

# THE PARLOR VISITOR.

VOL. II.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1854.

NO. 2.

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

TO BE A BELLE.—NO. II.

BY L. W. R.

It frequently happens that in searching for the origin of an evil effect, the mind, in its eagerness to grasp a proximate cause, overlooks the true one because of its remoteness. Yet, how often is it exemplified, that many old causes continue to exert a more powerful and constant influence upon the hearts and actions of men than all intermediate provocations or incentives.

Half the ills and inconveniences, both real and imaginary, which humanity is heir to, arise from an *original mistaken conception of life, its purposes, its duties, and its beauties*. This great error is the prolific source of many troubles and mortifications to the human family, and, because of its early impression, and deep-rootedness, must continue to originate evils among those who have already commenced life, our only hope being, that the rising and future generations may better learn and appreciate the philosophy of human existence. This idea may be gathered from a view of the world from any of its prominent points of observation. But the domestic circle is the most extensive panorama of life, and hence, is oftener resorted to than any department for purposes of illustration and proof.

We will suppose our belle now married, after a long series of flirtations, and many scenes of "gay, fashionable, and fast" life. She has chosen a partner from a

multitude of suitors; spent much of her time in thinking and dreaming of a *happy match*; has used all endeavors, both fair and doubtful, to secure one; and, above all others, should now be contented and blissful, even in her *last love*. But is it so?

Can any of the readers of the "Parlor Visitor" recall the occasion of the marriage of a superannuated belle, who, after she had faded, or was supplanted by another, was finally wedded—not so much because she preferred it, as that it was an honorable mode of retirement? If you can, I have more than gained my second point, *that to be a belle is injurious to domestic happiness*, and the peace and comfort of all those included in that sacred association.

A marriage contracted, and the brilliant bridal parties over, a new state of affairs has suddenly burst upon our belle, and life, heretofore gay and speculative, has assumed a practical and real form. Its realization has overwhelmed her; she had never considered its nature and responsibilities. The transition from the parlor filled with complimenting beaux, to the kitchen abounding in duties—from the brilliant theatre to the busy family chamber—from the bewildering ball to the fatiguing nursery—these transitions, from pleasure to duty, are too sudden and too radical for her comprehension. She has never thought of these practical things.

It has been her sole desire to look handsome, to appear brilliant, to dance elegantly, and attract attention : these have occupied all her thoughts to the exclusion of all else. Indeed, it was indispensable to her success, that all else should be neglected. But alas ! how poorly qualified is she, with her beauty and accomplishments, to adorn a home, or act as one of the heads of a family.

"She'll do to twirl in mazy dance,  
She'll do for giddy pleasure;  
She'll do to meet out Folly's gauds  
With Fashion's line and measure."

In short :

"She'll do—but not to marry."

As in the natural world, "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars;" so, also, in the social world, is there one glory of the parlor, and another glory of the kitchen, and another glory of the nursery. And, I might add, all these glories differ, one from another.

Her husband no longer places such a high estimate upon her parlor accomplishments : they may have been the very means of winning him, but they have answered their design, and he now expects other and more needy qualifications.

He cannot be fed and clothed with sentimentality and love, and if he could, a few gratifications might exhaust the supply. The children are too young to appreciate showy excellencies, and need, not mere regard and feeling, but active attentions and kindnesses. The domestics, however faithful and skilled, require supervision and instruction.

Yet, who is equal to all these things? Life to her soon becomes dry and monotonous, and interspersed with none of those "gay times" rendered so delightful by contrast. She often sighs, and thinks the "holiday of life is from the school-room to the marriage altar." And is it strange, that she, who has been spoiled by the admiration of all, should now be dissatisfied with the affection of one? And furthermore, is it strange, that feelings, often disappointed and trifled with, should, in their turn, deceive and delude? Noble, indeed, must be the spirit, whose strength of love and con-

viction of duty are sufficient for such an emergency!

But the incompetency of our belle to enjoy the varied beauties of her new life is so great as to render their performance merely mechanical and accompanied with none of those pleasant emotions, which sweeten duty well performed. With no heartfelt charms at home, where will she borrow spirit to sustain herself, or bless her dependents? Will her husband and children not perceive her diminution of regard and affection as daily evidenced by a cold and careless concern for their comfort and happiness? Will the conduct and care of a disinterested third person please a man, who had been promised, and was sure of getting, a loving wife according to the language of her vows? In the absence of genuine love, what policy, however ingenious, can conceal the disgust and hatred consequent upon such a state?

What a sad mistake is this to be attended with such peace destroying incidents! The world being judge, how happy was the beginning of such a pair—the world being judge, some serious misunderstanding must have alienated such congenial hearts. Not so, my readers : our heroine was, *at first*, unfit and unqualified for her new sphere. Her ideas of life were erroneous ; she was insensible to its true beauties ; she was ignorant of its responsibilities and duties. Did she think that the old game of "appearances" could certainly be played off upon one man when it never failed in its management on many? Or did she say to herself, "will not my husband's high appreciation of me, and the gratification of *having won a belle*, lead him to make allowances for my want of domestic qualities." "Did not he know that the brilliant and useful are seldom ever possessed by a young lady." "In fact, *having done so remarkably well*, couldn't he afford to employ a house-keeper, and permit me to live a 'gay, fashionable and fast' married life—a life better suited to my taste than the one I am now leading." Such reflections, when once seriously indulged, are the funeral dirge to all domestic peace, comfort and happiness. The sequel with its horrible details, I forbear to paint. If any one should say, this is an exaggerated case, and one of the fancy merely, I am willing to

submit the facts and the inferences to the intelligent and impartial judgment of those, who shall compliment the author with their perusal and consideration.

MURFREESBORO', Tenn.

(To be continued.)

EVILS in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road: they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.

### SCIENCE AND THE SCRIPTURES.

WHATEVER department of science is selected as a test of the truth of the sacred scriptures, the result has always been corroborative of their divine origin. The difficulties which infidels suggest, and which they dignify with the title of scientific, result not from the superabounding wisdom with which they are endowed, but from a most deplorable deficiency of information, which it is no lack of charity to denounce as ignorance. The self-complacent mien with which the champions of unbelief parade their wondrous discoveries in Geology, astronomy, and the whole range of physical sciences, contrasts most sadly with the meek modesty of the Christian philosopher, to whom science owes more than to all the men who have scanned the works of God with an unbelieving eye and heart. The great Newton, who established the knowledge of important laws in the divine administration of Nature, and contributed more to the cause of science than any other man of his age, spoke of his mighty discoveries with the modesty of a child: "I am," said he, when near the close of his life, "but a child standing on the shore of the vast, unexplored ocean, and picking up a few pebbles which the waters have washed to my feet." One of the greatest philosophers

France was constrained, on his dying bed, to exclaim: "That which we know is little, that which we know not is immense."

Infidelity reverses this order. It claims, in matters of physical science, to know al-

most everything, and to be ignorant of almost nothing. Its advocates adopt a tone far more positive than any which wiser men ever assumed. They seize, as facts already proved, the most perplexing problems, and, though very rarely men of original investigation, and generally innocent even to the absence of suspicion of any real claims to the knowledge which is the fruit of wearing, mental toil and close personal application, they parade the opinions of a tribe of smarters, with a pliancy of faith in the dicta of their teachers, which is surely marvellous conduct in men, who profess to walk by sight always, and by faith never! The mystery is explained only when we remember that they believe in all unbelief. The great Locke has left on record among his apothegms the remark, that "pride of opinion and arrogance of spirit are entirely opposed to the humility of true science." And Bacon tells us, "It is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth on men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor, but a natural, though corrupt love of the lie itself." Chateaubriand gives this pertinent and truthful testimony: "Men are ready to believe every thing, when they believe nothing. They have diviners, when they cease to have prophets; witchcraft, when they cease to have religious ceremonies; they open the caves of sorcery, when they shut the temples of the Lord."

The absurdity of infidelity is continually

exhibited in its objection to the inspiration of the Scriptures, on the ground of difficulties, whether of a moral or physical character. The infidel proceeds on the principle that his ideas of moral right, or his views of physical science, are infallibly correct; and that, of necessity, every thing which seems to contradict them must be wrong. He forgets that the difficulty may be not in the Bible, but in himself; that it may perhaps be due not to the fact that he knows too much, but that he does not know enough.

Very frequently statements have been put forth respecting discoveries which have appeared, at the first blush, to be absolutely contrary to the plainest declarations of the Bible, and the joy of infidelity has been unbounded; it has raised the shout of triumphant derision, but this exultation has been short-lived, for as science has advanced, its subsequent revelations have uniformly administered a rebuke, which has overwhelmed the enemies of divine truth with ridiculous confusion.

A notable instance of this kind was presented in the early part of the present century. During Napoleon's expedition into Egypt, some of the French philosophers discovered divers mysterious delineations of zodiacs at Denderah and Esneh. They were unable to decipher the hieroglyphics with any thing like certainty; this they were constrained to admit, and yet they published, with the utmost boldness, as an indisputable result of their investigations, that, at the lowest possible rate, these zodiacs must have been constructed some seventeen or eighteen thousand years ago, and as, according to the Bible narrative, six thousand years have not yet passed since the creation of the human race, the Scriptures were derided as a compilation of stupid fables, utterly unworthy of credit. The Edinburgh Review echoed the contemptuous sneers of the French infidels, and believers, who preferred the narrative which they could read, to the Egyptian revelation which its oracular expounders could not read, were assailed with a storm of obloquy and ridicule, as superstitious adherents to an obsolete and exploded system of religion.

Champollion, the celebrated decipherer of hieroglyphics, who has settled the laws of

their interpretation, examined these famous zodiacs and proved to the silencing, if not entirely to the satisfaction of the infidel socialists, that the inscriptions themselves stated that they belonged to the age of Tiberius Cæsar, and were, consequently, not two thousand years old! Bailly, another infidel philosopher, managed to prove to his own satisfaction, if we are to believe him, that the record of eclipses, preserved among the Hindoos, was sufficient to establish the existence of man many thousand years anterior to the date fixed in the Mosaic history. His calculations were examined, and so clumsily had they been bungled together by the learned infidel, that Voltaire and D'Alembert, the leaders of French infidelity, literally hooted poor Bailly's discoveries out of France, and yet there were wise men in England and Scotland, and a few in America also, who adhered to Bailly's nonsense, even after its author had been laughed out of countenance by his infidel allies.

The experience of the past seems to be lost upon infidelity, and notwithstanding that its onsets have been, at every stage, repelled with ignominious defeat, it is still ready to push forward its standard and utter its notes of defiance from a thousand brazen trumpets. Rejecting the Mosaic history of creation, some of its learned champions have adopted a theory of development, in accordance with which man is a progressive being, originally not even a brute, or a monkey, but ascending through long lost ages of the past, from a state of being, more like an oyster than anything else, still advancing continuously from a tadpole origin to a higher grade of life, until first the frog, then the monkey, and then the man appeared on the stage of action. What a glorious ancestry some infidels can trace in the annals of this progressive creation!

The sons surely emulate the wisdom of their intellectual sires! In the foremost rank of these development advocates stands Professor Oken, of Germany, certainly a most distinguished naturalist, and the author of the most elaborate work on Natural History now extant. He affirms that "there are two kinds of generation in the world: the generation proper, and the generation that is sequent thereupon; or the original

and the secondary generation. Consequently no organism has been created of larger size than an infusorial point. No organism is, or ever has been created, which is not microscopic. Whatever is large has not been created, but *developed*. Man has not been created, but *developed*. Hence, it follows, that during the great geological period, when race after race was destroyed, and new forms of life were called into being, Nature had been pregnant with the human race, and that immortal, intellectual man is but the development of the brute." To such depths of apish ingenuity, the strongest intellect will sink when it casts from it the words that stay the soul upon the sure testimony of God's own book. Is it not a strange thing that any human being should ever have been willing to own such a parentage as this? And yet so it is, they, who reject God as their Creator, the Father of body and spirit, in the desperation of infidel philosophy are content with an ancestry that proves their affinity with the baboon and the chimpanzee. How true it is, that professing to be wise, men who like not to retain God in their knowledge do verily become fools!

Passing from this glance at the folly of infidel science, let us briefly allude to some of the positive evidences of the knowledge of principles of science now established, but which were not known to any of the wisest of heathen philosophers, who were contemporaries of the inspired writers. The very first words of this sacred volume contain an overwhelming answer to the cavils of infidels, who pretend that the Bible teaches us that the matter of which this earth is composed is not yet six thousand years old. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." Who, among the soothsayers of infidelity, will tell us the date of that beginning? Let them prove, if they can, that the materials of which portions of the earth's structure are formed, have existed for *sixty* thousand instead of six thousand years; what is that to us? Or, how does this fact, if it be a fact, militate against the truth of the Bible? It was *in the beginning* that God created the heavens and the earth, and if infidels can tell us, when that was, we will tell them how long

chaos reigned before the order of creation was called out of primeval confusion. "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Not a fact in the whole circle of scientific truths has been more clearly established than this, that the world was originally in a semifluid state, and the Mosaic history of the creation plainly intimates this as the condition of the world, when it speaks of the separation of the waters from the dry land: "And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so."

That this was the primordial state of our globe is abundantly proved by the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton and others, who have pushed forward the principles which he established to still more satisfactory and positive results. It is well known that if a soft or elastic globular body be rapidly whirled round on its axis, the parts at the poles will be flattened, and those at the equator will be elevated. This is precisely the shape of our earth, as every school-boy knows who is familiar with the elements of natural science. Besides, it is a fact equally well known, that water, when modified by the action of heat and light, contains the principal elements which entered into the composition of all animals. Chemistry was almost unknown in the time of Moses, and how is it that he has presented the only theory which accords with the established truths of this abstruse science? Mineralogy was not cultivated as a science in his day, and geology, as a branch of natural philosophy, was scarcely thought of, and how is it then, that Moses has recorded the only history which agrees with the ascertained facts of both these sciences? "The structure of the earth," says Professor Jameson, "and the mode of distribution of extraneous fossils, are so many direct evidences of the truth of the Scripture account of the formation of the earth; and they might be used as proofs of its author having been inspired; because the mineralogical facts discovered by modern naturalists were unknown to the sacred historian."

Can infidels tell us who taught Moses



modern philosophy and chemistry? Or, can they explain on their principles this wonderful accordance between the statements of the Mosaic history and the indisputable truths of real science? They are in the habit of deriding the ignorance of the great Jewish Lawgiver; will they reconcile the difficulty presented in this startling fact, that the few sentences in which the record of the creation is sketched, displays an acquaintance, the most profound, with principles of natural philosophy, of which the world was utterly ignorant in his day? Even after the lapse of thousands of years, the wisest of the sages of Paganism had no definite perception of these principles, and how then did Moses obtain them? The question can be satisfactorily answered only on the ground that they were revealed to him by a divine intelligence. Traces of this pervading inspiration are found scattered throughout the sacred volume, nor is it any valid objection to the physical science of the Bible, that its language is at times accommodated to the modes of thought and expression, which have become common through popular prejudice or custom. Even in scientific treatise, to this day, the most accurate writers speak of the rising and setting of the sun, and yet we presume no one, of the most slenderly educated in a promiscuous audience, needs be informed, at this day, that the rising and setting of the sun are accommodatory expressions, and that the phenomena which they describe are not real, but merely apparent. If we turn to the most ancient of the books of Scripture, the book of Job, beyond a doubt, the oldest treatise or poem in the world, we find the most intimate familiarity with truths, of which Pagan sages had no conception. Speaking of the works of Jehovah, Job, says: "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth up on nothing." Job xxvi. 7.

Whence did Job derive this knowledge? How is it that he is so far in advance of his contemporaries and of posterity through a vast track of ages, as to understand thus clearly the fact of the earth's position in the field of space, when the brightest intellects around him were ignorant of this truth? When Moses speaks of the stars

which shine like heaven's embroidery upon the dark curtain of night, he displays a knowledge of the number and order of the celestial bodies incomparably superior to that of the ancient astronomers, who, in their imperfect observation, enumerate only about a thousand. He multiplies them to infinitude, and declares them to be innumerable. Paul speaks of them as Herschel might have done, comparing them to the sands upon the sea shore. Hab. xi. 12. The Bible tells us, God has scattered them with his hand in space like dust. "He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names." Until the telescope had revealed, within a comparatively modern period, the glory of the heavens, no philosopher, even of latter ages, had any idea of the infinite array of the heavenly hosts. We now know that the milky way and the nebulae scattered over the firmament are composed of countless multitudes of stars, shining like glittering banners amid the army of the Lord of hosts, and as science advances, we find that the earliest records of God's book present, as axioms, the best and surest results of modern research. How is it that these truths are in the Bible, when the philosophy and science of that period in the world's history were utterly ignorant of them? Can infidels tell us? They cannot; but we can tell them: in a word, the Bible is the book of God.

Then observe how utterly the errors of Pagans, respecting the heavenly bodies, are avoided in the Scriptures. The heathen looked upon the stars as animated beings, and as exercising a controlling influence over human affairs. The Bible, on the other hand, teaches us to regard them as inert matter, incapable of thought and feeling, and, therefore, unable to exercise any control over the destinies of men, but as maintaining the spheres which the hand of the glorious Architect has allotted. If we examine the details of the material phenomena with which science has made us familiar, we find the same harmony between Scripture and the discoveries of philosophy pervading the domains of revelation and of nature in every sphere. Thus when the sacred writers speak of the air, they represent it as possessing a certain weight, and surround-

ing the earth in different strata. In the beautiful song of Solomon, when describing the eternity of the infinite Logos, Solomon speaks of his existence, when God established the air above the earth, when he assigned their equilibrium to the waters of the fountains, and laid the foundations of the earth.

Job tells us that God has made the weight (mischkal) for the winds, (or air,) and he weigheth the waters by measure, (c. xxix. 25.) Yet this property of the air was unknown till the time of Galileo and Torricelli. Aristotle had scarcely a faint idea of it, and Seneca, at a latter period, ventured remotely to suggest that it might be elastic, but there the truth stands in the most ancient book known in the entire world, as plainly stated as it can be in human language. God has appointed to the air its weight. In fact the ancient interpreters, ignorant of the physical truth respecting the weight of æriform fluid which surrounds the earth, have invariably translated the word so as to conform it to their own ideas, never, for a moment, supposing that the air itself possesses a certain weight; but knowing from experience that we encounter a degree of resistance in moving against its strata or currents, when in motion, they have ascribed weight to it only on account of the power of the stormy wind and have regarded the term as simply figurative. An additional proof, that the Scriptures attribute weight to the air, may be seen in Ps. cxxxv. 7: "He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treasures." The Psalmist praises God for this law by which the vapours rise, and this is manifestly owing to their lightness being greater than that of the atmospheric strata through which they pass.

When the Scriptures speak of the interior of the earth, they represent it as the habitation of central fires; the possibility of this was first suggested by Buffon, and his hypothesis has since become a demonstrated fact. Whence had these writers this knowledge so far in advance of worldly science? Is it not utterly unaccountable, that these physical truths, so long misunderstood and unknown, should have been plainly set forth

in this book, on any other supposition than that it is the book of God? The sacred writers do not teach these great facts in the language of Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, or Locke. Had they done so, in the age in which they lived, they would not have been understood, even by the most enlightened minds. The most advanced language of sciences is, after all, in most instances, the language of appearances. This material world, so gorgeous and beautiful, is, in many respects, a scene of illusions. What we call reality is often a mere figure. It need not, therefore, excite either the surprise or the prejudice of the learned, that it should use terms adapted to the comprehension of the lowest intellect. The wayfaring man, tho' a fool, has an interest in this book, as deep and absorbing as the noblest philosopher, and shall we therefore, reject the Bible because, in accordance with the habitual and familiar language of science, even in its advanced state, it speaks of the stars rising, the equinoxes retiring, the planets advancing and doubling their speed, standing still, or moving backwards? If we should deal thus harshly with the most approved treatises on physical science, there is not one which could escape the condemnation of this indiscriminate criticism. The sun is said to rise and set in every philosophical treatise which treats of the phenomena of day and night, and shall we, therefore, infer that science panders to popular ignorance?

Let us rather cherish this precious book. It is not designed to be a revelation of physical, but of moral science, and whilst it is protected by the armour of truth and righteousness on the right hand and on the left, whilst it proves its superhuman origin, and is its own witness, as no other book can be, let us joyfully receive its pure statutes as the rule of our life, and pass through this state of pupilage, defended, clad, and nourished by faith, until this sojourn in the wilderness is over, and we pass from the dim obscurity of our brightest earthly vision to the glorious presence of Him, whom we shall see as he is, and whose presence fills his obedient universe with boundless rapture and ceaseless thankfulness and praise.

Others may speak of walking by sight,

but if they could be consistent with their own system, they would stumble at the first step. Their very unbelief prostrates them. All nature rebukes them. The very stones at their feet cry out against them. If they must know the reason of all things, their philosophy is baffled, and their systems of folly are dismantled by the silent rebuke of the very dust that plays around their feet. We need not the shock of the earthquake, or the wild fury of the tempest, or the resistless might of overflowing waters to perplex their philosophy, and drive it into despair, the withered herb, the unsightly pebble. The tiniest mote that floats in the sunbeam, is enough to tax the powers of infidel science, and banish its thankless cavils

into the silence of contempt. No; we will not surrender the Bible, because infidels can point out difficulties upon its pages. We find them every where. We do not profess to be able to solve every question which infidelity can suggest, but we thank God that he hath made so much of his precious word plain to the humblest comprehension, and until the despisers of this book can solve the phenomena of nature, whose existence they admit without being able to explain them, we will not let go our hold of the Bible, because there may be in it "some things which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction."—*American Baptist Memorial.*

#### POWER OF PRAYER.

The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we have, or can have.

Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears.

Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—he is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs.

Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

Hannah prays—the prophet Samuel is born.

David prays—Ahithophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger, and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears—the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—the waters of Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life.

Isaiah prays—one hundred eighty and four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hezekiah prays—the sun-dial is turned back; his life is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free.

Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute.

Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

The church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out.

The church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the door opens, every man's bands are loosed.

[*American Messenger.*]



*For the Parlor Visitor.*

## H A P P I N E S S

BY J. A. DELK.

TO BE independent is the desire of some—all seek for happiness, yet through very different channels—few, very few find it. That the search is so often unsuccessful cannot be attributed to any deficiency in zeal or energy, for it is a well known fact, that those whose industry is the most untiring, and whose hope of speedy triumph is the most sanguine, are not unfrequently wholly disappointed, and the more rapid and lofty their flight, the more sudden and accelerated is their fall. The true reason for their failure is to be found in the fact that they are pursuing a phantom, and really know not in what *true* happiness consists. The green notes of pleasure, the bewildering tinsel of fashion, the deceitful glow of riches, insatiate thirst for mis-named fame, captivate and allure the blinded votary into an inextricable labyrinth of troubles and disappointments. From such we hear a great deal of the faithlessness of friends, the ingratitude of man, and the caprice of fortune; never for a moment deeming that they were unfaithful to themselves. How few trouble themselves with the question, "What am I, and whither am I tending?" How few heed the wise injunction of the ancient seer, "Know thyself?" A great deal is said and written about the study of human nature, while little attention is paid to a knowledge of self. That was a true picture of the ancients, which represented man with a sack on his breast filled with his neighbor's faults, while that containing his own hung unnoticed behind. In this condition he pursues happiness, without knowing what *it* is or what *he* is.

The question arises then, What is happiness? Webster defines it, "The agreeable sensations that spring from the enjoyment of good." I would rather say "from *doing* good." This, at first sight, may seem to be a distinction without a difference. To illus-

trate:—The good Samaritan was, I suppose, far happier in doing good to him who fell among thieves, than was the grateful object of his charity in the full enjoyment of good by complete restoration to safety and ease. The truly happy man cannot be satisfied with the abstract enjoyment of good; he must "do good and communicate."

The christian cannot be happy alone in the enjoyment of religion; he must, and will seek to lead others to the same fount of real felicity.

Some make happiness consist "in the possession of this world's goods." They would be happy, if they could surround themselves with all the comforts and luxuries that A. or B. possesses. I would say "in the proper use of riches." It is not the quantity nor the quality, but the proper disposition of our means that can make us happy. Self sacrifice and a culpable indifference to the happiness of others is the foundation of money-making, the present and future destroyer of our own enjoyment. Many seem to think that their only business in the world is to accumulate, and to this end all the energies of body and mind are directed.

No wonder that they are disappointed. Though Crusoe could exclaim "I am monarch of all I survey," he was infinitely less happy than the poor widow who *cast all her living* into the treasury of the Lord. Of the two extremes, the spendthrift is happier than the miser. Others make happiness "contentment." I would sooner call it "a longing thirst." The philosopher, when he directed his pupils "to be content with the present" immediately added, "but strive for better things." The Tory was contented to be England's slave, but millions of noble hearts longed for freedom. Contentment—happiness;—then are the brutes our superiors, and education a farce;—then ignorance is bliss, and folly wisdom. I would say, for

want of a better definition, that happiness consists "in doing our duty."

The question then arises: What is our duty? We need be in no uncertainty here. We have a better than man's definition for this. "Fear God and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man," and one of the commandments is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." All mankind are brothers, and need each others aid and sympathy. Self-independence then is out of the question. Diogenes, living in his tub, was independent, and his contentment interrupted by the king's shutting off his sunshine; yet his sphere of usefulness was as circumscribed as the limits of his dwelling. We cannot live solely to or for ourselves; we must labor for others also. Our united object must be to aid each other in doing good.

"Hast thou power?—the weak defend,  
Light?—give light, thy knowledge lend,  
Rich?—remember him who gave,  
Free?—be brother to the slave."

Many are the channels in which the streams of beneficence flow—many the paths in which the Philanthropist and christian may walk, whose ways are pleasantness and peace. Let us be up and doing—let us not wait hoping for a call at the eleventh hour. Don't say "I can't." Many people fret away their lives in useless complaints that theirs is a hard case, every thing and every body goes wrong: and the reason is they go wrong themselves. Many a good beginning has made a bad ending, not because the beginning was good, but for want of resolution to carry it to the proper end. Take time—be patient, a fog cannot be dispelled with a fan; Apelles became not an artist in a week, nor was Rome built in a day. It required seven years of patient endurance and heroic suffering to achieve American liberty. Talent, with energy, cannot be repressed; as well strive to fetter the whirlwind with chains. Youthful ardor and bold determination in England's proudest Earl, out-generalled the crafty cunning of his veteran combattants—they are forgotten, but Chatham lives. The genius of Franklin could not be confined within the narrow limits of his humble birth, but took the lightning for its courser and sped to immor-

tality.—Though a dungeon held the body of Bunyan, 'twas then he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," whose blessed light has illumed the pathway of many a wandering pilgrim. We too, if we wish to succeed must be active—there is no place for drones.

There is much for us to do, enough to employ all our time and talents, you cannot do my work nor I yours. It has been truly said, that every man born into the world has his work born with him. The individual responsibility of each one of the twenty millions of our citizens is as great, if not greater than when we numbered only the half. We want the youth of our land to become great, wise, and good—we want virtue, intelligence and holiness to triumph over vice, ignorance and sin—we want society improved—we want the world civilized, christianized, and above all we should want—to do *our duty*. Instead of distilleries and groceries polluting our very atmosphere with their noxious fumes, we want to see our state—our country—the world filled up with Academies and Colleges, dispensing intelligence and morality abroad—we long to see our churches crowded with active, efficient, pious christians—we long to see the army of Israel's God buckle on the whole panoply of armor and snatch from Heaven's armory the thunderbolts of Truth to banish error from the land. We have no time then to be idle, and abundant encouragement to work for our own interest and the interests of those around us; and if we seek for happiness, the surest way to find it will be, in endeavoring to contribute to the happiness of others.

MARION, Tenn., May, 1854.

GENTILITY is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion; but in mind. A high sense of honor—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth—delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

To enjoy to-day stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one. And why shouldn't it?—It will have seven days more experience.

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

## A M O R I E L L A .

BY A. U. KITZMILLER.

In a land of golden sunshine,  
 In a glen of many flowers,  
 Such as we but seldom meet with  
 In this gloomy world of ours,  
 Lived the maid, Amoriella,  
 Who in childhood roamed with me,  
 Made her spirit, ever pensive,  
 Even then my deity.

In the shadows of the hill-tops,  
 By a purling silvery stream,  
 Whose soft murmurs thrilleth strangely,  
 As the music of a dream,  
 Lonely stood the rural cottage,  
 And the clinging mountain vine  
 Did, in wreaths of rarest beauty,  
 Round the latticed windows twine.

But a dreamy melancholy,  
 Now is brooding o'er the glen,  
 And a silence only broken  
 By the chirping of the wren,  
 And the turtle dove's sad cooing,  
 On the bosky mountain side ;—  
 O, their hearts, like mine, are lonely  
 Since Amoriella died !

Down the dreamy brook I wandered,  
 By the cottage yester eve,  
 And the flowers I thought were drooping,  
 So I paused with them to grieve ;  
 "Just a year hath gone," I whispered,  
 "Since, within this home of ours,  
 Sweet Amoriella perished  
 With the Summer's early flowers."

She is now my guardian angel,  
 From the spirit vale she strays,  
 With the pensive look that won me,  
 That I loved in other days ;  
 To my heart when I am lonely,  
 As a naiad from the streams  
 Of the Brighter-land she wanders,  
 But to live within my dreams.

Oft I fancy that she whispers,  
 That I see her strange, strange smile,  
 Giving sweetness to her sadness,  
 And her eyes on mine the while.  
 Oh, then chide me not for breathing  
 Strains of melancholy born,  
 Since an angel, ever pensive,  
 Sits upon my heart's high throne !  
 BOON'S CREEK, TENN.

## N E V E R D E S P A I R .

Tho' the billows of life round thee should roll,  
 And the waters of darkness break over thy soul,  
 Tho' thy brow should be clouded with sorrow or  
 care,  
 Yet there is a promise ; then never despair.

Tho' the friends of thy youth should be altered and  
 changed,  
 And the hearts that were fondest forever estranged,  
 Tho' tears should embitter affection's warm prayer,  
 Yet there is a promise ; then never despair.

Although by the world thou art coldly forsaken,  
 Let thy faith in that promise be ever unshaken ;

It will cheer thee thro' life and bless thee in death,  
 And wing with delight thy last dying breath.

That promise is life in bright Heaven above,  
 Where Justice is throned with mercy and love,  
 Where blessings immortal and glories divine  
 For the children of God everlastingly shine.

Then cling not to earth with its troubles and strife,  
 Let it crush not thy spirit though it darken thy life ;  
 But in thy sad hours of anguish and care  
 Remember the promise, and never despair.

## TEACHING AT HOME.

## LESSONS IN OBEDIENCE.

WE are desirous to say a word to the dwellers in the cottage homes of America on the subject of education—the teaching and training of their children. We are not going to recommend education to them as the most valuable gift which it is in their power to bestow on their children, nor to suggest that they should make a point of setting aside a portion of their incomes, let them be ever so small, for this purpose, nor that they should take care to send their children to the best school which their neighborhood affords. All these things we will take it for granted they are ready and willing to do—but we would endeavor to point out to *mothers* especially, how much it is in their power to do for their young children themselves,—how much they have it in their power to contribute to the education of their children quite independent of actual schooling.

Parents do in fact, always educate their children to a certain extent, whether they will or not. The mind of every child is influenced, more or less, by the grown up people around them, and no after teaching ever quite destroys or effaces these early impressions. How important then that they should be good ones! This is one of the cases in which there is no such thing possible as undoing what we have done and beginning over again. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," is an old and true saying with regard to the education of children; the training of their characters we would say, not their book learning. A child may be taught to do a thing wrong, to shape a letter wrong, or to spell a word wrong, and such errors as these can be easily set to rights; but a bad habit acquired in early childhood, or a bad feeling got into the mind, is not so easily got rid of. It will cling to the child till it grows into youth, will stay by the youth till he becomes a man, and may be the source not only of the greatest unhappiness and misery in this

world, but of the most awful unfitness for the next. How careful, then, should this make a mother in the training of her child! How anxious to awaken its mind to good principles, and to quicken and nourish the good feelings within its heart!

It is beautiful to see the love which mothers have for their young babies. How carefully and tenderly do they watch over them, and how lovingly they caress them. Speak to a mother as she stands at her cottage door with her infant in her arms, and notice her babe. Ask its age, or admire its little fat hands or cheeks, or pity its delicate looks; and then see how the mother's eyes will brighten, or how a shade of sadness will pass over her face according as her baby is praised or pitied. But the case seems different when we turn to speak to the children clinging around her gown, or at play before the door. Then comes from the mother the complaint of how little Jemmy is such a naughty boy—such a troublesome little fellow, that she can do nothing with him. Only half-an hour ago, she tells you, she put on him a clean pinafore, and desired him not to go near that puddle again; and yet see what a pig he has made of himself,—and Jemmy gets a slap and a shake, and is dragged indoors roughly by the arm. You stop to notice little Polly. "Ah! Polly, you naughty girl, did I not tell you to leave that pot of treacle alone, and there her fingers and face are all covered over with it, and she is not fit to be seen—the good for nothing, tiresome little thing!" and Polly is also slapped and shaken, and sent out of the way; and the mother then remarks upon the tiresomeness and naughtiness of all children, and upon the impossibility of managing them and making them obey, and of their love of mischief and disregard of all threats of punishment; and here we have, perhaps, the secret of the whole difficulty. In the mother's arms once lay little Jemmy and Polly, helpless infants, and were as much

caressed and as tenderly treated as he who is the baby now. But Jemmy and Polly got the use of their legs, and learned to like running about, and to enjoy playing in the dirt, and sticking their fingers into treacle-pots and sucking them, in spite of mother having said twenty—nay, a hundred times, that she would whip them if they did, or send them to bed. They have become very knowing about mother's words. A slap or a box on the ears after they have done the thing they like, is the most they ever get in spite of those oft-repeated threats. They have never once been whipped or sent to bed. The slap and the box on the ear are not pleasant to be sure, and make their backs tingle and eyes twinkle, but it is soon over, and mother's back will be soon turned too, and they can then get back to puddle and treacle-pot again, which latter, after all, has never been put quite out of Polly's reach. In such continued warfare with her children does many a mother live—all because she has not accustomed her children to *obey her word*. Her own voice has become harsh as she speaks to her children at all times, and their ears are hardened to the tone of reproof. No scolding, however loud, would now startle them so much as a few words of gentle affectionateness, but these they never have, and she has become to them an object of fear. She in her turn tells her neighbors that the children are "the very plague of her life." But all this may be very easily prevented. Let a mother, from the first, accustom her children to *listen* to her words, and to *mind* them. They must be gently, yet firmly spoken, and above all, *spoken but once*. All temptations to disobedience should be carefully put out of the way of very young children; (as in the instance above—a few spades of gravel should have been thrown over the forbidden puddle, and the treacle-pot put on the highest shelf of the closet,) but above all things, should the mother avoid ever *making a threat which she does not mean to perform*. Hours and days of scolding may be escaped by a mother who has once had the courage to quietly put a child to bed in the day time, or deny it some little indulgence in consequence of an act of disobedience. And no rebellious feeling rises up in the mind of

a child, whose father and mother has firmly inflicted a punishment which they had threatened for disobedience—provided always that it be not greatly disproportioned to the offence. A respect for their parent's regard for truth is felt in the midst of their sorrow. The punishment does not in any way interfere with the love felt by the child towards his parents. He sees that they are obeying a hidden law in their own hearts. He is prepared himself for the future recognition of and disobedience to that law. But while we speak of punishments we would be understood to advocate no corporeal ones, such as slapping or beating. Nothing is so hardening in its effects on a child's mind as this mode of treatment. He feels it to be the mere expression of his parent's anger and vexation; it banishes all self-reproach for his own misdeed, and it raises up a feeling of angry resentment in return. Let fathers and mothers guard nothing so jealously as their children's love towards themselves, and let them endeavor to inflict even chastisement upon them in such a manner that their own love shall never be lost sight of. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," is a truth felt almost instinctively by the heart of a man bowed down and softened under affliction of God's appointment, and the heart of a little child can in like manner learn to recognize its parent's love in the corrections which it receives at his hand. And then will spring up—not the obedience of fear, which is but a cowardly and slavish subjection, but the *obedience of love*, which is in harmony with the best affections of a child's heart, and prepares him for the yet higher obedience to the laws and word of God.—*Mother's Magazine*.

Is it true that many are made crazy by the operations of the spirit rappers? Why will any leave the Bible, the sure word of prophecy, to run after such as have or profess to have 'familiar spirits'? We have not refrained a voice of warning.

Is not Christianity—true and pure and all-affecting, as presented in the Bible, good enough? What if some wrest the scriptures to the ruin of their own souls? is there aught that such would not pervert? Leave God and Christ, as revealed in the Gospel!!! Then you are gone! LOST!—*Ex.*



*For the Parlor Visitor.*

## TO MY DAUGHTER IN HEAVEN.

BY J. A. J.

My daughter, when I saw thee die,  
I thought that I was reconciled ;  
So sweet—so gentle—and so mild  
Was thy departure to the realms on high.

I asked thee, if a perfect hope  
In Christ, thy bosom felt, as passed  
Thy soul away—and thy faint, last  
Word, echoed "perfect," and no more thine eyes  
    were ope.

And as thou layest on thy bier,  
I placed my hand upon thy brow,  
And kissed thy marbled lips with low  
Faint utterance of praise and mingled fear.

Thy sleep was beauteous—the rose  
Still lingered on thy cheek and lips,—  
Thy lustrous eye was in eclipse ;  
But the long lashes lay in sweet repose.

The bridal ring was on thy hand.  
The bridal wreath was on thy brow,—  
Unchanged thy wondrous beauty now,  
While yet the soul had mounted to the spirit-land.

I laid thy body, earth to earth,  
By thy dear mother's side to rest—  
The green grass waves above thy breast,  
And the pure marble tells thy death and birth.

And from thy grave I turned my way  
And wiped the tears from my full eyes,  
And only thought of the bright skies  
Where thy freed soul basked in perpetual day.

I deemed that I was reconciled—  
But ever and anon arise  
Memories of thee before my eyes,  
So mild—so sweet—so kind, my darling child.

They pierce afresh my inward heart,  
And ope anew my flowing wounds—  
My sorrows burst their stifled bounds,  
And tears unbidden, from my eyes do start.

Oh! that I could but once again  
    and thee breathing face to face,  
And clasp thee in my warm embrace—  
Methinks I'd let thee then  
Hie to thy heavenly home again.

DANVILLE, Ky., April 1854.

[SELECTED.]

## THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.

A beggar boy stood at a rich man's door—  
'I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,'  
Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled  
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold  
'Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,  
To help the beggar boy on his way?'  
'Not a crust nor a crumb,' the rich man said,  
'Be off, and work for your daily bread!'

The rich man went to the parish church—  
His face grew grave as he trod the porch—  
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,  
Drew back to let the rich man pass.  
The service began—the choral hymn  
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim ;  
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said  
Were—'Give us this day our daily bread!'

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

H O M E .

BY J. M. D. C.

It is true that man was created in the image of God, but soon departed from his state of purity and became a restless and a discontented being. The heart is so corrupted by sin, that there is scarcely any situation in which one can be placed that will give perfect satisfaction. Riches and worldly honors may cluster around him in great abundance, and friends may be true and kind, yet he is discontented; and his mind becomes restless and wearied even of his friends, his native land, and the home of his childhood; and his constant desire, by day and by night, is to leave his home, kindred and friends, and seek those elysian fields which lie in the distance, decorated with all the riches and beauties of earth, and well calculated to fill the mind with rapturous delight. With such alluring charms spread out before him, he bids all farewell, leaves his home and winds his way through the hills and mountain passes to the land of strangers, whilst the cold and chilling winds and rains are beating on his trembling frame; and, although his mind is still filled with anxiety, and the prospect of his future honors and happiness, which causes him to brave the storm, and brace up against the wintry blast, there linger in his bosom thoughts of his native home, and he learns for the first time, that there are comforts and joys at home which had never been appreciated; but pride of heart forbids a return to that forsaken home, and the embraces of a devoted mother, and kind sisters, and friends.

When far away, and surrounded by strangers, and disappointments come up from every direction, and all the anticipated happiness, riches, and honors are still in the distance—still in the future: his heart fails him, and he utters in deep and penitential sighs, "My home, my native home, where love and friendship reign." When disease

marks him as a proper victim to prey upon, and claims his very life, and by degrees he yields to the monster, and becomes pale and feeble in that far off land, and no friendly hand to administer to his wants and necessities, whilst scorched with fever and distressed with pain—no one to cheer the drooping mind, while pressed down with disappointments, disease and a thousand difficulties never known before. With what rapidity then the memory returns to those scenes of innocent childhood, and his native home, where a kind father is ready to administer to his wants, and a tender and affectionate mother who is waiting to wipe away the falling tears with her own dear hands, and brothers and sisters to console the disconsolate with loving words and kind attentions. Oh! how dear and how precious the recollection of home, and parental advice and affection,—prayers and hymns of praise that ascended to God night and morn,—the peace and harmony that reigned in the family circle. Home, sweet home!!

Days and years may pass away, and a thousand changes may take place in the political and material world, and be forgotten, yet the thoughts of home are never erased from the mind. The soldier, amid the noise of mighty and contending armies, and groans and wailings of the wounded and dying, thinks of his quiet home, where peace and happiness reigns in every bosom, and no foe filled with hate to molest the social band in their devotions to Him who rules all things, and is the giver of all our blessings. His bosom swells with emotions unutterable, and the desire of his soul is for his native land—his home!

"Upon the land, upon the deep,  
Wherever I may roam,  
How sweet the thoughts of that retreat,  
My native land—my home."

Amid the trials, the dangers, and the

storms of life—when the star of hope is hid, and the dark clouds of adversity hover over us, and scatter distress and woe all around; and those who were once kind and beloved friends (?) are changed, and are seen to be only so many foes, filled with contempt, whose tongues are tipped with the fires of persecution, and whose icy hands are pressing us down to the earth.—Nothing but disappointments and distress surround us.

Oh! how cheering, under such circumstances, to turn into that beloved home, and meet with kind and true friends to give words of encouragement and consolation.

In the hour of death, there are thoughts of the once forsaken home, and the desire of the soul is to die at home, surrounded by relatives and friends. Home! sweet home! there is no place like home.

MARION, Tenn., May '54.

FROM THE MEMPHIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

## G E M S O F T H O U G H T .

THERE is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centred in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has heavenly support and a heavenly anchor. The home circle surrounded by such influences, has an ante-past of the joys of a heavenly home.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around the darkest scenes.

\* If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

"Don't tell me of to-morrow,  
Give me the man who'll say  
That when a good deed's to be done,  
Let's do the deed to-day!  
We may command the present  
If we act and never wait;  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of the past that comes too late!"

Gentility consists not in birth, wealth, manners or fashion, but in a high sense of honor, and a determination to do what is right, to the best of our ability, under all

circumstances—that is "to do justice, to love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

We are not to suppose that the oak wants stability because its light and changeable leaves dance to the music of the breeze; nor to conclude that a man wants stability and strength of mind because he may exhibit an occasional playfulness and levity.

We should use a book as a bee does a flower.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Permanent rest is never expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

Nothing makes us so indifferent to the pin and musket thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their loveliness and beautiful colors, in the noise and tumult of life.

Though we travel over the world to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or find it not.

There is no poet's dream that may not be realized where heart beats back to heart, and soul responds to soul, as star shineth into star.

The Bible is the prophet of hope, and its loftiest strains are of glory to come.

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

## A R E V E R I E .

"I have felt  
A presence that disturbed me with the joy,  
Of elevated thoughts;"—WORDSWORTH.

THE anxious cares of another day were ended; the last rays of the setting sun still lingered about my favorite walk; I wrapped about me a light mantle and wandered forth alone,—but not because I am a misanthrope or do not value and appreciate the society of a companion, not because I do not often feel that to pour into the bosom of a sympathizing friend the heart's most secret emotions is one of the dearest pleasures of life;—no, not for any of these reasons; but because I sometimes feel that there are thoughts too profound for utterance, and some emotions too sacred for the ear of another. 'Tis when I feel thus, I love to be alone, to separate myself from the companionship of all mankind, that I may commune with nature,—my own soul,—and with God.

It was with such feelings as these after a long walk I seated myself on a smooth white rock jutting out from the banks and overhanging a beautiful stream of pure water. It was a place upon which nature had lavished her wildest charms; a spot calculated to elicit a warm and an enthusiastic feeling of admiration, but rendered familiar to me by frequent haunts, it seemed the face of an old and cherished friend, whose more extrinsic beauty was almost forgotten in an intimate acquaintance with the more imperishable graces of the mind and heart.

The high rocks almost encircling this airy spot, faintly reverberated at this holy hour the evening song of wild free birds; the pale flowers of spring caught the last rays of the sinking sun, and reflected a tint of deeper beauty to the eye of the beholder, and as the evening breeze wafted to the senses the rich incense of their delicate pe-

tals, my spirit sank into the deliciousness of quiet repose.

Ere' long my mind was borne upon the wings of an active imagination to the realms of paradise,—the abode of the blest. With a glowing, yet fearful heart, I paused before entering within this holy retreat of the sanctified; I bowed myself in prayer, and murmured thus:—

"Oh! be thou near to me,  
Great God! from whom the meanest are not far,  
Not in presumption of a daring spirit,  
Soaring to find the secrets of itself,  
Make I this bold endeavor; but with a deep,  
Deep, sense of humbleness—I seek their home  
To learn of them,—thy will,—my Father."

I again paused upon the threshold, tremblingly alive to the vast and important responsibility such knowledge would throw upon me, and yet I dared to enter; to tread with unhallowed feet the place where angels dwell; I dared to seek their home and learn the employment of its blissful occupants.

Here I soon discovered that the mind was still free,—still enthroned in a citadel of individual organism, by which its possessor is recognized. Here I found the mind disenthralled, freed from the clogs which on earth impeded its upward progress, and hindered its vivid perception of truth, which now clear and lucid as the emanations of God's own glory, is presented to the ardent inquiring earnest mind in its most perfect proportions, clothed in its most attractive garb, and possessing the embodiment of its divine authority.

The intellectual development of our minds cannot be sudden, full, and replete, as I had often been taught, but every moment of our spiritual life shall reveal to our admiring, astonished gaze some unfolding beauty,—

some new conception of thought, or some astounding truth.

The mind ascends cycle, after cycle, but never attains its calminating point; its progress is onward, is upward, forever developing its unfathomable resources; forever perfecting; forever polishing its gems of intellectual wealth,—gems which radiate their glory, in brightness, as reflected from the throne of God; no limits there to this struggling spirit now confined within our mortal bodies; no barrier to retard the majestic operations of the immortal mind, but ever, throughout the long ages of eternity "*the patriarch pupil will be learning still.*"

There are to the christian some moments, even in this life, fraught with inestimable happiness; some moments when the chalice of our spiritual communion overflows with delight; when the soul must have a foretaste of those joys in reservation for us, and if we could forever drink from the fountain of love flowing from the throne of God, and sit

beneath the sunshine of his glory, this earth would be heaven enough, but this can never be while we are clothed in mortality. Our happiness must often be mingled with sorrow, our sunshine, often clouded with gloom, and life wearing its most pleasing aspect must often suddenly be overcast with the sombre hue of despair.

But in heaven we shall be far away from the cares of life; separated from its temptations; loosed from its temptations.

Our disembodied spirits shall drink ever more from the clear waters of eternal truth, and we shall see continually reflected from its crystal surface the image of our heavenly Father.

My reverie is broken, but long shall the delightful remembrance of its elevating influence find a resting place in my heart, deeply engraven upon the tablet of memory are the recollections of that home and its hallowed associations.

PRINCETON, KY.

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

TO MISS MARY ALMA MOORE, OF HARRODSBURG, KY.

BY MARY D.

Amid the gloom of each one's outer life,  
When storms of sorrow, overwhelm the mind;  
And thoughts of grief, and sadness, ever rife,  
Around our hearts their mourning drap'ry bind;  
A ray of bright, bright sunshine, sometimes flings,  
Its radiance o'er our path, and pleasure brings.

'Twas thus my lovely girl, that thou around,  
My heart, a soft and gentle sunbeam fell;  
While o'er its broken chords, pale mem'ry bound,  
Thy loving spirit 'round each mournful cell;  
There, there thou'lt breathe thy words in accents low,  
And whisper that thou'lt love me evermore.

A friend, I only ask a friend in thee,  
Whose smile shall cheer me more, and more,  
Whose merry heart, a star, will prove to me,  
To gladden mine, when clouds about me lower;  
Still, still my empire, one true heart shall be,  
And love's sweet flower, shall bloom for thee and me.

Sweet, gentle cousin—fare thee well,—farewell,  
No more thy face perhaps I e'er shall see  
But oft in spirit, from some lonely dell,  
My heart shall hover 'round and pray for thee  
And when by Angels thou to Heaven art borne  
We'll meet there dearest 'round our Father's throne.



## O N W A R D .

[ORIGINAL.]

Almost every effort which Southern Baptists have made for several years to accomplish any considerable object, has met with signal success. If a handful of brethren in any of the towns around, have determined, that by the help of the Lord, they would have a good meeting, and used the necessary means to promote a revival of religion, and bring sinners to repentance; when they have gone to work in the right way, their labors have, usually, been abundantly blest. In all the past, we have been looking to the North for superior educational advantages, now, however, the brotherhood in the whole South and South-west, seem to have concluded that Colleges and Academies may quite as well be endowed and sustained at home. And whilst we wish our northern brethren well, and thank them for the facilities hitherto furnished, we, in future, expect to rival their best institutions.

By the liberality of the people, the Bible is being circulated throughout our country, and much has been done for Missions, both foreign and domestic.

But if we were to enumerate all the evidences of our progress—our prosperity, we could only conclude, by reminding our readers that there is yet much to do. Thousands of our fellow creatures are daily dying, and being eternally lost, for want of that which it is our privilege and duty to furnish them—the lamp of life;—and there is so much infidelity in the church, that day after day passes, without so much as our prayers ascending to Heaven, in behalf of the heathen. We have, ostensibly, enlisted as soldiers of the Cross, though have become so familiar with the enemies of our holy religion, that we scarcely think to inquire—

“Are there no foes for us to face?

Must we not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace?

To help us on to God?”

Yes, gentle reader, there are foes, open

and covert foes, to face. And we have now a “flood tide of vice, folly, and fashion” to overcome. This world is not, has never been, a friend to grace: but is now, and will still, be opposed, to christianity and to God. And when those professing godliness, shall so far transcend the bounds of christian propriety, as to lose sight of the Cross—forget the sufferings of Christ—or bear his cross so lightly, that they can fiddle, dance, play cards, drink liquor, and attend the theatre; even though they may do these things for *amusement*, it will be high time for them to stop and inquire: Are we doing “all to the glory of God?”

If they cherish, not only love for God, but faith in his promises, and pleasing recollections of christian martyrs and others who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,—can they, when attending upon these wordly pleasures, say from the heart—

“We are travelling home to God?

In the way our fathers trod?

They are happy now, and we

Soon their happiness shall see.”

No; those in the church, enjoying these sinful amusements, derive no pleasure from such reflections—they are not adding the christian graces—are not fighting the good fight of faith—are not growing to the full stature of men and women in Christ: but becoming feeble, sickly, attenuated, unable to meet in successful warfare the gay forces, in the livery of the devil, and unwilling to return with their mutilated Christian garb and re-enlist under the banner of Christ.

No one should join a church, or voluntarily pledge him or herself to the promotion of anything, the propriety of which is doubtful. Examine deliberately positions, before you take them, in other and more acceptable words, “*See that you are right and go ahead*,” this is an important political maxim, but more important, religiously. No man should so cripple his own energies as to

identify himself with anything involving civil, political, or religious principles, the justice, truth, or propriety of which is at all doubtful. We would *impress* this thought. Christians are *commanded* by Christ himself, to let their *light shine*, and He furthermore says, in vain do they worship me teaching for doctrine, the commandments of men. Oh, dying men and women, let us entreat you to take **THE BIBLE**, and the **BIBLE ALONE** as your heavenly directory, and follow where it leads, discarding all things else.

The soul is immortal in existence, and of inestimable value; what untiring energy ought we therefore put forth, not only for

our own salvation but that of others? What so pleasant, so dignifying, so ennobling to the creature; as the worship and service of his Creator? And who will not deny himself, take up his cross and work for God in time, since by so doing he may gain honor, immortality, and eternal life in Heaven? Who is ashamed of being known in any circle, as a follower of the meek and lowly lamb? In reviewing the love, suffering and death of Christ, and the persecutions, afflictions and tribulations of His followers, we are led to inquire—

"Who would be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?"

[EDITOR.]

## THE HOPE OF THE HEART.

BY LORD BYRON.

No nobler theme ever engaged the pen of the poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate, while in his adversity he still retains the unwavering love of woman.—EDGAR A. POE.

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find;  
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me;  
And the love which my spirit hath painted,  
It never hath found but in **THEE**.

Then, when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine;  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If the billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they hear me from **THEE**.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave;  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain—it shall not be its slave;  
There is many a pang to pursue me;  
They may crush, but they shall not contemn;  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
'Tis of **THEE** that I think, not of them.

Though human, thou did'st not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou did'st not forsake;  
Though loved, thou forbores't to grieve me,  
Though slandered, thou never could'st shake;  
Though trusted, thou did'st not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly;  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor mute that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—  
If my soul was not fitt'd to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun;  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of **THEE**.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most cherished,  
Deserved to be dearest of all;  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree;  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of **THEE**.

[FROM THE NEW YORK RECORDER.]

## NAPOLEON AND MRS. JUDSON.—THEIR GRAVES AT ST. HELENA.

BY CHARLES TAYLOR.

On our voyage from China, our ship was to stop at St. Helena. There were two spots of unusual interests which I expected to visit.—One was the grave of Napoleon, the other was the grave of Mrs. Judson. The one had acquired a world-wide renown for his surpassing ability and skill as a general, and for his equally remarkable sagacity as a statesman. The other was less extensively known, it is true, though by no means obscure, as having manifested a degree of self-sacrificing devotion, of patient, enduring fortitude, of high moral courage, and of intrepid bearing on the field of Christian conquest, well worthy the palmiest days of Christian heroism.

Napoleon, in prosecuting his ambitious schemes for his own aggrandizement and the glory of France, had been the means of killing I know not how many thousands of his fellow men, and of sending the immortal souls of these unknown thousands, unprepared to the dread tribunal of final audit with their righteous judge; of spreading devastation and woe among I know not how many thousand fire-sides; of breaking the hearts and crushing the hopes of I know not how many thousand fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and wives and children, making parents childless, wives widows, and children orphans; of scattering with remorseless hand, the blight and mildew and pestilence of death and desolation over I know not how many thousand fields and landscapes, before all bright and blooming with peace and loveliness, with happiness and plenty.

Mrs. Judson had exiled herself from the home of her youth, and all its endearing associations; had torn her heart from its tenderest ties; had toiled most arduously for long, long years among a barbarous people, under a torrid sun, with many discouragements, and through great privations and

hardships, with all the calm yet earnest energy of a noble, holy enthusiasm, in breaking to the famishing Pagan the bread of life. I can no more compute the number of souls she may have been instrumental in saving, than I can the number Napoleon may have been in destroying.

Then I turned my thoughts to the day of judgment. Napoleon will stand there stripped of all the adventitious circumstances of rank and power; not one of the brilliant qualities which so pre-eminently distinguished him here, will avail him there. Such currency, however high in the markets of earth, is at a fearful discount at the bank of heaven. He will there stand on the same footing with the meanest human being—that of his own single, individual character. And that character not measured by the standard that obtains among men but by a directly opposite one set up by the pure and holy God. Then, thought I, if the spirits of the lost shall be permitted to upbraid those who have been the means of hurrying them on to destruction, what terrific bursts of curses, what thunder-tones of execration, will be eternally poured upon his defenceless head!

Mrs. Judson will stand there too. It is not too much to presume that some Germans, saved through her instrumentality, will meet her there—perhaps many—perhaps thousands—for the seed she sowed is still vegetating, and will go on to increase and bear fruit till the end of time. And will they not lavish blessings on her head? Oh, will they not bless the day and the hour in which she first set foot upon their shores? and will not heaven's high arches ring with their rejoicings? God has said, They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

The dead, small and great, shall stand before God, but the scale of estimation will

be entirely reversed. The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. Most of those whom men consider great, will then be found to be small; and many, very many, now regarded as small, will then be seen to be truly great. It is sadly to be feared that Napoleon will appear among the small; and there is little doubt but Mrs. Judson will be among the great. At any rate, I had a million times rather have been Mrs. Judson than to have been Napoleon.

Such was the train of thought passing in my mind as we approached the island of St. Helena; and I soon had an opportunity of visiting the tombs of these two individuals—both to me full of remarkable interest. That of Napoleon, now vacant, is situated in a lovely vale, about three miles from the anchorage at Jamestown, and is surrounded by trees, and flowers, and grass and shrubbery. It fully realized all my anticipations of beautiful scenery in its rustic dell. But in that of Mrs. Judson I was painfully disappointed. I had read of it as being in the valley of Jamestown. Perhaps it was from the associations of my boyhood, but I had not thought of a *valley*, and especially a *graveyard* in a valley, without connecting with it the images of a pretty green sward, the sweet wild flowers, and the ideas of undisturbed stillness and quiet retirement, away from the busy haunts of men, and from the noise and bustle of every-day life. Judge, then, of my surprise and disappointment to find the burial ground in the heart of the town, which is as densely built, and necessarily so, as any part of your most populous cities. For it is crowded into a narrow gorge, but six hundred yards in its widest parts, between two high, steep, barren hills. A paved street runs along one side of the ground, which is hemmed in by buildings, and is surrounded by a high stone wall, through which a gate leads from the street. It is the English Episcopal burial place, and no dissenting minister can be allowed to perform a funeral service within its walls. This exclusiveness will, however, be of no practical inconvenience hereafter, for, by a town ordinance recently passed, no more interments can be permitted to

take place there, as the ground is already quite crowded. Not a blade of grass, not a single flower, nor any green thing did I see, except, if I mistake not, a few trees along the lower side of the enclosure, one of which—a species of banyan—partly shaded the grave of Mrs. Judson. Their leaves were all covered with the dust, which is ever rising from the loose, barren soil, except during the wet season, when, I was informed, it is a mass of mud. Notwithstanding the unlovely and unattractive appearance of every thing about the place, I stood by this grave with very different feelings from those with which I stood by the empty tomb of Napoleon. The head-stone is very neatly lettered, and contains a most appropriate inscription, but is so soiled and discolored by the tenacious dust, that you would hardly suppose it was ever white marble.

The Baptist mission on the island has a most beautiful cemetery on the hillside of a charming valley, where they are now building a neat country church and parsonage, two or three miles from Jamestown. To this lovely, secluded spot they desire to remove the remains of Mrs. Judson; and I sincerely hope, for the sake of all that is sacred and endearing in our association of rural beauty with the resting place of the loved and gone, every hindrance may be speedily removed, and they may soon succeed in effecting this truly praise-worthy design.

The Rev. Dr. J. MacGregor Bertram, of that mission, has, I understand, now in his possession, an appropriate monument presented by friends in the United States, to be erected over the grave, whenever the removal can be accomplished.

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Love one human being purely and warmly, says Jean Paul, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

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CAN the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.—BIBLE.

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

## THE BUSINESS MAN AND HIS WIFE.

BY J. B. HANCOCK.

Mr. Corming sat, thoughtfully, near a candle which flickered from his writing stand. "Next week" soliloquised he, "that important case, *Stone vs. Shaperson* is to be argued in the Supreme court, and in its determination is involved not less than half a million dollars. Old Shaperson, the Shylock of our city, has long, illegally held, the property of the orphan children of my early friend, Stone, while they have been raised in penury, and often felt the want of life's common comforts. Several of them are of a proper age to be placed at school, and their relations are, like themselves, very poor, and unable to educate them. Julia has a mind susceptible of a high state of improvement, and if the law suit determines in favor of Mr. Stone, the guardian, she may become a bright star in the literary firmament, and outshine the daughters of those who oppress her; but if it determines in favor of Shaperson, then will Julia be as a

"———flower borne, to blush unseen,  
Which wastes its fragrance in the desert air;"

and she, and her sisters, pine out a life of poverty stricken obscurity.

I feel sensibly, that Mrs. Corming suffers on account of my absence and deeply regrets it; but a heavy responsibility rests upon me and ties me to my office. I have been employed by Mr. Stone to prosecute an important suit against old Shylock Shaperson for the recovery of the property left by his brother, to his orphan children, which has been held many years by Shaperson. The fate of those orphans depend on my success, and although my dear wife desires my company, and is often unhappy on account of my absence, yet my duty to the penniless orphans of my early friend, demand all my time till that case is disposed of, and if I am successful they will be placed above the frowns of a hard-hearted

world, and no one will rejoice more than Mrs. Corming. When I shall have prepared this case, I will have the pleasure of devoting more of my evenings to fire-side comforts, beside my wife; and when the suit is determined in favor of the orphans, as I am confident it will be, I'll have the pleasure of joining Mrs. Corming in congratulating those sweet neglected orphans on their good fortune."

Having finished his soliloquy, Mr. Corming stirred up the embers; went to his book case and took out many large volumes and placed them on his table, snuffed the candle, and looked over them one by one, frequently turning down the corners of the book leaves and noting, in a small memorandum book, such references as he wished to use in making out his brief appeal in the case—*Stone vs. Shaperson*.

His researches were continued in this way, for many evenings; and when he reached home, each night as late as one o'clock, he was always met at the door by his affectionate wife, who often enquired how he could stay so late from her? and he usually excused himself by telling her, the importance of his business, made it indispensibly necessary for him to employ his time, almost day and night, in preparing an important law case for trial, in which was involved the interest of Julia Stone and her sisters.

At two o'clock the night before the trial of this law suit, a candle was seen burning in Mr. Corming's office. He was then in consultation with his associate counsellors, and when all things in reference to the suit was agreed on, he left the office and went home. His wife, as usual, met him at the door and conducted him to the parlor, and peeping through the dew, she had endeavored to wipe from her eyes, said, "My dear, when will your heavy suit be ended, and allow you more time to spend with your



wife?" "To-morrow," said he, "I will have the pleasure of drying the tears of the orphans of my old friend, and lifting them from poverty to affluence and comfort."

A tear was seen to drop from the eye of Mrs. Corming. It was the tear of joy, for she rejoiced in the hope that her husband would be instrumental in recovering for those tender orphans, that which had for many years been illegally withheld from them, and would enable them to fill a position in society, to which they were entitled.

It was now three o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Corming retired to bed and slept till morning.

Soon after breakfast next morning, Mr. Corming picked up his "green bag," and went to court, and had been seated but a short time, till the Clerk read from the docket, *Stone vs. Shaperson*; the case was taken up; all the court-yard was filled with spectators, whose anxiety was on tiptoe to hear its decision.

Late in the evening the judgment of the court was pronounced in favor of Stone.

The air rung with loud plaudits of approval; a tear dropped from the eye of Mr. Corming as he said to another lawyer, "we have done our duty and God be thanked; justice has been done the orphans of Stone, and I am doubly compensated for the many sleepless nights I have toiled over books in my office preparing that case."

Mr. Corming walked home with a light heart, rejoicing at the good fortune of the orphans. "Justice" said he, "is sometimes slow, but certain in the end." He was met at the yard gate, by Mrs. Corming, who quickly enquired, "My dear, what success to-day?"

He answered, "The orphans are rich."

"God be praised," said she, "I am now richly compensated for all the lonely nights I spent regretting your absence, when you were at the office preparing to do a deed heaven will reward you for. I'll make myself unhappy no more. Call in Julia, and tell the dear orphan she and her sisters are rich."

MARION, Miss., May 1854.

*For the Parlor Visitor.*

## M I S G I V I N G S .

BY M.

I fain would try to sing,  
Yet terror binds my will,  
Whilst all that's bright and beautiful  
My trembling heart-strings thrill.

I cannot banish thoughts,  
Those beams of soul and mind;  
And with them sweep each feeling too,  
And leave no trace behind.

I dare not chase away  
Those feelings deep and strong,  
That live and burn within my breast  
And to my soul belong.

I cannot meet unmoved  
The world's cold bitter gaze,  
And yet I deem each trembling thought  
As all "unworthy praise."

I ask no poet's wreath,  
To bind my throbbing brow,  
I only ask one blessing, which  
A Father can bestow.

I ask some wisdom, from  
Those shining courts above;  
Cannot a Father's hand supply  
The children of his love.

But should my Father choose,  
My wishes to restrain,  
I'd chant a requiem o'er my muse,  
And never sing again.

## S U C C E S S F U L M E N .

Is success the measure of the man? that it is, we are inclined to believe is the general and popular impression, while that it is not, we are inclined to think, susceptible of proof. Many of the best men—judging from appearances—that we have ever known, were those destitute of the tact, or talent, necessary to make a fortune, while some of the vilest creatures who ever disgraced humanity, were those possessing this talent in a very eminent degree.

Again, we have seen men of native genius, of cultivated talent, for whom, in every thing which adorns, or lends enchantment to private character, every acquaintance, entertained the profoundest respect, and yet we have seen those same acquaintances turn from the man of merit, to clamour with the thoughtless multitude, the praises of a brazen, though comparatively brainless, and yet successful man.

We have known the accomplished gentleman of high resolves and honest heart, present himself at the shrine of beauty, and, we were going to say innocence, but no, she disregarded affection, she weighed her lover with a counterpoise of gold, and on her bridal day he was not there.

Our observation among men, very much predisposes us to adopt the sentiment of Gen'l Jackson, who said, for success and appreciation among men, "give me a man of brass! brass!! brass!!!" As this however, is said to be the *golden age*, perhaps it is right that the favorite among *men*, should be required to give place to another, in the estimation of the ladies.

But jesting aside: So honorable and perseveringly energetic have we known men in adversity, and so unscrupulous and little inclined to *personal* industry, many who have amassed wealth, while so little the result of calculation and systemized preparation, and so much of brass and seeming accident in the preferment to place and fame, that we have no accumulated reverence for men, simply, because they chance, for the time

being, to possess fortune or office; on the contrary, like Hillard, we confess "that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded on earth, and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. If success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring.—I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

[EDITOR.]

## THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

She is not mine, and to my heart  
Perhaps she is less dear  
Than those who of my life are part—  
This is the sin I fear :  
And ever in the dread to err,  
Ay, loving those the best,  
More gentle have I been to her  
Perhaps than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,  
That may rebuke demand,  
Ere I can speak a hasty word,  
Or lift a chiding hand,  
An angel's face comes flitting by,  
With look so sad and mild,  
A voice floats softly from the sky—  
"Would'st harm my orphan child?"  
No—witness thou and all above,  
I'll cherish her as mine ;  
Or may I lose her father's love—  
A love that once was thine!

[SELECTED.]

## THE SUPREME POWER.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

"It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad."—The same remark might, with equal force and justice, be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named than that the grand and far reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the immediate presence of that tremendous Power which could alone produce, and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, as the proofs are graven in eternal characters on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface: and which are, also, day by day and hour by hour, at work to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war. The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beam seems to shed a spirit of tranquility, not unmixed with sadness, not far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere—a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we

calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation; and then, shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well-instructed mind sees, opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its clouded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them. The bands of Orion are loosed; and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in simplicity of sense.

But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the sense seems, as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size and form and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which was hardened into the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of the convulsions of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy

stream of molten rocks that oozes quietly at his feet; encasing the surface of the mountain, as it cools, with a most black and stygian crust; or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose, a few years since, in the neighborhood of Malta, spouting flames from the depth of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Ant-arctic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed thro' an opening in its sides, where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano. Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark—a mineral fountain, of salubri-

ous qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius or a divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks or flowed from the bosom of the earth.—Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man who should resort, for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the out-stretched, though invisible hand of an everywhere present and benignant Power.

## P R A Y E R

Communion with God ere the work of the day,  
In its multiplied cares shall call me away—  
The sweetest of all other duties by far,  
Is to plead for the multiplied subjects of prayer.

'*I am doing a good work.*' A work—great in respect to the number to be benefited, the difficulties to be overcome, and the general means proposed, together with the reward following their use, in its accomplishment. At this crisis of events, the great work, far from being retarded for want of means, should arouse the moral courage and summon into the field a glorious company, worthy to enter into such labors, and reap in joy, what has been sown in tears, in the blood of martyrs, and the sacrifice of Calvary.

Be the world, then, my field. Nothing short of this corresponds with the nature and design of intercessory prayer, in arresting the woes of earth, and in saving much people alive.

An hour with God! a small demand,

A work to which can ought compare—  
Of saving souls by faithful prayer?

A great work! Among other forms of sin and evil to be removed through efforts of such as prevail in prayer, are war, licentiousness, sabbath breaking, profane swearing, light literature, balls, theatres, parties for vain pleasure, popery, infidelity, witchcraft, sectarianism, covetousness, and such like: and their places to be filled by the glorious elementary habits of the kingdom of God—'righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. While the proper means are in use in other respects, do not thou forget, O my soul, that for the success of all these things, saith the Lord, 'I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.'—*Exchange.*

## "AN INFAMOUS INSTITUTION."

To the "*Nashville Union & American*" we are indebted for an article taken from a New York paper, from which we make a few extracts for the benefit of all whom it may concern, and especially Southern Merchants, whose wives will show it to them, and probably look out for the debased "hireling."—Ed.

"It is not generally known outside of the mercantile community that there exists in this city, and every other city or large town of the Union, an institution which is little better than the beastly Spanish inquisition of a century or two ago. This domestic institution, with its ramifications throughout the Union, is of the most scandalous inquisitorial character, and we have no hesitation in saying that the wretches who govern it are among the meanest and dirtiest of mankind.

It is the business of the villians who conduct this institution to pry not only into the business affairs of almost every man in the community where it may exist, but into his domestic and most private habits." And in the event of an unfavorable opinion—or whatever the opinion may be—in the event of an unfavorable report, "A. B. is from that moment a lost man, and he knows not why. He sends a note for discount to his banker; the banker finds that B.'s account has been growing small by degrees and most abominably less. The banker suspects that B. is on the road to misfortune, and so he seeks confirmation of his suspicions by a resource to the inquisition, and he finds it. B.'s note is not discounted, and his ruin is complete; still he knows not after what manner or why. He feels that he is an honest man, he is sure that he can see his way clearly. He knows that he has, up to this moment, sustained an unimpeachable character in his community; he knows that he, of himself, has done nothing to forfeit or to tarnish that character. \* \* \* \*

There is no exaggeration in this. It is a fact, that more than one such blood-sucking

inquisition as this we have tried to give some description of, exists in this city. These mercantile agencies, as they call themselves, ramify all over the land. A doubting merchant in New York writes to one of these agencies at New Orleans, Mobile, or St. Louis, for an account of the standing, the credit, and the very habits of C., who has applied for a large stock of certain goods. The inquisition sends word back, and C. is credited, or not, accordingly.

No man is safe under such a system of Japanese espionage as this. \* \* \* \* And yet it is unblushingly carried on in open day in the face and before the eyes of the community. We know gentlemen engaged in mercantile pursuits, who have been waited upon by the subordinate leeches, the hireling blood-suckers of these leprous establishments, for the purpose of asking them themselves to give full particulars of their means, credit, standing, and everything connected with them and their business.—All of which, if given, is duly noted down by the subordinate leeches, to be subsequently duly recorded in the books of the grand leech establishment, and thence to be sent, for a fee, to any or to all parts of the Union.

The reader will see that any man may purchase a character of the whitest kind, or that he may provoke one of the blackest and most crushing kind, by a refusal to give information, or by neglect to furnish a sufficient amount of black mail to these nefarious establishments. There can certainly be no honesty, no sense of honor, in such institutions."

\* \* \*

REMEMBER that when Christ took our nature upon him, and went through every stage of human life, to show us our peculiar duties in each, one of the only two things recorded of him, before he arrived at manhood, is his *dutiful regard to his parents*: "He went down to Nazareth, and was subject to them."



## WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye ; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity ; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault ; while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words ; to stun him with a deafening noise ; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds ; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten-fold enormity ; or to declare with passionate vehemence that he is the worst child in the village and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them ; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness ;

to teach an implicit and unquestioning obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of a civil magistrate, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in Heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault ; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God, without reference to whether it may or not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation ; in a few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse ; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you intend and can remember to perform ; to say what you mean, and infallibly to do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him, who gave you your authority ; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as he bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as he visited on Eli.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY TIME-PIECE.

THERE is now in the possession of and manufactured by Mr. Collings, silversmith, of Gloucestershire, England, a most ingenious piece of mechanism—an eight-day clock, with dead beat escapement maintaining power, chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes in twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows : One, once a minute ; one, once an hour ; one, once a week ; one, once a month ; one, once a year. It shows the moon's age, the time of high and low water, half ebb and half flood ; and by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the

at high water tide as if it were in motion, and as it recedes leaving these little automaton ships dry on the sands. It shows the hour of the day, day of the week, month of the year. In the day of the month, there is a provision made for the long and short months. It shows the twelve signs of the zodiac ; it strikes or not, chimes or not, as you wish it ; it has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock is of beautiful workmanship, and performs most accurately.—*Scientific American.*

## B E H A P P Y .

Look not alone to the future for happiness.

How few of us are as happy as we ought to be? How little do we appreciate the providential blessings by which we are surrounded? How many of us upon arriving at the point where once we located perennial bliss are inclined to take up the senseless lamentation of the poet. Alas

"Man never is but always to be blest!"

How many of our readers, having wandered away from themselves, and closed their eyes to the immediate evidences of the power, wisdom, and benevolence of God by which they are surrounded, can say with Lord Ivo:

"I have long worshipped the half-seen star,  
Which in its sphere, dreamed not of me;  
And have trampled under foot the lilly,  
Which flung, unasked, its fragrance in my way."  
How many have put present blessings far away, in expectancy of some superior good?

And how few have regarded the material universe, in all its beautiful and varied departments, as created by A FATHER for the especial use, benefit and happiness of his children?

The truth is, it requires but little thought, to convince one's self, that God, in the creation, and Christ in the redemption of the world, provided ample means for the happiness of his intelligent creatures, in time and eternity. But they "will not consider" either the provisions of the one, or the cost of the other.

Search, if you please—some of you who have the leisure—and see if in the provisions of nature, or grace, there has been the omission of anything which could, under the present, or any other economy of things, be more promotive of your happiness? Could any other physical conformation render you happier here? or could anything minister more effectually to your mental or spiritual natures, than communion, as provided, with the author of your being.

But in reference to things of this life, mankind, every where, are very much alike, though sentient creatures, they do not al-

ways appreciate objects continuously addressed to the senses. Something eliciting personal ambition, and at the same time combining variety, or at any rate something *new*, is usually more captivating than those things with which they have long been familiar: and upon the same principal, I imagine, that in visiting a centennial flower, we pass unheeded the more beautiful rose, or that a comet is more a thing of admiration than the sun, in his meridian splendor. Difficulty too, in the attainment of an object, often enhances appreciation and sometimes happiness. Should any of you visit Niagara soon, inquire there, and you will be directed "to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was lost with the unrivalled wonders of the scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract, and her own daring, she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended, like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death."

In her vain endeavor, the young lady probably pressed beneath her feet, flowers more beautiful and rare, than that upon the brink. But thus it is with us all, grasping, still ahead, while we lose sight of the flowers at our feet, blooming as prettily, and shedding a sweeter fragrance than those we seek, but we try to believe it not. And thus also the superabounding blessings of God, free as air, and common to us all, are those most conducive to real happiness. Our imaginary wants—the trappings of pride—they perplex us.—Ed.

# Monthly Periscope.

## O U R C I T Y .

For very many reasons we are attached to Nashville; it is evidently one of the prettiest cities in the West, having more specimens of tasteful architecture; more fine churches, and institutions of learning; more benevolent societies and actively benevolent citizens, than perhaps any other city, of equal population, in America. Nevertheless, collectively, we have somewhat against our citizens.

Those of them who remained here during the prevalence of cholera in 1849-50, have some idea of the inconvenience under which our Physicians then labored in the treatment of disease among the poor: they were frequently required, not only to visit those destitute of the comforts, but absolutely provide for them, the necessities of life. And but for the timely organization and ministrations of the relief committee, the pecuniary and physical ability of Physicians would soon have been so reduced that the sufferings of the poor would have been intolerable.

The gentlemanly and generous young men who came forward and constituted that committee, and so fearlessly endangered their own lives for the sick, have endeared themselves to us all. We will ever remember with what zeal, and unremitting attention, they by day and night visited the abodes of wretchedness and want, ministering to the necessities of the dying, as well as to the fatherless and widow in their afflictions. There was a moral sublimity in the deportment of these young gentlemen, as surrounded by death and pestilential atmosphere, they seemed exempt from fear, and really to breathe a purer air than those around them, while

"With healing hand they poured the balm of peace  
And showed to all the dignity of men,"  
who, acting from correct principles, are led to sympathize with the distressed, to mitigate the sufferings of the sick, to meliorate

the condition of the widow, to save from loafage and drunkenness the orphan boy, and with tender care, provide a virtuous home for the little innocent and unprotected girl. Neither time, nor the annals of the poor, will ever reveal the amount of mental anguish, and physical suffering relieved by those eminently worthy young gentlemen. But where were they during the recent prevalence of Cholera? They were not operating as a Relief Committee. We know one who has bought a house, another's married a wife, etc., etc., and therefore, we suppose they will desire to be excused.—ED.

## C H O L E R A .

The pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday, has again, during the summer, invaded our beautiful city, and up to this time, there have probably been fifty or sixty deaths, something like an average of the loss of one patient to each practising physician.

No very considerable panic, has at any time prevailed in the city.

Cholera, like every thing else, seems to have its favorite haunts. The "London Lancet" says:

"That in 1848-9 it was discovered that the epidemic, cholera, in that city was fatal in nearly an inverse proportion to the elevation of the ground on which the dwellings of the inhabitants stood, and that, though the deaths were comparatively few during the present epidemic, the same relation between the rates of mortality at different elevations was observed to characterize it. The mortality in the districts at an average elevation of twenty, and below forty feet, was 16 in 100,000; at forty and below sixty feet, 11 in 100,000; at sixty and below eighty, only 4; at eighty and below one hundred, only 3; while at an elevation of less than twenty feet above Trinity high-water mark, the mortality was 31 in 100,000 of the inhabitants."—ED.

# The Parlor Visitor.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, AUGUST, 1854.

## EDITORIAL ITEMS.

IS THERE NO REMEDY?—Within the last six months we have sustained losses by almost every mail, amounting now, probably, to two hundred dollars or more. Letters by scores, from different sections of the country, containing remittances for the Visitor have never come to our office. And though ever willing to be taxed to sustain such a Government as ours, it is, very *particularly* vexatious, to have to pay so much, to one department in so short a time. We again appeal to the agents of the Post Office, if there be any, to apply the remedy.

Those who have hitherto subscribed for the Visitor, and whose remittances have been lost through the mail, and who neglected to write in time for us to forward the

first volume, will have their subscriptions dated from July, or the first number of the second volume, and continue a year from that date.

Those for whom we have violated our general rule in sending the Visitor without advance payment, will confer a favor by remitting us the money forthwith.

For many days we have been confined to our bed, and are yet, at the time this number goes to press, unable to think profitably, and so sick as to have to employ an amanuensis; our friends will therefore excuse us should they fail to find in the Visitor the usual variety of editorial matter.

## COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

"THE PARLOR VISITOR" has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation. We rejoice at its success. It is an interesting and well sustained periodical, and, we think, should be in the parlor and in the cabin of every baptist family in the South-west.—*Western Recorder.*

"THE PARLOR VISITOR" is again before us, and is still more interesting than the last issue; in fact it has increased in interest each number since its commencement. It is a beautiful book, and its title tells truly its business. It is published at Nashville, Tenn., at the low price of one dollar per year.—*Kentucky Yeoman.*

"THE PARLOR VISITOR" is filled with substantial food for the mind, something to cultivate the heart, the intellect, the taste, and the moral principles. Price only \$1 per annum, and it is worth all the trashy novels that were ever printed.—*Virginia Argus.*

"THE PARLOR VISITOR" is all its name implies, and ought to be a "Visitor" to every "Parlor."—*Glen's Falls Republican.*

"THE PARLOR VISITOR."—It is designed to furnish the intelligent lady with a healthy, moral, and truly polite literature; and is tastefully gotten up.—*Lexington Gazette.*

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Parlor Visitor, to Vol. \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_

W. P. JONES, & O

Nashville, \_\_\_\_\_ 1854.

## PARLOR VISITOR.

THIS Magazine will be published Monthly in the City of Nashville, Tenn., and is directed mainly to the varied Educational and Moral interests of Females in the South.

The Baptist Church of the Mississippi Valley has done a great work in supplying members, and the world with religious and literary reading. A mighty influence for its own upbuilding and the salvation of mankind has thus been exerted.

Her zeal for the Press is well known and truly praiseworthy. Her Books, Papers and Newspapers are to be found everywhere, and speak well for her enterprize and general intelligence—she is behind none in her efforts for the dissemination of generally useful information.

While these facts are admitted by all, it is remarkable that publications of a pure, interesting, and elevated character, designed more particularly for Ladies have been, to a great degree, neglected. Our wives, sisters, and daughters, therefore, have been compelled either to patronize the Monthly's of Pedobaptists, or those of a light, frothy character, published by the world. They

### MUST AND WILL READ,

and if their own Church will not furnish them a healthy, moral, and truly polite literature, they will look for something of the kind elsewhere; and the experience of too many is, that *novels and soul-destroying trash* will to often be encountered in the search.

To fill up this niche, which by common consent is acknowledged to be vacant in the Church, the undersigned has published the "PARLOR VISITOR." The denomination has been looking with longing expectation for this publication, and from various sections, waiting to receive it with a warm welcome, and to give it a hearty support.

No pains will be spared to render it worthy the patronage of the Church, and to title it to a

### GENERAL CIRCULATION

among the Ladies of our wide and happy land.

Many contributors of a highly intellectual order, both male and female, have been secured—great care will be taken to select only such articles as have decided merit and interest, and the whole work will be executed in such superior style as will make it one of the most pleasant, attractive and useful "VISITOR" of the intelligent Lady's "PARLOR."

### —TERMS.—

The PARLOR VISITOR will be printed MONTHLY, on good book paper, with handsome type, each volume containing 32 pages of choice reading/matter, making a volume at the end of the year of 384 pages. VERY LOW PRICE OF ONE DOLLAR, per annum, in advance. Any person sending six subscribers the cash, (\$6.00) shall have the "Visitor" one year free of charge.

### —AGENTS.—

All Baptist MINISTERS and DEACONS, and all Post Masters are respectfully requested to act as agents for the work. Also, all LADIES, who may see this Prospectus, are especially invited to raise up at least SIX subscribers, that they may have the pleasure of receiving a monthly "Visitor" for themselves, and we the privilege of writing, PREMIUM, after their names on our books.

Address

W. P. JONES, Nashville.