KNOW THYSELF

Many instructive lessons may be conveyed to the minds of children in story and in verse. We do not now remember who is the author of the story we are about to relate. It may be familiar to many of our readers. We venture, however, to repeat it in our own words, as it has an important moral worthy the attention of the old as well as the young:—

A man and his wife were hard at work in a forest, cutting down trees. The trees were very hardy and tall, and their axes were dull; the weather was cold and dreary, they were but poorly clad, and they had but little to eat.

At length, the woman, in her despondency, fell to crying. Her husband very kindly inquired, "What is the matter, my dear wife?"

"I have been thinking," said she, "of our hard fate, and it does seem to me a hard case that God should curse the ground for Adam's sake, just because he and his wife had eaten a green apple; and now all their descendants must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, all their days."

The man replied, "Do not, my dear wife, distress yourself thus, seeing it will do no good."

She continued, "I do think that Adam and Eve were very foolish to listen to any thing that a serpent had to say. If I had been in the place of Eve I am sure I should have done otherwise."



To this her husband replied, "True, my dear wife, Eve was a very silly woman. I think, if I had been in Adam's place, before I would have listened to her foolish advice, and run such a hazard, I would have given her a smart box on the ear, and told her to hold her tongue, and to mind her own business."

This remark made his wife very angry, and here followed a long dialogue on this topic till they began mutually to criminate each other as well as the serpent.

Now, a gentleman, who had all this time been concealed behind the trees, and had heard their complaints, and listened with grief to their fault-finding disposition, came forward and spoke to them very kindly.

He said, "My friends, you seem to be hard at work, and very unhappy. Pray tell me the cause of your misery, and whether I can do anything to comfort you?"

So they repeated to this gentleman what they had been saying.

He replied to them thus: "Now, my dear friends, I am truly sorry for you, and I desire to make you more comfortable. I have a large estate, and I wish to make others as happy as I am myself. I have a fine house, plenty of servants, and every thing desirable to eat and to drink. I have fine grounds, filled with shrubbery and fruit trees. If you will go and live with me you have only to obey the regulations of my house, and as long as you do this and are contented, you shall be made welcome."

So they went with this gentleman. At once he took off their rough and ragged garments, and clad them in a fine suit

of clothes, suited to the place, and put them into a spacious apartment, where for a time they lived very happily.

One day this gentleman came to them, and said business of importance would call him from home for some days. In the mean time he hoped they would be happy and do every thing in their power to reflect honor upon his hospitality till his return. He said he had but one other suggestion to make, and that was, that *for his sake* they would be very careful to set a good example before his servants, and do every thing *cheerfully* that they should direct, for up to this hour not one of his servants had ever questioned the reasonableness of his commands.

They thanked him kindly for his generous supply of all their wants, and promised implicit obedience.

They now had, if possible, more sumptuous meals, and in greater variety than ever, and for a few days every thing went on well. At length, a servant placed a covered dish in the center of the table, remarking that he always had orders from his master, when that particular dish was placed upon the table, that no one, on pain of his displeasure, should touch it, much less lift the cover.

For a few days these guests were so occupied in examining the new dishes that this order was obeyed.

But the woman at length began to wonder why that dish should be placed on the table if it were not to be touched; she did not for her part see any use in it.

Every meal she grew more and more discontented. She

appealed to her husband if he did not think such a prohibition very unreasonable. If it were not to be touched, why was it placed on the table?

Her husband at length grew very angry; she would neither eat herself nor allow him to eat in peace. She at length remonstrated, she threatened; she used various arguments to induce him to lift the cover; said no one need to know it, &c. Still her good-natured husband tried to reason her out of this notion. She now burst into tears, and said her life was miserable by this gentleman's singular prohibition, which could do no one any good; and she was still more wretched by reason of her husband's unkindness,—she really believed that he had lost all affection for her.

This remark made her husband feel very badly. He lifted the cover and out ran a little harmless mouse. They both ran after it, and tried their best to catch it, but in vain.

While they were feeling very unhappy, and were trembling with fear, the gentleman entered, and seeing their great embarrassment, inquired if they had dared to lift the cover?

The woman replied that she did not see what harm there could be in doing so. She did not think it kind to place such a temptation before them; it could do no one any good.

The man added that his wife teased him so that he had no peace, and rather than see her unhappy he had lifted the cover.

The gentleman then reminded them of their fault-finding while in the forest, their hard thoughts of God, of the serpent, and of Adam and Eve. Had it been their case they should have

acted more wisely! But, alas! they did not know themselves!

He immediately ordered his servants to take off their nice new clothes and to put on their old garments, and he sent them back to the forest, ever after to eat their bread *by the sweat* of their brow.

## **Original**

# OLD JUDA

Many years since, I took into my service an old colored woman by the name of Juda. She was a poor, pitiful object, almost worn out by hard and long service. But I needed just such services as she could render, and intrusted to her the general supervision of my kitchen department.

Under the care bestowed upon her she fast recruited, and I continued to employ her for three years. I gave her good wages, and, as for years I had induced all my help to do, I persuaded her to deposit in the savings' bank all the money she could spare. Fortunately for poor old Juda, she laid up during these three years a considerable sum.

Before this, she had always been improvident, careless of her earnings, and from a disposition to change often out of place. But as one extreme is apt to follow another, when she found that she had several dollars laid aside, entirely a new thing for her, there was quite a revolution in her feelings and character. She now inclined to covetousness, and could hardly be persuaded to expend a sum sufficient to make herself comfortable in extreme cold weather which sensibly affected her in her old age and feeble health. At length her disposition to hoard up her earnings increased to that degree that she resorted to many unnecessary and imprudent means to avoid expense and to evade my requirements with regard to her apparel. But for

this parsimony she might have held out some years longer. She greatly improved in health and strength for the first two years, and was more comfortable and useful than I expected she would be. Always at her post, patient, faithful, economical and obliging, I really felt grateful for the relief she afforded me in the management of a large family; but at length I was obliged to dismiss her from my service. For a few months she found employment in a small family, but soon fell sick, and required the services of a physician. She had to find a place of retirement and take to her bed, and soon her money began to disappear.

Her miserable sister, who had exercised an injurious influence over Juda, and whom I had found it necessary to forbid coming to my house, now came constantly to me for this money, for Juda's use, it is true, but which I had reason to fear was not wisely spent. Under this impression, I broke away from my cares and set out to look after her welfare. I was pained to find her in a miserable hovel, surrounded by a crew of selfish, ignorant, lazy and degraded women, who were ready to filch the last farthing from the poor, helpless invalid.

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