

LOUISVILLE, SEPTEMBER, 1853.

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BY SAML. H. FORD.

The meeting bowed with all its glories.

1950

...ing a number of the Presbyterian clerg...

**In a Foreign Land!**

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# INDIAN ADVOCATE.

## The Indian Advocate.

LOUISVILLE, SEPTEMBER, 1852.

### Removal of the Rooms.

The Rooms of the Association have been removed to the corner of Third and Market streets, adjoining those occupied by the Western Recorder, and Christian Repository; entrance on Third street.

### Agents for the Board.

Rev. R. W. Thomas, Gen. Agent for Kentucky.  
Rev. V. R. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia.  
Rev. W. M. Manning, for Mississippi.  
Rev. B. Kimbrough, Tennessee.  
Rev. L. Compere, for Mississippi.  
Rev. A. McKenize, for Mississippi and Alabama.

### Special Notice!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to

REV. S. L. HELM,  
Cor. Secretary Am. Ind. Miss. Association,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Persons containing remittances to,  
CHARLES S. TUCKER,  
Treasurer Am. Ind. Miss. Association,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

It is also particularly requested of all persons coming to the city, having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's Office, 107 Main street, and pay it there.

### To the Friends of Indian Missions.

The season of the year when merchants visit Louisville or pass through it to other cities, to make their Fall purchases of goods is now at hand. A good opportunity is offered to send money or goods for the Mission.

Brethren think of this and send up your donations.

Persons bringing money or goods to the city or desiring information on the subject of the Mission, will please call on Mr. C. S. Tucker, at the Banking house of J. P. Curtis & Co., East side of Wall Street, between Main and the river, or the Corresponding Secretary. I will be found at the Indian Mission Rooms, on the corner of Market and Third, up stairs; or at Owen's Hotel, corner of Sixth and Main.

S. L. HELM,  
Cor. Sec'y of Indian Missions.

### The Advocate.

Arrangements are now being made to secure for our little sheet regular contributors from some of the ablest pens in the denomination. We intend to make it a readable paper. It is not intended, however, to supersede any of the excellent denominational papers, but to fill a desideratum in missionary matters, nor will it enter the field of theological logomachy. This we leave to abler pens and minds better suited to the conflict.

We are aware that the public tastes is molded to this sort of reading, and that it is difficult to intrude anything else upon it, nor can we say that this is much to be regretted. Let every man's principles and creed be brought to the Bible test and the truth will soon triumph over error.

### The Prospects.

We are happy to be able still to assure to the friends of the Red man, that Kentucky is coming up to her wonted interest in the cause again. We are constantly being cheered by letters and assurances of old friends, that they are ready to lend us again a helping hand.

Rev. A. McKenize.

This devoted servant and able minister of Jesus, has consented to serve the Board of Indian Missions as Agent in the States of Mississippi and Alabama. With such men in the work we may justly hope for success. Brother McKenize's post-office is Liberty, Miss. We hope the friends of the Mission and the missionary will favor him with frequent addresses, on the subject of his agency.

### Shall the Indians be Saved?

From every part of the pagan world the Maccabean cry is constantly pealing up, come over and help us. Burmah, Africa, China, &c., are offering to the Christian philanthropist strong inducements to send them the gospel. The liberal response made from year to year by all Christians is most cheering.

Our own happy country too, is laying in her claims. Hundreds of churches are destitute of pastors, and thousands of children are growing up in gross moral ignorance.

It is difficult often for the liberal-hearted Christian to determine upon which of these objects he shall bestow his benefactions. We will not venture to judge for him, but simply ask the question, shall the Indian receive a part, shall the Indian be saved?

If foreign lands have claims upon us, have not the Indians more? It is true the Red man is not now so numerous and powerful as in ages gone by. But, who has so diminished his number? who has shorn him of his power? The question is but one, the white man. Is the Indian degraded in morals? Contact with the white man has made him so.

But it is sung by the politician, "They are a doomed race, extinction is their manifest destiny," and turns away with careless indifference to his wants and woes. That which induces the mere politician to lose his interest in the Indian should induce activity in the Christian. If the Indian race is doomed to extinction, he is also doomed to hell without the gospel. Shall we then let them "perish for lack of knowledge"?

But the Indians are yet a numerous and powerful race of people. More than half a million yet exist upon the Western continent.

Their history is so minutely interwoven with ours, that it is difficult to sketch the history of a solitary State, county, city, or town in North America, without some allusion to the Indian.

Many of our proud States and noble rivers bear Indian names, and will stand as perpetual monuments of the tribes that have past and are now passing away. Shall future generations rise up and condemn our indifference to the moral and religious well being of a race, from whom so many pleasing and useful reminiscences are gathered, with whom we have been in such immediate contact since the pilgrim fathers first landed at Plymouth Rock.

Who would not feel ashamed to know that his generation had neglected to secure to their salvation as a crying sin? Then let us be up and doing "while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

### China.

This is an age of marvellous revolution. The patriot—the Christian—the lover of science and art, all join in praise of the heroic band now engaged in a mighty revolution in China. China, bound by the iron chains of superstition for thousands of years, whose origin and history are wrapped in obscurity of tradition and fable, is now being opened to the gospel and the gospel missionary. The Christian world is pining with anxious desire to enter its portal and penetrate her dark recesses with the light of the glorious gospel of God our Saviour. Who that loves the cause of humanity; who that loves our holy religion; who that loves our blessed Saviour, and prays for the triumph of truth, but feels ready to make an offering to God in assisting to support the faithful missionary in the "Celestial Empire?"

It seems that our own amiable and devoted I. J. Roberts, is the prime mover in this wonderful outbreak of the people for truth and liberty.

After years of toil and suffering—often in want, battling against the powers of darkness and sin, Bro. Roberts has the happiness to know that his work has not been in vain. The seed sown in tears, though long germinating, is now deep into the Chinese's heart. In fact faith is even in a love of liberty—others a while is turning to the Saviour for liberty from sin, the liberty of the sons of God.

What encouragement is here afforded the fainting heart of the missionary to toil on in patience and hope? What strong motives are here presented to the liberal Christian to aid in sending the gospel to heathen lands?

When China shall boast of her bright Sabbath—her steeples sanctified by her halls of learning—her hundreds of faithful, God-fearing ministers; when China is free, is truly Christian, who will not be proud to own that they bore a part in her triumphs and the triumph of truth? Will any regret that he gave liberally of his earthly gains for the support of our faithful brother and sister Roberts?

But, will China be free? Yes, the edict has gone forth. The people have decreed themselves free, and whose arm can restrain a nation mad with love of liberty. China will be free and Christian too.

As soon as we can get posted up and a little systematized in our operations, we will furnish our readers every month with extracts from the letters and reports of missionaries. We have been up to the present writing, and will be for a few months so pressed with business, that as much time has not been devoted to the Advocate as we intend in future it shall receive."

### A Remarkable Appeal.

The following letter, read at the last annual meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, is published in the Home Mission Record.

Crow Wino, Oct. 14, 1852.

My Friends, the White Men.—I have once had a missionary to teach me the good way to live; but I misused him, after living two years with me, he was obliged to leave me to my own blindness and misery. My ill-usage to him was this, we killed his cattle we stole from his garden as fast as they would grow; also ill-treating him in other respects. I knew not of the good he was fetching to me, and therefore I do not disapprove of his having left me; for by his leaving me he has brought me to see my great folly for treating him as I did, and causing him to leave me and to have that light put out, that was to lead to my good in this life and the life to come; and since when it has brought me to see its worth, and the worth of a faithful missionary of the Great Spirit. And I do and have often repented with deep sorrow, for having abused the goodness of the Great Spirit, for I see and feel the great darkness that has come upon me and my people since we drove him away by our bad conduct.

I have confessed my great sin and asked forgiveness; and was told that you cannot do so once more a missionary? I promise that he shall hereafter if he comes, find different usage from what he did before. As it does not depend on the number of words to show true repentance, I will here close. From your true friend,  
EAGLE CHIEF.

Of Little Winokey, Upper Mississippi.

### Reminiscence of Missions in India.

From the Calcutta Christian Observer we take the following summary, which, we are sure, will give to our readers the most gratifying evidence that the labors of missionaries in India have not been in vain:

"At the commencement of the year 1852, there were laboring throughout India and Ceylon, the agents of 23 missionary societies. These include 643 missionaries, of whom 48 are ordained ministers, together with 986 native catechists. These agents reside at 313 missionary stations. There have been founded 331 native churches, containing 18,410 communicants. In a community of 112,196 native Christians, the missionaries maintain 1,347 vernacular schools, containing 47,804 boys, together with 83 boarding schools, containing 2,614 Christian boys. They also superintend 196 superior English day-schools, and instruct therein 14,886 boys and young men. Female education embraces 347 day-schools for girls, containing 11,519 scholars; but hopes more from its 108 girls' boarding schools, containing 2,779 Christian girls. For the good of European 11 services are maintained.

The entire Bible has been translated into the languages of the New Testament into 100 others, and separate gospels into 400 others. Besides numerous works in the Christian, Hindu, and other languages, many have been prepared in Sanskrit and other languages, suitable for students and teachers.

Missionaries maintain in India twenty-five printing establishments.

"By far the greater part of this agency has been brought into operation during the last twenty years. It is impossible to contemplate the high position which it occupies, and the results which it has already produced, without indulging the strongest expectations of its future perfect success; and without exclaiming with the most fervent gratitude—WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

### English Inhumanity

"Ireanous," the editorial correspondent of the New York Observer, now travelling in Europe, writes thus of a scene of which he was witness in an English inn:

"The landlord was master of the house, and probably he was coarser than he would have been with a wife to iron out his wrinkles. A little girl, a pretty thing of fourteen, waited on us, and as I went down stairs in the morning, happy in the blandness of a May day and the repose of nature in such a quiet spot as this."

"I heard the landlord sternly demanding of the little maid why she was not earlier at her work. He took her into a room, and I heard the blows and the shrieks, as the poor thing was beaten by that harsh wretch, who had no more feeling or compassion than an Arkansas overseer. Had the girl been so fortunate as to have had a black skin, I presume that the Stafford house ladies would send a committee to look into her case, and would report to a thrilled world the horror of that brutality which inflicts stripes on the servant for not being at work at sunrise; but as the sufferer is only a little English girl, with no friends, and born to be a servant, and fit for nothing else, it would be quite idle to expend sympathy on her, or such as her. Oh the infinite hypocrisy of mock-philanthropy; stretching its arms over the ocean, while misery weeps and bleeds at its feet."

### A Korean Church Meeting.

Mr. Thomas thus describes the proceedings of the church at Yaville, which at the time of his visiting them received for baptism sixteen converts.

"One who has only been in church meetings in America can have but a faint idea of what our examinations are here. Many of the candidates were aged persons who had studied no catechism, who were even unable to read. They had only been taught the first principles of our holy religion. Hence it is not in consideration of their attainments in doctrine, but of their hearts. They knew only that they were sinners, and that they trusted alone in him. They wished to be baptized in order to obey the commands of Christ. When I had ascertained as much as this, I would turn to the assistant and members of the church, and inquire what had been their manner of life during the year—if they had sinned like Christians. I had, it is true some sinners, but could not but ask, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized?" I do not not. The church unanimously received them. The judgment will disclose the correctness of our decision.—*Methodist.*

### A Fitting Recode.

At a missionary prayer meeting in Mangin one of the Hervey Islands, after the whole Bible had been received in their own language; an aged disciple, in rising to address the people from Job 17: 19, said: "I have often spoken to you from a text out of other parts of the Bible which we had, but this is the first time we have seen the book of Job in our own language. It is a new book to us. When I received my Bible, I never slept until I had finished this new book of Job. I read it all. Oh, what joy I felt in the wonderful life of this good man! Let us read the whole book. Let us go to the missionary, by day and by night, and inquire into the meaning of the new parts which we have not read. Let us be at his door when he rises; let us stop him when we meet him, that he may tell us of these new books." And lifting his new Bible before the congregation, with the emboldened exhortation of a good old man, he said: "My brethren and sisters, this is my resolve, the dust shall never cover my new Bible; the moths shall never eat it; the miller shall never run it! My light! My joy!"—*Journal of Missions.*

The Baptist Missionary Society have appointed Rev. J. S. Stuart missionary to the Chinese in California. He, Stuart has been a missionary in China for the past twenty years.



# INDIAN ADVOCATE.

The Spirit of Missions.  
BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

"That the love wherewith thou hast loved me," said the Saviour, in that exquisitely touching and peace-breathing prayer, before the final consummation of His sacrifice, "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them!" What a petition was that, in the illumined grandeur of its thought, in the rich munificence of its affection. The love wherewith the Father loved his only begotten Son, swelling, surging through the bosom of man, breaking up those deep fountains of the soul, which no mortal human finger has the power to reach; and elevating him at once to a new and mysterious connection with the Divine nature! Behold, then, the electric chain that links the family of God on earth, and causes the hearts of all its members to thrill in union, at the sound of the controlling voice! And what says that voice? Appealing in firm, commanding tones, to the principle implanted by the Holy Spirit in the regenerated soul of man, what is its great requirement? *Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*

Is this wise? Is this reasonable? Will it do any good? Inquires the stranger, and while he sits down to doubt and cavil, and search for lions in the way, the unquestioning child goes away and does the Father's bidding. That which is madness and folly in the eyes of one, is regarded by the other as but simple, affectionate, trustful act of obedience to Him who has the right to control, and the power to protect. They have no tears of what the end may be, when he who sees the end from the beginning is directing them. They have not to experiment, and question, and tread doubtfully along the tangled wilderness of life. They have a great unerring guide, and it is their glory to follow His voice, and cling to his hand, through whatever He shall choose to lead them, to believe, in trust, to rejoice in him, even in the midst of temporary afflictions. And thus it is that they shrink not from the privations, and dangers, and difficulties incident to His service, feeling that their highest honor is to be permitted to suffer for His sake. Oh, the love of Christ the love of Christ this is it which constitutes the spirit and essence of missionary devotion; and to those who have never drank from the delicious fountain, who have not yet been made subjects of that wondrous prayer, "as thou hast loved me," it may well be looked upon as infatuation.

But "what has been the fruit of all these labors and sufferings—of all these privations, sacrifices, sicknesses, and deaths?" Nothing to become the ground of boasting certainly; but enough to make all heaven rejoice. Simply the maturing of a few early clusters of grapes, where only the thorn tree grew; the gathering of a few golden sheaves from the arid soil, which never bore even a blade of grass before. And this is surely worth the labor, if only the precursor of a more bountiful harvest. But this is not all that has been done. Behold the rivers of water on their fertilizing course through the desert; look upon the thousand fields laid in long furrows by the gospel plowshare, or stirred, and levelled, and wetted with the dew of heaven, waiting for the sower's coming! And there are panting horses, and extended hands, and ready feet, willing, even as the Master wills it, to scatter the seed or gather in the harvest. Ay, go, traverse America, from the borders of New England to the sounding shores of the Pacific, and count, if they can be counted, the various missionary organizations that have sprung up within the last half century. Go, watch the movements of the thousands and tens of thousands of churches by which Christendom is thronged, and see with what simultaneous action they step forth to the support of the mighty enterprise. Nay, look even at the female sewing circle, the Sunday school contribution, the infant's penny box, for know that such are the tiny rills which feed the measureless ocean. Go, catch the watch-word, "To every creature! To every creature!" which sounds forth, a simultaneous shout, from missionary societies of every sect; for this one point admits of no jarring or discord. Go to the round of the Bible Society, and number the gifts and nations, who have already received the word of God in their own tongue. Then turn to those annual sessions and see them quivering like the leaves of November before the invisible power which is stealing so invisibly over them. Go, on a holy Sabbath morning, and follow the course of the sun, as he rises on the easternmost part of China, till he climbs over the rocky hill of the far west, to garish the infant spires of Oregon and California. And what changes have not fifty—thirty—twenty, five years wrought, throughout that Sabbath track? How the music of the church bells thrills upon the Christian's heart, as from port to port, he takes his journey west. How few and innumerable the spots from which the voice of prayer

and praise ascends now, and in which that "Light of the world," a Christian church, has not been kindled.

## How God Feeds the Ravens.

"Mamma," said little Lucy Lee one day, "what does it mean in the Bible when it says, 'God feedeth the ravens when they cry?'"

"The same way, dear," said mamma, "in which he feeds your little brother Henry when he cries and reaches out his hand towards the store closet for milk and crackers."

"Why, mamma?" said Lucy, looking very serious and very much surprised, "it is you who feeds Henry. You ask him if he is hungry, and he makes a little grunt that means 'yes,' and then you go and get him something, mamma. I know you do it, for I see you every day, mamma. I thought you always spoke the truth."

These last words were spoken so low, that her mother could scarcely hear them. But she did, and immediately answered, "So I hope I do, my dear, always, and it was the truth when I told you that God feeds Henry, and in like manner the ravens."

"But, mamma," said Lucy, looking more and more distressed, "does God feed them crackers and milk, and feed them with a spoon as you do? or perhaps he sends an angel to do it; what do you mean, mamma?"

"Get your Bible, love, and open it at the 15th chapter of Matthew, and read the 36th verse."

Lucy did so, and waited for her mother to explain.

"Well, Lucy, does not Jesus Christ say that our heavenly Father feedeth and clothes us?"

"Yes, mamma, but I don't see how."

"I will tell you. How do we get this nice sweet milk for Henry's supper?"

"Milk cow gives it, mamma."

"But who made the cow?"

"God, answered Lucy, with a brightening face. She already began to see through her troubles."

"Yes, said mamma, 'God made her, and made her to give milk; and what is this bread made of?'"

"Flour, mamma."

"What the flour?"

"Wheat, I believe, mamma."

"Yes, and who makes the wheat?"

Lucy sat still thinking. "Do you remember, Lucy, going with me to your uncle's farm, last spring, and going with him to see him now?"

"Oh, yes; he took little mites of seeds and buried them up, and said he had sowed them."

"What did you see yesterday, at the same place?"

"Beautiful tall trees, mamma."

"Stalks, my dear, well, these came from the little seeds, and they will be gathered in and made into flour, to make bread for Henry to eat."

"Don't you see now that God feeds Henry?"

"Yes, mamma, but how does he feed the ravens?"

"By making the old ravens care for them, and fly about seeking food. Just as I go to the closet to see if Catherine has got any bread there for my babies. The little baby raven cannot fly, but must stay in the little warm nest, as Henry must stay in the nursery. So when they get hungry they open their little mouths and make a noise, which means 'give me something to eat.' The old mother-bird hops up and flies off and finds some nice crabs, or soft fat worms, and comes flying back to the nest, and the little birds open their mouths again, and in drops the nice little breakfast; and then they feel as comfortable as little brothers do there laughing and crowing after his supper."

"Why, mamma," said Lucy, with a smile on her round face, "how pretty, and how kind is the great God! Isn't he, mamma?"

"Yes, my love. He is indeed full of loving kindness and tender mercy. I hope my little Lucy and Henry will learn always to love him and cry to him in every trouble."

Lucy sat thinking of it all, for some time, and then ran off to tell her little friend Helen, how God feeds the ravens.

A FARMER.—The following is from the pen of "Fanny Fern."

"This is a beautiful life to lead," said Mabel Gray, as she unbuttoned her long hair, and laid aside her rich robe. "It is a life one might lead if there was no life beyond. When I left the heated ball-room to-night, the holy stars beeping their drooping watch, sent a thrill through me, and the little prayer I say to my mother's knee, came unbidden to my lip. There's Lotta, now; she's happier than her mistress. Come here, child, unbind my hair and sing me that hymn of peace."

"Come, I can sing hymns!"

"That will do, thank you, child, you may go. What a sweet voice she has—either that or my

ears has eased my heart. I'm too restless for sleep. How softly the moonlight falls to-night!"

"And years hence, when these myriad sleepers shall have sunk to their dreamless rest, earth will still be as fair; the silver moon will stride on triumphantly. How many sad hearts she looks down upon to-night; and never a thanksgiving has gone up from my heart for countless blessings!"

"Soft sleep, with balmy touch, has closed these thankless eyes; the warm, fresh blood of youth and health, has flowed unchecked by disease—I have sat at the table of 'Dives,' while Lazarus has starved at the gate. The gold and purple robes of sunset have been woven for me; the ever changing, fleecy cloud has gone drifting by, and the warm sunlight has kissed open the flowers I love; the green moss has spread a carpet for my careless foot; and I have revelled in all this beauty and luxury—the Lord forgave me unmindful of the giver!"

Dear reader, shall it only be at "Bethesda's Pool," that you seek a Benefactor? While your life-cup overflows with blessings; when the warm blood courses swiftly, shall there come no generous response to that still small voice, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

## Beyond their Power.

The Apostle Paul records the example of certain churches that ministered to the necessities of the saints even "beyond their power." They gave more than their ability would apparently justify. They were forward to contribute. He had no need to urge them, to spread out in an affecting form the wants that called for relief, to animate them by pictures of great result to follow after, much less to reason with their sense of duty, to appeal to the force of conscience. He had only to receive their bounty, and testify of it to others.

Those must have been remarkable churches—not for their wealth, they were less able to give than some who gave less than they. Whether their members had more general intelligence than others, does not appear. But they must have had a larger development of love to Christ and his cause, thus to set it above all those prudential considerations which might, without blame we should infer from the account, have limited their munificence. It is likely, too, whether they were or were not well informed on other matters, that they took some pains to know the state of the good cause, how it was prospering in this place or that, so as to understand the need of liberality. The subject was undoubtedly much conversed about. They might not have met regularly, once a month for this purpose, but their minds must have often flowed together, as from time to time news came of the welfare of the churches growing up in different parts of the world. We may be pretty sure, too, that they entertained humble views of their own agency; they did not regard their self-denial as specially meritorious, but counted it a privilege to contribute to the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ.

It is evident from the description, that there was much prayer in those churches on behalf of the cause to which they contributed. This appears, because the apostle expressly attributes their liberality to "the grace of God," which implies, as a matter of course, fervent prayer through which alone so peculiar grace is communicated. Paul seems to have been in the habit of attributing to the grace, or special favor of God, what to some other minds would have appeared something hard to be borne. To him, "the least of things," he said, was "this grace given;" that he should "preach among the gentiles the unspeakable riches of Christ; a service full of peril, of weariness and painfulness, of persecution and suffering. So, here he speaks of these churches as especially blessed, receiving an unusual degree of grace or favor from God, in being permitted to do what many regard as a very self-denying duty. There is something extraordinary in all this, and well worth studying. All the world is striving after improvement, and the churches, if they would make progress in the right direction need to study the best models.

CONSOLATION AT THE GRAVE.—The Rev. Robert Hall, in speaking of the death of his son, says: "God drew up the channels that you may be happily compelled to plunge into an infinite ocean of happiness." Blessed thought! Father, mother, do you mourn over the grave of your little one, look up! know that the cheering rod is in your heavenly father's hand, and that if he hath taken away, he first did give, and he doeth all things well. He gave you the best of beauty and you centered your happiness in his being. He saw that this was not for your good, so he took away the child, whose presence had been as a leaven, sparkling stimulus to your heart's love, that heart which had before but tasted of earthly, might be lost in the immensity of heavenly love.

## Pretty Incident.

We heard a pretty anecdote, the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it was said, was wooed and won by a youthful physician, residing in California. When the engagement was made, the doctor was rich, having been very successful in San Francisco. It had not passed six months, however, when, by an unfortunate investment, he lost his entire *hoop*. This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was making ready to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow, as he is, he sits down and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortune, assuring her, that if the fact produced any change in her feelings towards him, she is released from every promise she has made him. And what does the dear good lady do? Why, she sends a lump of pure gold, which she had laid by for her when in prosperity, as a keepsake, and thinking it manufactured into a new wardrobe, and the following Bible inscription, engraved in distinct characters, on the inner

"Engraved at me not to have thee or to return from following after thee, whether they please or I go, and whether thou wilt, I will follow thee. People will be by people, and thy foot my foot where thou dost will I go, and there will I be but the Lord do to us, and more as I might but death part thee and me."

The lover solaced his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him, both a storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North to end the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him as such an undying affection. Nay, more, the happy and endearing pair lived through our city long since on their way to the home of the latter in the golden State. Be it, then, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of our incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—*Boston Paper.*

## Take the Pitcher.

While wending our way the other night through one of our more obscure streets, we were awakened from a drowsy reverie by the sharp toned voice of a mother, bidding her little daughter to obey the orders of an imberbe father, who sternly and almost fiercely reiterated his charge to her to take the pitcher. The flowing tresses and timid objections of the little one availed nothing—she was thrust into the street by her brutish mother, with oft-repeated injunctions to be speedy with her steps, else she might receive the punishment so much dreaded. The streets were quiet and dark, the thick clouds hung in heaviness over the city, and most of its denizens were enjoying repose after the fatigues of the day. The night air was damp, and save the low sob of the little night walker, nothing could be distinguished to break the gloomy silence that pervaded. As we quickly passed opposite the doorway of that habitation of a miserable family, made so by the demon intemperance, "take the pitcher" seemed to be emblazoned on its dingy walls, and to ring in fearful accents in our ears. It is not difficult to imagine where that little one was dispatched. To some low pot house, where day and night the poisonous liquors are dealt out to fire the blood and brains of men and women with hellish passions, and sow the seeds of wild and brutal discord. Take the pitcher, little one.

Amid the filth and fumes—the vice and debauchery of these living charnel houses, hundreds like yourself, innocent and pure in childhood, are daily learning their first lessons in crime and dissipation. "Take the pitcher," filled with the delectable beverage, to the unhappy hovel of thy wretched parents, and while they are drowning their sorrows in its foaming depths, go you supercilious and confident to bed. Sign not, complain not, as you cross that unhalloved threshold, lest blurs be the reward. Smile upon thy inhuman parent as he eagerly grasps the fatal beverage, and perchance you may creep away to your pallet of straw, forget in sleep your unhappy life, and perhaps dream of pleasures in the future.

On the records of the police courts may be found the name of husband and wife. "Disorderly conduct" has been charged and proven against them. Intoxication—frenzied, filthy, drunkenness—was the cause. The contents of the pitcher had been quaffed to the very dregs, and the presence of the law must be satisfied. Here is work for the philanthropist and the missionary. If this is deemed a fancy sketch, let the doubter

Such are,

Less often sought than found, is original, and we can promise him that his search will not be in vain, even among the drunks of this good city.—*Northville Whig.*

The Subscription year is divided into two sessions. The first session on the 22 Monday in September, the second on the 21 Monday in February. Commencement day occurs on the last Thursday in June. Tuition, \$25 per month. The second Session may be had by applying to the President, Rev. R. R. Compson, D. D.