

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

"AND THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE AND BROODER AS THE ROSE."

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By the Board of Indian Missions.

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THE WORTH OF THE SOUL AS INCENTIVE TO MISSIONARY EFFORT.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Matt. vi. 26.

Man is a compound being. He possesses a soul and a body. His body is of the earth, and is destined to rot in the grave. His soul is a spiritual substance, which his Author has blessed to endure with immortality. The soul is, therefore, the nobler part of man. While his material nature allies him to the brutes that perish, the immaterial principle which animates him, allies him to angels and to God. Well did the Psalmist say, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

1. THE TEST TEACHES THAT THE SOUL IS WORTH MORE THAN THE WHOLE WORLD. This proposition I shall attempt to establish and illustrate. In accomplishing my purpose, I shall avail myself of the testimony of a variety of witnesses. I begin with important sinners. What do they testify in reference to the value of the soul? Their testimony is of a peculiar kind, yet it is very strong. They intend to repeat before they die. It is their purpose to seek and secure their salvation ere the dying hour comes. Why this intention and this purpose? Do they not originate in an implied acknowledgment of the soul's worth? Could they exist at all if there were no recognition of the value of the soul? Certainly not. Go to the de-

termined prospect of eternity, with the soul in worth, and they will tell you "more than the world." They will deplore the infatuation which prevented them, during life, from bestowing proper attention on the interests of their souls. Then, by intending, in life, to become Christians before the close of their day of probation, and by lamenting, in death, their failure to execute their intention, they bear powerful testimony to the worth of the soul.

And what is the testimony of Christians? They say that no subject which concerns human beings is so important as the salvation of the soul. They declare that its worth not only justifies, but demands the constant subordination of all earthly interests to its welfare. They "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ;" for in this knowledge is involved the salvation of the soul. They would rather "wander about in sheepskins and goatskins, being afflicted, destitute, tormented, but in the meantime heirs of salvation, than to possess all the treasures of earth, and lose their souls at last. They say with emphasis that the soul is worth more than the whole world.

I bring forward another witness whose verbal testimony is entitled to scarcely any consideration, but whose course of policy furnishes no weak proof of the soul's value. I refer to Satan, the chief enemy of God and man. He is a being of tremendous power. His intellectual capacity would excite our admiration, were not that capacity under the control of such moral depravity as renders in him its only emphysema. This being, prominent among the adversaries of Jehovah, is constantly seeking the ruin of immortal souls. "When any one toucheth the word, and understandeth it not, then cometh the devil and taketh away that which was sown in his heart." He is always active—always bent on the work of destruction. No degree of success that attends his efforts excites him. He is as insatiable as the grave. He is as anxious to destroy souls now as when he destroyed our mother Eve in the garden of Eden. From that period of the world's history to this day he has been unwearying in devising and executing plans to ruin the souls of men. His operations have been unimpeded in no generation; they have been put forth under all dispensations, and civilized and savage nations have felt his power. Why all this effort on the part of Satan to destroy souls? What commended in the infancy of our race, and continued all the world is heavy with age? The

Devil must set a high estimate on immortal souls, or he would not concern himself about their ruin. He does not aim at the extermination of the various tribes of insects. They are comparatively worthless, and he would consider their destruction work unworthy of his gigantic energies. He regards the soul of man as God's chief work in the lower world, and his enmity to God prompts him to seek not only the defilement, but the utter ruin of that work.

What say the angels of heaven in reference to the value of the soul? Their testimony is inferable from their rejoicing when a sinner repents. The repenting sinner is a saved sinner. When angels rejoice over a saved sinner if the soul worth of no value? Surely not. There would be nothing to call forth their joy.

What is the testimony of God concerning the value of souls? He has employed his infinite wisdom in devising a plan for their redemption. The Father has given up his Son to suffering and death that souls might be saved. The Son voluntarily discharged himself of his original glory, resigned his sceptre and his crown, and poured forth his heart's blood, that souls, refused from agonies of the second death, might live and reign in heaven. The cross is an everlasting monument of the value of the soul. Amid the transaction of Calvary, a voice is heard saying in tones of solemn sound,—"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? God the Holy Spirit has come into the world to renew the soul and prepare it for heaven. It must perform an operation on the soul that it may be morally fitted to enjoy the bliss of heaven. That he performs this operation shows his estimate of the soul. Thus it appears that the three Persons of the Godhead conjointly testify to the worth of the soul. Is it not worth more than the whole world?

2. THE WORTH OF THE SOUL IS A POWERFUL INCENTIVE TO MISSIONARY EFFORT. There are millions of

souls that have a kind of infinite worth, that will enter in happiness or woe through endless ages. If there were but one soul scattered among the Indians of the West, Christians should not hesitate to incur the expense of conveying the tidings of salvation to that soul. If there were but one heathen on the continent of Asia, his restoration to the favor of God would be an object of sufficient magnitude to throw all the churches in America into an agony of anxiety. What shall I say in view of the fact that there are millions in Asia, Europe, Africa, America, and the isles of the sea, who are living without hope and without God in the world? The thought is overwhelming—appalling. If one soul is worth more than the whole world, who can compute the aggregate value of hundreds of millions of destitute spirits? He who should attempt it, would soon ascertain that the science of numbers is inadequate to any such purpose. God is the only being in the universe who can fully conceive of the total value of the souls he has made. O Christian! let the worth of the immortal soul stimulate you to a more anxious prosecution of the missionary enterprise. This enterprise involves the elements of a moral sublimity, in the presence of which all worldly greatness vanishes and dies. The salvation of a soul is an event more momentous than the creation of a world. I wonder not that inspiration says,—"He that winneth souls is wise."—Lord, grant to thy people this wisdom, whatever else thou mayst deny them.

Sarah's Legacy.

The other day, a gentleman came in into the Missionary House in Boston, bringing with him a donation of three dollars for the Board. It consisted almost entirely of five-cent pieces, and had been treasured up from time to time, by a little girl whose name was Sarah. She has had a special confidence from her infancy, which continued her year after year to the present, and caused her at times dreadful pain. But Sarah, young as she was, loved the Saviour, and showed, in the midst of her sufferings, sweet Christian feelings. She took a great interest in Sabbath-schools and all benevolent objects, and by reading books about the heathen, had learned to pity their miseries, and longed to do something for their relief. About two years ago she asked her mother to give her little treasure, when she was gone, to buy books for the heathen. She lately breathed out her life in Jesus' arms, and is now without doubt, safe from all pain.—Dwight.

From Seymour's Sketches of Missions. Life Among the Sioux.

Females often commit suicide. A woman, who hung herself here, a short time ago, was found and cut down before she died. They often do this when compelled to marry against their will. A father, for instance, threatens to cut off the ear or nose of his daughter, unless she will marry on whom he has selected as a partner. She, equal in willful, defeats his intentions by putting an end to her existence. It is generally in a fit of anger or revenge that these acts are committed. The reason why they prefer hanging to the more easy death of drowning—for which their lakes and rivers, near which their villages are located, afford an excellent opportunity—is, that if, in the struggle of death, they should repent of their rashness, they may stand a chance of being cut down by their friends, and restored to life.

Women were seen tagging along on their backs by means of a strap around the forehead, large loads of wood, heavy enough to weigh down a dray horse. Little girls also carried around, on their backs, under their blankets, children nearly as large as themselves, with apparent ease. Boys, on the other hand, appeared to be entirely free from labor. Much care was evidently bestowed upon their dress and personal appearance, especially their hair, a long growth of which is considered a great ornament. The little children are generally fat, and apparently healthy. The youth, of both sexes, are sprightly, with countenances expressive of cheerfulness and gaiety. On the other hand, the middle-aged and advanced in life are furnished with lines of care, and tinged with a peculiar air of sternness and melancholy. The life of an Indian is short. Their exposure, hardships, and vicissitudes break them down at an early age. A hunter is usually broken down before the age of forty years. Their mode of hanging deer is by raising them down, gaining upon them by crossing their horns, and tiring them out by incessant running. An Indian will sometimes spend a whole day in killing one deer. Such violent and long-continued exercise, with its attendant exposure to every vicissitude of weather, must make rapid inroads upon the constitution.

They have four hunts during the year: the Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter hunts. The hunting grounds of this village are on the Lower St. Croix River. In the season of their land east of the Mississippi, by the treaty of 1837, they received the privilege of hunting there during a period of twelve years.

The Sioux have but one name for all epidemics, viz., *Ma-shoo-ah*, meaning *bad country, or bad in the country*. The ague appeared among them, for the first time, at Lac qui parle, in the year 1846; which season, it will be recollect, was uncommonly sickly throughout the Mississippi valley, if not the whole United States, being noted for the universal prevalence of bilious disorders of a malignant type.

Indians, when furnished with liquor, appear to have no control over their appetite, but give themselves up to unrestrained indulgence. A drunken frolic in an Indian village is like a scene in the infernal regions; not only men, but women indulging in the most violent excesses. Both sexes fighting indiscriminately, knives are drawn, blood flows from ghastly wounds, and death not infrequently offers up its victim to the god Bacchus. Even the quiet missionary is not exempt from their molestation. Mr. King, a former missionary at this village, was frequently compelled by the Indians, when in a drunken frolic, to get out of his bed and spend the night in preparing seats for them. To avoid these annoyances, he was sometimes obliged to slink away, and hide himself. Dr. Williamson fastens his door against them during their drunken frolics. At first they battered the door with tomahawks, and threatened to break in, but, finding the doctor resolute and unimpaired, they have since ceased to molest him. They have been addressed by him on the subject of temperance, and some have taken the pledge of total abstinence for a few moons.

I did not see any thing during my visit to this Indian village, or in any of my travels among the Indians, since that period, that imparted to their life an air of piety, or that gave me any relief for such a state of society. On the other hand, their mode of life appears more undesirable than ever. Their conditions and habits are deplorably fixed, and almost beyond the means of improve-

ment. All the efforts of Government or individual souls to elevate their moral, social, or financial condition, appear to have been, hitherto, attended with success by no means flattering. The annuities bestowed by Government render them probably more indolent and lazy, depriving them of that independence of character which a sole reliance on their own resources would naturally beget. Their tenacious adherence to traditional religious superstitions, renders them almost unresponsive to the sublime truths of the gospel. Their aversion to such labor defeats all efforts to teach them agriculture and the arts. Their morose fondness for ardent spirits renders them dull of designing men, causes them to lose all self respect, and subjects them to the most debasing vices. Their proximity to the whites tends rather to debase than improve their condition. Those who have devoted themselves, as teachers or missionaries, to their improvement, are not only entitled to our warmest sympathies, in view of the discouragements which their labor. In addition to the natural repelling influences of savage habits, they have to encounter the prejudices instilled into their minds by the misrepresentations of unprincipled white men. They may be classed among the most self-denying laborers which the whole field of Christian enterprise can furnish. Although their labors may have, hitherto, been unsuccessful, every Christian philanthropist can see enough in the history of the past, and the improvement of other tribes, to justify the continuance of missionary labor. Through the influence of missionary labor the Cherokee have been reclaimed, a id are devoted to agriculture principally, and are enterprising, intelligent and wealthy. The Stockbridge and Brotherton Indians of Wisconsin, are admitted to the rights of citizenship, devoted to the pursuits of agriculture, and rank high in point of morality, industry, and intelligence. There is reason, therefore, to be encouraged in putting forth proper efforts for the elevation of the Dakota. They will soon be benefited in by the rapid strides of civilization, and, necessarily, if not sooner, will force them to adopt a different mode of life. The General Government is disposed to make liberal provision for their intellectual improvement. The Iroquois (M'Lenakantons) are entitled to an annual appropriation of \$5,000 for schools; but hitherto they have derived but little benefit from the provision, on account of their opposition to its being carried into effect, erroneously supposing that they might receive it as an ordinary annuity, to be spent as they pleased.

At an early hour the next morning I was aroused from my bed by the noise of puffing steam. The steamboat Senator, true to her regular time, was ascending the river. I took passage on her to St. Paul. Among the passengers I was pleased to meet with several acquaintances, and among the number, Ex-Governor Shick, of Vermont, who was accompanying two or three ladies to this territory, as teachers, under the Board of National Popular Education. His address, to the people of St. Paul, on the next Sunday evening, was, I believe, well received, and produced a favorable impression in behalf of the noble cause in which he is engaged.

An Indian who had taken passage for St. Peter's, attracted much attention on the boat. Seated in one corner of the cabin, with a pocket mirror, a handful of eagle feathers, and an assortment of paints, he spent about half an hour in arranging his toilet, with all the nicety and care of a Parisian coiffeur. A single feather was often tilted several times in its position on his head, before it could be made to suit the peculiar taste of this Dakota dandy.

THE INDIAN AND HIS BOY.—An Indian once took his boy to a Mission School, which had been established in the wilderness, and placed him in the hands of a teacher to be educated.

The Indian board of God—that he was the Great Spirit who ruled the world, and who made all things; and he wanted his little boy to grow up to fear and serve him.

So the good teacher took the little Indian boy and taught him all about God and who made him, and of the Saviour who died for sinners, and of that happy place called Heaven, to which good people go when they die.

And the heart of the Indian father was glad, when he saw that his dear boy was learning so many good things.—Young Reporter.

For the Indian Advocate. Journey

FROM THE PUTAWATONIA BAPTIST MISSION TO KANSAS, MISSOURI.

Mr. EDSON: Being about to set out from our station for West Port and Kansas, I concluded to call the company of the numerous readers of the Advocate, especially as it is hoped they feel of an interest in the labors and toils of those occupying the field at this place. Well, we start from a large stone building, standing with various outbuildings, half a mile south of the Kansas River, in a beautiful prairie valley. On the east end and on the west of the building runs a small rivulet forming a junction, ten rods below, and on the verge of the eastern streamlet rises the excellent mission spring. These two little streams are fringed with timber and that dark line of low timber on the north, marks the course of the Kansas. All save this is smooth fertile prairie. Three hundred paces northward of the mission House rises a bold prairie mound several hundred feet high; and on either side of the valley low mural bluffs mark its bounds south and in the green rolling hills of the prairie south. Our course is east and up the green rich valley, with a solitary clump of timber to the left. At two miles we turn the summit of a prairie ridge, and descend for two miles farther to the crossing of the Shungu Nwaga, a small branch three or four paces wide, and skirted by timber one-eighth of a mile in width. That towering mound, occupying in solitary grandeur, the forks of the stream, a mile above in Shungu Nwaga mound; a noted landmark for travellers seen from various highlands around, for the distance of 30 or 40 miles. The Shungu Nwaga is destitute of water. We rise its rocky and difficult banks, on which a poor youth bound for California, was thrown from his mule and crushed by the wagon wheel; his grave is there beneath that clump and stretch away into the smooth prairie.

We are here eight miles from the mission on the great California road. That low dark thicket of timber, southward, is that of the Wah-rah loons, it is running eastward. That lower, heavier line of timber on the left, also bearing eastward marks the course of the Kansas. We are travelling midway between these parallel streams on a high level, or slightly rolling summit level. Along the summit of this ridge like prairie, far to the south, passes the great Missouri or Santa Fe road. Here look around. We are on a ridge of land, that is of timber.

We are here where the roads near this point of timber, and cross this little dry ravine, the "bet stone" of totemsters; thirteen miles from the mission. These graves contain the victims of cholera in 1849. We have passed seven miles to this fork in the road—that to the right maintains its course along the summit of the ridge—this to the left deploys to pass what by way of contrast is termed by travellers the "Big Spring"—it is August now—see how "big" it is—a thirty or would drain it three times in a minute. But we must dine here. A run to the timber, a few hundred yards below—some sticks—fire—the coffee is boiled—cold meat—bread—hot coffee. We eat. The horses eat grass. We start. Once I sleep here, or rather waked here in mid-winter—no fire—too dark to find sticks. Those numerous graves, some up-torn by wolves, are occupied by poor fellow pilgrims, bound for gold, who died of cholera. How sad that to sleep alone; but peace to their dust—perhaps it was to provide for a lovely wife, or lovely babes they thus perished their lives and fell. But we are eight miles forward. The highlands, on which we have travelled have narrowed up to a steep ridge. This is called "the narrow." That low point of timber ahead of us approaching our road is "Hocoum Point." We descend this steep declivity, but we are still on a ridge. We need not turn to that timber. The water has disappeared. How again I have lodged without fire or water—killed too dark to find timber, and the water had dried up. We pass on. That beautiful valley to the right, is that of the Wah-rah loons, to the left, that of Kansas river. How beautiful those dark lines of forest, skirted by a low, rich, smooth prairie, the whole bounded by long lines of rocky prairie bluffs. That towering mound to the right, and many miles ahead of us, is Wah-rah loons mound. See on the north side it is clothed with timber and flat like an ancient cone upon the top. Here we are seven miles from "Coom Point," and again descend a rapid slope, and move again along a ridge, this is Wah-rah loons Point. The appearance sometimes of the ridge on which we have been travelling, low narrow, high and rocky. Halt. We are twelve miles from Coon Point. How splendid the view. The sun is low. That beautiful silver sheet of water just under the sun with its shining sand in the Kansas river. Then in valley, as a map.

Let to the eastward. These are the long black lines of the timbered valley of the stranger. That bold square prairie head-land, smooth as if clipped by my grand mother's big shears, marks its declivity into the Kansas. That highland to the right marks the entrance of the Wah-rah loons. Turn to the right—so perfect is the picture that one might count the tributaries of this stream. Beyond that great mound a smaller one rears up, as if to bear that proud giant one company. How picturesque those bluffs sprinkled with white limestone and interspersed with groves and clumps of timber, and how delightful those long lines of stately forest trees springing from the edge of the green prairie. But let us descend. We walk this slope. Now we are down. This appearance low rich prairie stretching onward before us for miles is still high land. We are not really down yet. See the timber is narrowing in upon us on either side. Well, here is the last pitch. We descend unto that marsh, extending two miles to the timber before us. Haste, the sun is setting. We are safely through the marsh—this is the timber of the Wah-rah loons, but half a mile in extent. That neat double cabin on the opposite bank is an Indian dwelling, and that smiling red faced man, running out to meet us crying at-cha-ne-ni-to (brother) is Today the owner, a good Methodist brother. Our horses are soon stabled and fed, and the coffee and humble fare of the red brother soon in readiness—we sup. We have traveled our forty miles—have passed through timber altogether three-fourths of a mile, the whole distance first rate soil—have had one drink of water by the way—that at the "Big Spring."

It is time to retire. Today lays down some small books on the table. The candle burns. "It is time to pray"—in broken English. "Brother Lykins will you pray." Friends along with me. No! I will join with you to night, brother. He reads a portion from that little book. It is Matthew or John, translated into his own language. He lays it down—takes up another little book and announces a hymn—one prepared by myself years ago in Shawnee. All rise to their feet and sing. He falls upon his knees and fervently prays in his own language. He rises. "I love to pray—I love to talk about religion." We talk. We sleep. It is morning. Again the hymn of praise and prayer is offered up. We eat. We are on our way. That little cabin there to the right is where Logan, a brave Shawnee lived and died. There I have of good paper with him, and filled of the joyful hope of heaven. He is in heaven now. This little stream is little Wah-rah loons. That cabin down was occupied by a Baptist Shawnee, now dead of cholera.

This neat log dwelling and beautiful prairie farm is the residence of John Sob, and that larger farm belongs to Charles Fish, both pious and zealous Methodists.

We are four miles from Wah-rah loons. This dwelling to the right is that of Sam. Captain; that his small farm, these his oxen, milk cows, and poultry. There are his Shawnee neighbors abiding a like thrift.

We descend this hill—cross the numerous streams, and across the opposite bluff—have passed timber 1/2 mile wide, and are again in open prairie. It is five miles to that timber bordering Hills ahead of us. Here is the dwelling and farm of Black Fish, who spent ten years with the Flat Head—Indians of Rocky Mountain, and who brought home a wife of that tribe. His children, half blood Flat Heads, are at the Quaker Mission school. His neighbor there is preparing to accommodate travellers.

We have passed half a mile of timber, and emerge into open prairie. That timber which begins to roll up the hill sides on our left is the Kansas timber. Two and a half miles and we are at Cedar creek. This cabin here is the dwelling of the widowed daughter-in-law of the late Tocoumsh. His son, her husband, died at this place, a few years since, an obscure and ordinary man. A mile, and we are travelling the fine timber of Cedar creek. It is seven miles to that dense blue-timber ahead. It is the timber of Mill creek. The dwelling off to the left there is that of Shawnee, the father of the principal chief of the Shawnees. These farms, dotting the prairie, along the banks of the Kansas timber, with spots of small grass, are Shawnee farms. These herds of cattle and swine, the stock of Shawnee. These hewed log houses, some with stone chimneys, are Shawnee farm houses. Here is Hill creek. Below is the Shawnee mill. Here are houses on either side, designed to sell grain or other supplies to travellers. We are at length, travelling in the timber. Again in a small prairie, surrounded by dense blue-timber. That large road bearing North-West leads to Fort Leavenworth; this to the South-East is the military road, intersecting in a few miles the Santa Fe road.

This very large farm with so much wheat, oats, and hay in stack belongs to William Parks, a Shawnee; and that large hewed log house, standing in that pretty little grove is the Methodist church. The valley of Turkey creek, four steps wide is before—across, we are along side a farm of one or two hundred acres. It is the Quaker mission farm. That long white frame house, of two stories, standing upon one of stone is the mission house. Two miles further, and this neat white house, built in New England style, is the Baptist church, built by the missionaries of the old Boston Board. A portion of this farm to the right belongs to the Baptist mission. That stretching on and on before us is the farm of the Methodist M. L. School among the Shawnees. It contains 600 or 800 acres. That large two story brick building, is their female school edifice, that a little beyond, of same description, is the male department. The brick building to the right, dwelling and barning house for all. Those frame buildings near the steam mill, are dwellings for mechanics. A large concern—cost over \$50,000. Educates, perhaps, eighty pupils. Indians, besides some whites.

This establishment stands on a tongue of prairie between the timber of Kansas and Brush creek a tributary of Big Blue. A mill beyond. The brick dwelling of Joseph Parks, U. S. Interpreter and warrior, with splendid farm. A mile more and we enter West Port. Steam mill on the left, "right opposite," the first on the right, a grocery. This little village facing towards the red man's lands, hold out in the one hand bread and in the other "fire broth."

West Port has 5 or 6 dry good stores, 5 or 6 groceries; 5 blacksmith shops; and two Saddlers' shops; wagon makers, &c. One good church edifice—open to all. It stands in the timbered country 2 miles from the prairie and has good spring water.

Leaving West Port, course due north, passing through a heavy growth of timber, 4 miles, we reach Kansas, a small village on the south bank of Missouri, and one and a half miles below the mouth of the Kansas. This is the best landing for boats on the Missouri; and the best point of departure for California.

From the mouth of Wah-rah loons to this place in thirty-four or forty-four miles, one road leading directly up the river, the other sweeping round the timber points which we have crossed. Distance to the mission from 80 to 90 miles. The whole extent first rate soil—Wah-rah loons much timber with scenery surpassing beauty. The mouth of Kansas or the village of Kansas must in time become a numerous city. The entire valley of the Kansas may challenge the world for its equal in point of fertility and beauty.

"Kansas term, signifying ranging to be—though here—means to run. Wah-rah loon, a Kansas word—Wah-rah, milk word (Archieps Ferkosh) and loon, to take. And much more by the abbreviation, as we set traps for other "greens" and is a beautiful and nourishing food.

The Dial-Plate of Eternity. The dial-plate of time measures off the flight of man's days, months and years with ceaseless diligence, "will all are fled."

But there is no dial-plate of eternity. How solemn and fearful the thought that when the wheels of time have rolled each man to the end of his journey in this world, his unmeasured duration begins. In reference to the flight of time, Dr. Spring once closed a discourse in the following graphic language:

I shall never address this audience again. I shall see you again meet them, but at the bar of God. That interview seems indeed far distant. But it will be as soon as time, with his eagle wings, shall have finished the little remnant of his short career. "After death, the judgement." We die, but in intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no dial-plate thereon which to count the hours of time. No longer is it told by days, or months, or years; for the planets which mark these periods are hidden from their sight. His light is no longer noted by events perceived by the senses; for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed. The busy world of life, which wakes at each morning and ceases every night, goes on above them, but to them all is silent and unseen. The greetings of joy and the voice of grief, the revolutions of empires and the lapse of ages, send no sound within that narrow cell. Generation after generation has brought and laid by their side; the inscription upon monumental marble tells the centuries that have passed away; but to the sleeping dead the long interval is unobserved. Like a dream of the night, when, with the quickness of thought, the mind ranges time and space almost without a limit, there is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave, and when it wakes to the judgement.

A Farm for Sale—Bidders Wanted.

"Have you sold that farm yet?" "What farm?" "Yours, certainly?" "Why do you ask that?" "What am I to do with my money?"

"Because Christ commands you to do it?" "I did not know that before?" "It is strange, indeed. You ought to have known it surely. What did you tell the missionary agent when he called on you a short time ago?" "I told him I had no money?" "And you thought that a good reason for not giving, did you?" "Certainly I did. How can I give when I have no money?"

"I will tell you that presently, but first answer me another question. What did you tell the agent you had done with your money?"

"I told him I had paid it on the land I bought." "Just as I thought. Now, brother, this is an old story of yours, and I am going to deal faithfully with you, for the honor of my Master requires it. I remember, two years ago, I called on you on behalf of the American Board. It was a pressing time. There was danger that all our missionary operations would be crippled for a while, unless you had just concluded a bargain for another piece of land, and as it would take all you could rake and scrape to pay for it. The Trust Society's agent came along, and made an earnest appeal. You still owned a little on your land, and could do nothing for the cause of benevolence until that was paid. Then the Bible Society presented its claims—you had just bought a horse, and could do nothing. Afterwards, Home Missions—you had lent your money a short time before, and had none by you. Now, brother, these excuses of buying and being in debt will not do. You can't escape the claims of the Lord by any such managery. He has been beforehand with you, and put a text in the Bible on purpose to meet the plea of those who say they have no money. You will find it in Luke 12, 33—'Sell that you have, and give alms.' Have no money?—Then sell a few acres and get some. Sell a horse—a cow—some merchandize. What right have you to be speculating on God's money, to have it pledged to Mammon beforehand, so that you must every order the Lord Jesus sends you, and feel easy as long as you can say 'I am in debt, or I am about buying more.' It is a fraudulent transfer to avoid a just claim. The Lord can cury on his purposes without your money. Certainly he can for the silver and gold of all his. But he has a mortgage on your property, and if it is not cancelled, one of two things you may expect—Either he will send a execution, by the hand of one of his strong sheriffs, viz. fire, flood, or blasting, or milder, or else it will remain quiet to be a curse to you and your children. Your gold and silver will be cankered, and the rust of them will be as a Witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. The Lord Jesus allows you, as a redeemed sinner, the privilege of bringing an offering as a testimonial of your gratitude.

"Of this ever buying for self, and never selling for Christ? My brother, reverse the order. Begin to sell for Christ. The world is getting to much in your heart."—Central Christian Herald.

An Example worth Imitating.

A shoemaker is mentioned in an Episcopal periodical at Burlington, New Jersey, whose benevolence was known to be large for one of his circumstances. Being asked how he contrived to give so much, he replied that it was easily done by obeying St. Paul's precept in 1 Cor. xvi. 2, "upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." "I earn," said he, "on an average, about one dollar a day, and I can, without any inconvenience to myself or family, lay by five cents out of this sum for charitable purposes; the amount is thirty cents a week.

"My wife takes in sewing and washing, and earns something like two dollars a week, and she lays by ten cents of that. My children, each of them earn a shilling or two, and are glad to contribute their penny; so that altogether, we lay by us in store forty cents a week. And if we have been unusually prospered, we contribute something more. The weekly amount is deposited, every Sabbath morning, in a box, kept for that purpose, and reserved for future use. Thus, by these means, we have learned, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The yearly amount saved in this way, is about twenty-five dollars, and I distribute this among the various benevolent societies, according to the best of my judgment.

He that judges his neighbor harshly must not grumble if he is judged in the manner.

