



**"When brother L. went away, there was not half so much fuss
made in packing his valisee."** p. 4.

LEARN TO SAY NO

OR

THE CITY APPRENTICE.

Joanna, August 1881

WRITTEN FOR THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
NO. 265 CHESTNUT STREET.

PZ
1
L. 9011
1856
copy

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
JAMES DUNLAP, TREAS.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

LEARN TO SAY NO.

SUCH was the advice my brother gave me. It was on the night previous to my leaving home.

I had been reared near a quiet country village, had enjoyed the sweets and the privileges of a Christian home, under the faithful and tender care of loving parents, with brothers and sisters who made my childhood days more pleasant as they passed, and the remembrance of them now more precious.

Never yet had I lived with strangers, and the "cold world" were words of which I had not learned the meaning.

PACKING THE TRUNK.

DURING the afternoon my trunk was packed, and many were the tears of mother and sisters that fell into it, and some of my own were mingled with them ; especially when a younger brother, after contemplating for some time the putting in and taking out, packing and unpacking, and the commingling tears, looked up into my face, as if he must do his part towards comforting me, and said, " When brother L. went away, there wasn't half so much fuss made in packing his valise."

That was twenty-four years ago, but the whole scene is as distinctly before me now, as if it had been but yesterday.

The winter term of school was just completed, and this afternoon was one of those rainy, dark and chilly afternoons, when the light and warmth of a capacious

fire-place make one love home more, and shiver at the thought of going far away to be with strangers.

LAST EVENING AT FAMILY WORSHIP.

It grew darker ; then came the supper ; but why was it so still, and why was so little eaten ? The evening passed too soon away, with many last words, and then the worship, which that house never lost, morning or evening : the Scripture, the hymn, the prayer,—Oh, the church in my father's house ! The memories clustering there ! The influences centreing there ! Some are born to the possession of wealth, some to inherit crowns ; but to be born in a house where was an altar on which the fire was not suffered to go out, was my privilege ; and a privilege with which I do not now think of

anything fit to be compared. But the worship of that evening had something of uncommon interest ; my father's usually firm voice was not so then ; and, were I to express myself as children sometimes do, I should say, "My heart was in my throat."

A BROTHER'S PARTING COUNSELS.

AN older brother invited me to sleep with him that night. He knew something of the world, had travelled a little, had read much, and had thought more ; and as I was to go to a city to be a stranger there, he wished to talk with me about it, principally that I might be fortified against the temptations that I would meet on every hand. He talked far on into the night, giving me, as it were, my sailing directions ; but finally said, "I

know but very little about it after all. In a few weeks you will be able to tell me much more about city life than I have ever known; but the sum and substance of the advice I would give you in regard to all these evil practices, and in regard to all temptations is, Learn to say NO. You know what is right, and what is wrong; you know the commandments; you have had every advantage a boy need to have for religious instruction in order to his setting out in the world aright, and to his keeping on also in the way of righteousness. God has given you a conscience which will do you good service if you will heed its admonitions. All will depend on your firm resistance of every temptation by the help of God. Set your face like a flint. Say *No*, and that positively—outright, so that those who tempt you

will see that you mean what you say—that you are not to be moved from the ground you have taken. It will cost you something to do it, but what of that? It may sometimes seem unfriendly to refuse to join a companion in what he terms amusement, and often you will bring upon yourself the sneers, and perhaps for a time the ill will and persecution of the youth with whom your lot may be cast, but what of it? You can well afford to suffer a little persecution for the benefits which upright deportment, steady habits, and a clear conscience will bring you; but you can't afford to risk all that is desirable as to respectability and success in life, for the sake of an hour's enjoyment, nor can you afford to peril your soul for the sake of avoiding a little petty persecution.

“Be firm then, say *No* to everything which your judgment or conscience tells you is wrong in itself, or injurious in its tendencies; and remember, that much which may seem innocent amusements, may, either by the company they bring one into, or by the tastes and habits they engender, lead on to what is more decidedly bad.

“Your hardest struggles will probably be at the outset; but from the first let your companions learn that a laugh cannot hurt you; that importunities will not move you from what you believe is right, and let them see—don’t be ashamed to let them know—that you have the fear of God before your eyes, and by-and-by they will cease to trouble you, and moreover, they will respect you for your independence. You will have the esteem and

confidence of those in whose service you may be ; but better than all, you will enjoy an approving conscience, and God will help you ; but don't forget that you need that help, therefore never forget to pray. Improve all leisure moments in reading—reading what is profitable, and the Bible is worthy of much reading, yes, to be studied. Solomon's sayings you will find as appropriate, and as profitable, as if they had been written on purpose for you."

After this manner discoursed my good brother for a long time, and I said not a word, for I was anxious to drink in all his words, and was praying to be able to observe all this good counsel. He advised me also with regard to fidelity to my employers, to diligence in business, and as to my deportment in the families in which

I might reside ; all of which was of great service to me.

FARM EMPLOYMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS.

THE morning came, it was a sunny morning of early spring; the snow had left the hills, was leaving the fields, but lingered along the fences and in the woods. That forenoon I wandered alone about the farm and through the woods, and wondered if I would ever again tread these paths when the trees would be all in green, and alive with birds, singing to each other and for me. I fed the sheep and the cattle once more, and felt bad in thinking I could not do it again ; then to the stables, and talked to the horses. Oh, I was sorry to leave them, and not to this day, have I lost my love of a farmer's life ; and perhaps, just here I may tell

you—though very likely there may be more to interest me in talking over these matters, than you will find in reading what is written—but I will just here tell you that at about the age of ten, I was sent to study Latin and other matters, with a view to preparation for college. But, after attending school awhile, like too many other foolish boys, who do not know the value of an education, nor the importance of improving the days of early youth in storing the mind with knowledge, which is most easily laid up then, I began to talk about “much study being a weariness to the flesh,” and to sigh for the fields and woods again. But, to tell a little more of the truth, I very well knew that my parents had no other design in affording me these advantages, than that I might, by the grace of God and the

help of the schools, become a minister of the Gospel, and that was what I most dreaded; I had then no taste or heart for that profession.

EARLY OFFERS OF AN EDUCATION DECLINED.

OFTEN had my father, when we were together in the fields, spoken of the dignity of that office, of endeavouring to spend our life in doing good; of labouring not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endures to eternal life. I believe my parents did offer me to God to be employed by him in the ministry, if he would accept their gift; and I believe they prayed much with reference to it; and I trust that those prayers were not poured into the empty air. They may be staying up my hands, and comforting my heart this very day. But I plead to be

released from school; and, when they saw me getting tired of study, after urging and reasoning awhile, they yielded to my entreaties, fearing, I suppose, that they might be choosing one whom God had not chosen.

My sisters, however, would not let me off so easily; they argued, entreated, then tried to shame me from throwing away such priceless opportunities; but I would answer by whistling a stave of the "Farmer's Boy," or something like it; and well I remember, how I laboured to quiet my own mind (for I was by no means satisfied that I was doing right) by going about my work and singing, "A farmer's boy, he sought no better name, the fields his study, nature was his book."

Well, I left the school and returned to the farm, and worked with a will, attending

school during the winter season, and reading much when not at school. But after a while it began to be feared that I might not have health and strength sufficient for a rugged farmer, and so a trade was talked of for me; and if a trade, it should be a good one, and at a place where it might be learned in the best manner. Through a relative, a situation was obtained for me in the city; and depending on that relative's recommendation, my parents consented to the arrangement, though not without much anxiety. This, however, is a digression. I was telling you about my leave-taking amongst the cattle and horses, and of what a leaning I have always had towards a farmer's life; and, when I see boys preferring the walls and pavements of a city, to the green fields and fresh air of the

country, I wonder at it somewhat. But to my narrative.

TAKING THE STAGE.

AFTER dinner, the little wagon and the black mare was driven to the door; I need not undertake to tell you what mother and sisters said and did, but even now I seem to see father silently putting that little trunk into the wagon, and myself taking a seat beside him. I can't tell you what his thoughts were, but his words were few, nor did he say much at parting with me at the stage-office. I need not tell you about that, to me, long journey for one long day and two long nights through mud and old snow drifts, on crowded seats, or on other people's knees; sometimes in a coach, but for the most part in a rougher vehicle. And you

will not expect me to tell you how the city appeared. Those who remember what Albany was twenty-four years ago will know what sights met my eyes as we came in on the old "Cherry Valley turnpike" down State street, and into south Market street.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE CITY.

HERE was a boy from a quiet rural home in central New York—strange sights, strange sounds, everything new. But business before sight seeing. From the hotel I went at once to the place of my destination, for I had the number and could recognize the sign, and happily I met my uncle near the place, for business had brought him to town that morning; he took me in and introduced me, and in less than an hour your country boy was

installed as youngest apprentice, with apron on and sleeves rolled up, and ready for work; and work is what I have always loved, thanks to early education, early habits, and a good example.

MY EMPLOYERS.

ONE of the heads of the establishment I had seen before at the church in the village from which I came, for his parents resided there, and were worthy members of what I shall call "our church." And here you may discover a reason why my parents consented to my going to the city. They supposed the son must be a man something, at least, of the same stamp with his parents, and their correspondence with him showed nothing else. But alas! I soon discovered that the son was a degenerate plant. He had left home too

early, or too poorly fortified with good principles. Were I to give you his history, even what I know of it, it would make your heart ache. Like too many that receive boys into their service, neither he nor his partner cared where their apprentices were at other hours, or how they occupied themselves in their own time, if only they were in their places during the working hours. So here I was, amongst twenty or more shopmates, men and boys, none of whom were pious, many of whom were intemperate, and nearly all of whom were profane; all without the fear of God before their eyes, and regarding the Sabbath only as a day of pleasure, if not of frolicking. There were amongst them men who had roamed the world over, if I may so speak; men who were here to day and away to-morrow.

ALMOST HOMESICK.

I OUGHT to have reported home the state of things as I found it, and sure I am I would soon have been sent for. But I left port this time with "Perseverance" on my flag, and with this nailed to the mast; and, so far as I could see then, there was scarce a chance for getting into a better shop; so in my letters home I let them see only one side of the picture, kept silent about things that were unfavourable, and reported only what I thought would bear to be read at home; and not till years afterwards did my people know the dangers that had beset my course. But here was an opportunity of trying what my brother's potent *No* would do. With plenty of work I got on well until Saturday afternoon, which was a time

for "cleaning up." The men one after another left the shop. It grew stiller and stiller. I leaned upon a bench and looked steadily down upon those who were passing in the street ; then away to the dancing masts of the sloops upon the river ; thoughts of home stole over me, with thoughts of the rough realities around me. I am not sure that I ever had the *real* home-sickness, but if ever, then it was while leaning on that bench that Saturday afternoon that I suffered a paroxysm of that disease.

A SABBATH MORNING THAT WAS NOT SUCH
TO ME.

SABBATH came—Sabbath morning. I was awake by daylight. In my father's house all were up full as early on the Sabbath as any other morning ; but here

the house was still, and so on, and on, and on. What a wearisome morning ! The streets were silent, window shutters were still closed. Appearances did not please me. I felt that I ought to be up and reading some good book, or refreshing my mind with the Sabbath-school lesson.

I waited, and waited, not liking to be the first to rise, for ours was a large room with several occupants. At length, however, I arose, but not without bringing upon myself some ill-natured speech for disturbing the sleep of others. I dressed for the Sabbath ; and now what was I to do ? There was no fire in the house yet, and the weather was pretty cool. Here was no closet either, no opportunity for being by myself. I was alone in a crowd, for there was not one who would sympathize with me. Be not surprised if my

heart was after my own little bed-room which I had left, and the cheering fireside and the happy family around it, each engaged in a manner appropriate to the day of holy rest. I took out my Bible, it had a familiar look, and assumed in my eyes that morning the character of a companion, and confidential friend.

By-and-by the sleepers began to bestir themselves; they glanced at me already in my "Sunday clothes," at my open Bible, and then at each other, with a curl of the lip, and a wink of the eye. I saw it, and felt it; my spirit quailed somewhat, my heart was sinking. "For how long must this be?" said I to myself; but my heart looked up, and said, "May God help me!"

WANT OF A FRIEND.

WHEN breakfast was over, and an unnecessarily long time had been spent in dressing, all left the house, and I was glad to have the chamber to myself. I would have been glad of a companion to conduct me to Sabbath-school and church, but since their minds were not for this, I was thankful to be left alone. I inquired of the lady of the house respecting the churches, and learned that she often attended the Baptist church. She offered to show me the way; I went, and found for myself a seat in the gallery.

A few weeks more in the city and I extended my knowledge of the places of worship, and began attending one of the Presbyterian churches pretty regularly, in the morning at least; but the evening,

and often the afternoon I took for visiting other places of worship. I ought to have reported myself at once to the pastor of some Presbyterian church, and have become a member of his Sabbath-school. Then would I have found friends of the right kind, and been encircled with influences which I greatly needed. But I was too bashful. I was conscious of being a country boy; neither coat, nor hat, nor shoes, nor gait had just the "city touch." In church my seat was in the gallery, without associates. I went alone, and returned alone. Promising myself to find my way soon to a Sabbath-school, the weeks passed by without witnessing the fulfilment of my promise, and whatever difficulties were, or were imagined to be, in the way at first, seemed by the delay to increase rather than diminish.

SABBATH WALKS.

BUT sitting in a cheerless room at home and alone or in the cellar kitchen was in truth considerably uninteresting, and so, as the summer approached, I the more easily argued myself into a belief that I might better take a walk some part of the day out through a quiet street, or to a grove. I carried a pocket Testament on these occasions, and read from it by the way, or seated under a tree; and though I enjoyed some of these walks, while I was careful not to get so far as to be back too late for church, which as yet I scrupulously attended three times each Sabbath, yet I never felt quite satisfied that it was right. It was, at least, taking me into the way of temptation, and so I experienced to my sorrow. Oh, what would

I have given for even one serious shop-mate, or fellow boarder ; or for one who might have only some tolerable respect for the Sabbath, and a church-goer !

As to the mistress of the house, whom I saw received into her church, and from whom therefore I expected help as to my religious wants—even in her I was disappointed. What was the matter I do not know, but she never seemed disposed to introduce religious conversation, her attendance at church became less regular, her Sabbaths were several removes from Sabbaths of the Puritan stamp, she was not a reader, and religious books were not to be found in the house—not those at least of an interesting kind, Oh, how much I lost by not at once finding a Sabbath-school or Bible class, which would have helped me to a more profitable and

interesting way of spending my Sabbaths, and would have saved me from many temptations which otherwise I would be likely to encounter !

TEMPTATIONS ATTENDING SABBATH WALKS.

My Sabbath walks brought me into trouble, for now and then some one that knew me would be met, would cross my track or overtake me, and insist on my being his company ; or fall in with me, and keep with me, whether I would or no. Such an occurrence would spoil my walk. My motives in walking might be better than theirs, but they could see no difference, and other people would see no difference. I was walking, they were doing no more ; but they were taking the Sabbath as a day of recreation, not of holy rest ; they were Sabbath-breakers,

and I was in their company. Conscience would bestir itself, would call for that *No*, would urge me to turn back to the house at once; but the tempter would whisper, "Compromise; you go a little way with them, then bring them around to church with you—go with them this time, and hereafter keep out of their way; after this you may choose a path they don't frequent."

SLIDING DOWN HILL EASIER THAN CLIMB-
ING UP.

BUT it is not safe to give one inch to the enemy—after once yielding to temptation, the tempter has less difficulty in overcoming us the second time. Let a breach be made in your intrenchments, and your danger is imminent. It is easy slipping down an inclined plane, but not

so easy getting to the top again. One cannot on the Sabbath go with Sabbath-breakers without being partaker of their sin, nor without being greatly injured; there will be a loss of self respect, and of moral courage; and those inbred sins, that den of lusts in the heart of every one, yea that garrison of strong men armed, the evil passions and desires which even the best men have always to be fighting and watching—these, as sure as they get a little liberty, will be prompt to improve it, and with much difficulty will they be brought under again. You remember that the way to the pit is represented as a broad and a downward road, and so it will be found by all who travel it.

My Sabbath walks, I said, brought me into difficulty. There were no paths so

retired, so out of the way, but that in them, or in getting to and from them, I was liable to meet some one that knew me; and my want of firmness allowed them to rob me sometimes of one of the services of the sanctuary, by permitting them to select the walks, and by following them too far.

How much better would it have been, had I pursued the course which I well enough knew I ought to have pursued!

Though I steadily persisted in refusing to go with my fellow apprentices to the shop on Sabbath morning, or to start off with them on their rambles, though they considered me a church-going boy, though never except in three or four instances was I absent from church both morning and afternoon; yet I did sin, did break God's law, did desecrate the holy Sab-

bath, and sowed seeds for sorrow. I had indeed used my *No*, but not strong enough, and not in every instance when it should have been used.

Because my fellow apprentices thought me too puritanical, and because they would have been more at ease in their own minds without a Bible-reader and church-goer in their company, they laboured more assiduously to get me into their net, and doubtless the devil helped them.

AFRAID OF RIDICULE—PRAYER NEGLECTED.

As I have intimated, I was too much afraid of ridicule, and I neglected to use some of the armour and weapons recommended in Ephesians vi.—that part especially which is called “All-prayer” by Bunyan. I had been taught the duty

of prayer, of secret prayer; at home I had a bed room and a closet, but now what was I to do? I did do at first, and ought to have continued, what I have known pious sailors and soldiers do. Sailors who have a heart for prayer, will find a place for it. They can sometimes kneel in the maintop, or pray while hanging in the rigging, or while walking the decks in their night watch. Godly soldiers will kneel beside their couches in the crowded barracks, can commune with God while standing in their sentry box, or while pacing up and down before it, and they now and then can seize a place and time for retirement. A person may be a good Christian, and lead a consistent life in any lawful calling. But I grew careless in respect to prayer. No wonder then that I sometimes fell into temptation, and failed

to escape. I did indeed have to labour under disadvantages, without one serious-minded friend, and almost entirely surrounded by influences of an evil tendency; but I do not speak of this as an excuse for sin. The stronger the current to evil, the harder we must row against it; others have made head-way up stream, I might always have done so by God's help. To do this was the very thing my brother and parents urged upon me, and what I had verily thought I should do. I trusted at first to myself too much, and did not enough feel my need of God's help.

SOLITARY WALKS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter came, I had to sit with a room full of boys and men, whose conversation was unedifying, if not offensive; and often in the winter evening before or

after sermon have I taken long walks, for the sole purpose of avoiding unpleasant company, and for being alone; and those walks were not always unprofitable, for in them I thought over what I had read, or sermons I had heard.

It was my want of courage, as I have told you, and now tell you again because I desire you may be profited by my experience—it was my want of courage that subjected me to many inconveniences. I put myself to studying sometimes which street I should take to get to church and not meet any of my companions, lest they might laugh at me, or prevail on me to go with them, and sometimes I have been headed here.

SEEKING BY-WAYS TO GET TO CHURCH NOT
GOOD POLICY.

OCCASIONALLY they would arrange to attend a church in some distant part of the city, when I would more easily be prevailed on to go with them, but seldom enjoyed it, for their conversation was not profitable; and let me tell you further, that my experience in wandering from church to church, has taught me that I ought here to speak decidedly against the practice. Go regularly to your own place of worship, if you would receive instruction systematically, and keep your habits of regularity, and have fewer interruptions of devotional feelings.

I very often did wrong, when I knew to do better; and I remembered my *No* indeed, but often preferred to find some

excuse for not accepting invitations to go with companions, or would plead some other engagement where I had any, or would study too often to avoid giving a direct answer. But my experience taught me that when I employed the *positive* refusal to do what conscience disapproved, it brought me by a more direct and easy road out of trouble.

BE TRUTHFUL AND BOLD.

I WOULD say too in this connection, be truthful, love the truth; and truth is bold, out-spoken, has nothing to do with evasions, says yes or no decidedly where it is fully satisfied in its own mind; it holds up its head, not indeed impudently, but with assurance of its own integrity, goes about its own business in a straightforward way, never sneaks, doesn't appear like one ashamed.

I will tell you, though with shame I do it—but my object, and only object, is to afford my young readers any benefit that may be derived from my experience—I will tell you how I sometimes forgot—no, not *forgot*, but neglected to say *No*, also the dangers and trouble such neglect exposed me to.

SABBATH BATHING.

ON Saturday evening of summer we were accustomed to hire a small boat and row across the river to bathe. On one occasion a part of our company was not ready until it was too late for that evening, but they arranged to go early the next morning, *very early*—they said, before people were up, and surely that would be no sin, they argued. They did awake early, and called me, and urged

me. I complied, but reluctantly. Conscience clamoured—flashed the commandment before my face—passed before my eyes the image of father, mother, minister, Sabbath-school teacher—brought fresh to mind some of the narratives I had read of Sabbath-breakers or of Sabbath-breaking and its consequences, and bid me say *No*. It reminded me that one transgression leads to others, and still urged me to say *No*. But I went, but was far from being sociable. I was busy however with my own thoughts. We were across the river by sun-rise, and I finished my bathing speedily, but the others lingered. The water was pleasant and the air delightful, but I did not enjoy it, for that was such a breach of the fourth commandment as I had not fallen into before. I was vexed with myself, and heartily repented of what I had done.

NARROW ESCAPE.

ON our return we were near being swamped, by rowing the leaky skiff, which we had that morning, into the wake of a steamboat which was coming up the river, and whose waves tossed us about and nearly filled us. We began to be alarmed; but one of the company, a vile, low, profane fellow, and fool-hardy, to increase our alarm more, and shouting out that he was not afraid, he could swim, stood up and with a foot on each side of the boat began rocking her to fill her more. We were in the channel, and in great peril, but he would not desist till we were almost sinking. We just reached the dock, and left the boat, with nothing in sight but her uppermost edge. We clambered up the perpendic-



One of the company, a vile, profane fellow, began rocking the
boat to fill her more. p. 40

ular, and wet, and slimy dock, I cannot exactly tell you how; but I promised myself to do no more Sabbath morning bathing, and if possible to keep out of any boat in which that fellow might be who had so wickedly perilled our lives.

**“ FINE FELLOWS ” NOT ALWAYS THE SAFEST
GUIDES.**

ONE Sabbath while I was reading, a shop-mate came and proposed a walk; we would take up such a street, and around and down another, and he would go with me to church. He was in many respects a pleasant youth, we had many jobs of work together, were bed-fellows, and generally went in company to and from our meals. I did not like his proposition, but the tempter said, “ Don’t always seem

so unsocial on the Sabbath, he's a fine fellow, and you may do him good by getting him to church with you, even if you do go with him a while first. What is it, but taking a little longer walk to church, and how many do that for the benefit of the morning air?" We started off, both good walkers, for we had paced off many miles of pavement before this morning. By-and-by we were outside the city, quite far enough as I thought, and I said, "Let's turn about." "Oh, no," said my companion, "it's not near church time; a little further. Oh, how refreshing to get one's feet off the stones, and this soft grass, how nice to walk on! we'll be back in time, no fear." He slid onward, and I dragged myself with him. I knew I was going wrong, every step I went forward. I was moreover disgracing myself in my

own eyes. The grass might be soft, but the paved walks to the church would have seemed softer, for now I was treading on the commandments, and I always found the way of the transgressor to be hard. I do not now pretend to tell you what the experience of others may be, but for myself, I know there is no pleasure in wickedness, and I believe that those who hearken to the commandments will find their peace as a river.

Well, the bells rang when we were away—too far away, to get back in season, and then what do you think he proposed? why to go on to the “Half-way-House” and get some refreshment; and, he added, “We may as well take the whole day now; if a fellow has to be hung, it might as well be for a sheep as a lamb.” But I am thankful that I was not brought

up under that kind of teaching, and did not that morning adopt my companion's system of ethics ; and I was not so much troubled about the hanging part, as about the other—the sin. But I lost the morning service, and did not really enjoy any of the Sabbath.

STEAMBOATING ON THE LORD'S DAY.

It should have been a lesson, and I did do better for a while ; but by-and-by again this same boy came with a proposition to take the little morning boat for Troy—we would simply go there to attend church—we would attend forenoon and afternoon, and step into the boat and return—we could be by ourselves. This was his plan, he said. I refused, and had no intention at all that way. He kept at me to go with him ; I said *No*, but he insisted, and I

assented, yes, and broke over my own *No*, walked rapidly down to the river and aboard the boat, shutting my eyes to the consequences, running over conscience that stood up in my way, and striking my heels into the commandments. Neither of us went inside a church that day, and why should we? We would only have been carrying offerings to God's altar which he would have abhorred. Going to church, no matter how many times, could have been no atonement for the sin of travelling unnecessarily on the Lord's day. Although it is not uncommon for people to use such kind of pleas and excuses for Sabbath travelling and Sabbath visiting. I have known people drive ten or a dozen miles, come up to a meeting-house, tie their horses, go in and stay through the sermon, come out, untie their

horses, and ride ten or a dozen miles further. After the same manner much visiting is done.

GOD CAN'T BE CHEATED.

BUT He with whom we have to do is not to be cheated as the heathen sometimes cheat their gods. He will arraign these people for Sabbath-breaking. He will hear none of their excuses.

We walked the streets of Troy that holy Sabbath day, and I was glad when it was time for the boat to leave. The laughing and jokes of Sunday excursionists, the noise and the fumes about the bar, were, I may say, some relief to me; for my thoughts had been hot all that day; there had been some worm gnawing in my bosom.

**PLEASURE-HUNTING ON THE SABBATH IS NOT
REST.**

I SAID there was no enjoyment for me in Sabbath-breaking. "It is hard to kick against the pricks," and when Monday came I was not refreshed. Say what you will, account for it as you may, there is more refreshing, recruiting rest in keeping the Sabbath in holy duties and holy pleasures, than in gay pleasure parties, or yet in sleeping or lounging; those who have tried both will tell you so, and you may see it so, if you will observe closely. This is the day which God has hallowed and blessed, and he will make it a blessing to those who remember it to keep it holy.

The boys now began to feel that I was getting to be more like one of themselves.

They solicited me oftener and with more importunity, to accompany them in their Sabbath rambles. Once I crossed the river and strolled the entire afternoon in the fields, and along the river banks. Once down the river, too far to be back by church time. Now and then they led me along the docks, and through streets, where were sights and sounds altogether unfriendly to Sabbath enjoyments.

At another time I had arranged a visit to some friends in the country. I was to leave on Saturday afternoon, but a job of work came in, and all in the shop were busy; it could not be done, unless I would pull off my coat, and roll up my sleeves again, and the foreman talked over it very coaxingly. And it was suggested to take the early train the next morning. "It will take you out by ten

o'clock," they said. How I could make up my mind to do that wickedness I don't well understand; but I well remember that I kept myself as much occupied as possible, so as not to be thinking at all about Sabbath travelling, its wickedness, and the dangers attending it.

**ATTEMPT TO CUT A PIECE OFF THE LORD'S DAY,
AS MEN FILE OFF THE RIMS OF COINS.**

IN the morning very early I was at the cars, trying to satisfy my conscience with the idea that we would run out very quick, and not break the Sabbath *very badly*; though all the time I knew, and knew as well as if it had been spoken out of the skies into my own ears, that it was just as much a breach of the fourth commandment to travel from sun-rise

till ten o'clock, as from sun-rise till sunset.

That morning, however, I was not so much labouring to find excuses, nor so much promising myself that I would not do so again, as I was labouring to feel, as well as to appear, indifferent. You see that I was getting along fearfully in the downward course; the devil must have been well satisfied with my proficiency, and with my appearance that morning. He congratulated himself no doubt that that *No*, which for some time seemed to stand in his way, would not much longer interfere with his doing just as he might please with me.

SUNDAY TRAVELLERS IN TROUBLE.

BUT there were strong hearts praying for me, I suspect, and I don't know,

whether an angel of the Lord was commissioned to trouble us; but we were troubled nearly all that day, and I suspect that if the engineer and others managing the cars had been like the crew of that ship which was once going from Joppa to Tarshish, they would have inquired "for whose cause the evil came upon them," and I might have been treated as those mariners treated Jonah, and it would have been serving me right. I said we were troubled—the Lord troubled us; he did not just take off our chariot wheels, but he made them drive heavily. The engine would not work, and the engineer seemed not to know what was ailing it. Some of the way, the passengers were out pushing the cars, and even the engine itself. I had leisure for observation and reflection. The passengers in my little apart-

ment of those first old fashioned cars, like the old coach, were such as might be expected to leave the city on a Sabbath morning. "Pretty companions!" something whispered. "Would you choose such company to spend eternity with?"

A SEAT WITH THE SCORNFUL—SUNDAY TRAVELLERS, SEE WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS.

I REMEMBERED what I had heard my father once say about "sitting in the seat of the scornful." Something was inquiring of my heart how I was getting on with my lesson now—that lesson, Learn to say *No*. This suggested other topics. I thought of that older brother with all the family—they all going up to the courts of the Lord's house, and I, who if at home would have been with them in the sanctuary, was now with my shoulder to

the stern of a railroad car and my feet sinking in the hot sand. And how would your friends be pleased with these your associates? something asked.

We reached Schenectady at last, but not till long after the train had left that place. I wandered some about the city. It was still, and the very stillness rebuked my profanation of the day of rest. The walls and pavements seemed to upbraid me as a young Sabbath traveller, who could show no reasons at all for stealing God's time, and for setting his law at defiance. It was about dark when we reached the village for which I had started. Had I been carrying off stolen goods, I wouldn't have thought more meanly of myself. My good aunt, a worthy member of the Episcopal church, did not receive me so cordially as had

been her wont. I knew what her thoughts were, and why she wore that look of regret.

That was the last of my Sabbath travelling, and by God's help the record shall stand so—it *shall* be the last.

SHOW ME THE FIRST PERSON THAT HAS BEEN
REFORMED BY THE THEATRE.

My shopmates were nearly all theatre-goers. I steadily answered with *No* to all invitations and banters to accompany them, except on three or four occasions: such as on a holiday night, when the play was advertised to be of a *moral* bearing, or when some *grand* performer was to appear in a *masterpiece*. The *No* was called for at these times as well as at others, but was put off by some trivial excuse: such as, "Isn't it well enough for

a person to see for himself once, and be able to speak from personal knowledge, even if he is satisfied already that the thing is bad?" But that was a mere subterfuge. I knew, as well as I needed to know, that the theatre was an evil, and only evil, with nothing good; and he who wishes to prove it so need only point to those who have been educated there, or only gone for their accomplishments to that school. I could every day see in theatre-goers generally, that in the theatre there could be nothing elevating, or refining, or purifying, or very instructive; for those most devoted to this kind of amusement, or "school of morals" as some have called it, were sinking the fastest as to morals, and respectability; bad habits were strengthening in them, and new vices were daily learned.

After a few trials I was more thoroughly convinced that there was no good to be gained at such places, and was mercifully preserved from acquiring a passion for this kind of dissipation.

LOTTERY GAMBLING.

LOTTERY offices at that time abounded. Great bay-windows were filled with gay coloured tickets, and the newspapers had their long advertisements. My earliest knowledge and impression of lotteries was respecting the sinfulness of this as well as all other species of gambling, and of the ruin, immediate or more remote, which they cause to all their votaries. I despised them, had not the slightest idea of ever being drawn to speculate in them, and seldom even had either a sleeping or waking dream of some day finding my-

self suddenly made rich by their agency. But once, while passing an office, I stopped a few moments to read at the window the prizes, the numbers which had been drawn, and immediately the tempter, perhaps the devil himself, was at my elbow. No man solicited me, and nobody knew of my dealing in this line but the ticket-vender and myself; but I had a tempter, and he said, "Come now, buy a ticket, get some of the money from these fellows." "*No*, what folly!" said I. "But see," said the tempter, "a few loose shillings will buy a small chance, and that chance may be the lucky one,—and would you refuse to take the dollars, if your ticket should draw them?" How easily he pulled the bandage over my eyes, and led me captive! He hurried me in before I might have time to reflect. The shillings went on the

counter, and the little piece of figured paper into my pocket, and he sent me on my way building castles in the air.

BLANKS DRAWN, AND CASTLE-BUILDING
STOPPED.

PERHAPS half-a-dozen tickets, or shares of tickets, were purchased at as many times, but all drew blanks, and what a mercy that it was so! Could the devil have had his own way, no doubt he would have baited me a little better. But one day the folly, wickedness, and danger of this kind of business all rose up together before my mind, and shamed and frightened me, and never afterwards was my foot over the threshold of a lottery office.

Will my young friends heed my advice, and say *No* unreservedly to every species of gambling? The habit is insinua-

ting, the influence on the mind exciting, tending to produce disgust of labour and of slow gains. Let betting alone ; go to no raffles or shooting-matches ; card-playing is an accomplishment which a *man* can afford to say he never learned. Be content not even ever to have seen the inside of those houses which are called by the name of that place into which all the wicked shall be gathered. The sin of gaming is great, the company such kind of sporting would bring you into is of a low order—the idle and dissolute in every respect. Mark who they are that go in and out at the billiard-rooms, the nine-pin alleys, and other kindred places : fellows with foul language, lovers of strong drink, of late hours, companions of abandoned women, and who can tell you how the inside of the “lock up” looks.

ONE SIN OPENS THE WAY FOR A LEGION.

A FEW instances have been given in which my *No* was forgotten or laid aside; but do not suppose I am intimating that these which are mentioned were my only sins. Ah, no! How often did God see my transgressions, and how much wickedness was there in the heart, which had not yet shown itself outwardly! The design in giving these few examples is, to show you how much I lost in every respect by not doing always as my parents had taught me, as that good brother charged me, and as the word of God and conscience instructed me. You perceive that the more I yielded, the more I was expected to yield; the more my tempters obtained, the more they demanded: you see how one sin laid the way open

for others. I would impress you with the fact that I was happy and prospered, according as I endeavoured to do right, but unhappy in proportion as I turned aside from the right way.

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

AND let me call your attention again to my experience in seeking back streets to get to meeting; not that this was always done, but often. That was not even good policy; it worked evil rather than good. I would not have you make Pharisees of yourselves indeed, and blow your trumpets to call people to see how religious you are; but religion is not a matter to be ashamed of, and when one is in the way of duty, let him go straight forward, whoever may see, or whatever may be said of him. And I wish you to know

how my experience taught me that there is nothing gained, but much lost by this being ashamed of Christ—ashamed of Christ, I say, for it is nothing else. And whosoever is ashamed of Christ, of him Christ will be ashamed. Such a disciple will have a thousand fold more trouble than the bold one. He that is ashamed of his religion also loses self-respect; suffers much in his own mind, and is less esteemed by others; while the bold disciple daily gets a stronger heart, has comfort in his soul, enjoys the blessing of God, and men honour him.

NOT SAFE TO DEPEND ENTIRELY ON ONE'S
OWN RESOLUTION.

AND let me say further, that you must not understand me as teaching that one's character and fortune depend entirely on

his own resolution and perseverance in the way of well doing, and on his own strength in resisting temptation ; for, see how it was in those cases which have been mentioned. I went into those sins with my eyes open, resisting the clamours of conscience, and the advice of my judgment. I shudder now in thinking what I did, and on what slippery places my feet were standing ; for the inquiry arises, Why did I not yield to other temptations ? what prevented me from falling into many other sins ? and, when once started in the down-hill course, what saved me from sliding to the bottom ? I asked myself, what saved me from graduating a desperate gambler ? what saved me from the love of liquor, and from tumbling long ago into the drunkard's grave ? Why was I not lost in the pollutions of carnal in-

dulgence? What saved me from the additional defilement which accumulates on every person that pours out oaths and curses through his throat?

COVENANT BLESSINGS.

My young friends, allow me to give my opinion on this question, and then, if you wish, we will hear yours. There was an eye—an eye that never sleeps—the eye of a covenant-keeping God following me—my father's God; and His care was over me. That, and nothing else, saved me from ruin. There were treasured up near the mercy-seat, many prayers on my account, and many tears in bottles. Parents with brothers and sisters were praying for me still. Moreover there is something in that covenant, I believe, which had its influence in my behalf—that cove-

nant in which the children of believing parents are consecrated to God. I was a child of believing parents, they relied on the covenant and never forgot to plead it; their faith was strong; they never gave me up nor wearied in prayer—thanks be to God for such parents!—and still they live to pray. Their eyes, it is true, could not see me, nor were their arms long enough to reach and to guard me; but, what was better, yes, inconceivably better, their prayers could reach God's throne—the throne of that God who has covenant blessings for the children of his people.

BACKSLIDING AND ITS FRUITS.

THERE is still another consideration which has weight in my own mind; perhaps it may be introduced here, though all may not view it as it is viewed by me.

Some time previous to my leaving home, during a revival of religion in our church, I trusted that I experienced a change of heart; and still I think it was so. But ah, how shameful and fearful was my backsliding! How did I deny my Master! and many tears and bitter sorrows has that backsliding caused me. But if I then became one of Christ's flock, I find here a reason why I was not suffered to wander entirely away, for he loses none that have been given to him; and though Satan may *sift* them, he will not quite get them, for Jesus has prayed for them, and is still their prevalent intercessor.

DEFERRING TO UNITE WITH THE CHURCH, AND
THE EVIL CONSEQUENCES.

I NEGLECTED uniting with the people of God, though I was urged to it, and knew it to be a duty. But I did not feel quite sure that I was a Christian, and I was yet young; could a boy, I said to myself, always conduct with the sobriety required of a church-member? Besides, I shrunk from the publicity of such an act as making a public profession of religion; rather, I had better say in plain English, I was still too much ashamed of Christ; and hence the source—shall I say of *all*?—certainly the source of a large share of my troubles; for had I come to the city as a church-member, though young, and had I put myself under the care of the officers of the church, they, it is to be pre-

sumed, for that is their duty, would have watched me as fathers, and I would have had friends and associates such as I needed, would have been introduced to a Sabbath-school, and have enjoyed all church influences, and had fewer temptations. There is more safety within the inclosure of the fold, but dangers are thick everywhere outside. Or had the practice which prevails in some of the Scotch churches been the practice here, that is, of giving letters of dismission or of introduction at least, to those who are members of the church by baptism, when they remove to live within the bounds of another church, that would have been a help for me.

The young people who may read this will, I hope, avoid my mistake, and for themselves, wherever Providence may

cast their lot, in the first place inquire where their shepherd feeds his flock, where he makes them rest, and ever be found with them.

MY EXPERIENCE—HOW I READ IT.

My past experience is a book which I often find myself turning over; and at certain passages I stop and wonder. I sometimes find myself asking, why that covenant-keeping God did permit me to fall sometimes, and restrain me at others. I do not know indeed all the reasons. But parents do suffer their children sometimes to hurt themselves a little that they may learn caution; and God's discipline of his children will be such as to show them that their strength is in him, that their own strength is weakness. God would teach his people humility. David

went with his head bowed down ever after his fall, having his sin ever before him, crying, and teaching us also to cry, "Have mercy upon me, O God."

Every Christian, I suppose, will have something more or less, to remind him of his own weakness—something to remind him that there is such a thing as native depravity, and to make him ashamed of it.

And, if ever we are disposed to be hard upon those who have fallen into sin, it will be well to call to mind how much we have been forgiven.

Christ could forgive Peter—he spake kindly to the woman whom all the people were ready to stone.

MY FATHER'S VISIT.

AFTER a residence in the city of something over a year, my father visited me. He came, as I remember, on the Fourth of July. I was spending a part of the afternoon in the Museum, and you may imagine how surprised I was to find him at my boarding-house, when I returned to supper. I was glad enough not to be found in worse employment. He spent the following day with me, and was pleased to learn that I aimed to be present at least once every Sabbath, and often twice, at Dr. S.'s church. And then his heart was set on going with me to the Dr.'s house. But I was not prepared for that, and multiplied excuses, and could not be prevailed on to go; and how sorry I have since been for all that sort of bashfulness!

At a later period, when I had become a member of that church, I once told the excellent pastor of this circumstance, how my father had tried to bring me to his house, and put me under his care. He expressed, as you may suppose, much regret that my father had failed of accomplishing his wish.

After this an old neighbour, a deacon of the church of which my parents were members, and who had ever shown much anxiety for my spiritual welfare, was passing through the city and sent for me to his lodgings. His theme on this occasion, was the danger of a youth from home, and "The One Thing Needful."

VISIT HOME.

Not long afterwards I visited home agreeably to an arrangement made by

my father while in the city. All these visits were serviceable. The faithful counsel they afforded me—the home scenes—family worship, and its old lessons revived—the thoughts of my own heart—the contrasting the order and happiness of a godly house with those houses I had been in, and with what I myself might become, unless I should get out of those by-roads into which I had turned aside—these were, at least, as brakes to the wheels; they checked somewhat the velocity downwards.

NO, AND WHAT IT DID.

BUT, my young friends, learn to say *No*. It is good advice, and did me good service after all, for I never quite lost sight of it. Though I often lay on my oars, and suffered myself to be carried down stream,

it was not so all the time; the sight of whirlpools, or the loud alarms of conscience, or a friendly voice, would startle me, and stir me up to recover, if possible, what had been lost. Have patience then, (if you can endure so much discoursing about one's self,) and I will tell you some of the achievements of that little word when duly honoured, and legitimately employed.

THE BALL PLAY.

It was in the spring season, after we had been shut within the city during a long winter, when the snow had gone, and the grass was green, the blossoms were on the trees, and some of the birds had returned, and so many things in the country were inviting. On a bright Sabbath day of this charming season, my fellow apprentices had arranged for a ball play in

the country. I had heard nothing of it till on my return from church, when I found them waiting for dinner and full of talk about their anticipated sport.

Dinner was hurried through, for they were impatient to be away to the green meadows, and I must go along, they said. But I said *No*. One insisted, and then another insisted, and then all together, declaring that I must go, and should go, they could not make up the game without me—and hadn't I had enough of the inside of the town during all the winter? "Come and snuff a little pure air, come and have a little sport once in your life; who would shut himself up inside of brick walls on such a splendid day? Come on, what was a fellow made for, if not to enjoy himself? Won't you come?" "*No*," I said, and kept my eyes on my reading, for while they were getting their hats I

had taken my book, and had seated myself by a window. At last the oldest and largest of the company took hold of me, and says, "You *shall* come." "*No*," said I. Hereupon he dismissed me with an oath, and added, "You must have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." They all turned and bolted out noisily into the street, leaving me to my book and my moping, as they termed it, but really to enjoy a more happy Sabbath afternoon than I had seen for a long time.

WHAT SHAKING DOES FOR THE TREES.

A TREE in an exposed situation will be found to have larger and longer roots than trees which are in the forest; for the more a tree is shaken, (if it is not thrown over,) the deeper and wider it throws its roots, and the sturdier it grows.



**"The oldest and largest of the company took hold of me and said,
'You shall come.' 'No, said I.'"**

p. 76.

I had been shaken again that day, but not thrown down, and I began to feel firmer, to stand up straighter, to be more of a man. Even that profane reference to having been "*brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,*" did me good ; it sent a thrill to my heart ; it awakened in me the remembrance of honours which I inherited, better than those of any titled family ; it reminded me that I was a son of those who are "a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people ;" and it carried with it an appeal not to disgrace my parentage any more. "You must have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," kept ringing, with a pleasant sound, in my ears all that afternoon, and hardly a week has passed since then, but I have thought of it.

THE PIOUS JOURNEYMAN. THE BIBLE CLASS.

THE boys hurried to their sport, and I soon afterwards bent my steps in another direction, to meet with a Bible class ; for I must tell you about a journeyman that had come to town, and found work in our shop. There was something in him that attracted me—something in his manners, and even in the expression he wore in his face, and yet more in his manner of speaking, which showed that he was a man that feared God. I took opportunities of being alone with him, and without much delay ascertained that he was a professor of religion, had united by letter with Mr. K.'s church, had already joined a Bible class there, and he invited me to go with him on the next Sabbath. His invitation was gladly accepted.

That pious journeyman! he was as a good angel to me. He will not lose his reward.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

I WAS to tell you something of the good service *No* did me. On a certain winter evening when the sleighing was good, the bells on the horses rang out cheerily in the clear air of the star-lighted night, and the eight o'clock bell had just rung out the welcome intelligence to many waiting ears that the labours for the day might cease; a company of young fellows full of glee, already in their overcoats, came stamping up the stairs and towards me—their sleigh was at the door with a vacant seat for me—would I go? The blood in all my veins felt a new stimulus; the memories of other days were awakened

—days when to hold the reins was my privilege, and when discretionary powers as to the use of the whip were lodged with me. There was not a delay of many minutes till we were together amongst the buffalo robes, and the horses, which seemed to have caught the spirit of the lads behind them, made the houses and lamp-posts march in more than double quick time to our rear. Soon we hove in sight of a “half-way-house.” “Let’s *warm*,” said the driver. “Let’s *warm*,” said the boys. “What’ll you have?” said the bar-tender. “Whiskey-punch, and hot too,” said the boys. I was determined to get no other warming than such as the cherry-red coal stove would afford; but two other arms were locked in mine, and I was marched up to the bar, as policemen are wont to show their

friends politely to the lock-up. I sipped part of a glass of punch.

TARRY NOT AT THE WINE CUP.

Too soon we came to another tavern. And surely we were likely to stop often enough, for each one in the company must have an opportunity to "treat." But I was determined to resist all other attempts to make me drink. No more punch or hot-stuff passed into my mouth that night, but when I "treated," I sought to furnish the eatables. The result was that I could not sing, nor help them to make the night hideous with shouts and empty laughs. This vexed them, and they declared they would never again invite me to a sleigh-ride, unless I could get drunk too. No helped to save me that night from acting the fool, and from a sick sto-

mach, from a sore head the next morning, and a sorer conscience; and sayed me from future solicitations of the same kind.

Be advised to say *No* to the wine cup, to the beer cup, and that positively. Make no compromises here. "Wine is a mocker," and strong drink, in any of the mixtures, and under any name, is only raging still. Total abstinence cannot injure, but may save you. Indulgence can do you no manner of good, and may ruin you.

AVOID IMPURITY.

IN cities, especially, there are swarms of those wretched beings whose houses are the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. Concerning them, I never had anything but horror and dis-

gust, mingled with pity indeed, and always avoided them—turned *far* out of their way. But thousands better than I, have been taken in their net; then how can I sufficiently praise the good hand of my God upon me by which I was kept!

In respect to every form of temptation of this nature, be decided, yea, religiously scrupulous. Defile not your fingers with any filthy books, nor suffer your souls to gather more defilement by the sight of obscene pictures. *Flee* all youthful lusts. Like Joseph in Potiphar's house, run away, *rush* away from temptation, saying, "*How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?*" Allow no impure thoughts, like slimy snakes, to crawl into your mind. Keep your body holy as a temple for the Holy Ghost, and remember that it is the "pure in heart that shall see God."

HOW NO MAY HELP IN GAINING KNOWLEDGE.

I HAVE reason to think well of my brother's counsel, and of that little monosyllable, of whose history I have been speaking somewhat ; I have reason to think well of it, for it helped me to some knowledge which otherwise might not have been acquired. I had been brought up in habits of economy, and used to gather up the fragments of time as well as the fragments of other things, and had been taught to improve the rainy days and evening hours, and to fill up all odd moments with useful reading; and when I left home, it was with many charges never to be without some profitable book ; "they are generally the safest and least expensive company," they said. And so on coming to the city, I looked about for

books, but they were scarce, both in the shop, and at the boarding-house. The book-stores looked inviting, and I was ready to envy the clerks who lived amongst books. I resolved to buy, as long as my shillings would hold out. My first purchase was Paley's Evidences of Christianity; my second, Watts on the Mind; these I studied. Then Paley's Natural Theology—Hawes's Lectures to Young Men—Franklin's Life and his Writings, and many other books; I needn't repeat the titles of them. By-and-by I brought home a Natural Philosophy, then a Chemistry, and entertained myself with these. "What dull things are these you have?" said the boys. "Come for a walk; it's long enough for us to be shut up during working hours; let's have a little fun," said they. "*No*," said I. Evening after

evening they were tramping over the city, seeing sights, racing after every novelty, into the saloons and oyster cellars, playing chess or dominoes, looking after steamboats and hearing learned opinions as to their racing qualities, witnessing rows, going to theatres and other shows, getting out of money, and trying to borrow. I pretty steadily resisted the temptations to all this dissipation, though I saw enough of the city, as much, probably, as was profitable, and read considerably in that big book of men and things, and took out-door exercise enough to keep in health. It often cost self-denial to sit down with my book, when everybody else was abroad hunting pleasure; but that pleasure was evanescent, while the moments of youth spent in study, ever afterwards yield pleasant fruit. Let me assure you, that

what I learned during the scraps of time, which others threw away, has been of vast benefit to me. I know not how I could do without it.

THE APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

As soon as I heard of the Apprentices' Library, I hastened to avail myself of its privileges; but it did not meet my expectations. The books were not selected for such a library, but had the appearance of having been gathered out of garrets, and they were kept in the dark end of a store-room. I one day saw in the papers, notice of a meeting to be held at one of the churches, in behalf of Apprentices; that addresses would be delivered, and the young people were invited to attend. I was there—heard the speeches, and liked them; for the speakers promised,

(and why should not public speakers be expected to fulfil their promises?) they promised to do just the thing which in my heart I had long been wishing for. Said they, (and I supposed they had due authority for giving such pledges,) “We will furnish for you reading-rooms more attractive than the gilded saloons—we will provide you lectures, better and more attractive than the theatre—we will supply in the libraries food for your minds, more satisfying than all the entertainments of confectioners.”

HOPE DEFERRED.

My heart responded, “Amen, and do it quickly. Do it quickly, for the evils over which you have been calling your audience to mourn, are more alarming even than you have represented. Do it quickly,

for the sake of pious parents whose sons you may save from ruin ; for the sake of widows' sons, for the sake of orphan boys who now feel as if abandoned to walk the streets, or to take shelter in the drinking shops ; for their cheerless workshop, or the underground kitchen of their boarding house is not, and cannot be made to seem like the cheerful home they have left. ”

I heard the speeches aforesaid, and waited for the accomplishment of the promises contained in them. But it was hope deferred. That work was not done, and in many cities it is a work which still is among the things *to be* done, and which is greatly needed. Those who move in it will do good service for their country, and for their species. And, to look after country boys in the towns ; to go around through the shops and

stores, inquiring after stray lambs, baptized children who have none to watch over them, is not an unworthy work for ruling elders, or for ministers.

As I was saying, the Apprentices' Library not being altogether what I desired, I supplied myself at auction-rooms and private sales, until the establishment of the "Young Men's Literary Association," whose large and well selected library, large and attractive reading-rooms, and excellent lectures just met my wishes, and were faithfully improved by me, so long as I remained in the city.

*
GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS OF TIME.

THE boys will see that I have not attempted to conceal from them the fact that it will require much self-denial, and a firm purpose to keep at one's book du-

ring those pleasant evenings when the streets are alive with gayety: it may require a strong will always to carry you past the saloons with their pictures, and pleasant light and music, with free newspapers and magazines; and these may cause the dingy walls of your work-shops to seem more dingy, and the dim light of your little tin lamp to seem more dim; but persist—still answer your tempter with *No*. Always have a good book in your drawer, with a mark at the place, that you may turn to your reading in a moment, and so gather up the fragments of time, and in future years you will have as your own, baskets full of knowledge.

YOUNGEST APPRENTICE ADVANCED.

I HAD arrived at a stage in the history of my apprenticeship, when I was less ashamed of steady habits. What I had been assured of amongst my charges on leaving home, was giving evidence of being true, viz: that diligence and attention to business will make a good workman, and that these, with uprightness and fidelity to my employers, would secure their confidence and esteem. I had long ago arisen from that unenviable place, the youngest apprentice's berth. Not that this is to be despised, or jumped over. All professions have a beginning. The best sea-captains are those, who, in sea phrase, came up through the hawse-hole, and worked their way back to the cabin: that is, who have worked their

way up through all the grades, from cabin-boy to commander. Well, I had advanced in my position in the shop, and began to feel that I could be independent; I would support a character for myself, and not follow in the wake of others, especially if they were determined always to be boys. For myself, I felt that it was time to begin to be more like a man; and instead of trifling away life with others, I felt that it would be vastly more noble to try and exert a good influence over others, especially to do what was in my power for the benefit of the younger boys of the shop, and in this endeavour I found much pleasure, such as conducting any who could be thus influenced, to church—helping them to books—walking and conversing with them on the books which either of us were reading.

I began to find time for some of the evening meetings during the week. My love of the sanctuary, of the Bible, and of religious people was increasing. There was, I may say, a revival of religion in my heart. Fearfully, indeed, had I backslidden, but I prayed for mercy and forgiveness.

SECOND VISIT HOME.

ANOTHER visit home about this time was improved by my parents in religious conversation, which I neither attempted nor desired to avoid, but which I greatly enjoyed. They urged a public profession of religion, to which I answered that my mind was made up to unite with the church as soon as I should return to the city. Heretofore I had been trying to argue myself into a belief that a person

may be as good a Christian out of the church, as in it; or, if that could not be established, yet I was probably too young at present to become a professor of religion, for I might fall, and so disgrace the church, and myself too, more than by sinning while out of the church.

A CHRISTIAN OUT OF THE CHURCH LIKE A
SHEEP IN THE WILDERNESS.

ALL the time, however, I was acting and arguing against my own convictions of duty, and ever since, I have been seeing my error more, and seeing more, also, the loss I sustained by thinking to live an isolated Christian life.

My young friends, if you desire peace of mind and the blessing of God, omit no known duty. If you would claim the Lord as your shepherd, then must you

follow his call, and be found in the fold amongst his sheep and his lambs; and heed what has been shown you respecting the dangers which beset all who despise the under-shepherds' care—the care of those whom the Holy Ghost hath made the overseers of the flock of God.

The Spirit of the Lord was also, I believe, working with me in other respects than with reference to the duty of professing Christ before men. When the wanderer begins to return, there are helps afforded, if he will make use of them, to bring him *all the way* back, that he may begin to live wholly for the Lord—that he may begin to perform every neglected duty.

JONAH FLEEING FROM GOD AND DUTY.

SOMETIMES when I have read how Jonah refused to obey the voice of the Lord,

how he attempted indeed to run away from the presence of the Lord, when the Lord commanded him to go and prophesy—when I have read how God caused troubles to follow one who was attempting to flee from his duty; and how after all he was compelled to undertake the work to which he was first called; I have thought that perhaps my case might be something like his, in some respects. My parents had devoted me to God, to serve him, if he desired my service in that capacity, in the gospel ministry; which office they esteemed, and justly esteemed, above every other office or honour in the world. But I, as has been told you, shrunk from it, yea, like Jonah, had tried to run away from it, and had suffered somewhat, it may be, for that very sin; but now the fugitive was about to be brought back.

EARLY VOWS AND PRAYERS REMEMBERED.

My parents, I suppose, had long ceased to think of my ever becoming a minister, but their early vows had not been forgotten in heaven; they had probably long ceased to pray for this special object, but their former prayers had been treasured up, were kept in remembrance, and should be answered.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

DURING my last visit home, a young man who had once been my teacher, was about departing on a mission to the Karens in Burmah. I was present at the farewell meeting, as it was called, on which occasion his address was principally directed to his former associates, and to the youth of the community; and this was

his text, "And who knoweth, whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" *Esth.* iv. 14. That text followed me back to the city; it hovered over me while at my work; pursued me in my walks; followed me to bed at night; was the first salutation in the morning; attended me to church, and found something in every sermon still more to recommend and enforce itself. Duty to the heathen, and my own personal duty to the heathen, was the grand subject; it kept before my mind for six months without intermission. I tried to forget it—to read and think on other subjects, so as to crowd this text out of my mind; but in vain. Then I laboured to set the matter at rest by *proving* that I could not be the person meant. "I might be called to the kingdom for other purposes, but not to preach

the gospel; for I was now well along in preparation for gaining a living in another way; I might be useful in a more humble calling; much time had been spent in learning a trade; some of the best years for study had been otherwise employed. By continuing at my trade, I could earn money to aid in educating and supporting in the field other labourers more worthy than myself. Moreover, my talents surely were not of a kind needed, nor my piety equal to what is expected and demanded in this so high and holy an office." So I reasoned for weeks. I tried to satisfy the text or the Holy Spirit who persisted in holding the text before me, by promising large things which I would do as an humble member of the church at home; and how could the work of missions be carried on, unless there were some to keep

the treasuries well supplied? and was there not as plain a command for some to labour, "*working with their hands* the thing which is good, that they may have to give to him that needeth," as there was for others to go abroad and preach the gospel? I became liberal for one of my little income, and often put all the silver I had into the plate as it passed, and went to work afterwards at over-work, to earn more; and to extricate myself more entirely from any obligation to study for the ministry, I endeavoured, though without success, to negotiate with a young man, whose acquaintance I had formed, and in whose piety I had confidence; promising to educate him, to keep working myself as a journeyman, and supply him with funds, and thus aid him through all the schools until he should be

prepared for the ministry. All this, however, was not sufficient to drive away the text; it kept after me still, and continued saying, "Thou, Thou! 'And who knoweth, whether *thou* art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'"

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

THEN I sought to gain time, and eventually to escape altogether, by revolving in my mind the question of a *call* to the ministry: what is it?—how plain and pointed must it be?—and however plain the call might have been, I would have been ready to demand something a little more definite and distinct yet. The danger of one's running before he is sent, was made use of to aid the inclinations of the heart in their protracted warfare with the strivings of the Spirit.

All this time these reflections and debates were shut up in my own heart, and no other person knew of the struggles within my breast. The Bible was studied much with especial reference to the question under consideration, and much prayer was offered for wisdom, yea, for special direction.

THE DECISION.

At length on a summer evening, during a solitary walk far away in the outskirts of the city, I gave up the contest, and gave myself wholly to the Lord, promising to follow the leadings of Providence in regard to my future course.

A letter was before many days sent to that elder brother, of whom I have told you. That letter contained some account of my exercises on the question of study-

ing for the ministry, asking advice ; without, however, mentioning the decision to which I had been brought. His answer was characteristically laconic and not a little chilling to myself. " Who has advised you to turn your mind in this new direction ? The ministry is a sacred office, and a work of solemn responsibility ; such a step should not be taken rashly." That was cautious, and undoubtedly it was better than a too hearty encouragement. Indeed, I received no direct encouragement from home till they saw me setting out in my studies, and in a manner which looked as though I was prepared to work my way through difficulties. Then they were with me heart and purse, so far as they were able.

A change in the affairs of my employers released me honourably from further

engagements with them. Then I commenced working for wages in order to get a little fund with which to begin study ; but a severe wound in the hand sent me home sooner than I had expected, to look up my long neglected Latin and other books. A covenant-keeping God did not desert me. The road, which in prospect seemed so long and so steep, up through Academy, College, Theological Seminary, by taking one step at a time became easy, yes, delightful ; and seemed, indeed, too short.

MY FELLOW APPRENTICES—WHERE ARE THEY ?

SOME of my young readers may be a little curious to know what became of my fellow apprentices. Well, I cannot gratify that curiosity exactly, for I did not keep track of them all, and they scat-

tered about very much over the country; but as a kind of general answer I can say, that of the class of boys and young men who spent their evenings in the streets, and with such companions as are to be met in the streets, who spent their holidays at shooting matches and ten-pin alleys, who expended their pocket-money at beer-shops, saloons, theatres, and kindred places, rather than in books and for lectures,—of that class not many are to be found in the places of honour and trust, which are in the gift of the people; not many of the legislators, senators, judges, or men of character and influence anywhere, are from that class. I can tell you what I saw happening to journeymen who had been apprentices of the stamp above mentioned. They were rovers—often wandering over the earth,

from shop to shop, from town to town. They were generally out of money, if not in debt for board, or clothing, or liquor. How many a contribution have I seen taken up to "*put on his feet again*" a fellow-craftsman whose wages had always been spent in riotous living! When sickness overtakes such fellows, they become at once objects of private charity or public charge. When hard times come, these are the fellows that first feel it; they are usually the first to be thrown out of work, and when out of work, and of course out of cash, they must draw from benevolent associations, or go to the soup-houses, and are ready for riots. Memory this moment points to some who went out of the world shrieking for help to be delivered from snakes and devils, and all the horrors of *mania a potu*. Some

I heard of who died in alms houses, and were carried on a cart in a coffin of rough boards paid for by the city's charity, and buried in the potter's field—the carman and grave-digger being the only mourners.

O my young friends, look at your kind father, your precious mother, your dear sisters, and ask if you can choose such things for yourselves, the works of iniquity and the wages of it—a drunkard's revellings, with his babblings and his woes—a gambler's wretched life and miserable end—a brothel with its pollutions, and the terrible recompense which a pure and holy God always sends close on the heels of such crimes. For momentary gratifications are you willing to pay all the price, of which empty pockets, want of character, and want of friends are the smallest

part; but of which, stings of conscience, death without hope, and a bed in hell are the principal part?

Do you deliberately choose this? If not, then set your face against every sin; yea, *flee* the very appearance of evil, and ever pray to our Father in heaven to lead you not into temptation, but to deliver you from evil. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Let your prayer be, "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." Be decided at first, and have no fellowship with unrighteousness; choose your companions from the godly, rather than the ungodly; and be afraid to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, lest in a little time you be found standing in the way of sinners more advanced in wickedness; and at length sitting habitually in the seat of the scornful.

There is truth in these lines, and multitudes to their everlasting regret have found it so, that

“Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We pity, then endure, and then embrace.”

NO SAFETY BUT IN CHRIST.

BUT after all, dear friends, there is cause for fear, yes, there is cause for the greatest anxiety for all those who are yet out of Christ, for they are without God in the world, and consequently without hope. Who would remain exposed to the wolves and that roaring lion, and be left to wander on the cold mountains, when he may just as well have a Shepherd who leadeth his sheep in paths of righteousness, and maketh them to lie down

in green pastures, and to feed beside the still waters? Who would remain exposed to the sword of the avenger of blood, when there is a city of refuge into which he may flee? Who would rather remain amongst a wicked generation, seeking worldly indulgence, until the floods of divine wrath shall come, than to follow the call of God, and go into the ark, and let God's own hand shut him in and keep him safe?

Oh, then, become the friends of God at once, then he will be your ever-present help; Jesus will be your Shepherd; the Holy Spirit will be your Teacher, your Sanctifier, your Comforter.

THERE ARE GOOD IN CITIES AS WELL AS BAD.

WERE I to stop here I might leave myself liable to the charge of scandalizing

the city by leaving the impression that the mass of city boys are dissolute, and that most master mechanics are like those into whose hands I fell. I am glad that I need not leave such an impression, for after some experience in the city, I met with some as noble boys as I have ever found in any place ; some that had been brought up in the city, and others that had come from the country, and still held fast their integrity ; boys that looked straight before them, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. I found also that there were shops in the city, whose proprietors were godly men ; shops in which the apprentices were looked after, their morals guarded ; shops in which there was less beer, where customers were not so often disappointed because the men were on a spree, or keeping “blue

Monday;" shops whose proprietors took some pains to keep their boys from forming vicious habits, and the better to secure this, endeavoured to make their own houses a place where they might feel as at home, and helped them in the way where they might meet with safe and profitable entertainments.

Again, because I have spoken only of some of the temptations incident to a city life, let no one get the impression that I suppose a life in the country may be free from temptation.

TEMPTATIONS IN THE COUNTRY ALSO.

THERE are indeed dangers in the city, and a thousand times more than I have told you of; and there are dangers which are peculiar to the city; but the country has its dangers also, and some which are

peculiar to it, as well as others which it has in common with the city. Everywhere the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; everywhere the human family go astray from the womb, and everywhere that roaring lion of which you have heard, will be. He roams alike over the green fields, and up and down the paved streets; he lurks for his prey in the work-shops, and places of amusement in the city, in the retired villa, and by the rustic hearth; therefore be aware of his devices, and ever say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Whether your lot may be cast in the town or in the country, *Learn to say No* to every temptation, to any form of evil. Wherever your lot may be cast—though it be in the forecastle of a ship amidst a crew of abandoned men, still be determined to

do your duty, your whole duty, and, if you ask it, you shall have help from God according to your need.

REFLECTIONS.

AMONG the lessons picked up by the way, in running through this little narrative, of things remembered by a city apprentice, and which he has written for reasons similar to those which have caused buoys to be placed at the entrances to rivers and harbours, and lighthouses to be built upon the coasts; a few of the lessons we have gleaned, we may here repeat.

ARM AND DISCIPLINE THE SOLDIER BEFORE
YOU SEND HIM TO THE WARS.

CHILDREN who must be sent to the city,
as well as youth who are to be sent away

to school, or such as are liable in any way to lose the parents' care, should first be well fortified with a good religious education; should be well moulded into correct habits, and sound principles should be well rooted in their hearts. The best security for children, whether at home or abroad, is the *fear of God*. Let them learn to abhor sin, because it is in itself evil and hateful; let them with Joseph learn to say, *How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God!*

Parents should know where their children are. If the children must be sent from home, ought not other religious homes to be found for them? Ought they not at least to be introduced to some good minister, and to the officers of his church? Do not the vows of the Christian parent when he gave his child to God in baptism,

require more care than is generally used in providing for baptized children, when they go from home ?

HOPE FOR CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT.

HOW GOD KEPT LITTLE SAMUEL.

BUT children of the covenant must never be despaired of. Let the parent be encouraged ever to follow the child with prayers, and prayers of faith. The darker the prospect, the harder should be the wrestling. And may there not be more hope for sons that have by their parents been set apart to the service of the sanctuary, though such consecration may have been long, yea, *long years* before the child had any notion for that office, yes, and while he hated it—though that consecration may have been as early as was that of Samuel by his mother Hannah ?

May not parents have more strong hope for children dedicated to God in this way ; for children who have been—shall I say, *doubly* consecrated ? No, not doubly, but *wholly* consecrated to God, to be employed by him as he sees best ?

God never refuses the offerings of his people ; sacrifices made in sincerity he will accept ; he will have some mark on those that have been cast on him from the womb, and will follow them with his eye, and conduct them too, though it may not be through the precise course which the parent had marked out. God sometimes brings the blind by a way they knew not.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF APPRENTICES.

CANNOT more be done to meet the wants of the boys in cities of the class of which

we have been speaking? May there not be here a field in which a large harvest may be gathered? Ought not ministers and ruling elders (whom the Holy Ghost has made overseers of the flock) and Sabbath-school teachers to go occasionally through the shops, and see if there are any straying lambs, any boys in the situation that I was in, just waiting for any good friend to show them the way to church, and to a Sabbath-school? Then run and speak to the young men—meet them as they first enter the city—learn what is the heart of a stranger—you may easily gain the heart of a stranger. Pious people in cities have a large field of usefulness; and as their opportunities are large, their harvest may be abundant, and their responsibilities surely are heavy.

THE GOOD THAT A SINGLE WORD MAY DO.

A SINGLE kind word may be of great value; one particle of encouragement may do much towards saving a poor boy, who was just about to throw himself away; one offer of a helping hand may be the influence which determined an almost entirely ruined youth to make a final struggle to save himself from sinking; to shake off those that are dragging him down into the depths, and to seize hold of the last plank that is drifting by.

Is there not something still to be done for apprentice boys? There are, in some of the cities, Christian Associations. These are good, but as a general thing they benefit a grade somewhat higher, and somewhat older than those to whom I refer. Something is needed for apprentice

boys, and young clerks, and working boys of respectability, who desire to grow up into respectable and honourable men. Reading-rooms, Libraries, Lectures with maps and apparatus, Debating Clubs, Evening Schools, &c., boys can, and will be willing to pay something for; but they need help, help in the getting up and management of the whole affair.

Looking at this subject with the eye of a philanthropist, or only with the eye of a patriot, one would be prompted to inquire if anything is needed, and if anything can be done in this direction; for it has been said that the politics of the whole country are coloured very much by the politics of the city.

The huzzas which so often run through the whole land generally arise in the cities, and the loudest cries are from the

boys, and from irresponsible men. And the boys are the future men. Therefore, bend the twig as you wish the tree to grow.

Mobs in the cities are often started by the boys, and generally, were it not for the boys, riots might be quelled much more easily than they are. Then, "Take care of your youth, and the youth will take care of your country."