Lord save us from their end! Remember, their sin did not lay, seemingly in their not giving all, but in a falsehood; declaring they had done what they really had not.

And would it not be better for such persons amongst us to confess they have it, but that they dont feel inclined to give, than to say they have not, what they really have? I really would not like to have many of our benefactors in the U. States enjoy the privilege of once taking a survey of the attire of our congregations, at special meetings on the Sabbath.

And now in conclusion suffer me to say, let our delinquency have arisen from whatever cause it may,—the Lord help us to consider, and amend from this night; and that as an earnest of our amendment we will this evening give liberally, and cheerfully, as faithful stewards of the Lord.

Brethren, sisters, and friends, I can but have a very poor opinion of Liberia, until they begin to act both in church and state, just as if they had, and expected no foreign aid. While we receive with joy and gratitude the contributions of our foreign brethren, we should not depend on them.—Remember these heathen are our brethren; peculiarly so: we should feel a stronger connection with them if possible than those of another cast. You see how the paler cast hold together, consult each other's interest, and their sympathies are stronger for each other than for those of another cast. Did you read some years ago what interest was manifested, and large contributions made by the paler nations of the earth, when Greece was so wretchedly conditioned by reason of the Turkish invasions? Do you read in the news papers published only a few months ago in the U. States, what large contributions are made; by church, by the different states, and by the general Government for the relief of Ireland! amounting to about $100,000, if I mistake not. The U. S. Government voted more in one day for the relief of the Irish who are of the same cast of themselves, than she has ever given altogether to a poor injured people; (notwithstanding they be of another cast) whose sweat has watered, and blood enriched the soil, upon which their government and all its happy institutions are formed; I do not mention this to produce or discover a spirit of ingratitude, far from it, we are thankful for what our friends abroad have been and are still doing for us, and are willing to do any thing reasonable, as a mark of gratitude; but when we consider the amount of prejudice that exists towards us in consequence of our colour, a prejudice which the religion of a vast majority does not effectually reach, we cannot wonder that more is not done, but that any thing at all is done. We should learn also, to feel more effectually for our own cast, and I trust, if there be a spark of ambition remaining in any of your breasts, it will be enkindled to activity, in this respect for the future.

Don't let us once entertain the thought that we shall be loosers by so doing, for the Word declares He that giveth to the poor (the poor heathen doubtless in connection with other poor) lendeth to the Lord.—He who caused the widow's cruse and meal to be inexhaustible, in the days of Elijah, will, in abundantly more to come unto us, than we expend in this way; for the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. If he takes care of sparrows, will he not be mindful of his obedient children?

Oh dear friends! if we are faithful in this duty, we will leave a sure foundation for the rising generation to build upon, a good example for them to follow: this is our national safety; this our salvation; for as long as we strictly adhere to this, the salvation of God will be our bulwark; the everlasting arms will be underneath us; and no enemy rising up against us, shall prevail. So shall Ethiopia shortly stretch out her hands unto God, through our instrumentality; the wilderness and solitary places will bud and blossom as the rose; the trees of the woods will clap their hands for joy; and Africa even bleeding, and long neglected Africa; the land of our fathers, will be redeemed, and become as a garden spot to our God; to whom be ascribed glory, honor, might, and dominion, by all the inhabitants of heaven and earth now and ever more Amen.

From the memorial of Martha an only and Beloved Sister.

DISCRETION.

"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat: if they go the *right way*, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong way*, they give a great deal of trouble." There are others it may be added, who have the inclination and ability to do much good, who yet, by their rashness or ill-humour, produce such a fearful proportion of mischief as to make it at least doubtful whether we are better with or without their exertions. Those are the truly estimable characters in every community of every scale who, in doing good, do no evil; who have energy, but whose energy is reined and regulated by discretion.

Martha, as the sister of an unmarried minister, became a centre to the female portion of a considerable congregation. This was a situation of usefulness, but it was also one of difficulty; and, at her age, and with her susceptibilities, it was not so surprising that she should be zealous to do good herself, and promote good works in others, as that her zeal should be attempered by prudence, and according to knowledge. Yet this excellence was hers in a high degree. She was the friend of the young, the comforter of the aged, a favorite with all. The fresh and kindly impression formed by her first introduction to new connexions were never effaced; they were improved and strengthened by increasing intercourse. It may be said of her, through the whole term of her communion with a circle made up of such different ages, habits, and tempers, that she never lost a friend or made an enemey. Now, though undoubtedly friends may be lost, and enemies formed, not only without a fault, but by the very excellences, of an individual; yet, in the absence of these evils, there may surely be found a presumptive argument in favour of discreet deportment. As no subject enters more completely into the happiness of every-day existence, it may be profitable to descend to particulars.

Martha was guided in forming her friendships by *the perception of real piety*. This arose not merely from a persuasion that the heart which is not true to God could not be true to her, but chiefly from her inability to participate in a mutual sympathy where piety was wanting. Pious herself, she could not have free and intimate communion with those who were otherwise minded. With all her young companions she was kind, courteous, and communicative, hoping to win them to better thoughts and feelings; but it was only with those who were under a powerful religious influence that she could feel entirely happy, because they only were prepared to understand the value the predominant desires, hopes, and fears of her spirit.

In other society, too, she was jealous of her safety. She had seen many hopeful young characters fatally blighted by vain, trifling, ill-chosen companions; and she had too lowly an opinion of herself to suppose that she might stand securely where others had fallen. She always considered that, with such persons, there was even more likelihood of her receiving an injury than bestowing a benefit; and this made her circumspect over herself in the very act of doing good to others, while she sought repose only on the bosom of those who, with herself, were seeking and exercising confidence beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wings.

Martha always entered into society *with the serious desire of promoting her own and others' improvement*. Friendship with her was not a selfish compact, by which she sought the gratification of selfish passions, without pausing to inquire whether it was right or delicate to do so; it was a talent put into her hand, which was to be justly appreciated and used, lest the trust should be violated. Her intercourse, therefore, never degenerated into idle gossiping or mysterious confidence. She never attempted to bind others to herself by tempting them to foolish confession, which would never have been imagined if they had not been suggested; and which, if they had passed through the mind, ought never to have been adopted by the lips.

Yet Martha's youthful friendships were any thing rather than dull. In her presence, the trifling titter, the vacant giggle, and the noisy rattle were not found; but the smile of benevolence, the look of innocence, and those elevated and beautiful expressions which beam on the countenance of youth, when raised by great and serious objects, richly supplied their place. She was cheerful without lightness, and serious without sadness. She was not always talking of religion in a few set threadbare phrases; but religion always influenced her conversation, whatever might be its object: and her deep [illegible] was rather perceived in the temper with which she treated common and temporal things, than by any wordy declarations of its pre-eminent excellence.

She was *slow to take offence*. She never made a friend an offender for a hasty word, or a dubious expression of countenance or conduct. She was not ready to misconstrue motive, or to watch for the frailties of others. She was sensible of the variations of friendly feeling, but she did not allow herself to be governed by them. Trifles light as air were never allowed to come between her and her companions, to distress her by feverish jealousies, and her friends by endless explanations. She looked not to the single word, or look, or act, but to the uniform character; she dwelt not on the momentary feeling, which the individual might regret as deeply as herself; she considered the acknowledged and ruling principle of conduct. She always put the best construction on doubtful actions; and became the apologist of an accused party, where it was not evident that the conduct had been *intentionally* and *morally wrong*. So far as she was personally concerned, it may truly be said that she never took offence except where offence was intended; and then, while she retired from one who was unfit for friendship, it was done with reluctance and pity, not with resentment.

If cause for offence arose, as more or less it will, Martha always sought a *prompt and candid explanation*. If, on the one hand, she did not permit her friendship to be affected by those infirmities which are discovered by the best and wisest; on the other hand, she would not allow her affections to canker and decline under wounds which, though not acknowledged, were deeply felt. If she could conquer an unfavorable impression, she did; if she could not, she revealed her thoughts to her friend. In this delicate act she was entirely governed by the Scriptural directions—she spoke to the *person concerned—alone*—and *in confidence*. Her opinion of the impropriety of another never reached the individual secondhanded; she never debilitated the best motives to candid acknowledgment by exposing the wrong before the witnesses, and the party knew that what was said would not be afterwards ungenerously repeated to uninterested auditors.

In these exercises of the heart the *spirit* was in harmony with the act itself. It was most kind, and meek and modest. She was the most gentle of reprovers. If ever any had occasion feelingly to adopt the words of the Psalmist on the subject, it must have been those who received admonition from her lips:—"Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, and it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head."

[To be Continued.]

The whole world it is estimated, consumes yearly 840,000 tons of sugar; of which the United kingdom takes 250,000—the rest of Europe 450,000; the U. S. of America 150,000 Cuba formerly yielded 200 000 tons. The *U.* States does not exceed 100,000

THE DYING DRUNKARD.

It is a truth, which we have often repeated in the numbers of the Harbinger, that "all vices have a natural connection." War and Intemperance have a mutual reaction on each other—they are, at once, cause and effect. Put an end to intemperance; and you cut off one of the main roots of war. Abolish war; and you dry up the chief source of intemperance. Hence we have frequently united these two subjects. War is often the beginning and the end of the drunkard. Thousands learn the first steps to intemperance at the muster-field, the rendezvous, and the camp; and having become unfit for civil life, they furnish the apologists of war with an argument in its favour, when they say, that "war is a benefit, as it kills off the refuse of society."

The following "deathbed confession of a drunkard," was made to a minister who visited him in his last sickness; and was published, from the minister's journal, in the Temperance Herald.

"December 27, 1828 —Visited a poor man in the Alms-house, aged 44 years, rapidly declining with consumption. He said; —'My mind is burdened; I wish to speak a few words to you.' I leaned over his bed, and listened while he proceeded in a low voice, frequently choked for utterance, and his eyes all the while suffused with tears. '*I entered the army*' said he 'in the year 1808. There I took to strong drink; and the habit is what, as you now see, has ruined me. I was well brought up—had good instructions; but, I disregarded them all and now I am dying—*without any hope*! When I left the army, instead of reforming, I grew worse. With six companions, I used to go every morning before breakfast to *a store*; for rum,—and that store was kept by a *professor of religion!* Oh! shocking way of getting rich! Those companions are now all dead; and soon I shall be, too. I have had many narrow escapes. In my drunken fits, I have fallen down steep places among rocks—and into ditches, and have been drawn out of the road when I was liable to be run over; I have slept in barns, and by the side of fences, and now, in consequence of drinking I am about to die. Oh! give warning to *young men* for me. Tell them of————, and try to save *them* from such a dreadful end. I have had a great many checks of conscience, and convictions of my sin. I have resolved to break off, and have sometime done so for a month or two at a time: yet, for rum I broke my resolution,—stifled my convictions—gave up my attempt at reformation; and now for rum I die in despair.' Here the poor man was so overcome that I begged him to desist from speaking, as he evidently could not sustain the effort. 'Well,' said he, 'I've told you my dreadful story; I hope you will pray for me, and warn others agains strong; drink'"

This is but one of the many thousands—nay, millions, of instances, in which war has destroyed the soul and body of its victim, without powder and ball. From the beginning to the end—from the rendezvous to the battle-ground—from the militia training to the deathbed of the drunkard; war is one constant school of intemperance. And yet how many professors of religion are there, who deal in rum and war! "Oh! shocking way of getting rich!" How many are there now, who seem to be fully apprised of the evils of intemparance; and who nevertheless, are advocates for war. But the War department knows better, for "the children of the world are wiser, in their generation, than the children of light." The Secretary knows, that without intemperance, armies, in these enlightened days, could neither be raised nor kept together. An army is generally a congregation of drunkards, as may be seen from the following newspaper paragraph:

"*A chance for Distillers.*—The United States government advertise for *eighty seven thousand six hundred* gallons of whiskey, wherewithal to bathe the throats of our soldiers—what will temperance societies say to this? Ten times the quantity would be sufficient to float our whole Navy."

The allowance in the navy is, we believe, half a pint of whiskey a day, and this we were lately informed, by an officer in the navy, even *the boys* were compelled to drink, or throw away.—What a school for intemperance! A pious officer in the army told us, a few days ago, that application had been made to the department, to stop the issuing of rations of ardent spirits, but without effect.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF PICTURES.

A little boy, the subject of the following anecdote, being six years of age, and forward in his learning, I considered him fit to be sent to another school, and sent word to the parents accordingly. The father came immediately, and said, he hoped I would keep him until he was seven years of age; adding, that he had many reasons for making the request. I told him, that the design of the Institution was to take such children as no other school would admit, and as his child had arrived at the age of six, he would be received into the National School; moreover, as we had a number of applications for the admission of children much younger, I could not grant his request. He then said, "I understand that you make use of pictures in the school, and I have good reason to approve of them; for," said he, "you must know that I have a large bible in the house, Matthew Henry's, which was left me by my deceased mother; like many more, I never looked into it, but kept it merely for show. The child, of course, was forbidden to open it, for fear of its being spoiled; but still he was continually asking me to read in it, and I as continually denied him: indeed, I had imbibed many unfavourable impressions concerning this book, and had no inclination to read it, and was not very anxious that the child should. However, the child was not to be put off, although several times I gave him a box on the ear for worrying me; for notwithstanding this usage, the child would frequently ask me to read it, when he thought I was in a good humour; and at last I complied with his wishes. 'Please, father,' said the child, 'will you read about Solomon's wise judgment,' 'I don't know where to find it,' was the reply. 'Then,' says the child, 'I will tell you; it is in the third chapter of the first book of Kings.' I looked as the child directed, and finding it I read it to him. Having done so, I was about to shut up the book; which the child perceiving, said, 'Now, please father, will you read about Lazarus raised from the dead;' which was done; and in short, said the father, he kept me at it for at least two hours that night, and completely tired me out, for there was no getting rid of him. The next night he renewed the application, with, 'Please, father, will you read about Joseph and his brethren!' and he could always tell me where these stories were to be found. Indeed, he was not contented with my reading it, but would get me into many difficulties, by asking me to explain that which I knew nothing about; and if I said I could not tell him, he would tell me that I ought to go to church, for his master had told him, that that was the place to learn more about it, adding, 'and I will go with you, father.' In short, he told me every picture you had in your school, and kept me so well at it, that I at last got into the habit of *reading for myself*, with some degree of delight; this, therefore, is one reason why I wish the child to remain in the school." A short time afterwards, the mother called on me, and told me that no one could be happier than she was, for there was so much alteration in her husband for the better, that she could scarcely believe him to be the same man: instead of being in the skittle-ground, in the evening, spending his money, and getting tipsy, he was reading at home to her and his children, and the money that used to go for gambling, was now going to buy books, with which, in conjunction with the Bible, they were greatly delighted, and afforded both him and them a great deal of pleasure and profit; her object in calling, she said, was once more to return thanks to Mr. Wilson, and myself, for the great benefit that had accrued to the family through the child being in the Infant School.

Here we see a whole family were made comfortable, and called to a sense of religion and duty, by the instrumentality of a child of six years of age. I subsequently made inquires, and found that the whole family attended a place of worship, and that their character would bear the strictest investigation.

Power.—I do not look upon power as a thing to be envied by any wise or good man. Power in itself—mere power—is anything rather than (I fear) a friend to virtue, or a test to merit. It is enjoyed by right of birth; it is inherited by bloated despots; it is purchased through blood and slaughter by ferocious warriors and pestilential conquerors! it is held up by the tenure of the very defects that reduce men lower then their kind; by the miserable inmates of an eastern seraglio; but power to be of use to mankind—the power of doing good to our country—the opportunity of scattering blessings over the land of our birth or of our adoption—the power to enable you to root out ignorance, to diffuse the lights of knowledge, to break the chains of enslaved men, of whatever color, or whatever sect they may be—power to benefit our land, and to illustrate our country and to ennoble our age, and to amend our race—this is a power which man, which an angel might stoop from his height to take up.—*Mr. Brougham.*

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