

The young men of the great city.

Publication/Creation

London : Jarrold, [between 1850 and 1859?]

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The Young Men of the Great City.

THIRD EDITION. FIFTEENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON: JARROLD AND SONS,
47, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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HOUSEHOLD TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Designed as Gifts from Parents to their Children—Teachers to their Scholars—Mistresses to their Servants—and Masters to their Workpeople.

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THE HAPPY LIFE. *For Girls.*

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HOW TO TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE. *For Young Men.*

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THE VALUE OF GOOD FOOD.

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THE GAIN OF A WELL-TRAINED MIND.

A SHORT YARN. *For Sailors.*

DAUGHTERS FROM HOME.

HOUSEHOLD RHYMES. *For the Children.*

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THINGS.

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE GREAT CITY.

SCIENCE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWOPENCE EACH.

THE GREAT ROUND WORLD.

THE WIDE AND DEEP SEA.

THE INCONSTANT WIND.

BUSY-BODY OXYGEN.

THE INVISIBLE AIR.

THE REFRESHING RAIN.

LONDON:

JARROLD AND SONS, 47, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.



THE YOUNG MEN OF THE GREAT CITY.

HAVE you ever stood by a cradle in which some fair child is sweetly slumbering, or listened to the wild prattle of a boy whose engaging sprightliness has made him the object of universal attraction in the family circle? A father's hopes and a mother's fond affections are centred there. If you look around that circle, you will detect little cause for anxiety. Should the recollection of any painful suggestion cross that mother's mind, it is banished by the fond hope that that child, so lovely and so engaging, can never be otherwise than an obedient, truthful, upright, and honourable character.

Years roll their course, and he goes on well. The lessons of morality and religion are imparted and received; the mind receives its due cultivation; the manners their wished-for form. The faults of temper and disposition have been watched and corrected, so far as the judgment and wisdom of the parents have been equal to the task. And now the time has arrived when

the great step in life must be taken. The sheltering protection of home must be withdrawn, and the wide, wide, world must be entered. Surely it is a fair world. As the lad bids farewell to those who have hitherto been his loving counsellors, or the companions of his childhood, he speedily forgets the grief of parting, in view of the brightness of the prospect before him. As he surveys the world thus early presented to his eye, it seems very attractive. The dull realities of life, its sorrows and its trials, are at present hidden from his sight. All is bright and glittering. The thoughts which fill his mind are very varied. Ambition, success, the love of distinction, pleasure—all, it may be, find a place there. Follow him into the counting-house or the shop, and you will find him diligent, earnest, and anxious to please; in his leisure hours, and they are, for the most part, not improperly occupied. For a short period it seems as though a shield were thrown over him. Ere long, however, he must submit to the common lot, and temptation in its hundred forms will cross his path. How will he meet it? Is he endued with the power to say "No," or will he weakly yield? Look not coldly on. On his conduct now are depending interests of the most momentous character. It is no slight struggle that is passing in that heart; nor is the temptation wanting in specious pretence. If it be an invitation to the theatre, "the drama is not necessarily demoralising;" to the casino, "dancing is a very harmless thing in itself;" to the card or billiard-table, "I need not play for money;" to the Sunday walk, "I must have exercise and recreation, and

with an agreeable and right-minded companion, it may be as profitable as the sermon or the Bible-class."

The grosser forms of temptation are kept back, or veiled at present. The Tempter has studied the human heart long and carefully, and knows that it must be by little and little that the victim is secured.

Vice is too hideous and loathsome to be introduced at once; the eye must become familiar with the more questionable forms of evil. When these are presented, will the tried-one say "No" or "Yes?" If he say "No," half the first battle of life is over. His moral nature has gained strength by the decision, and when the enemy comes again, he faces him with the aspect of a conqueror. If he say "Yes," however feebly, he has launched his frail bark in the midst of a whirlpool; and if he ultimately escape, it will not be till his strength is well-nigh exhausted, and his courage gone.

Reader, as you press on in the busy path of life, let me ask you to turn aside for a few moments and look at a few pictures of real life which I will present to you. They shall not be mere pictures of the imagination, but PHOTOGRAPHS impressed on the memory of one whose lot has long been cast among young men of every position in life.

Some years ago a youth was sent from a country town to seek a situation in the "great city." The son of a pious mother, he had been carefully trained, and had been taught the principles of truth and uprightness. He had no difficulty in obtaining a situation in a large commercial house. To good natural abilities there had

been added the advantages of a practical education and some accomplishments. His person was pleasing and his manners agreeable. It was fondly hoped that a bright and successful career was before him. At first all went on well. His steadiness and attention to business commended him to his employers; his obliging disposition made him a favourite in the house in which he lived.

His Sabbaths were generally spent with a Christian family, to which he had been introduced; he was regular in his attendance at the house of God, and seemed, for a time, to be interested in religious enquiry.

Thus screened and cared for, the shafts of temptation were, for a time, levelled at him in vain. At length, however, as he emerged into manhood, and the spirit of independence came upon him, he thought less of the advice which he had hitherto followed. The desire for worldly society and amusement became very great; how was it to be gratified? His hitherto moderate wants had been supplied by money from home, and by the receipt of a small salary. If he plunged into the midst of the world, common sense told him these supplies would no longer suffice. This restrained him for a time. While the struggle was going on, his visits to his Christian friends became less frequent; his attendance at public worship less regular. The first step had been taken in the downward course. Nor was the next far off. One evening, a companion strongly urged that he should go with him to *the theatre*. He accepted the invitation, and not long after repeated his visit alone.

The scenes he witnessed both excited his imagination and stimulated his passions. As he left the theatre, he was solicited by one of those outcasts who, owing their ruin to the baseness of man, repay the horrid debt in tenfold measure, by ruining others. He fell. To sustain the expense which met him, even at the threshold of such a life, his means were altogether inadequate. What should he do? The Tempter was quickly at his elbow. In the performance of his daily duties, small sums of money were entrusted to him. He abstracted sufficient to meet the expenses of the hour. This was repeated again and again, until, emboldened by success, he plunged deeper and deeper into folly and vice. At length, however, his dishonesty was detected, his friends sent for, and the determination of his employers to prosecute him communicated to them. Very many friends united with his heart-broken parent in the entreaty that this terrible trial might be spared her ; but his employers were inexorable. An example must be made. His youth, and a recommendation to mercy, induced the Magistrate to deal summarily with his case, and instead of being sent to the Old Bailey, he was imprisoned for a short period. He was subsequently obliged to leave England, and now, in a far-distant land, he is commencing life anew, far from that mother's presence whose hopes he had so sadly blighted ; far from those scenes of childhood which had once been so happy. And yet, in his case, there is a glimpse of hope. Light may illumine his path again ; and the family circle, now so painfully broken, *may* be reunited.

The theatre was his undoing. Let no specious argument respecting its *possible* purity and harmlessness beguile you. It is not what it *might be*, but what *it is*. One of the most eminent actors that ever trod the stage, confessed to a friend, that it was surrounded by impurity and vice; and, after labouring hard to apply a remedy, he abandoned it in despair. Deny yourself, and pass it by. The self-denial may cost you something, and the intellectual gratification may seem a loss, but your moral nature will be strengthened by resistance to that which is so full of attraction, and the mind will more readily brace itself to the pursuit of that which really develops its powers.

In many instances, however, temptation assumes another form, not in the aspect of vice, but of careless *thoughtlessness in the use of money*.

One of the principal managers of a large commercial institution called a young man into his private room one day, and after remarking upon his altered manner and appearance, insisted upon knowing the cause. Thus suddenly driven into a corner, he had no time for denial or prevarication. He confessed that he was in debt. How much? "Let it all be candidly stated." He mentioned *half the sum he owed*. His employer took his cheque-book, wrote the amount, and as he presented it, said, "Pay your debts, and keep clear for the future." It is easy to imagine the mixture of feelings which filled that breast: gratitude to his munificent friend, and regret that he had withheld the *whole* truth, strangely and painfully mingled there.

Still in bondage, with a mind only half relieved, and with the expenses of a family coming upon him—for he had recently married—his depression increased. In no long time his benefactor learnt what he conceived to be the deception which had been practised upon him. With a revulsion of feeling, not uncommon in such cases, he dismissed the young man from his situation. What should he do? Despair drove him into deeper depths. In a moment of great extremity, he made use of the information which he had acquired, to commit a forgery on the house where he had been employed. He was detected, and ultimately sentenced to transportation. After undergoing the preparatory discipline at Pentonville, he was sent to Gibraltar, and there, on account of his superior manners and attainments, employed as a clerk in the fortress. His conduct was so irreproachable there, that as the termination of the first five years of his banishment drew near, it was intimated to him that the Queen would grant him a pardon. Hope began to restore health to his cheek and peace to his mind. While eagerly anticipating, however, his return to his native land, he was seized with a fever and died. His wife, a few months later, followed him to the grave.

Patience, patience, dear reader! Use all diligence, but live frugally and within your income. The day will come when talent and industry will secure all that you can reasonably demand. And if not, forget not that “a man’s life”—the life, that is, which comes from God and goes to God, “consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.” No grander proof of a

really great mind can be given than the determination, resolutely carried out, to resist all temptation to pass the boundary which God's providence has marked out, at any period of life, as regards the right use of money.

But there is a temptation more ensnaring than these, which strikes deeper into the life, and becomes, if yielded to, more ruinous in its effects. A great man has declared, that "every sin that a man committeth is without the body; but he that committeth *fornication* sinneth against his own body." Against both body and soul then—shortening the life that now is, and embittering for ever the life to come. Of all the sins which men commit, of this it may be emphatically said: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Strong is the testimony of God; strong also the testimony of experience, to the effects of this sin and folly. "The lips of a strange woman drop as the honeycomb, but her end is bitter as wormwood; sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold of hell." This witness is true. The writer has seen the ruin of not a few young men consummated by falling under this temptation. Of three intimate friends, who set out in life with himself, two were carried to a premature grave, by indulgence in this sin. Both were endowed with high intellectual attainments, and distinguished by graceful manners. One had devoted himself to literature, the other to commerce. The first died at the age of thirty, after spending the last five years of his life in a lunatic asylum. The second, after a long period of resistless self-indulgence, married a sweet and lovely woman, to

whom he was tenderly attached. The seeds of premature weakness were, however, sown, and the joys of wedded life were exchanged for anxiety and sorrow. The grave soon received the remains of that otherwise noble fellow. Nor did he suffer alone; his children, and then his heart-broken wife, speedily followed him,—the victims of a rapid decay, of which his sin was the cause.

Who shall describe the anguish of that young man as he saw, long previous to his death, the full consequences of his folly? The heart faints at the recollection of those for ever blighted hopes.

But look around, as you walk the streets of our large towns, at the wretched victims in the other sex. How many homes have been rendered desolate! how many hearts of fathers and mothers, of brothers and sisters, have been broken by this vice! Many a heart has been turned to stone; many a warm and affectionate disposition, which would have rendered man happy, has been turned to bitterness; many a soul has gone down in darkness and despair, the victims of SEDUCTION.

Reader, avoid, put away, and resist the influence of all books, prints, songs and language which, however slightly, suggest this sin. The sight and thought of impurity should be strenuously resisted. In such cases flight is the most courageous. “Flee youthful lusts” is the command of ONE who knows every secret of man’s moral and physical nature. A chaste regard for woman must be cherished through life, if life is to be honorable, joyful, and happy. Such a course will pay,—pay in the delights of a requited affection, of a happy home, and

the bright and smiling faces of a joyous group of children; the gifts of God to help you to bear life's burdens more easily, and to smooth the path of declining age. Reader! let the sympathy and advice of one who knows young men well, have its due influence with you. He well remembers, that when, in early youth, he was tempted to this sin, a voice seemed ever to whisper in his ear, "Do this, and you are ruined for ever. Shorn of the strength which should distinguish thy manhood, thine honour gone, 'thy wealth given to strangers, and thy years to the cruel, thou shalt mourn at the last when thy flesh and thy body are consumed.'"

Akin to this—often both its source as well as its consequence, is *indulgence in drink*. The high pressure of life in large towns too frequently encourages this. The competitions of business are so great, that young men frequently fly to strong stimulants to restore, as they fancy, the exhausted powers of nature. This is a mistake, too often not discovered till it be too late to apply the remedy. Rest, moderate exercise, and wholesome solid food, will restore and maintain the strength of the constitution through the most trying labours and the most feverish excitement. One of the most successful men of the present age, who has built up a gigantic commercial establishment, by God's blessing on his energy and talent, attributes his success mainly to the fact, that while undergoing the excitement of commercial travelling, he maintained a strict sobriety. He saw hundreds fall through the temptation of drink. Of his many competitors few have survived, and of

these the great majority are men of temperance and moderation.

It is true that many employers, both of young men and young women, are deeply responsible for exacting labour beyond the power of ordinary constitutions; but a wise and thoughtful management of themselves, on the part of the employed, will do much to neutralise this. There are few, if any, of the lawful engagements of life which may not be rendered tolerable by judicious management, and dependence on God's providential care.

Will the reader pardon me if I mention one other form of reckless ruin into which many plunge, which saps the mental powers, and brings misery and disgrace in its train! Whether it be on the race-ground or in the betting-room, at the card-table or in mere speculation, GAMBLING is in every way pernicious.

Little by little this gigantic falsehood affects the mind, till the feverish excitement ends in bankruptcy, ruin, and death. Entire mental aberration or suicide is the common lot of most gamblers, whether for high or low stakes. The evil pervades every rank of society, and both sexes alike. Sanctioned by the Legislature, by the suspension of its functions on the great gambling day of the year, it spreads its destructive shadow over the land.

It robs many an inheritor of a noble name of his ancestral property; many a merchant of his accumulated gains; many a tradesman of his hard-earned store; many a young man of his steadiness, integrity, and

future happiness. It is not too much to say, that while gambling never enriched one of its votaries, it has ruined its thousands.

The absorbing and degrading effects of this vice are seen in the great saloons of some of the small German states. In public rooms, similar in some of the uses to which they are applied to the Town-halls of our own land, are often placed gaming-tables, sanctioned and taxed by the government. Here men and women, young and old, are to be seen sitting or standing with faces flushed with excitement, and hands almost palsied with intense eagerness as they watch what are called the chances of the game—chances in which they have so deep an interest.

Those minds have abdicated all their higher qualities, and lost all their finer sensibilities, from the moment they committed themselves to the excitements of the gaming-table. The writer saw on one occasion a young man stake his last florin and lose it, and a young lady—yes!—a young lady—bite her lip till the blood flowed, as both turned away uttering an imprecation of despair.

Gambling ruins both body and mind. The mental, moral, and physical powers are impaired or destroyed by its influence. The writer knew a young man, highly endowed with talents, and well connected in society, who was placed at an early age at the head of a respectable business in a large provincial town. Discontented with his lot, and disgusted with a position which he considered beneath his talents, he first neglected and then threw up the business, which, with moderate assiduity

and integrity, would have amply supplied his wants in early life, and probably have enabled him ultimately to retire with a competence. He followed his tastes and inclinations, which led him into all excess of gaiety and worldly living, and then tried to persuade his friends that he could do well on the Stock Exchange. The reckless spirit of gambling which he followed, speedily reduced him to great straits, and brought him to the verge of ruin.

Friends interposed from time to time to save him ; but as often as they relieved his necessity, he returned to his reckless course. At length his health, weakened by a long course of indulgence, began to fail, and with it ruin speedily stared him in the face. When the writer last saw him, he was on the edge of the grave, awakened to a sense of his folly, but helpless and hopeless as regards the life to come. Who that saw that fine countenance, emaciated with disease and furrowed by anxiety, could refrain from sorrow, and mourn over such blighted prospects ?

In all the transactions of life which are honest, there is an equivalent—a gain on both sides. Each party gives something and each obtains something of value. However unequal things may be at times, and in particular cases, this is the true theory, and for the most part, the practice of commercial life. On the part of the employer and the employed, of the buyer and the seller, there is gain ; but in gaming, there is none of this exchange of benefit. Hence, its injustice and meanness,

since it gives no equivalent for its unrighteous gains, and takes the property of another under a false and delusive stimulus. The gambler often stands face to face with his friend and deliberately carries away his property, leaving in his bosom all the secret bitterness which that loss necessarily engenders.

But the principle of gaming has extended itself, as we have seen, to trade, and is, it is believed, the main cause of the gigantic frauds in commerce, which have so startled the world, and shocked the moral sense of England, from time to time, during the last few years. What was it but gambling that ruined its thousands during the great railway mania, when reckless speculators were permitted to launch their schemes before the public—schemes which were abandoned as soon as the victims of covetousness were entangled in the snare? It is well known, that vast numbers of widows and orphans, as well as young and hitherto industrious tradesmen, lost their all at the period referred to. Let the following case, which actually occurred at the time referred to, illustrate this.

A person who had been reduced to great straits by extravagance and folly, called on a successful speculator, whose name at that time was well known in the Railway market, and requested his aid. He claimed his assistance on the ground of old acquaintance. "What can I do for you?" was the reply. "What money have you?" "None," said the applicant. After considering awhile, his friend said, "Go and buy so many shares in such a railway. You will not need money, only

say that I sent you, and come to me again in a few days."

He did as he was ordered, and at the time appointed returned. In the mean time, through the excitement of the period, the shares were at a great premium. "Now go and sell out, and do your best with the proceeds." By and bye the crash came, and the public were undeceived. Out of whose funds did these proceeds come? Let the bitter remorse of many an aching heart, bowed down with misery and sorrow, give the reply. But the evil, though abated, still exists. All trading and speculation undertaken beyond the limits of a corresponding capital is gambling, and tends to the ruin of those who engage in them. It may be urged, that the spirit of competition renders such a course in many cases inevitable. To this it is replied, that though the steps to success which patient industry points out, may be long, winding, and steep—they are both safe and sure, and will yield *peaceable* fruits when the hey-day of youth is past, and the *retrospect* of life begins.

But is life uniformly faulty? Do all thus fail or escape only as by fire? Is it all darkness and ruin? Nay, dear brother, not all. Bright instances there are of that marvellous power of decision which enables the tried one to say "No." It is possible to live in the world and yet perform its duties faithfully; to assist in promoting its benevolent plans, and keep an unspotted character. The writer well remembers a young man giving him the following account of his conversion: "I belonged to the Early-closing Association, and was so

deeply interested in its success that I was rarely absent from the meetings of the District Committee. As we were a very mixed body, various plans were proposed for effecting our object and raising the necessary funds. A public ball, a concert, a dinner, were some of the expedients suggested. Two young men on that committee, who were among its most active members, opposed all such plans as unsuitable. Their steadiness of purpose, and persevering consistency, greatly impressed me. After much reflection, I began to conjecture that they might belong to the Young Men's Christian Association; I resolved one Sunday afternoon to go to the Bible reading and see if they were there. On looking round the room my conjecture was turned into certainty. They were both there, and in the course of the afternoon spoke as much to the point on the Bible as they had done in the committee. I then concluded that they must be Christians. If this be Christianity, I thought, then there must be something in it. I enquired, began to read the Bible, attended the meetings of the Association, and now, I trust, I am prepared to serve God."

It is not a little remarkable, that both the young men referred to, were generally engaged in Sunday-school teaching; but owing to an unusual circumstance, the school was closed on that day, and they attended the meeting of the Association, of which they were both members.

Take another case. "What sort of a young man is A. W.?" said I to an inmate of a large house of business. "One of the most remarkable fellows I know," was the

reply. "In what respect?" "He is so attentive to his work, so firm in his principles, and, at the same time, so uniformly obliging and good-tempered, that he is universally liked. If any one ridicules him, he smiles, or returns so pertinent a reply, that no one gains any advantage over him. He is quite the referee in all cases of disputes in the house." Well! his principles must be sound, his courage strong, his self-denial great, to stand such an ordeal as that.

"Do you see that fellow yonder?" said the head of one of the first houses in London one day to the writer; "he has been in my employment for sixteen years, during which I have watched him carefully, and have never caught him tripping. His influence is always on the right side, and his advice always worth having. Many a doubtful question in business has he decided." The young man thus spoken of is now a partner in that firm, carrying out still the Christian principles which had so commended him to his employer.

Sometimes the struggle is sharp, but short, and the whole course of life receives a new direction. One whose fine open character rendered him a great favourite, came, some months ago, from the West of England, full of spirits and buoyant with hope. Although a good mother had instilled into his mind the principles which had been the guide of her own life, as he entered London his one thought was of excitement and pleasure. How to enjoy life was his main consideration. To return to his native village would be irksome and dis-

agreeable. He would look forward to many years of enjoyment of the world. No sooner, however, had he set his foot in London than he felt himself constrained, through some kindness shewn to him, to attend a Bible-reading of young men. He tried to throw off the influence of this, but in vain. His conscience would not slumber, and after a struggle of some months, he yielded his heart to God. "I thought when I came to London, I should not like to return home again soon; but now how changed are my feelings. I look forward with delight to a meeting with those I love, for I can now sympathize with all their Christian enjoyments." Yes! and a long illness has kept him at that home since; an illness which brought him to death's door; but his joy, and his parent's joy, is that he is safe—prepared to live or die as the servant of God.

There are instances where the contrast is great, even while life's morning still sheds its early light. Such cases are very absorbing in interest, and remarkable in their characteristics. A lad, who was an apprentice in London, was induced by his employer to attend a religious meeting for young men. After several visits, he met one who became much interested in him, and often spoke to him of the duty of living a decided life in God's service. He seemed for a time to listen, and at all events yielded assent to the truth of the arguments urged upon him. After a while, however, he ceased to attend the meeting referred to. As soon as he was missed, his friend wrote to him, urging his return. As no answer was received, his friend called, and

found that he had left London on the plea of ill-health. Many months elapsed, during which no tidings of him could be gained. After the lapse of more than two years he returned to London, and obtained a situation in the same house in which he had formerly lived. Where had he been those two years? As soon as his health was restored, he obtained the temporary appointment of clerk in a Government-office in a country town during the Russian war. There he plunged into the gaieties of life, and the theatre and the ball-room were his favourite places of resort. A liberal purse and attractive manners prepared his way, and he became an universal favourite. His companions told him that he was a happy man; but though he tried to forget the past, his conscience made him miserable. "Even in laughter the heart is sad" became his daily experience. That letter from his friend in London forced itself upon his recollection. He often took it from his pocket-book with the intention of destroying it, but as often returned it to its place, unable to sever what seemed to be the links between him and real happiness and peace. After a time his engagement terminated, and, as related, he returned to London. One Sunday, as he was passing through the Park, with the intention of spending the afternoon in pleasure, a little book was placed in his hands by a young man, containing a somewhat striking incident in the life of that wretched man, William Palmer. He eagerly read it, and found at the end an invitation to go to that meeting of young men which he had formerly attended.

He went, and subsequently sought an interview with his friend. Great was the joy of meeting. It was like life from the dead. In no long time sin was confessed to God, and peace obtained; and since that time his life has been one continued act of thanksgiving and praise. In his case, as in so many others, Christianity is a life—not a thing of dreamy sentimentality, but a *life*, whose manifestation and power are shewn in consistency, integrity, and active energy for the good of others.

This *life*, dear reader, is what we want to press upon you and urge you to seek and exhibit. It is God's call to every young man to come over to His side; to His help against the mighty powers of evil. Come; and in the secret of your room, where no human eye can penetrate, yield that heart of yours to Christ. Christ! Who is He? The mighty God, and yet the loving and sympathising Friend; with an arm mighty to save, and yet a heart so full of tenderness that it yearns with more than a mother's love to see you happy. Can you resist His pleadings, refuse His invitations, and stand coldly aloof from His service? Some of earth's noblest have entered that service, and gloried in the privilege. England furnishes not a few in every rank of life who have devoted their gifts and acquirements to the service of Him who *alone* has a right to claim them. In poetry, in science, in philosophy, in the battle-field, or on the ocean, in trade and commerce; some of our greatest men have been Christians, in the highest use of that name.

A man, whose deeds have filled all England with thrilling enthusiasm, lived to prove that there is a *reality* in the religion of the Bible. The name of Havelock has become a household word amongst us—deeply seated in every heart. No finer obituary could be written of any man than that which was spontaneously sent from India by the Correspondent of the “Times,” immediately after his death. “The deceased general has been a prominent character in Indian history for twenty years. He was one of the few who passed through the Affghan campaign with added reputation. In the first Punjaub war he was one of Lord Hardinge’s most trusted friends. A slight, spare man, about five feet five inches in height, with an emaciated face and an eagle eye, he belonged emphatically to the class who have never to contend with disobedience and mutiny.

“As a general, he was the best tactician we have had in India; and as an officer, though stern and somewhat exacting, his antique heroism made him the idol of his men. He was, perhaps, the bravest man in his own army, and was never so chatty and agreeable as when under fire.

“Like most of our Indian statesmen and soldiers, the Lawrences, Edwardeses, Nicholsons, Montgomerys, and many others, he was a Christian of the old stamp, a strong, God-fearing, Puritan man, who thought often in Scriptural phrase, and deemed it no shame to teach his soldiers to pray, ‘Turn out the saints,’ said Lord Gough, on one occasion, when he anticipated desperate

work, 'Havelock never blunders, and his men never get drunk.'"

Each heart will beat a responsive echo to such a testimony as this, and wish to live and die like him. Yes! and each may.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Does some anxious one, in whose bosom the fire of life is kindled, ask "How?" Let a brother, who has seen something of life, felt its trials, experienced its value, and now earnestly desires to help others, suggest a few thoughts *how*.

The life now spoken of begins in Faith; has, as in the case of the man just referred to, Conflict and Service for its leading characteristics, and Victory for its close. It is a life which never tires, and never disappoints.

It begins in Faith: simple, confiding trust in Christ as the only hope of the soul. Love to Him becomes then the spring of action. Like all other affections this will *shew* itself. Obedience to all known duty and self-denying labour for the good of others, will prove its reality. Knowledge will be eagerly sought by communication with all those who are already treading the way of life, and by a diligent search into the treasury

of wisdom, the Word of God. Ample means are at hand. Every one who knows the truth is willing to speak of it, and Bible Readings of Young Men are to be found in the great metropolis, and in most of our large towns. If not, let them be established at once. It needs only a few earnest spirits to set the wheels in motion, and secure the object desired.

Every one can find some field of service as soon as he knows how to use the workman's tools or the soldier's weapons. The former will lead to the Sunday-school, or the neglected district, where ignorance and vice prevail. And surely none need a nobler object, both for doing and receiving good. In instructing others we grow wiser ourselves: "He that watereth others shall be watered also himself." It is a part of the constitution of the mind to expand while communicating. Mind is brought into contact with mind, and thus many a thought receives its right form and development. Moreover, in this way the morbid tendencies of the mind are corrected. By putting forth the *actings* of faith, faith itself is strengthened, and its bright evidences preserved. By association with others we obtain sympathy and encouragement. By uniting with a Sunday or Ragged School, and a Young Men's Christian Association, the path of duty and honour will be found, and the strength and sympathy needful for the conflict will be obtained. But the decision should be prompt and complete. Time is too precious for any of it to be wasted, and all is wasted which is not spent in real, earnest, hearty service.

All men, but especially young men, should observe the tendencies of the age—avail themselves of its advantages, and avoid, if possible, its errors.

One of the most remarkable features of the present day is the universal expansion of mind, and the freedom with which opinions of all kinds are broached and discussed. The mind, no longer bound by conventional forms, seems to have burst its fetters. The discoveries of science have compressed the world into half its space. The press teems with publications of every sort, and mental food, wholesome and unwholesome, is provided for all ages and all classes. Of the prediction, "that many shall run to and fro, and knowledge be increased," it may emphatically be said, that it is now fulfilled.

Next in importance to Christian principles and the selection of an appropriate sphere of action in that "service to our generation," which is "according to the will of God," is the provision we make for intellectual culture and enjoyment. In each of the great departments of Language, Science, and General Literature, are to be found abundant means for the attainment of this object.

But here, scarcely less than in religion and morals, there is a straight and narrow path into which the thoughtful man will seek to direct his steps. Each of these courses of study may be made the handmaid of religion; and each also may be so pursued as to prove its bane.

One of the most eminent scholars of this century, who

was, at the same time, one of the most successful pioneers of Christianity in India, adopted the rule always to test his reading, of whatever kind, by the effect it had upon his mind in reference to the Bible. If it diminished his enjoyment of the word of God, he uniformly laid it aside until his mind could turn to that word with pleasure. The effect of this rule was not to lower his intellectual powers, but to help in their development.

With such a rule as this, all the fields of knowledge may be traversed, as time and opportunity permit. Language, with all its curious illustrations of national character, as well as in its advantages for free intercourse with others; Science, with all its marvellous unfoldings of the workings of the Unseen Hand, as well as in its application to the arts of life; Literature, with its graces of style, as well as its communications of thought:—each may claim a portion of time and attention.

Nor is the selection of the precious from the vile so difficult as some imagine. The mind which has embraced the truth of God, and grasped the great realities of life, will not often go wrong. The source of its strength is on high, and wise counsel and direction are always near.

The mind can never be too highly cultivated or too richly adorned; but neither are attained by mere reading and study. Unhappily it has not seldom happened that great knowledge has been accompanied by

great moral degradation. Hence the necessity of bringing all acquirements into subjection to the word of God, since it is the entrance of "His word which gives light and understanding." It is important too, to guard against mistaking mental dissipation for mental cultivation. The former is too often indulged in at the expense of the higher faculties. The vast amount of Fiction-reading fosters this. Excess here is uniformly lowering. The use of works of fiction should be sparing, and their effect be carefully watched. Whenever the Tale absorbs the whole attention, relaxes the mind, enfeebles it, and renders it indisposed to stringent effort, it should be resolutely laid aside. A more excellent way is the reading of well-written history and biography. Our age has witnessed the production of works in both these departments of literature, which, from their style, and the dramatic character of their description of *real* events, have placed their authors among the foremost men of the day. The Lives of Dr. Arnold, Haydon (the painter), Fowell Buxton, George Stephenson, and the histories written by Macintosh, Froude, Macaulay, and Prescott may be named as examples. Let the choice of reading be wisely made and cautiously followed out; and then, not only will many a profitable hour be spent, but, it may be, many a tendency to indolence, and its consequent temptations, be avoided.

Young men are, from their peculiar tendencies and temptations, either the promoters or the hinderers of everything that is good. Each young man converted to God, and taking his place in the Church of Christ,

becomes the centre of a circle, every part of which may receive light and happiness from his influence. Let a large number of them become the subjects of this change, and temperance would be promoted, and many of the fountains of poison, which flow only to corrupt and destroy, would be closed for ever. The houses of pollution and infamy would no more open to allure and decoy the young to wretchedness and death. The theatre would not throw wide its doors to invite the stranger to forget a father's counsels and a mother's prayers. Talent, that is now wasted and blasted by sensuality, or perverted by folly; genius, which now too often burns for nought, would be devoted to nobler purposes. The vigour of frame, now wasted in scenes of dissipation, would be prepared to brave the snows of the north or the sands of the equator, in a Saviour's service; and lips, from which now heavy curses roll, would speak of the gospel of peace.

Dear brother, you can help forward these glorious results. Each one who reads this paper can become the servant of Christ, the loving brother, the faithful counsellor, the wise and judicious friend. But years are passing away, and there is no time to be lost. Danger is around you on every side. The rope tossed lightly in the hand of the mariner in the moment of calm, must be firmly grasped when the storm is raging.

Would you know the danger as well as the loss of trifling or delay? Come with me for a few moments to the sick room of a young man, to whose bedside I have

been suddenly summoned. As I approach the bed, I find him propped up with pillows, gasping for breath. His weeping friends tell me that he has been seized with inflammation of the lungs, and the physician adds, that he has only a few hours to live. With intense anxiety written on his brow, he looks to me for some words of comfort and of peace. What can I say? I tell him, that sinner as he is, having broken the law of God, and therefore already condemned, he yet may be saved if he will look to Him who died to redeem him. Even in this last hour, if he can trust in Christ, he shall not be cast out. With the perspiration gathering upon his forehead, he eagerly requests that my words may be repeated. Again and again the same great truths are stated, and then I pray that He, the Giver of all grace, the God of all pardon, the Father of all mercies, may now, even at this hour of greatest extremity, receive and pardon him.

In a few hours, as the physician predicted, he is no more. I draw a veil over the closing scene. Happily it is not given to man to judge. The Lord of life and death is also the Lord of mercy. But is it wise to leave such momentous concerns as these, which affect *eternity*, to a few weak and painful moments? Is it right to rob our Master and our Saviour of the service which is His due?

Most men acknowledge the claims of God, and intend, one day, to yield themselves to His service; but *procrastination* is their ruin. It finds its illustration in

all the events of life. When that magnificent vessel, the "Central America," left California for New York, all was joy and expectation among its many passengers. The traveller rejoiced in the near prospect of home; the successful gold-digger in the wealth which he had collected; the sailor in the hope of meeting his family once more. For a time all went on well. Owing, it is supposed, to some carelessness, the vessel, however, struck upon a rock, and appeared to be rapidly filling with water; great efforts were made to repair the damage, and sanguine expectations were entertained that those efforts would succeed. In the meantime a frigate hove in sight, and as soon as the captain had ascertained the danger in which the steamer was placed, he frankly offered his services to save the passengers and crew. The captain of the steamer still hoped to save his vessel, and answered the friendly offer by saying, "Not yet; wait till the morning." As the hours rolled away, the offer was repeated again and again: "Send the women on board, and the men can follow as they please." Still the same reply: "Not yet; wait till the morning." Again, before darkness had shrouded all the objects around, the offer was made: "Send all on board; I can save you all." Still the same reply: "Not yet; wait till the morning." And when the morning dawned, the smooth waters washed calmly over the spot where the steamer had gone down!

Dear brother, let your decision be "Now!" In a few years, the pen which writes these lines will

have fallen for ever from the hand, and the eye which reads them will have lost its lustre in the cold grave. Then, how and *where* shall we meet? Shall it *not* be before the Throne to receive the Robe of Righteousness, the Victor's Palm, and the Crown of Life and Glory! "Wait" not "till the morning;" but now cast in your lot with us and *live*.

FINIS.

JARROLD AND SONS, PRINTERS, NORWICH.



