

THE
PARLOR VISITOR

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DEVOTED TO

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THE PARLOR VISITOR.

VOL. VI.

NASHVILLE: JULY, 1856.

NO. I.

ELDER J. G. ONCKEN.

IN this number we present to our readers a handsome steel engraved likeness of our brother Oncken, of Germany. His name is already endeared to the hearts of all sincere lovers of truth, and especially to every true Baptist heart. And while the names of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, shall continue to shine as the first flashing lights of the Christian reformation, that of Oncken will beam on future ages with the pure, unclouded light of gospel truth.

Luther and Melancthon were often urged to abandon entirely that corrupt and unholy Church in which they had been bred, and to form one altogether distinct from it, and after the simple and beautiful model of that founded by Christ and his apostles. But their undue veneration for an ancient and widely-extended nominal Church, and their mistaken views of policy, led them to cherish many usages which ought to have been done away, and to adopt some principles which are radically defective, and which came very near proving the ruin of their Church.

"By refusing to make any distinction between the converted and the unconverted, and thus rendering it impracticable even to aim directly at making their Church 'an assembly of saints,' they laid the foundation for that system of rationalism which their unconverted successors in the universities and in the ministry reared, and which has at length come to be dreaded by Christians almost as much as the Papacy itself.

"Unfortunately, the newly-organized, or rather, modified Church was by the authority of the reformers, and by the cold touch of the state, congealed into an immutable form.

"Thus confessions and catechisms, and formulas of concord, became a fundamental law of the state; and an apostolical principle or practice not formally recognized by these, if adopted by an individual or body of individuals, is made an act of misdemeanor, punishable with fines and penalties.

"The first consequence was the almost total extinction of the spirit of Christianity within the pale of the nominal Church. The next was a corrupt theology and an abandonment of the Divine authority of the Bible. The last consequence is the denial of the Divine authority of the reformers, or of their legal representatives, the civil rulers; and here the reaction strikes the bottom-line of truth.

"The first two consequences were contemplated with comparative indifference by the protectors of the Church; but when men began to call in question the authority of the creeds, and to teach the people that they ought either to be revised or abolished, then the slumbering lion was aroused, and an attempt was made to frighten men into submission to the constituted authorities. Thus a strife has commenced between ruler and subject, on the question of religious liberty, which is now shaking the very fabric of the state, and which threatens to increase in intensity, till one of the parties perish in the struggle."

The Baptists, on the other hand, have, without any interference with political matters, proved themselves in Germany, what they have always and everywhere been, the martyrs of religious liberty.

By the providence of God, they are prominently placed in the very front of the great

religious movement which has lately stirred up the German people. And the imprisonment of Oncken and of the Mönsters, with all the unjust and unchristian persecutions which have been hurled upon them, by the sects and government authorities, has not only presented to the masses around them, already weary of ecclesiastical rule, an apt illustration of that tendency so much dreaded and detested by all right-thinking and feeling persons, but has also introduced to the whole German nation the Baptists in their true character, as a quiet, virtuous, and truly Christian denomination, entirely distinct from the old Anabaptists of that country.

The reformation which was introduced by and is now so gloriously progressing under the labors of our brethren in Germany, bears the unmistakable impress of the Divine hand. It is truly in the spirit of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world." The instruments were evidently prepared; made ready by infinite wisdom; and the success wrought by God through them, fully demonstrates the work to be his own. Like a flame driven by the winds, the truth proclaimed by them, and witnessed by their sufferings, has been continually spreading wider and wider, and ever breaking forth at new and unexpected points. Never have we seen a better illustration of the common saying, "When God works, all things work."

As Oncken is the chief instrument in this interesting and cheering reformation, we have thought that it would be pleasing to our patrons to give them a true likeness of the man and a sketch of his history.

The following we take from The American Baptist Memorial:

John Gerhard Oncken was born of humble parentage in Varel, a small town in the Grand-Duchy of Oldenburg, January 26, 1800. He was religiously educated in the Lutheran Church, and was a Christian according to its mode of making Christians in that land: that is, he was sprinkled in infancy, catechized, confirmed in due time, admitted to the Lord's Supper, and enrolled as a full member of the Church. His pastor at his confirmation advised him to record in a journal every day the deeds he had done: to be sure and

record the good on the credit side, and the bad on the debtor side, and then at the close of the week to cast up accounts, and he would come out very well. "Alas," said he, "I soon found the *debtor* side was filled, and nothing recorded on the *credit* side. So I closed the book, and gave up keeping an account."

During a visit to Great Britain in his early manhood, he says:

"I heard the gospel faithfully preached, for the first time in my life. It led me to study for myself the revealed will of Christ. I gave myself to him, and resolved to carry the truth back to Germany."

Immediately upon his conversion, he commenced those personal evangelical labors which, wherever pursued, prove so successful in winning souls to Christ. Before leaving England, his first convert—a poor mulatto lad—was won to Christ. He says:

"When I discoursed with this boy on the love of Christ to us poor sinners, his large, beautiful eyes moistened, and the tears freely flowed. We knelt together in prayer; and supplicated for mercy. God answered our prayers. He became a Christian."

He returned to Germany to labor for the evangelizing of his countrymen, and for several years was missionary of the Continental Society and agent of the Edinburgh Bible Society.

For several years the mind of Mr. Oncken was much exercised in relation to the subjects of baptism and the true principles of Church organization. Without any acquaintance with Baptists, and without having ever read any of their controversial writings, from the simple statements of the New Testament he was convinced, against all his educational prejudices, associations, and interests, that baptism was immersion, and that believers alone were the proper subjects of that ordinance. In this state of mind he wrote to the late Robert Haldane, of Edinburgh, requesting him to come or send some one to baptize him and his associates. Mr. Haldane advised self-baptism, after the manner of Roger Williams and his brethren; but "this advice," says Mr. Oncken, "we could not follow, since we had resolved to take the word of God as our only guide in religion, and we found no self-baptism in the Bible."

The Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., in 1833-4, visited Europe, and was requested by the Executive Board of the "Triennial Baptist Convention" "to make inquiries in Germany respecting the religious state and wants of the country." Through Rev. Dr. Cone he had heard of Mr. Oncken, and in a letter to the Board written from Germany, Dr. Sears says: "On my arrival in Hamburg, I called on Mr. Oncken, whom I found to be in all respects an interesting man. He is a German, a little more than thirty years of age, married in England, has two children, is perfectly master of the English language, and though not a man of liberal education, has a very strong acute mind, is a man of much practical knowledge, and is very winning in his personal appearance and manners. From 1823 to 1828 he was a missionary of the Continental Society, and preached in Hamburg and vicinity with very considerable success. Since that time he has been agent of the Edinburgh Bible Society, and has more influence than any other man in selecting the publications of the Lower Saxony Tract Society. He has the confidence of Tholuck, Hahn, Hengstenberg, and many other individuals of the evangelical party, and has their coöperation in circulating Bibles and tracts. He has at length become so thoroughly a Baptist that he cannot be satisfied without being a member of a Baptist Church; and the second day after my arrival, he requested me to baptize him."

This was the introduction of Mr. Oncken to the American Baptists. Dr. Sears, after his first visit to Hamburg, passed over to England, and on his return, a few months after, Mr. Oncken with six others were prepared for the ordinance of baptism. At nine o'clock at night, on the 22d of April, 1834, to avoid the notice and interference of the police—fit guardians of the purity and prerogatives of the established Church—the little party, embarking in a small boat, sailed to a small island toward the south shore of the Elbe, opposite the harbor of Hamburg. Here, hidden from the eyes of their enemies, by the light of the same stars that smiled serenely upon the night of the Redeemer's birth, it was the blessed privilege of Dr. Sears to perform the great act of his life, to "bury with

Christ in baptism" this little band of disciples, and thus unostentatiously to inaugurate the new reformation in Germany. As Mr. Oncken, like his Lord and Saviour, "came up out of the water," he exclaimed, in the fulness of a pious heart, and as if anticipating some of the results of that hour's consecration, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" As when Christ was born, so now, the inhabitants of the city slept, as the unnoticed company came peacefully within the walls, and knew not that salvation had come unto them.

Upon the next day, in Mr. Oncken's "own hired house," the first Church of baptized believers was formally organized in the city of Hamburg.

For a time, the Church had rest. Through the influence of one of the senators—an evangelical man—they were permitted, unmolested, to meet for the worship of God. Their numbers increased, and they were edified in Christ. But soon a formal appeal for the suppression of this new sect was drawn up by the Lutheran clergy, and presented to the authorities. They represented that Mr. Oncken was seducing the people from the orthodox faith as by law prescribed.

A single instance, from many, will illustrate the measures adopted for crushing the heresy:

"A young man who, like Luther, had felt for a long time a deep and melancholy interest for the salvation of his soul, but who was an entire stranger to the great consoling doctrine of the gospel, became acquainted with a Baptist. Astonished at the manner in which he spoke of his assurance of his acceptance with God—his smiles of gladness and inspiring hopes—he asked him how it was. The Christian gave him a reason for the hope that was within him. He asked him whom he heard preach. The Baptist told him Oncken. He determined on the following Wednesday to attend the meeting. The subject was justification by faith. He listened with interest. Light poured into his mind. He found peace with God. Soon he desired to be baptized. When this became known, an effort was made by his parents to prevent his uniting with the Church. His kindred were called in. When they were all assembled in

the house of his parents, he was brought in before them. They commenced with kindness. The stern farmers, who were called in from the country to the family council, wept as they entreated him to abandon his design. But his heart was fixed: he remained firm. Then they tried knottier weapons. Threats and imprecations were uttered; and, finally, the civil power was called into requisition. But, before this was resorted to, the school-master was called in. Still, though always tractable when a boy, he was unmoved in his purpose now. Then the pastor, who had confirmed and absolved him, was sent for; and having, on entering the room, been requested to be seated, the young man handed him a New Testament, saying: 'Sir, I have no predilections in favor of the Baptists, and if you can show me from this book that the step which I propose taking is wrong, I shall remain where I am.'

"The pastor, however, did not even open the New Testament, but sneered at the upstarts in those days, and spoke of the impertinence of children who thought themselves wiser than their teachers and parents. When the pastor had left, a younger brother, in whose presence the conversation had taken place, said: 'Brother, I do not understand much about these matters, but I am sure if a learned parson will not take the trouble to open the New Testament and convince you, the truth must be on your side; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will stand by you.'

"Policemen were next sent for, and both the young men were escorted to jail. On their arrival the whole Cæsar's band gathered around them, threatening them with the 'rye chest,' (an old prison,) on black bread and water, with all the horrors of a gloomy dungeon. But firm as a rock, the young men were not to be moved; and, having done nothing worthy of stripes, they were merely threatened, and escorted back to their parents' house. Here they were confined by their parents for a fortnight, to prevent them from going among the Baptists. But, alas! alas! they had already drank in too deeply from the text-book of the sect everywhere spoken against—the word of God. Both in due time were baptized."

Soon after the organization of the Church, Mr. Oncken was offered a commission as a missionary of the Baptist Board of this country, which, in September, 1835, he accepted, and which relation has ever since continued. He did not confine his labors to the city of Hamburg, but, aided by an assistant, Mr. C. F. Lange, he made frequent excursions into Bremen, Oldenburg, and other districts in the north of Germany, preaching, distributing Bibles and tracts, and soon baptizing converts to the faith. The membership of the Church in Hamburg rapidly increased, and it has become, preëminently among the Churches of modern times, a working body of disciples, devoting themselves generally to voluntary and systematic labors for the spreading of the truth and the conversion of souls. Before three years had passed, Churches had been organized in Oldenburg and Stuttgart, converts had been baptized at Marburg, Jever, and at other points, and the baptized disciples numbered about one hundred and fifty.

The Lutheran clergy became alarmed at the spreading of what they styled a pernicious heresy, and repeated applications were made to the civil authorities to prevent the labors of these missionaries. The Senate of Hamburg summoned Mr. Oncken and several of the members of the Church before them, and after remonstrances and threats, in April, 1839, issued a decree, "informing said Oncken and his associates that the Senate neither acknowledges the society which he denominates the Baptist Church, nor himself as its preacher; on the contrary, that the Senate can only view it as a criminal schism, of which he is the author." He was ordered to "refrain from all further exercise of his unauthorized and unrecognized ministerial functions, and his associates were commanded to cease all further participation in the same culpable and unlawful proceedings." Their reply to this prohibition was in substance the same as that made by the Apostle Peter to a similar command, when he was told by the authorities of the Church, as by law established, that his functions were "unauthorized and unrecognized," "we ought to obey God rather than man;" and they persevered in preaching the gospel and in laboring to glorify God by winning souls to the truth. Though

the decree of the Senate prohibited absolutely all meetings of the disciples, threatened Mr. Oncken with severe penalties if he conducted any religious meeting, and even forbade the admission of any person into his house to attend family worship, still, with the threatened persecution suspended over them, they continued to assemble in Mr. Oncken's house for the worship of God. Numerous converts were added to their fellowship, and the Church in Hamburg numbered ninety-three members. On every side the truth was spreading, and the labors of missionaries and colporteurs were cheerfully successful. In February, 1840, Mr. Oncken closes a letter, in which he furnishes a most interesting account of the prosperity and prospects of his mission in these words: "The cause in which I am engaged is dearer to me than ever, and whatever difficulties may await us, I am persuaded it will triumph over the errors and prejudices of men. The Lord reigns: let Mount Zion rejoice, Hallelujah!"

His next letter to the Board was dated—"In Prison."

On the evening of Wednesday, May 13, 1840, as the disciples were gathered together for prayer, a file of soldiers and policemen marched into the midst of the congregation, dispersed the worshippers, and haled Mr. Oncken and his assistants, brethren Kobner and Lange, to the felon's prison. Here his first heroic utterance is: "The Lord Jesus has counted me also worthy to suffer bonds for his sake." After one or two examinations, in which he was threatened, and in which he declared his right and announced his determination to persevere in the line of conduct he had hitherto pursued, on the 23d of May the following sentence, reciting the crimes for which he was condemned, was read to him, and ordered to be executed:

"Whereas John Gerhard Oncken has continued to preach, baptize, and administer the Lord's Supper, according to his own confession, notwithstanding the prohibition of the authorities, therefore it is ordered that he be imprisoned for four weeks, and pay the costs of his prosecution, and be informed that severer measures will be resorted to, in case of any future transgression of the orders of the Senate."

Brethren Kobner and Lange were his fellow-prisoners, though for a shorter period. His wife was suffered to visit him in prison, but not without the presence of the keeper: not to utter a word in confidence, of sympathy, or affection: not to converse about any thing relating to his imprisonment. He was even permitted to write, but no letter could be sent to a friend without being first submitted to the officers for inspection. He inscribed all over the white walls of his prison-room passages from the word of God, to be pondered by his successors. With cheerful patience and trust in God this barbarous imprisonment was endured, and he wrote from his cell: "I am perfectly happy without fear or anxiety, and I find it good to be here." "I am sure that this is the best way for me, and the Lord will liberate me in his own time." As an evidence that no such persecution could subdue his courage, or cause him to waver in his devoted obedience to his Master, he thus writes: "One of my first acts after my release will be to baptize several dear converts who have been already accepted by the Church."

As he conscientiously declined to pay the unjust fine inflicted by the sentence, after the period of his imprisonment had been served out, the authorities sent five Jews to take away his furniture, to pay his fine, the expenses of his imprisonment, and for the services of two watchmen employed to guard the meeting-house and prevent it being opened. During his imprisonment, the little Church, driven from their humble meeting-place, instead of quailing before the storm, according to previous arrangement, providing for such contingency, assembled in sixteen different meeting-places to worship God and pray for their imprisoned pastor. The blow intended to crush out the flame only scattered the embers, to kindle on new material elsewhere.

Great interest and indignation were excited in this country and in England by these and similar persecutions, inflicted at various points on the continent against dissenters, and especially against Baptists; and remonstrances and petitions were addressed to the Hamburg Senate, and to the other governments, signed by some of the most distinguished citizens of both countries. They have not been without effect; for though the laws authorizing such

barbarities have not been repealed, yet popular sentiment grows strong against them, and they are enforced at longer intervals, and with less and less cruelty.

Mr. Oncken, in answering the many calls for evangelical labors, has travelled extensively over Germany and into the neighboring countries, entering cities and towns in defiance of the authorities, baptizing converts privately; preaching and administering the Lord's Supper, at midnight, with closed windows and barred doors; chased by the police when they received an intimation of his visit; abused and vilified by the clergy and magistrates of the established Church; stoned and mobbed by the populace; and yet he has nobly persevered in proclaiming a pure gospel, in baptizing converts, organizing churches, ordaining and stationing ministers, instructing the new churches in matters relating to polity and doctrine: thus exercising the functions of an apostle, and doing the work of an evangelist.

When the history of these movements in Germany shall be written—and it will be written—and the world shall see through how much tribulation and sacrifice these disciples have pressed their way into the kingdom of Christ—with what earnestness and faith in God they have persevered—with what fines and confiscations they have been harassed and impoverished—what prolonged and cruel imprisonments, as in the case of the Brothers Münster, at Copenhagen, and many others: how visited at midnight by the police and dragged from their beds, that search might be made for stranger Christians—how compelled to meet in the woods, in the dark night, for prayer and mutual exhortation—how banished from their dear homes for their adherence to Christ—we shall be able to present a counterpart, that will awaken surprise by its accuracy, to the history of the primitive Christians, both in the character of the persecutors, in the spirit with which persecutions were endured, and we trust, too, in the results that follow.

In May, 1842, Mr. Oncken and the Church in Hamburg cheerfully embraced an opportunity for inflicting Christian revenge upon their persecutors. A fearful conflagration, that raged for three days, destroyed one

quarter of the city. The large warehouse rented and occupied by the Church stood unscathed amid the ruins. His own dwelling, and those of his associate laborers, brethren Kobner and Lange, were thrown open to the sufferers, and the first and third stories of their meeting-house were filled with the homeless victims of the conflagration. Their meetings were continued in the second story; and many of these Godless men, thus driven as it were to the house of God, heard the messages of salvation, and found their sudden poverty the introduction to everlasting riches.

In May, 1843, Mr. Oncken was a second time thrown into prison, though in very bad health, on the charge of "administering the sacraments," but after four days' confinement, on application being made to the Senate, he was released.

Our space will not permit us to dwell upon the details of his labors. These will doubtless in due time be given to the world. In the very teeth of hostility and prejudice he has borne the messages of truth into all parts of Germany, and the greatest success has attended his labors and the labors of his associates. These associates include all the members of the Churches, and not the ministers merely, for in Germany all the disciples are expected to be working Christians. "We have no one in our Church," says Brother Oncken, speaking of the Hamburg congregation of believers, "that will not work: 'no drones in the hive' is our motto. In this way we grow: 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' We believe almost in the infallibility of such a Church: not of the minister or deacons, but of the Church." So labor the brethren connected with the German Churches. To be a Church-member is, with them, to be a missionary. These "new-born Churches" are, like the Churches in apostolic times, fresh in their spiritual life, and full of vigor for their work. The private members, laboring as city and village tract distributors, and as travelling tradesmen, (like the Waldenses of old,) "perform a surprising amount of missionary labor, so that the ordained missionaries often find it necessary to follow in their train, for the purpose of baptizing converts and forming them into Churches or branches of Churches."

The gospel is thus proclaimed in a country where the common people, wearied of the scholastic discussions and dry dissertations which they are accustomed to hear in the establishment, are famishing for ~~the~~ read of life, and witnessed by the sufferings, amid persecution and hardships, of those who preach it; the simple truth, as taught in the gospel, has, like a flame driven by the winds, "been continually spreading wider and wider, and ever breaking forth at new and unexpected points." The number of converts and Churches has greatly increased.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THERE is nothing of equal or even of comparative importance which has been so sadly overlooked or neglected as female education. It appears to us, from what observation and thought we have given to the subject, that the education of our females, where it has not been entirely neglected, has been more showy than substantial.

In too many of our colleges and institutes for the education of young ladies, the rule seems to refer more to a course of time than to one of studies; and the primary object, more the *éclat* of a graduation and a diploma than intellectual improvement and the attainment of substantial knowledge. Parents and teachers seem to have arrived at the erroneous conclusion that, in order to the literary accomplishment of a female, it is only necessary that she spend a certain portion of her life in the school-room; that she devote one session or year in the Freshman, one in the Sophomore, one in the Junior, one in the Senior class, and then come out with the reputation of a collegiate education. And in nine cases out of ten, the young lady, at the end of her course, has learned nothing but the names and some of the technicalities of the different branches she has pretended to study; and perhaps a smattering of French or Latin, or to draw a few rosebuds, and to finger a half dozen tunes upon the piano-forte.

Now this is, in our estimation, treating them as inferior beings—as if they had not the mental powers requisite for a thorough course, and to acquire a knowledge of the

useful branches of science. ~~And~~ is this so? Who can look on their intelligent faces, and not know that they are the daguerreotypes of souls not only beautiful but intelligent? Who can look into their bright and thought-speaking eyes, and not feel that they are lighted by intellects equal to our own? And who does not know that it is a vile and unpardonable slander to say that the female intellect is incompetent to acquire every branch of knowledge which can improve, adorn, and beautify the human mind? To refute such an unjust idea as this, it is only necessary to mention the names of Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. More, Mrs. Somerville, and Mrs. Willard, which are only a specimen of a bright constellation of those whose superior minds have thrown the light of science and of knowledge upon their sex and upon the world. And whatever may be thought with respect to the degree of vigor in which the primitive powers exist in the female sex, on account of their more delicate and finely-wrought physical frame, it is a settled conviction in our mind that their intellectual faculties are essentially the same, and fully equal to those of the male.

Even in respect to the acuteness and energy of their minds, we have instances of individuals who, even without advantages of a thorough education, have explored the system of the universe, composed commentaries on the Newtonian philosophy, and prosecuted the most abstruse mathematical investigations.

And who among our own sex have ever exhibited a more sublime and magnificent example of the vigor and indomitable energy of mind, than that presented in the history of Madame Roland, of the French Revolution?

Moreover, woman has more of the electrical or magnetic element than man, commonly expressed by saying that her intuitions are more rapid and more correct. For instance, men of high intellect are often absolutely stupid with regard to the fine invisible links which connect the forms of life around them, whilst women will seize and delineate them with unerring discrimination. And we hesitate not to say that with the same advantages of education, the same thorough course of intellectual culture, they will shine with an equal if not a superior mental brilliancy.

But the subject of female education is one of momentous interest and vast importance on account of the natural and relative positions which they occupy. They are fitted by nature to wield a greater influence than the other sex in society, and in elevating the moral character. For while equal in the intellectual, they are vastly our superiors in the moral faculties. As in their physical natures they far surpass us in the elegance of structure, the fineness of texture, and beauty and loveliness of form, so in their moral nature they are our superiors in delicacy of thought, sympathetic feeling, and in virtuous sentiment. Hence, in every nation or country in which females occupy their natural and proper elevation, they are capable of exercising a mighty influence on society by the power which they exert over our rougher nature, not only in forming the tastes and manners, but the moral principles and characters of men.

Females have more in their power in forming the taste and dispositions of the young, and giving them those impressions in early life which may be either beneficial or injurious to society.

They are the more immediate guardians and instructors of the rising generations during the first stages of their existence; and upon the discretion and intelligence they display in superintending the evolutions of the youthful mind will, in a great measure, depend the intelligence and moral order of the social state to which they belong. For instance, in the relation of sister, by what rule shall we measure the influence of a virtuous and intellectual female? The word sister carries with it a pleasing charm and hallowing influence to the manly heart, and creates there sweet and endearing recollections, with effect like the gentle melodies of a finely-tuned instrument. Reckless indeed must be the brother, and debased in moral feeling, who is not arrested in his course of dissipation by the remembrance of a virtuous and disapproving sister. Hopeless and abandoned indeed must be his case when the affectionate entreaties, and the pure and gushing love of a sister's heart, will not win him over from a life of prodigality, and elevate him in the scale of moral dignity. In the relation

of wife, too, her influence may be immeasurable. If possessed of proper mental and moral culture, she is empress supreme of the domestic kingdom. To her the care of home is confided. It is the sanctuary of which she is the guardian-angel. To all the elements that are introduced there, she is the ordering mind. And her influence is spring-like, clothing every object within her sphere with lively, fresh, and tender hues. Callous indeed must be the husband whose home is thus embellished with moral and intellectual beauty who does not feel the restraining influence which will keep him from the card-table and the club-room, and cause him to remain a satisfied worshipper at the shrine of virtue, beauty, and domestic happiness. But it is in the relation of mother that the virtuous and cultivated female exerts almost omnipotent influence. It is in this holy relation that she places her stamp on society and on the world. "Man is of woman born." Her face bends over him in infancy with an expression he never can forget. Her image is mirrored on his soul, and neither time, nor change of scene, nor circumstances, can efface the loved impression. It goes with him into every country, and stands by him as his tutelary angel in every condition of life. Eminent men have delighted to pay tribute to this image. The proud warrior sheathes his sword and abandons his ambitious views and revengeful purposes to a mother's prayers. The rudest tar brushes off a tear with the sleeve of his coat at the hallowed name of mother. The wandering boy gazes with affectionate interest on the little Bible in his satchel, because his mother's hand had placed it there.

It is the mother who forms the character of the man for weal or woe, for good or evil. The lessons learned from her lips are the most valued, the most sacred, the most impressive and lasting in their influence.

Thus, in all the relations of life, woman occupies a position which enables her to wield that influence in the world for which she is so admirably suited by her nature. She is the artist whose skill will draw the social picture, and pencil upon it the lights or shadows of good or evil. If intellectual and virtuous herself, the circles in which she moves will be

clothed with the same bright and beautiful colors: if ignorant and debased, society will present the same sombre and repulsive hues. Then, until due attention is paid to the cultivation of the female mind, among all ranks, society cannot be expected to make an accelerated progress in the way of moral and intellectual improvement. B.

[To be continued.]

CHINESE FUNERAL.—CURIOUS CEREMONY.—MONK.

YESTERDAY was a great day in Chinadom. A rich man had died. He had during life been a prominent merchant, and occupied a position of influence among his countrymen. His death was therefore considered to be an event. If he had been a poor man, he might have been carried out, rolled up in a winding-sheet, on the back of his son, or some faithful friend, and tumbled into a hastily-constructed grave, and with the last sod laid over him would have perished all recollections of his virtues or his faults. With the rich man it is different. His good qualities are enhanced, in the public estimation, by a knowledge of his wealth. Virtue, when associated with large possessions, shines out with a pure refulgence, while poverty obscures the brightest rays. It is so in civilized communities, and the Chinese have not been bad imitators. The Chinese merchant, at whose grave a most curious ceremony was performed yesterday, died about three weeks ago. He was interred in the Lone Mountain Cemetery, without any pomp. Yesterday, however, a large number of his relations and friends proceeded to his grave for the purpose of making offerings to his manes. A reverence for the dead is one of the most striking characteristics of the Chinese race. It is, in fact, the corner-stone of their religious belief. (On arriving at the grave, the whole company alighted from the carriage in which they had been conveyed, and commenced the ceremony by spreading mats all around it. A roast pig was placed at the foot, something else at the head, while all over it were strewed apple-dumplings, fruits, and flowers. To an outside barbarian, it looked very like a well-gotten-up pic-nic,

and, to all appearances, all that the Chinese present required in order to make a good meal—which would certainly be a very practicable and sensible way of testifying their respect for the memory of their deceased friend—were the chop-sticks. The delicacies were, however, all intended for the hungry soul of the deceased merchant, which had not tasted food for three weeks, (a privation that would, no doubt, have been seriously felt if it had been in the flesh,) and which, it was supposed, was hovering around, smacking its lips over the dainty food they had provided for it. As soon as all the eatables were laid on the grave, the widow of the deceased hobbled up and took her stand at the foot. Around her head several yards of white cloth were rolled. A priest, with a very curly pig-tail, a very long blue gown, reaching to his feet, and a very long face, stood at the head. The friends and relatives stood around. As soon as the woman commenced to wail, all the clothes of the deceased were taken out of a trunk and set on fire. Among the clothes were several pieces of fine silk, which had, apparently, never been worn. The whole, probably, were worth over five hundred dollars. Four canary birds were let loose, in order to help the soul of the deceased in its flight to another world, and when the clothes were all consumed, and the canary birds had taken shelter in the neighboring shrubs, the priest with the long face rang a bell, which he had in his hand, at the same time muttering a prayer or incantation. A general howl followed. The ceremony was concluded by the whole company marching round the grave, headed by the priest, who rang his bell at every step, and looked very solemn indeed. The pig and the apple-dumplings, and the fruits and the flowers, and the matting, were all carefully packed up and placed in the carriages, and the whole party then returned to town, where, we are informed, the eatables exposed in the grave will be sold in small pieces, at exorbitant prices, to those who are religiously inclined.—*Chinese Advocate*.

The fame which follows true greatness no friend need hold up, and no enemy can keep down.

CLERICAL DICTATION.

WM. P. JONES.

DEAR BROTHER:—The February number of The Parlor Visitor is now before me. I have ran over its contents hastily; but "A Word to obstreperous Land-mark Men" I have read with peculiar interest. I rejoice to hear you speak out just as you do—freely, clearly, boldly.

How strange that watchmen, who have cried aloud, and spared not, against ministerial power and clerical dictation, should themselves become the very princes of clerical dictators, "as being lords over God's heritage!" But yesterday these very men would have exclaimed, "What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Alas! "the heart of man is deceitful above all things," and the best of men may err.

Human landmarks are no "new thing under the sun." Robert Hall's old landmark about baptism and communion did the Christian world in general, and the Baptists in particular, more harm than that very man, with all his piety and learning, could counteract, were he permitted to rise from the dead, in ten generations. And such may be the sad effects of the old landmark now in vogue.

Many years ago, one of the most eminent Baptist ministers of his day published an old landmark to this effect, "That the laying on of hands on baptized believers was an essential requisite to Church-membership," and practiced it, therefore, on all he baptized. "But the Baptist Churches," says Dr. Malcom, "never seemed to regard this dispute of any importance, and his book produced no special effect." And I apprehend that such will be the fate of the present old landmark. Like the landmarks of "open communion," "feet-washing," "holy kissing," etc., etc., it will have its day, and then, like them, will be numbered among the "things that were."

Baptists are the last people on earth to be dictated to in religious matters. Individuals, associations, and conventions, may "recommend" "trine immersion," "face-dipping," "feet-washing," "holy kissing," and whatever else they please, provided they go no farther; but let them go a little farther, and begin to make laws, or even pass resolutions, that we—

the Churches, or individual members of the Churches—shall practice these things, or be proscribed, as heretical, and, therefore, not entitled to a seat in these bodies, though sent as messengers of the churches, whose creature these very associations and conventions are, and immediately the thing is out—not a Baptist will now do either, though they might have looked upon them as harmless before.

God has given the world but one "old landmark," and he has left every man to be his own judge as to whether he conforms to it or not. And the man, however eminent, who sets up another, and claims for it equal authority with God's, is but aping the Pope, who claims for tradition equal authority with Divine revelation.

Let the Churches beware! Let them remember there are "fears within" as well as "fightings without!" Let them not forget that it is not the province of associations and conventions to dictate to them, while it is the province of the Churches to rule, govern, direct, and control, associations and conventions!

Brother Jones, keep it before the Churches that the Rev. John L. Waller said of the author of this very old landmark, that "he is making more of baptism than ever did Alexander Campbell or the Pope of Rome! He has inflicted a wound upon our cause that only years can wipe out. He has virtually, ay, almost in terms, conceded all of Robert Hall's miserable sophistries on communion. I wish somebody else was the author of his articles, that nobody but a Baptist can preach the gospel, for that is his real position."

MISSISSIPPI.

If we wish rural walks to do our children any good, we must give them a love for rural sights—an object in every walk: we must teach them—and we can teach them—to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedge-row, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore; and so, by teaching them to make full use of that limited sphere in which they now are, make them faithful in a few things, that they may be fit hereafter to be rulers over many.—Kingsley.

THE BELL IS TOLLING.

BY LIZZIE LEIGHTON.

LIKE a wail of woe it falls on the ear, telling that another hearth-circle is broken, another spirit gone to its eternal rest; and other torn, crushed hearts are struggling to bear a weight of woe.

The long, weary night-watches are passed, borne cheerfully so long as they gave relief to the beloved sufferer. But that burning brow is cold, oh, so cold now! and the sweet lips that used so softly to murmur thanks, you have kissed for the last time; and you still shudder to think of their icy chilliness.

"Who is dead?" asks the man of business, as he hurries on to his counting-house, and perchance even your name will be forgotten ere he reaches it; and he will unfold the morning paper, and think no more of death. The grim monster that has robbed you of a priceless gem may even then be on his threshold; but he sees him not, and thinks only of money, of fame, and honor, until the cold finger touches his heart.

You sit there beside the narrow coffin that holds your all of earth, but memory is wandering back through the long vista of the past. You sit again beneath the elm's shade, in that dear old grove that you so often said must be sweeter far than Cashmere's flowery vale, and the little brook is still murmuring at your feet, and a fair form sits beside you, and soft, blue eyes look up trustingly into yours, as you tell her of the happiness there will be in your far-off home when she is your bride. Timidly she places her hand in yours, and softly whispers, while the warm blood flushes her fair, beautiful face: "Father, mother, brother, sister, freely I give them all up for thee." How tremblingly, as though it were something too holy for mortal touch, do you press your lips upon that white, upturned brow.

Slowly, with her light form resting upon your arm, you wander 'neath the leafy boughs to her peaceful home, so slowly that one by one nature has hung out her silver lamps in the blue vault above, and the pale queen of night is shedding her soft beams on leaf and flower ere you reach the door.

There are tears on the gentle mother's pale cheeks as she bids you carefully cherish the frail flower she commits to your keeping. And little Lulie, the pet, the darling, the plaything, when you tell her that you are going to take her sister away, asks with red, pouting lips, "And who will ask the good God to take care of little Lulie when the dark night comes down and shuts up her eyes?" Oh, how firmly you resolve to be father, mother, brother, sister, all to the trusting one.

The bridal morn has come, and the bright sun, and the blooming flowers, and the carolling birds, all seem to congratulate you on your happiness. A troop of fair, light-hearted maidens are around you, but none seems half so fair as the one o'er whose brow waves the gossamer folds of the bridal-veil. The magic words are spoken: there is a roll of carriage-wheels, warm embraces, streaming tears, and fond farewells, and you are rolling swiftly away, bearing with you the idolized of that home-circle—your own, your wife. Have you kept that firm resolve unbroken? Have you cherished that flower committed so trustingly to your keeping? Ah! remorse is twining his iron fingers in your heartstrings now, and your head is bowed in greater agony on the coffin-lid that conceals that cold, pale face, and every stroke of that tolling bell falls like an iron weight upon your heart.

Memory has written with pen of fire every harsh word you have ever spoken, and they are burning, burning into your very brain. O for one draught of Lethe's cooling stream to quench that burning flame! But no: 'tis denied you, and again you see those soft eyes filled with tears; and the lips quiver, though no words fall from them.

And when the last hour came, and you knelt beside her, and watched the shortening breath come in quick gasps, she bade you go to her dear old home and tell them she had been very happy. Then you begged her to forgive your unkind words; but she remembered them not: only your love and kindness was in her heart.

Again that funeral-knell falls on your ear, and you see the hearse with its black nodding plumes at the door, and the coffin is placed in it. Mechanically you follow, and are standing beside the grave, her grave. With chilling

blood you look down into that narrow home, her home until the last great day. Sympathizing friends are around you, but you see them not. A kindly voice whispers, "Bear it bravely, my friend—God will help;" but the words fall on deadened ears: you hear them not. You only see that open grave and the coffin, and you remember that beneath the coffin-lid is a cold white face and pale hands folded on a still heart.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." The damp clouds fall with a hollow, mournful sound, and soon all is hid from your sight.

You return to your home, but the light has gone out—all is gloom and darkness. Where will you turn now for light? where find rest? Not on earth, for One only can give happiness to the bruised and bleeding heart, and He hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Turn to Him; and ere long, when the bell shall again be tolling, and your cold form is laid beside hers in the silent grave, your freed spirit will join hers in that bright land above, where there shall be no more crushed hearts, no more open graves, no more tolling bells.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls.
O, if they knew, who walk the earth,
Mid sorrow, grief, and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again!

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live.
O, what is life if love be lost!
If man's unkind to man!
Or what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine.
O, then, be kind, whos'er thou art,
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death!

BE COURTEOUS AT HOME.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say, "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home—to your husband, to your children, to your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your husband, ah, it's a matter of course: no need of thanks!

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress—your best, very best, and by accident tear it—how profuse you are with your "Never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all!" if a husband does it, he gets a frown—if a child, it is chastised.

"Ah, these are little things," say you. They tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He don't see any thing to apologize for: never thinks of such matters. Every thing is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—perfectly comfortable. Goes home, where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life almost out. Don't see why things can't be kept in order: there never were such cross children before! No apologies accepted at home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweetly they sound, those little words, "I thank you!" or, "You are very kind!" Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, and her smiles make the eye sparkle with the light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare—to grow glad at your approach—to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken?—Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness: give it a niche in your household temple.—*Selected.*

THE mind has more room in it than most persons think, if they would but furnish the apartments. The great misfortune is, that most modern furniture is made for show and glitter, not for use: such is about the prevalent amount of mind in present society.

RICHES.

BY M. S. S.

RICHES are not dignity. The world cannot show us a more exalted character than that of a truly religious philosopher, who delights to turn all things to the glory of God, who, from the objects of sight, derives improvement to his mind, and in things temporal sees the image of things eternal. Let a man have all this world can give him, he is still miserable if he have a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his fine houses, his gardens, his fields, his woods, and his lawns, for grandeur, ornament, plenty, and gratification, yet his mind is unsatisfied if at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. He will have no thirst for wisdom: his mind is untutored, unstable, and like the fool's eye. Though another may have neither field nor garden, and though he may not possess any of the opulence of this life, let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his sapience, his goodness, his truth—this man is greater as well as happier in his indigence than the other in his opulence: he becomes sedate, and does not suffer his mind to be incommoded by the unsatisfying frivolities of this world's goods. The one is but little higher than a beast; the other but little lower than an angel.

The use of riches should be seriously considered. When God smiles on us, and gives us a copious share of affluence, we should distribute to some benevolent purpose. We should also enter into the cottages and garrets of the poor; and when we see them naked, hungry, and thirsty, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, to sudden attacks, or the slow wasting of disease, we should try to alleviate their wants, and consider that "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." How much positive evil may wealth be the means of preventing or removing! How much positive good may it be the instrument of promoting or confirming! How many habitations of distress can it transform into the abodes of peace, of joy, of praise! How many deserts can it make to "blossom as the

rose!" How many dying-pillows can it smooth! How many widows' hearts can it cause to sing for joy! To how many villages can it send the glorious gospel! To how many parts of our earth, now in the region and shadow of death, can it be the cause of saying, "Arise, shine, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" It can be the gale of heaven, wafting missionaries to distant coasts; the tongue of the learned, addressing all nations in their own language, and declaring the wonderful works of God; the instrument of accelerating the triumphs of Immanuel upon earth, and facilitate his "seeing the travail of his soul until he is satisfied." When we have a bountiful store of this world's goods, we should ever be studying the wants and suffering of others, and contribute to their wants, and to the cause of Christ and his kingdom. How many youths, even in our vicinities, that would be useful in promoting the spread of the gospel "to earth's remotest bound," if they but had the means to start upon! We should, therefore, consider how many are without the gospel, and, instead of accumulating riches, we should distribute to those who are in need. We should, also, consider the danger of riches. How few are aware of the danger of riches! Instead of fearing, do not almost all covet an exalted rank? The affluent, in general, desire no better portion than their temporal possessions, and consider not that these may be the means of excluding from heaven. On the very same principle, also, the poor repine at the appointments of God, when they ought to be thankful that he has placed them in a situation the most favorable to religion. Surely we should be more anxious for spiritual advantages than those which are merely secular; and pray to be preserved from the love of money, which is the root of much evil, and through which so many have forsaken Christ and perished eternally.

LOGAN COUNTY, Ky.

A MAN'S moral principles, like the dikes of Holland, or the levees of the Mississippi, need to be continually watched and strengthened. He is ruined if they are undermined or overthrown.

CHINA CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. BURTON, one of our missionaries to Shanghai, China, and former correspondent of *The Visitor*, in a recent letter to his sisters in Murfreesboro', Tenn., among other things, describes a party excursion to the mountains. From the communication we are kindly permitted to make the following extract:—

"We travelled by boat, on which we had two rooms, about eight by ten feet, and a third two by eight, with a small deck in front. The 'Captain,' his wife, dog, and four boatmen, occupied the rear deck, six by eight feet, covered over with matting, and under this a hold two feet deep. For the use of the boat two weeks, with five men to sail, row, or tow it, we paid twelve dollars. A few miles beyond Hong-Kong, (the first walled city near which we passed,) there is a beautiful granite bridge, one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet long, with three arches. It is exclusively for foot-passengers. Across the road, near one of the buttresses, is a stone wall, ten feet high and two thick, through which there is an opening large enough for a man to pass. This is to prevent any large animal from crossing on the bridge. The boatman told us this bridge was built by a man who rose from beggary to affluence, getting his start in an odd way. He said there was an old beggar who had two sons, and a small boat, on which they slept, etc. On one occasion he stopped for the night under the window of the house of a very wealthy man. This rich man had a daughter who had consented to elope with a suitor, and the latter had arranged to have a boat await her at the place occupied by the beggar's boat. The lady seeing at the time specified a boat at the appointed place took it for granted it was the one intended for her, and lowered her valuables and self down into the beggar's boat, who rowed off with his prize. The woman could neither return to her parents nor go to her betrothed, but had to take for a husband one of the beggar's sons; and thus they got their start. One became an officer, and the other accumulated wealth. A short distance from the bridge are three tombs, said to be over the remains of the old beggar and his two sons. These are different from any which I have seen:

they are granite." In the centre of each is a pillar of solid stone, (hexagonal,) about fifteen feet high and eighteen inches in diameter, which supports a small hexagonal stone roof, finished off in pagoda style, above which were two balls before the stone came to a point. Around this pillar there is a stone wall, (hexagonal,) six feet high and ten feet across. This is covered in with slabs of granite, and the latter enclosed with panel work, one or two feet high.

"Near the tombs, we passed a boat on which a theatrical company were acting. The boat was anchored in a small canal, and the spectators stood on each side. The 'show' was gratis, but we, of course, did not stop.

"In many sections through which we passed, the land seemed lower than the surface of the water in the canal, and was inundated. Rice is grown in such places. The farmers were gathering it in as we passed. They cut it with a reaping-hook, place it on a small frame until enough is cut to bind into a sheaf, which is suspended on three bamboo sticks until dry. It is then carried by hand to the canal. This wading is by no means comfortable in November.

"The range of hills to which we went is near Woo-Tseu, a city about one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles west of Shanghai. In passing, we saw many fish-ponds, in which fish are reared for market. I noticed one man going out fishing with rod, line, and hook; but the hook had no barb. Another plan of catching fish with a line is by attaching it to the centre of a small piece of bamboo, an inch long, bent upon itself, and both ends stuck into a grain of wheat: when the fish takes the wheat, the bamboo springs straight, and thus holds him. They also use baskets similar to those used with us; but most of the fishermen use nets, which are cast with the hand. A good deal of tea is grown near Woo-Tseu. The plant is a small perennial shrub, three or four feet high, with dark green leaves, white blossom not at all fragrant, and seed resembling a hazel-nut, three of which are contained in one husk. It is grown from the seed, and they begin to gather the leaves the third year. In this region it is prepared by being dried in an oven, and then placed in an earthen jar

with a small mouth, which is previously half-filled with unslaked lime. A piece of coarse paper is placed between the leaves and lime: It becomes fragrant after remaining thus packed two months, but continues to improve for twelve or eighteen months. The first gathering is best, the second and third inferior. The most fragrant is gathered from the hillsides. We saw none but the green tea, and were told several other kinds were made from this. Some of the coolies were clad in silk of coarse texture, but soft: many of the women were engaged in winding silk. On the mountains we gathered wild pinks and other flowers. I send each of you a pink: the other flower is for mamma. I also found a sensitive plant, and several strawberry plants: different kinds of elm, pine, and shrub oaks, are also abundant. There are few large trees. Fine water, etc.

"We were delighted with the place; and should the country be opened to foreigners, I think it will be a fine location for a mission station. It is very pleasant to teach the heathen, even when depressed by an unhealthy climate: how delightful it would be to enter upon the work invigorated by the mountain-air!

"Good night, dear sisters! Kiss Ma for me.

"Your affectionate brother,

"WASH.

"P. S.—The Chinese use straw for burning lime and brick. What would a Tennessee farmer think of such fuel for a lime-kiln?

"N. B.—What has become of The Parlor Visitor, edited by Dr. Jonea?"

unobserved, his movements. With great precision, and apparent devotion, he went through the exercise of reading and singing, and then kneeling for prayer, in imitation of his father's daily example. And never was manner, voice, or gesture, more perfectly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, so deep and solemn was the impression made upon my mind, that to this time I find myself mentally exclaiming, "What manner of persons ought parents to be, in all holy conversation and godliness!" Never till this occurrence had my mind dwelt upon the momentous fact, though so oft repeated, that the future characters and eternal destinies of children are usually, at a very early period, stamped by parental example; and I now felt what amazing influence must be exerted upon young children by the manner of performing family prayer.

If this be true, what filial confidence, what honest obedience to the commands of God, should mark the conduct of parents in all family transactions, that there may be a holy consistency between their conduct and conversation and their morning and evening devotions. A parent who feels and humbly acknowledges his dependence for daily bread, and own need of Divine teaching and Divine forgiveness, may hope to see his children, one after another, become "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." Some of our children may need much pruning, much correction, yet God will never annul his covenant-promise to faithful, praying parents: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy sons after thee."
—*Mother's Magazine*.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

A MOTHER related the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example:—

As I was about to enter my nursery, to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy three years of age, over a book which he had taken from a shelf, resembling a family Bible used before morning and evening prayer. Struck with the unusual solemnity of his manner, I watched,

A /SCRAP OF HISTORY.—Macaulay, in his new volumes, tells the following story of Pope Sixtus V.: "Finding that he could not directly cope with a gang of outlaws who had a stronghold among the Apennines, he had a train of mules, loaded with poisoned wine and food, sent on a road that ran close to the fastness. The robbers sallied forth, seized the prey, feasted, and died. The pious old Pope exulted greatly when he heard that the corpses of thirty of the ruffians had been found lying among the mules and packages."

A "STRANGE" PREACHER.

His name was Strange. Many will think his conduct was strange also. He was a zealous preacher, and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing. A benevolent gentleman, well off in worldly goods, desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years, generously presented him a title-deed for three hundred and twenty acres of land. Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went on his way, preaching and singing as he went. But after a few months he returned, and requested his generous friend to take the title-deed. Surprised at the request, the gentleman inquired:

"Is there any flaw in it?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is not the land good?"

"First-rate."

"Isn't it healthy?"

"None more so."

"Why, then, do you wish me to take it back? It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children if you should be taken away."

"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since, I've lost my enjoyment for singing. I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."

"What is that?"

"This:

'No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.

I dwell awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Yonder's my house and portion fair:
My treasures and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.'

"There," said Strange, "I'd rather sing that hymn than own America. I'll trust the Lord to take care of my wife and children."

He continued singing and preaching, and preaching and singing; and the Lord (said the lecturer) did take care of him, and his children after him.—*Selected.*

VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE, the niece of Mr. Pitt, after the death of her uncle, left England, and travelled through Europe. Young, beautiful, and rich, she was welcomed everywhere with the cordiality and respect which her rank, fortune, wit, and beauty were calculated to secure her; but she constantly refused to unite her lot to that of her most worthy suitors, and after some years passed in the chief capitals of Europe, she embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The motives of this expatriation have never been known: some have attributed it to the death of a young English general, killed at that period in Spain, and whom a never-ending sorrow for his fate brought perpetually to the mind of Lady Hester: others to the pure love of adventure, which the enterprising and courageous character of this young lady seemed to evince. Whatever it was, she departed. She passed some years at Constantinople, and at length embarked for Syria in an English vessel, which also bore the greater part of her treasures, and immense sums in jewels, and presents of all kinds.

A tempest assailed the ship in the Gulf of Macri, upon the coast of Caramania, opposite to the Isle of Rhodes. It struck upon a rock some miles from the shore. The vessel was shattered to pieces in a few seconds, and the treasures of Lady Stanhope were buried in the waves. She herself escaped death with difficulty, and was borne, on a remnant of the wreck, to a small desert island, where she passed twenty-four hours without food or assistance. At last some fishermen of Marmoziza, who were searching for the spoils of the shipwreck, discovered her, and conducted her to Rhodes, where she made herself known to the English consul. This deplorable disaster did not diminish her courage. She went to Malta, and thence to England. She collected the residue of her fortune: she sold, at a sacrifice, part of her lands, embarked her riches, and presents adapted to the countries she purposed visiting, a second time on board a vessel, and put to sea. The voyage was fortunate, and she landed at Latakia, the ancient

Laodicea, upon the coast of Syria, between Tripolis and Alexandretta. She established herself in the environs, learned Arabic, surrounded herself with all the persons who could facilitate her intercourse with the Arab, Druze, and Maronite populations of the country, and prepared, as I was then doing myself, for travels of discovery into the least accessible parts of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and the Desert.

When she had rendered herself familiar with the language, costume, manners, and usages of the country, she organized a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents for the Arabs, and traversed all the districts of Syria. She sojourned at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Koms, Balbek, and Palmyra. It was in this last station that the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her approach to these ruins, collected around her tent to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and, enraptured with her beauty, grace, and magnificence, proclaimed her Queen of Palmyra, and delivered to her patents, by which it was stipulated that every European protected by her might come in full security to visit the Desert and the ruins of Balbek and Palmyra, provided that he engaged to pay a tribute of one thousand piastres. This treaty still exists, and would be faithfully executed by the Arabs, if positive proof were given of the protection of Lady Stanhope.

On her return from Palmyra she was, however, about to be carried off by a numerous tribe of other Arabs, who were at enmity with those of Palmyra. She was apprised in time by one of her people, and owed her safety, and that of her caravan, to a forced march at night, and to the swiftness of her horses, which cleared an incredible extent of desert in twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where she resided some months, under the protection of the Turkish Pacha, to whom the Porte had especially recommended her.

After a wandering life in all the countries of the East, Lady Hester Stanhope settled at last in an almost inaccessible solitude upon one of the mountains of Lebanon, near Saïde, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of Acre, Abdallah-Pacha, who entertained for her a pro-

found respect, and an absolute devotion, ceded to her the ruins of a convent, and the village of Digioun, peopled by the Druzes. She built there several houses, surrounded by an outer wall, like our fortifications of the middle ages. She formed a charming garden by artificial means, in the manner of the Turks—a garden of flowers and fruits, vineyards, kiosks enriched with arabesque sculpture and paintings; water flowing in marble channels, water spouting in the midst of the kiosks, avenues of oranges, figs, and citrons. There Lady Stanhope lived several years in a luxury altogether Oriental, accompanied by a great number of European or Arab dragomans, by a numerous suite of women and black slaves, and maintaining amicable and even political relations with the Porte, Abdallah-Pacha, the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and, above all, with the Arab sheiks of the deserts of Syria and Bagdad.

Her fortune, still considerable, was diminished by the derangement her affairs suffered from her absence, and she found herself reduced to thirty or forty thousand francs of income, which was, however, sufficient in this country for the establishment, she is obliged to keep up. But the persons who had accompanied her from Europe died or removed: the friendship of the Arabs, which it is necessary to sustain by unceasing presents and imposing illusions, cooled, the intercourse became less frequent, and Lady Hester fell into the complete isolation in which I found her; but in this state the heroic cast of her character was displayed by all the energy and constancy of courage. She never thought of retracing her steps: the world and the past caused her no regret: she flinched not under abandonment, misfortune, or the prospect of an old age amidst oblivion. She remained alone where she is yet, without books, journals, letters from Europe, friends, or even servants attached to her person, surrounded only by some negresses and black children, and a few Arab peasants to cultivate her garden, to take care of the horses, and to protect her personal safety. It is generally believed in the country, and my communications with her induce me likewise to believe, that the supernatural vigor of her mind and resolution is sustained not only by her strength of character, but also

by exalted religious ideas, in which the mysticism of Europe is mingled with certain Oriental superstitions, and especially with the ravings of astrology. Whatever it may be, Lady Stanhope has a great renown in the East, and excites the astonishment of Europe. Finding myself so near her, I desired to see her: her choice of solitude and meditation had so much apparent sympathy with my own inclinations, that I felt glad in the idea of ascertaining in what we coincided. But nothing is more difficult for a European than to gain admission to her: she refuses any communication with English travellers, with women, or with the members of her own family. I had therefore little hope of being introduced to her, and I had no letter of recommendation. Knowing, however, that she preserved some distant relations with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a protection from her hand, addressed to these tribes, might be of the very greatest utility to me in my future travels, I resolved to send her, by an Arab, the following letter:—

"MY LADY:—A traveller like yourself, a stranger like you, in the East, and an imitator of you in my search after the contemplation of its territories, its ruins, and the great works of God, I have just arrived in Syria, with my family. I should reckon that day amongst the most interesting of my journey on which I should become acquainted with a woman who is herself one of the wonders of this East which I come to visit.

"If you will do me the favor of receiving me, be pleased to name the day which will be convenient to you, and let me know if I must come alone, or if I may bring with me some of the friends who accompany me, and who will attach no less value than myself to the honor of being presented to you.

"Let not this request, my lady, in any degree constrain you, from politeness, to grant me what is offensive to your habits of complete seclusion. I understand too well myself the value of liberty, and the charm of solitude, not to appreciate your refusal, and to respect its motives.—Accept," etc.

I had not long to wait for an answer: the 30th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the equerry of Lady Stanhope, who is at the same time her physician, arrived at my house with

orders to accompany me to Digioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

We started at four o'clock. I was accompanied by Doctor Leonardi, M. de Parseval, a domestic, and a guide. We were all on horseback. I passed through, about half an hour from Beirout, a wood of magnificent firs, originally planted by the Emir Fakardin upon an elevated promontory, the view from which extends to the right over the stormy sea of Syria, and to the left over the magnificent valley of Lebanon—an admirable landscape, in which the choicest of western vegetation, the vine, fig-tree, mulberry, and pyramidal poplar, are united with the lofty columns of eastern palms, the broad leaves of which shake in the wind like bunches of feathers. A few paces beyond, we enter into a sort of desert of red sand, raised into immense moving masses like the waves of the ocean. There was a brisk wind this evening, and it ploughed up the sand, raised it aloft, and scooped out hollows, as it makes the breakers of the sea lash and roar. This spectacle was new and sad, as an insight into the true and vast desert which I was soon to enter upon. No mark of men or animals was visible on this turbulent scene: we were guided only by the bellowing of the waves on the one side, and by the transparent ridges of Lebanon on the other. We soon recovered a sort of road or path, strewed with enormous angular blocks of stone. This road, which follows the sea even into Egypt, conducted us to a ruined house, the remnant of an old fortified tower, where we passed the gloomy hours of the night, stretched upon a mat of rushes, and covered up with our mantles. As soon as the moon had risen, we got on horseback again. It was one of those nights in which the sky is resplendent with stars, in which the most perfect serenity appears to reign in those vast ethereal regions we contemplate from below, but in which nature immediately around us seems to groan and torture herself into violent convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast for some leagues added to this painful impression. We had left behind us, with the twilight, the beautiful shady slopes, the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Savage hills, strewed from top to bottom with black, white, and gray stones, the relics of earth-

quakes, arose close beside us: to our left and to our right the sea, agitated since the morning by a growling tempest, rolled its heavy and threatening waves, which we saw as they came from afar, by the shadow which they cast before them, and broke upon the beach with the noise of thunder, throwing their thick and bubbling froth upon the ridge of damp sand we were travelling on, bathing each time the feet of our horses, and threatening to drag us back with it. A moon as brilliant as a winter sun shed sufficient light upon the sea to discover to us its fury, and not sufficient clearness upon our route to satisfy our eyes as to the perils of the road. A glimmering light shortly broke on the top of the mountains of Lebanon, with the white or sombre fog of morning, and spread over all this scene a false and pale tint which was neither day nor night, which had neither the splendor of the one nor the serenity of the other; an hour painful to the eye and to the thought; a contest of two opposing principles of which nature often presents the afflicting image, and which we more often find in our own hearts.

At seven in the morning, under a sun already oppressive, we quitted Saïde, the ancient Sidon, which sits upon the waves as a glorious memento of a past dominion; and we climbed the slaty, naked, and broken hills, which, rising insensibly from stage to stage, led us to the solitude that we sought in vain to forestall with our eyes. Each peak, as we cleared it, disclosed to us one more elevated, which we had to wind round or climb up: the mountains were linked with mountains, like the rings of a chain, leaving between them only deep ravines, dry, scorched, and scattered with blocks of grayish rock. These mountains are completely bare of vegetation and of soil: they are the skeletons of hills which the waters and the winds have gnawed for ages. It was not there that I expected to find the residence of a female who had visited the world, and who had had the universe to select from. At length, from the top of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a deeper and broader valley, closed in on all sides by mountains more majestic, but not less sterile. In the middle of this valley, the hill of Digioun, like the base of a large tower, took root, and

mounting in circular layers of rock, grew attenuated as it approached the summit, and formed an esplanade of some hundred fathoms broad, covered with a beautiful lively green vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, encircled this verdant spot. This was the abode of Lady Hester. We reached it at mid-day. The house is not what we call by the same name in Europe: it is not even what is called a house in Asia. It is a confused and strange aggregation of ten or twelve little houses, each containing but one or two chambers on the ground-floor, without windows, and separated from one another by small courts or gardens—an assemblage very similar in aspect to those poor convents which we meet with in Italy or Spain upon high mountains, belonging to the mendicant orders. According to her custom, Lady Stanhope was not to be seen until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each conducted into a sort of narrow cell, dark, and without furniture. We were served with breakfast, and we threw ourselves on a divan, whilst waiting for the rising of the invisible hostess of this romantic habitation. I fell asleep. At three o'clock, they came and knocked at my door, to announce to me that she expected me. I passed through a court, a garden, an open kiosk with hangings of jessamine, then two or three gloomy corridors, and I was introduced by a little negro child, six or eight years old, into the cabinet of Lady Hester.

So profound an obscurity reigned, that I had great difficulty in distinguishing the noble, grave, mild, and majestic features of the white form which, in Oriental costume, rose from the divan, and came forward stretching out her hand. Lady Hester appears to be fifty years old: she has those features which years cannot alter. The freshness, color, and grace of youth are gone; but when the beauty is in the figure itself, in the chasteness of the outlines, in the dignity, majesty, and expression of a male or female face, it changes at the different epochs of life, but it does not pass away. Such is the beauty of Lady Stanhope. She had upon her head a white turban, on her forehead a little fillet of purple wool falling on each side of the head upon the shoulders. A long shawl of

yellow cashmere, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with hanging sleeves, covered her person in simple and majestic folds, and it was only in the opening which this first tunic left upon her breast, that a second robe of Persian flowered stuff, reaching to the neck, and fastened by a clasp of pearls, could be perceived. Yellow Turkish boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful Oriental costume, which she wore with the freedom and gracefulness of a person who has never worn any other since her infancy.

"You have come a long way to see a hermit," she said to me: "you are welcome. I receive few strangers, scarcely one or two in a year; but your letter pleased me, and I desired to know a person who loved, like me, God, nature, and solitude. Something, besides, told me that our stars were friendly, and that we should agree well together. I see with pleasure that my presentiment has not deceived me; and your features which I now see, and the very noise of your steps whilst you were traversing the corridor, have sufficiently informed me respecting you to prevent my repenting of having resolved to see you. Let us sit down and converse. We are already friends."

"How!" said I to her: "do you honor so quickly with the name of friend, my lady, a man whose name and life are completely unknown to you? You are ignorant who I am."

"True," replied she: "I know neither who you are according to the world, nor what you have done whilst living amongst men; but I know already what you are before God. Do not take me for a fool, as the world often calls me; but I cannot resist the inclination to speak to you with an open heart. There is a science, lost at present in your Europe, a science which was born in the East, where it has never perished, and where it yet survives. I possess it. I read in the stars. We are all children of some one of those celestial fires which preside at our birth, and whose fortunate or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our features, in the lines of our hand, in the form of our foot, in our gesture, and in our gait. I have only seen you a few minutes, and yet I know you as if I had lived an age with you. Do you

wish that I open to you yourself? Do you wish that I predict your destiny?"

"Pray avoid doing so, my lady," answered I, smiling: "I do not deny what I am ignorant of: I will not affirm that in visible and invisible nature, in which every thing is held, every thing enchained, beings of an inferior order, like man, may not be under the influence of superior beings, like stars or angels; but I have no need of their revelation to know myself—corruption, infirmity and woe! And as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should consider it a profanation on the Divinity, who conceals them from me, if I sought them from a creature. In regard to the future, I believe only in God, free-will, and virtue."

"Never mind," said she to me, "believe what you please: as to me, I see evidently that you are born under the influence of very happy, potent, and benevolent stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which conduct you to an end which I could, if you pleased, indicate to you from this moment. It is God who leads you here to enlighten your mind. You are one of those desirable and good-intentioned men, of whom there is a great want as instruments for the wonderful works which are soon to be accomplished amongst men." Do you believe the reign of the Messiah come?"

"I was born a Christian," said I to her: "it is for you to answer."

"A Christian!" retorted she, with a slight sign of dissatisfaction: "I also am a Christian; but he whom you call Christ, has he not said, 'I speak to you in parables, but he who shall come after me will speak in the spirit and in truth?' Now it is this one whom we are waiting for! This is the Messiah who is not yet come, who is not far off, whom we will see with our eyes, and for the coming of whom all is prepared in the world! What will you answer? And how will you deny or twist the very words of your gospel which I have just cited to you? What are your motives for believing in Christ?"

"Excuse me, my lady," I interrupted, "from entering with you into such a discussion: I do not enter into it with myself. Man has two lights: the one which illumines the understanding, which is subject to discussion and doubt, and which often leads only to

error and mistake; the other which actuates the heart, and never deceives, for it is at once evidence and conviction; and for us miserable mortals, truth itself is but a conviction. God alone possesses truth otherwise, and as truth: we possess it only as faith! I believe in Christ, because he has brought to the earth the most holy, fruitful, and divine doctrine which has ever beamed upon human intelligence. A doctrine so heavenly cannot be the fruit of a lie and a cheat. Christ has spoken as reason speaks. His doctrines are known by their morality, as a tree by its fruits. The fruits of Christianity (I speak of its fruits to come, much more than of those which are already gathered and corrupted) are infinite, perfect and divine; therefore its author is that divine Word which he described himself. Such are the reasons for which I am a Christian, such is the whole of my religious controversy with myself: with others I have none. We can prove to man only what he already believes."

"But," resumed she, "do you find the social, political, and religious world well constituted? And do you not think that all the world feels the want, the necessity, of a Revealer, of a Redeemer, of the Messiah whom we expect, and whom our desires have already pointed out?"

"O, as to that," said I, "it is another question. No one regrets and laments more than myself the universal suffering of nature, of men, and of society. No one acknowledges more distinctly the enormous social, political, and religious abuses. No one more desires and hopes for an alleviator of those intolerable evils of humanity. No one can be more convinced that this alleviator must be divine! If you call that expecting a Messiah, I expect him like you; and, farther than you, I sigh for his early appearance: like you, and further than you, I perceive in the wavering creeds of man, in the tumult of his ideas, in the emptiness of his heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the incessant totterings of his political institutions, all the symptoms of an overthrow, and consequently of a near and impending renovation. I believe that God always shows himself at the precise moment in which every thing that is human avails nothing; in which man confesses that

he is helpless. The world is now so. I believe, therefore, in a Messiah near to our own epoch; but in this Messiah I do not see the Christ, who has nothing more in wisdom, in virtue, and in truth, to give us. I see him who Christ announced was to come after him—that Holy Spirit, ever urging, ever assisting man, always revealing to him, according to time and occasion, what he ought to do and know. It matters little whether this Holy Spirit is incarnate in a man, or in a doctrine, in deed or in idea—it is the same: man, or doctrine, deed, or idea, I believe in it, I place my hopes upon it, and I expect it, and, more than you, I invoke it! You thus see that we can understand each other, and that our stars are not so far asunder as this conversation has led you to think."

She smiled: her eyes, occasionally obscured by a little discontent during the confession of my Christian system of belief, were lighted up with a tenderness of expression, and a brilliancy almost supernatural.

"Believe what you will," said she to me: "you are still one of those men whom I was looking for, whom Providence sends to me, and who have an important part to play in the work which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe: Europe is done: France alone has a grand mission yet to accomplish: you will participate in it! I do not at present know how, but I can tell you this evening, if you desire it, when I have consulted your stars. I do not yet know the names of all: I see more than three: I distinguish four, perhaps five, and who knows, more yet? One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives clearness and emphasis to the intellect and to the power of expression. You ought to be a poet—that is evident from your eyes and the higher part of your face: lower, you are under the empire of quite distinct, almost opposing stars, in which there is an influence of energy and action. There is the sun also," continued she with a start, "in the leaning of your head, and in the manner you throw it on your left shoulder. You may thank God: there are few men who are born under more than one star, few whose star is happy, still fewer whose star, when favorable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposing star. You, on the contrary,

have several, and all are in harmony to serve you, and to act in concert for your advantage. What is your name?" I told it to her. "I had never heard of it!" she exclaimed in the accent of truth.

"See, my lady, what glory is! I have composed some verses in my life which have made my name be reëchoed a million of times in the literary circles of Europe; but this echo is too weak to traverse your sea and mountains, and here I am quite a new man, a man completely unknown, with a name never pronounced! I am only the more flattered by the kindness you have showered upon me. I owe it only to you and myself."

"Yes," said she, "poet or not, I esteem you, and I place hopes in you. We shall see each other again, be assured! You will return to the West, but you will not be long in returning to the East: it is your country."

"It is at least," said I, "the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh," she resumed, "it is your actual country: it is the country of your fathers. I am now certain of it: look at your foot!"

"I see there," said I, "nothing but the dust of your roads which covers it, and which would make me blush in a saloon of old Europe."

"That's nothing," continued she: "it is not that. Look at your foot! I had not myself taken notice of it before. See! the instep is very high, and between your heel and toes, when your foot is on the ground, there is a sufficient elevation to let water pass without wetting you. It is the Arab's foot: It is the foot of the East: you are a son of these climates, and we draw near the day on which we shall each return to the land of our fathers. We shall see each other again."

A black slave now entered, and, prostrating herself before her, bowing her forehead to the ground, and placing her hands upon her head, spoke to her some words in Arabic. "Go," said she to me: "dinner is served: be quick and return: I am going to concern myself about you, and to see more distinctly through the confusion of my ideas as to your person and your future. As for me, I never eat with any one: I live too abstemiously: bread and some fruits, as I feel hungry, are

sufficient. I cannot put a guest upon my diet."

I was conducted beneath a bower of jessamine and laurel-rose at the gate of the garden. The table was set for M. de Parseval and me. We dined with great despatch; but she did not even wait for our rising from table, but sent Leonardi to tell me she was waiting for me. I hastened to her. I found her smoking a long Eastern pipe: she ordered one to be brought to me. I was already accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women smoking in the East: I no longer felt any thing shocking in the graceful and careless attitude, nor in the odoriferous smoke escaping in light curls from the lips of a handsome woman, and interrupting the conversation without stifling it. We conversed a long time, and always on the favorite subject, the sole and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman, the modern enchantress, recalling the famous magicians of antiquity—the Circe of the deserts. It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Hester were a clever though confused mixture of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live: mysterious as the Druzes, whose mystic secret she, of all the world, perhaps alone knew; resigned as the Moslem, and like him a fatalist; with the Jew, expecting the Messiah; and with the Christian, professing the worship of Christ, and the practice of his charity and morality. Add to this, the fantastic coloring and supernatural dreams of an imagination tinctured with Oriental extravagance, and heated by solitude and meditation, the impressions perhaps of the Arabic astrologers, and you will have an idea of this compound of the sublime and ridiculous, which it is more convenient to stigmatize as madness than to analyze and comprehend. No: this woman is not mad. Madness, which displays itself in the eyes, so as never to be mistaken, is not expressed in her mild and straight look; madness, which is always betrayed in conversation by the interruptions it gives to the chain of discourse by sudden, disordered, and eccentric bursts, is not perceptible in the elevated, mystic, and obscure, though sustained, connected, and powerful conversation of Lady Hester. If I were called upon to decide, I should rather

say it was the voluntary and studied madness of one who knows what she is about, and who has her own reasons for appearing insane. The sway, founded on admiration, which her genius has exercised, and still exercises, over the Arab population which surrounds her mountains, proves sufficiently that this affected madness is but a means. To the men of this land of prodigies, to these men of rocks and deserts, whose imagination is more vivid and wreathed in mist than the horizon of their sands or seas, the words of Mohammed or Lady Stanhope are necessary! They require the knowledge of the stars, prophecies, miracles, the second-sight of genius! Lady Stanhope has comprehended this from the extent of her truly superior intellect. Then, perhaps, like all others gifted with powerful intellectual faculties, she has concluded by deceiving herself, and by becoming the first neophyte of the symbol she had elevated for others. Such is the effect this woman produced upon me. One cannot judge or classify her in a sentence. She is a statue of enormous dimensions, which we can estimate only in proportion as we see it. I would not be surprised if an early day should bring about the realization of part of the destiny she promises herself. An empire in Arabia, a throne in Jerusalem!—the least political commotion in the region she inhabits might lift her to that height.

"Upon this subject," said I to her, "I have only one reproach to make to you, namely, that you have been too timid in the course of events, and have not yet pushed your fortune as far as it might have conducted you."

She answered, "You speak to me like a man who believes too much in human volition, and not sufficiently in the irresistible control of destiny alone: my power is in it. I await it, but do not invoke it. I am growing old: I have greatly lessened my fortune: I am at present alone, and abandoned to myself, upon this desert rock, a prey to the first audacious ruffian who may force my gates, surrounded by a band of faithless domestics and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes threaten my life. Yet more, I owe my safety solely to this poniard, with which I have been compelled to arm myself, to guard my breast against the weapon of a

black slave whom I have reared. Well, in the midst of all these tribulations I am happy. I respond to every thing by the sacred phrase of the Mussulmans, 'Allah Kerim!'—('It is the will of God!')—and I await the future, of which I have spoken to you, with confidence; and I wish I could inspire you with the conviction respecting it with which you ought to be impressed."

After having smoked several pipes, and drunk several cups of coffee, which the black slaves brought every quarter of an hour, she said to me, "Come, I will lead you into a sanctuary where I allow nothing profane to enter—my garden." We descended to it by some steps, and, in a positive enchantment, I followed her through one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens which I had yet seen in the East. There were arbors of vine where the light was dulled, but on the verdant arches of which glittered the grapes of the promised land, like myriads of lustres; kiosks, (summer-houses,) where the sculptured arabesques were entwined in jessamine and the climbing canes of Asia; canals, in which an artificial water came murmuring for a league of distance, and spouted up through marble jets; alleys lined with all the fruit-trees of England, Europe, and these beautiful climates; plots of greensward, sprinkled with shrubs in flower, and marble compartments surrounding the shoots of flowers new to my eyes. Such was her garden. We rested in several of the kiosks with which it was ornamented; and never did the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Hester lose the mystic tone or the elevation of style which it had assumed in the morning.

"Since destiny," said she to me at the close, "has sent you here, and so astonishing a sympathy in our stars permits me to confide to you what I conceal from the profane, come, and I will let your eyes behold a prodigy of nature, the destination of which is known only to myself and my scholars: the prophecies of the East had many ages ago announced it, and you will judge yourself if these prophecies are accomplished." She opened a door of the garden, which introduced us to a small inner court, where I perceived two magnificent Arabian mares, of pure race, and of rare symmetry. "Approach, and look at this bay

mare," said she: "see if nature has not accomplished in her all that is written touching the mare which is to carry the Messiah: 'She shall be born ready saddled.'" I saw, in fact, upon this fine animal a sport of nature sufficiently uncommon to serve as a delusion for vulgar credulity amongst a half-barbarous people: the mare had, from a defect in the shoulders, a cavity so broad and deep, and so much in the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might be said with truth she was born ready saddled; and, even to the stirrups, she could be easily mounted without the aid of an artificial saddle. The mare, a splendid animal in other respects, appeared used to the admiration and respect which Lady Stanhope and her slaves testified for her, and to have a presentiment of the dignity of her future mission: no person had ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms attended and watched her, without losing her a moment out of sight. Another white mare, and, in my opinion, infinitely more beautiful, partook, with the Messiah's mare, the respect and attentions of Lady Stanhope. No one had ever mounted her either. Lady Hester did not tell me, but she left me to infer, that although the destiny of the white mare was less sanctified, she had likewise one of great mystery and importance; and I thought I understood that Lady Stanhope reserved her for herself, on the day when she should make her entry by the side of the Messiah into the reconquered Jerusalem. After having caused the two animals to be promenaded for some time upon a green plot outside the enclosure of the fortress, and admiring their suppleness and grace, we returned; and I renewed to her my request that she would at length allow me to present to her M. de Parseval, my friend and fellow-traveller, who had followed me, in spite of myself, to her house, and who had been vainly waiting since the morning for a favor of which she was so chary. She consented at last, and we all three returned into the little saloon which I have already described, to pass the evening or the night. Coffee and pipes reappeared in Oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such a cloud of smoke that the figure of her ladyship was visible only through an atmosphere similar to that of a magical invocation. She conversed with the

same vigor, grace, and abundance, but with infinitely less of the supernatural, upon subjects not so sacred for her, as she had exhibited with me when alone throughout the day.

"I hope," she said to me suddenly, "that you are an aristocrat. I do not doubt it from your appearance."

"You are deceived, my lady," replied I: "I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat. I have lived long enough to see the two sides of the human medal, and to find both equally unsound. I am neither aristocrat nor democrat; but I am a man, and the exclusive partizan of what may ameliorate and perfect every member of the human race, whether he be born at the top or the bottom of the social ladder. I am neither for the people nor for the nobles, but for all humanity; and I do not ascribe any exclusive capacity for improving humanity either to aristocratic or democratic institutions. This capacity is only in a divine morality, the fruit of a perfect religion! Faith is the civilization of nations!"

"That is true," replied she; "but yet I am an aristocrat in spite of myself; and you will acknowledge that if there be vices in aristocracy, there are at least lofty virtues to redeem and compensate them; whilst in democracy I see many vices, and vices of the lowest and most malevolent order, but I seek in vain for the elevated virtues."

"It is not so, my lady," said I in return: "there are on both sides vices and virtues; but in the higher classes these very vices have a brilliant cast: in the lower classes, on the contrary, these vices exhibit themselves in all their naked deformity, and wound the moral sentiment more in the contemplation. The difference is in appearance, and not in fact; but in reality the identical vice is more a vice in the rich, educated, and instructed man, than in the wretch without information and without bread; for with the one the vice is matter of choice, with the other of necessity. Let us despise it, then, everywhere, and yet more in a profligate aristocracy, and let us judge humanity not by classes, but by men. The nobles would have the vices of the people if they themselves were of the people, and the inferiors would have the vices of the superiors if they were nobles! The balance is even: let us not weigh it down."

"Very well, let it pass," she remarked; "but give me leave to believe that you are an aristocrat like myself. It would cost me much uneasiness to think that you are of the number of those young Frenchmen who rouse the popular froth against all the institutions which God, nature, and society have made, and who would overthrow the edifice to rear for themselves, out of its ruins, a pedestal upon a level with their own grovelling envy."

"No," said I to her; "be tranquil on that head—I am not one of these men: I am only of those who do not despise what is below them in the social grade, whilst respecting what is above them, and whose desire or dream is to call all men, independently of their standing in the arbitrary hierarchies of society, to the same enlightenment, the same liberty, and the same moral perfection! And since you are religious, since you believe that God loves all his children equally, and you await a second Messiah to institute a new order of things, you think, doubtless, like them and me."

"Yes," replied she; "but I concern myself no longer with human politics: I have had enough of them: I have seen too much of them for the ten years which I passed in the cabinet of Mr. Pitt, my uncle, when all the intrigues of Europe were resounding in my ears. In my youth I have despised humanity, and I do not wish to hear any further mention of it. All that men do for men is fruitless!—the forms by which it is done are indifferent to me."

"And to me also," said I. "The foundation of things is God and virtue?" "I think exactly with you," I responded; "so let us talk no more about it, as we are both of one opinion."

Passing to subjects less grave, and joking on the species of divination which enabled her to comprehend a man at the first glance, and upon a simple inspection of his star, I put her wisdom to the proof by interrogating her upon two or three travellers of my acquaintance, who, fifteen years ago, had come under her observation. I was struck with the perfect justness of her glance over two of these individuals. Amongst others, she analyzed, with an amazing clearness of judgment, the character of one of them, which

was known intimately to myself, a character difficult to understand at a first view—lofty, but veiled beneath appearances of the most simple and engaging good-nature; and what carried my astonishment to the highest pitch, and made me admire her grasp of memory as altogether surprising, was the fact of this traveller having passed but two hours in her house, and of sixteen years having elapsed between the period of his visit and that of the account which I asked from her of the impressions she entertained regarding him. Solitude concentrates and fortifies all the faculties of the mind. The prophets, the saints, great men, and poets, have perfectly understood this truth, and their dispositions have made them seek the desert or isolation in the midst of mankind.

The name of Bonaparte dropped, as usual, in the course of conversation. "I thought," said I to her, "that your fanaticism for this man would have raised a barrier between us." "I have been a fanatic only from his misfortunes, and from pity for him," answered she. "And I also: so we understand each other again," I replied.

I could not explain to myself how a religious and moral woman should adore force alone, without piety, without morality, and without liberty. Bonaparte was a grand reconstructor, without doubt: he remodelled the social world, but he did not pay sufficient attention to the elements which compose it. He fabricated his statue with dirt and personal interest, instead of sculpturing it in divine and moral sentiments, in virtue and in liberty.

The night thus wore away in the free discussion, without any affectation on the part of Lady Hester, of all the subjects which hazard calls up, and brings into conversation. I found that no chord was wanting in her high and strong intellect, and that every key that was touched gave out a just, full, and powerful sound, except perhaps the metaphysical chord, which too much stretching and solitude had rendered false, or elevated to a diapason too high for mortal intelligence. We separated, with a sincere regret on my part, and an obliging reluctance testified on hers.

"No farewells," said she to me: "we shall

often meet again in this journey, and more often yet in other journeys, of which you have not formed any project. Go to repose, and recollect that you leave a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon." She stretched out her hand to me: I put mine upon my heart, in the manner of the Arabs, and we retired.

"FOR EVER."

BY ENOLA.

For ever and for ever
You said that you would love;
And swore your heart should never
A moment from me rove.
My foolish heart believed thee,
And echoed back your vow:
Alas! your words deceived me,—
You do not love me now!

For ever and for ever
You vowed you would be mine;
And told me naught could sever
The ties that Love could bind.
Ah! 'twas a dream Elysian
To think it could be so:
Still, 'twas but Fancy's vision,—
You do not love me now!

For ever and for ever
The stars shine on above;
And stream, and lake, and river,
Chant melodies of love.
But my heart has waked from dreaming,
Nor pants for Fiction's glow:
I know 'tis all but seeming,—
You do not love me now!

For ever and for ever
Must my heart, with brooding pain,
Recall the beams that never
May light its depths again;
And whether morn be shining,
Or evening brings its glow,
My weary soul is pining,—
You do not love me now!

For ever and for ever
Keeps lingering in my ear,
The echoes of a footfall
I ne'er again may hear.
The music of a love-tone,
Loved all and long too well,
I cannot wish the memory gone,
I cannot break the spell!

THE PAST.

The past is past! with many a hopeful morrow,
Its errors and its good works live with God:
The agony is o'er of joy or sorrow,
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The past is past! in solemn silence taking
Alike the sunny and the rainy day,
On the live altar of the fond heart breaking
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The past is past! in certain, still rotation
Deadening and loosening, as it travelled by,
Each hope which bound, with glad anticipation,
Each vivid passion and each tender tie!

The past is past! and our young selves departed
Upon the flashing whirl of those fleet years:
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger-hearted,
More slow to love, less prodigal of tears.

The past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion
To dim the spirit with its foul, cold shine:
For many a base and dark thing finds admission
Amid the wisdom learned from life and time.

The past is past! and in that twilight valley
Dwell slow repentance and the vain regret;
Fears for the future from those shadows sally,
And hang around the path before us yet.

The past is past! and, ah! how few deplore it,
Or would re-live their time, had they the power;
Though nature sometimes weakly weepeth o'er it,
At memory of some wrong, or happier hour.

The past is past! there's bitter joy in knowing
'Tis gone for ever: dead and buried deep
It lies behind, and on life's stream is flowing,
Where the deep waters of the Dead Sea sleep.

The past is past! in faith and patience taking
Its lessons, let us lay them on our hearts:
The chain's attenuated links are breaking:
Be earnest!—use the present ere it parts!

Frazier's Magazine.

THE HEATHEN AT HOME.—An old clergyman, one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed: "Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before. What shall we do?" "O," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of town."

A VISIT TO OUR BIRTHPLACE.

WHAT strange feelings of mingled pleasure and melancholy mantle the heart, when, after the lapse of a score of years, with all their vicissitudes, we visit the home of our childhood, the scenes of our youthful gambols and innocent enjoyments! Memory presents the picture as it was, and not as it is. With her fairy brush, she clothes every loved object, and every endeared locality, in fresh and lively colors—throwing over all a golden, soft, and heart-affecting shade. There, on the mind's canvas, stands out in distinct lineaments, and full features, early friends and loved associates: there, the old homestead, with its lanes and fences, and orchards of golden fruit: there, the mansion-house, with its antic porch, and the winding school-path, and the heavy, old-fashioned academy: farther on, is the country village, with its antique buildings and green vicinage; and in the distance, amid the towering oaks, stands the brick church, in its modest beauty and unpretending grandeur. All, all are distinct, unmutated, and striking, on memory's picture!

But presence changes the scene. Years have passed along, and hoary Time has left his marks on all. The young have become old, and the old have wasted away. Death has flashed his relentless sword in the midst: many are not; and of the few who remain, some are steadily marching on, and others are rapidly staggering towards the grave, where all must soon lie down. The homestead has been stripped of its groves and orchards, and by the hand of avarice changed into the cotton-field. The mansion-house, in its decay and lonesomeness, stands as a monument of gone-by joys! The village is dilapidated, and the sanctuary of the Lord almost deserted. O Time! when wilt thou relent? Where wilt thou stop thy ravages? Not until eternity shall sublimely roll its light over the soul, and render its destiny immutable and eternal.

These thoughts have been suggested to our mind by reflecting on a late visit to the home of our boyhood. We wandered about the streets of the city A—, gazing at the old familiar houses and well-remembered locali-

ties, unchanged, except by an occasional new coat of paint, and rows of flourishing elms and water oaks, which have taken the place of the ancient Chinas. Many pleasant reminiscences of gone-by days, like golden shadows, flitted across our mind; and we almost expected to see the faces we once knew and loved smiling upon us from the doorways, and to hear the merry laugh and friendly greetings of familiar voices, whose accents, like the mellow notes of a well-tuned lute, still linger on our ear. But, no! the faces were those of strangers, the voices were new and unremembered. We involuntarily asked, Where are they? Echo repeated, Where are they?

We turned our footsteps towards the city cemetery, and there, amidst gravelled walks and cultivated flowers, we found many well-remembered names marked upon the pale marble stone, with the melancholy words, *In memory of* ——. With mournful interest, we gazed upon the silent mementoes, until the bright thought flashed across our mind, We shall meet again in a brighter world than this! and our heart said, Farewell till then! Now and then, we met with an old and dear friend, wearing indeed the traces of years gone by: the whitened locks, furrowed brow, and the slender, symmetrical form grown into portly and venerable corpulency; but with the same generous and kindly expression of countenance, the daguerreotype of a soul baptized in virtue's pure fountain.

With some of these old friends we spent a few days, and with sweet, melancholy pleasure, talked over the past, visited the early scenes of our childhood, and indulged freely in the rich luxuries of memory. We felt the full force of the beautiful thoughts expressed in the following poem, by a lady of our own flourishing City of Rocks:

My childhood days! what thoughts sublime
Steal o'er this restless soul of mine!
While ranging through the misty past,
I see my childhood fleeting fast
Into the stream that's marked decay,
Where all things earthly pass away,
And nothing's left the human heart
Of which my childhood formed a part.

My childhood days! what cherished hours
I've passed beneath yon leafy bowers,

When thoughts of future days came not
To mar the peace of that sweet spot,
Where in my childish glee I've strayed
Into some cool and quiet shade,
To rest, my little heart and head
On nature's green and downy bed!

My childhood days! how swift they've passed,
And left me here with friends at last,
Who in my childhood oft have pressed
My little head upon their breast,
And lifted me, through life's dark way,
To God, in prayer, throughout the day,
That he would guide my feet aright
Along life's path, where all is bright!

My childhood days! could I but spend
Those happy hours again with friends
Who've mingled in my childish play!
But now, alas! they're passed away,
And childhood days are now no more
With them on Canaan's happy shore;
For there, with spirits of the blest,
They bathe their souls in seas of rest.

Ah, yes, dear sainted friends! your images
are vividly impressed upon our memory, and
will remain there, lifelike, until we meet
again in that bright world where all is new,
ever new, unchanging, unfading, and eternal.

B.

THE UNFASHIONABLE FURS.

"Now, father, I'll thank you for that five hundred dollars: you promised to give it to me this morning."

"Yes, child, but I have not so much here now. Ride down to my office at twelve o'clock, and you shall have the money: I expect some tenants to pay their quarter's rent to-day, and can make up the sum for you by that time."

"Five hundred—not a dollar less; and you may as well say six hundred," said the gay, laughing girl: she knew her father's fond indulgence.

"O, extravagant!" exclaimed he; but whatever of reproof the remark implied, it was completely nullified by the caresses given at the same time.

"Five hundred dollars too much for a set of furs! No, indeed. Why, Clara Morgan's

cost eight hundred; and mother thinks those she selected for me very cheap."

The man of business smiled upon his darling daughter; then left his elegant and comfortable house for the cheerless office in Wall street. At noon, Alice was in Wall street too. Springing lightly from the carriage, she tripped up stairs, and was at Mr. Durand's desk just as a young female turned from it to go out. Having received the \$600, Alice left immediately, and was soon at —'s Bazaar, chatting gayly with a young friend whom she met there. Both were looking at the handsome cape and muff which Mrs. Durand had fixed upon for her daughter the day before. They were beautiful indeed, and the young ladies having exhausted the usual vocabulary of epithets in praising them, turned to look at others. Just then a hollow, suppressed cough, close by her, caused Alice to turn, as a young girl passed on her way to the sewing-room. Thither, too, she went a few moments after, to see if a dress she had making there was finished. The superintendent of work had it in her hand, and was reprimanding some one for coming so late.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Miss Durand," she said, seeing that young lady approach; "but Jane Lester, who is embroidering your dress, did not get here until just now, and it is not yet finished." Then turning, she said: "Here, Jane, you must work fast, and make up for lost time."

As the sewing-girl took the garment, she coughed again. O that dismal sound! It touched the heart of Alice, for she recognized in Jane Lester the one that passed her in the office and show-room. She looked at her a moment, and thought, "Is it by the labor of such as she that my father's rents are paid, and I obtain money to lavish on costly clothes?" She went up to the girl, who by this time was diligently at work, and said, in a kind, low tone:

"Don't hurry at all: I'm not the least in need of the dress."

"Thank-you, ma'am, but I will soon have it done. If I am not at work on this, it will be something else."

"But why do you work at all? With that cough, you ought not to come out in such weather as this."

"What would become of us—of father, I mean, and the children—if I were idle?"

"Do you have to support them?" asked Alice, with eager curiosity.

"Not when father is well; but he has been sick all winter, and I paid out the last of his savings this morning: so I must try and earn more than ever." Again that cough.

"Well, if that is the case, you must consult a doctor, and do something for yourself, or you will soon be unable to work at all."

Jane shook her head sadly. "No, indeed, we cannot afford to have a doctor for father, and I couldn't think of such a thing myself."

There was a moment's pause: then Alice spoke. "Give me your address, and I will send a kind physician there, who will not charge you any thing. But he must prescribe for both, and you must follow his directions."

"Never mind me, Miss, I'm not so bad as you think, and shall be better in a little while. I cough more than usual this morning, from having walked so fast."

Miss Durand returned to the store more thoughtful than when she first entered it. She did not go near the \$500 furs, but took a set at one-fifth of that price, and departed—leaving her friend and the clerks astonished at her sudden change of taste.

Great was the indignation of her fashionable mother when she learned the result of her daughter's shopping.

"Why, that is not the set I chose!" said she, when the boxes were opened.

"I know it, mother, but I preferred these."

"You have a strange taste, I must confess: anybody can get stone-marten."

"Then I shall still be '*à la mode*,'" replied her daughter with a smile.

"Yes, with the vulgar herd," said the lady, scornfully.

"These are pretty, equally comfortable, and did not cost near as much as the sable," answered Alice, in extenuation. But her mother was not to be mollified.

"What had you to do with the cost? Didn't your father give you enough to pay for the others?"

"Yes, ma'am, and more too."

"How Clara Morgan will laugh when she sees these old-fashioned things! And well she may."

"I care not for that, and shall enjoy mine none the less for seeing her with more costly ones."

To avoid further remonstrance, Alice retired to the library, and addressed a note to Dr. Weston, the family physician. She begged him to call that evening at No. 14—street, and prescribe for the two invalids there. Enclosed was a \$100 bill, from which she wished him to deduct his fee, and appropriate the remainder to the necessities of the family. There was also a request for him to keep the matter secret. He understood and appreciated this, for more than once had he been the almoner of Miss Durand's bounty, and he would not abuse her confidence.

A few days afterwards, the dress came home. It was neatly made, and beautifully embroidered. As Alice examined the graceful design and elaborate needlework, she thought of the trembling fingers that wrought it. Yielding to the impulse of her heart, she set out immediately for the residence of Mr. Lester. Something told her that she would find Jane at home; and sure enough, she had become so much worse that it was impossible for her to leave the house, yet was she trying to sew, that the family might not starve. The doctor had found Jane and her father extremely ill; but as they were in a comfortable house, barely furnished with necessities, it is true, for not a superfluous article was there, he feared to wound their pride by offering more than his professional services. It is needless to say he returned the money sent by Alice, on the first opportunity. Alice, to whom the contrast between her own luxurious home and the cheerless apartment she was in, suggested real poverty, which the feeble efforts of Jane to continue at work confirmed, felt that something more was needed.

"This surely is disobedience to the doctor's orders," she said, gently taking the work from the invalid. "Now, you must not plead necessity," she continued, "for here is a reply in advance to that argument;" and she slipped her purse into Jane's trembling hand.

No word of thanks fell from the poor girl's quivering lips, for the generous aid so delicately given; but her glistening eyes, and silent pressure of the hand that bestowed it, told her gratitude.

Many visits after this did the child of luxury and wealth make to the dwelling of the sick girl, whom neither her loving care nor physician's skill could save. Gradually she paled away, very gradually her strength failed, but her heart grew stronger all the while—strong to endure the sundering of sweet ties that bound her to earth—strong to meet the terrors of death so near. Her father was recovering, so the meek daughter was resigned, since the little ones would have him to provide for them.

Alice was returning home from visiting the Lester family one day, and had just emerged from the cross street into Broadway, when a gayly decorated sleigh passed, filled with ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance. She did not observe them, but Clara Morgan caught sight of her, and said to a young man by her side,

"Well, if there isn't Alice Durand coming out of — street, and on foot too! What in the world can she be doing there?"

"Not visiting any of her friends, I imagine," said Mr. Benton.

"There is no knowing: she takes very curious freaks sometimes. Only think of her purchasing a set of cheap furs, when, to my certain knowledge, her mother wanted her to have some like mine."

"She certainly could afford the most fashionable and expensive."

"Of course, and that's what makes it seem so strange."

It seemed somewhat strange to George Benton too, for he had heard the circumstances of the purchase from his sister, who was with Alice at the time; but still he believed that she must have had a good motive for the act. Miss Durand did not often act unreasonably. So, thought he, "She has been to see some one in — street, where only poor families live. That is fact number two;" and he began to make deductions, yet reserved the final inference to be drawn from farther premises. Fact number three was furnished not long after. It was on this wise. He was at a large party, and, searching through the crowded rooms for Alice, whom he presumed to be there, his attention was arrested by the conversation of two young ladies.

"Yes, Bell, it is, as you say, a beautiful

dress, but not half so pretty as I intended to have it. You know that elegant embroidered robe of Alice Durand's? Well, I determined to have one like it; but the only person I know of who does that kind of work, had to get sick just as I wanted her."

"How provoking! That's always the way with these needlewomen: they think nothing of disappointing us. I never would employ her again, if I were you."

"Nor shall I: Jane Lester has done her last work for me," said the first speaker—no other than Clara Morgan.

"Yes, Miss Lester has done her last work of that kind. You are quite right, Miss Clara."

They both started: it was Dr. Weston who spoke. He had heard their heartless remarks, and there was unusual seriousness in his tone.

"Why, what do you know of her?" asked one of them.

"That she is very ill, and will not recover. Indeed, I think she would have been in her grave before now, but for the kindest of care."

"I am glad she is so fortunate," said Miss Morgan, with a sense of relief. "It is not every one in her situation that can afford a good nurse."

"Nor could she, but for the goodness of one in similar circumstances to yours."

"Indeed! but you do not mean that any one of *our circle* is exercising such uncalled-for condescension."

"I do mean that there is one young lady of my acquaintance of '*our circle*,' that can both devise and perform generous deeds, however lowly the object."

"Of whom are you speaking, Doctor?" now inquired Mr. Benton, who had been an observant listener.

"I must mention no names," replied Dr. W. with a smile. "She would not thank me for making public her private charities."

"Yet you have actually done it," said one of the young ladies.

"I have commended the actions, without giving to the actor a notoriety she would shun; and let me add, my dear girls, her conduct is worthy of imitation."

"It's plain to be seen some one is to be canonized as a 'saint' or 'sister of mercy,' to

say the least," said Clara, as soon as the Doctor passed on.

"It must be Alice," mused George Benton: "I know of none other to whom Dr. Weston's words can apply, and I half suspect it is some charitable mission that keeps her from here to-night."

It was a spring morning in April. Jane Lester's couch had been drawn to the window, that she might share in the sweet influences of that glorious morning. She lay there, calmly thinking of the present and the future, when Alice Durand entered the room.

To her kind inquiries how she had passed the night, and how she felt this morning, Jane replied:

"O, comfortably—quite comfortably! much pain, but patience to bear it: little sleep, but many pleasant thoughts."

"I have brought you the first spring flowers from our garden. Are they not beautiful?"

"They are indeed. I thank you for them, and O, much more for the flowers of peace and hope with which your kindness has cheered my pathway."

"Think not of that, dear girl," said Alice, with deep feeling: "I have been far happier for the little I have done than it could possibly render you."

"I will tax your kindness with but one more request: it is, that your father will permit us to remain in this house until I am gone. You know that next week we should move, as father must take a smaller dwelling now."

"That is all arranged: he will not move at all, but stay here free of rent; and I will come sometimes to see the children: they shall not want."

"God bless you!—he will bless you. But they will not be long dependent upon your charity. As soon as father is able——"

"Call it not charity: it is only help which the stronger should give the weak in time of need."

A look of grateful satisfaction overspread Jane's pale face. She clasped her hands and closed her eyes a moment, as if in silent prayer, then whispered, "Now you will read to me."

Alice had already taken from her pocket

the little Bible whose precious contents had long been the sewing-girl's solace, and which she had requested Miss Durand to keep as a memorial of her.

"Is there any particular chapter you would like to hear?" she asked.

"This morning reminds me of the resurrection: read, if you please, the fifteenth of First Corinthians."

Alice complied; and while she was reading that sublime argument on the doctrine of a future life, Mr. Lester and the children had quietly entered the room. When she came to the words: "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" the dying girl repeated after her those exulting words with such energy as caused all to turn their attention to her; and, lo! with that triumphant exclamation on her lips, the breath had left her mortal body! Her freed spirit had "put on immortality."—*The Examiner*.

THE DEWDROP AND THE DIAMOND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A DEWDROP, bright with all the rays
That summer noon could lend her,
Lay smiling on a rose's breast
In evanescent splendor.
"Behold," said Folly passing by,
"This gem the rose adorning!
How like a pearl of priceless worth
It sparkles to the morning."

A diamond, lost from Beauty's brow,
Lay lonely in the by-way;
And heard the words that Folly spoke,
Repeated from the highway.
"Ah me!" she said, "this transient thing
Extorts the praise of many;
While I am trodden in the dust,
Unseen, unknown of any."

Hush! Envy, hush! the true of heart
Should bear without repining:
Thy light is not the less thine own
That none can see it shining!
The dew exhaling in the sun
Shall fade from men's opinion,
While thou mayst live to grace a crown
In glory and dominion!

A FRIEND.

BY MISS JULIA PLEASANTS.

Commend me to the friend who comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The sufferings of its own:

Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At Pleasure's gay levee,
But comes to gild a sombre hour,
And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done,
He freely gives me all I ask,
A sigh for every one.

He cannot wear a smiling brow
When mine is touched with gloom,
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To ever-changing sky:

Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's ivy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting flock
That seeks the southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.

O, such a friend! he is, in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

Huntsville Democrat.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him; and, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and, pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the wind in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, is my Father."

THOUGHTS OF OUR OLD HOME.

BY ANNIE.

In fancy, I'm wandering again
Amid the lovely scenes of childhood:
I ramble over hill and plain,
And cull the flowers in the green wildwood,
That grew by our dear home.

I see again the meadow green,
I wander in the shady grove;
I see the brook, the bubbling stream,
Gemmed with flowers that taught me love
When we were at our home.

I roam the hills in autumn-time,
And gather nuts from off the trees;
I see the rose and the wild woodbine;
I feel the soft refreshing breeze
That I felt at our loved home.

And there's the clear and sparkling spring,
With tall trees bending over,
Their boughs so thickly woven in,
They seem to form an arch to cover
The spring at our old home.

And then at night we'd cluster round
Our parents at the cheerful fire,
And join in one harmonious sound
In praising Him who rules on high,
When we were at our home.

But some of those beloved ones,
Whose cheerful voice I loved to hear,
Like flowers, have faded; but they're gone
To bloom again in a brighter sphere:
They dwell in heaven—their home.

THE way to increase what we have is to use it: to him that hath, shall be given. It is not hoarding the talents, but trading with them, that doubles them.

CULTIVATE RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

BROTHER JONES:—I am very well pleased with *The Parlor Visitor*, and should like to see it have an extended circulation. I like its spirit and tone. I wish the editors of *The Tennessee Baptist* would publish your article to obstreperous land-mark men, in your February number, in their paper. I think it would do good.

I have been a Baptist for more than thirty-six years, and profess to be a thorough Bible Baptist: could n't be any thing else, without violating my convictions of duty. I am a strong, but yet a charitable (religious) Baptist. I would not compromise one article of Bible truth, knowingly, to save my right arm. I try to cultivate the religious feelings that actuated and governed our predecessors, as Baptists, from the apostles to the present century; and, with them, by the grace of God, would suffer imprisonment, stripes, or death, if called to do so, in defence of the truth, as held by Baptists.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, I am not an old land-mark man. I can't see what good can result from it. It seems to me it is well calculated to foster a spirit of hardness, and engender any thing else but a spirit of brotherly love in the hearts of most men who embrace it. Its spirit does seem uncongenial with humility and that "charity that thinketh no evil."

I frequently think of a saying of old brother Whitsett, who was called the Father of the Baptists in Tennessee. He used to say: "The Baptists must be right—must be the Church of God—else they would certainly come to nothing; for the Devil is against them, the world is against them, other denominations of Christians are against them, and they are against themselves. But God is for them, and that keeps them up."

I do verily believe the Baptist Church is that organization that "the gates of hell shall never prevail against." It has existed for more than eighteen hundred years, and doubtless will continue to exist, and still be upheld by that same omnipotent arm that has hitherto sustained it, till "time shall be no more."

Knowing the impregnable grounds we occupy as Bible Baptists—feeling an assurance

that our principles are as firm as the Rock of Ages, and that we have a "Thus saith the Lord" for our faith and practice, is there not danger of our becoming too exalted and too high-churchified? Was not the process a little like this that led to infallibility in Rome? Human nature has proved "the heart deceitful above all things," and I think we cannot guard it too well.

I dislike the idea of attaching such notions of sanctity to a mere pulpit! or to consecrated burial-grounds, bells, wooden crosses, painted images, or any other popish notion! I do not consider a pulpit desecrated, or a church (house) polluted by the declamation of any one; and shall I be forbidden to ask a pious, humble, good man to preach in my pulpit because he can't see as I do? Shall I deprive myself from being instructed, edified, and comforted by a good Presbyterian or Methodist brother, because he will not be a Baptist? I think not.

As far as we can unite, let us do it, and help each other on to heaven. We can preach, pray, and sing together. We can talk about religion, and we can enjoy ourselves as Christians—as children of the same Heavenly Father. Let us do so.—Yours, etc.,

NAT. G. SMITH.

TULIP, Ark.

THE SILENT REBUKE.

THE following incident occurred within my personal experience. I give it publicity, in the humble hope that it may meet the eye of some of my fellow-teachers in the fold of Christ's lambs, who have not hitherto so sincerely attended to the subject as the urgency of the case requires. I had been for two years the teacher of the Bible class in a well-conducted Sunday-school. It was my delight to meet my pupils. I was happy in having won their confidence and affection, and it was my sincere desire to lead them to Christ. I had avoided all extremes in dress, neither being singularly plain, nor at any time fine. I one day went to my class in a new bonnet, and, for the first time, wore flowers in my cap. I did not feel so comfortable as usual, but my own scholars did n't seem to notice the change. When the duties of the day

were over, and the pupils were ready to go to church, a girl in one of the lower classes left the room. This girl was exceedingly ignorant, and rather deficient in intellect. After an absence of a few minutes, she returned, took her seat, and by smiling and staring round the room, gained universal attention. The object of her exit was soon known, for she was now decorated with three fully-blown roses on each side of her face!

My confusion must be felt to be conceived—the public exposure adding greatly to the severity of the rebuke. I then came to the conclusion, which I have never since had occasion to regret, that simplicity of dress is more becoming to “women, professing godliness” than “gold, or pearls, or costly array.”—*Church of England Sunday-school Quarterly.*

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

BY FANCIE FREE.

THE Lady Fredonia had roamed through foreign lands, and beheld the many evils that oppress our race, and impede human progress in its onward march toward the goal of happiness and perfection.

She had seen the abuse of power by tyrants, the overjoying pride of moneyed aristocrats, the narrow policy of crafty ministers, and the slavish and deluded masses, who are oppressed and governed by their machinations. “Alas!” said she, “for the rulers and the ruled;” and with mingled scorn and pity, she gathered her children and followers around her, and bade an eternal farewell to those darkened regions of the earth. And soon the snowy sail was swelling to the ocean breeze, and the gallant vessel bore them on, across the wide waste of waters, to a far-off shore, where, with God and nature, they were resolved to dwell in happiness and freedom.

At last she discovered, amid the white sea-foam, the “rock-bound coast” of the “Beautiful Island,” and safely moored by its lonely strand. She proceeded with her brave sons and virtuous daughters to build temples of worship to the true God, and altars to the fair spirit of Liberty, whereon they kindled a sacred fire, which they pledged a solemn vow

should never be extinguished. Here, in peace and in freedom, dwelt the Lady Fredonia and her brave and true children, practicing the exalted virtues of religion and the gentle arts of industry and peace, until the “wilderness blossomed as the rose;” while cities arose, and science reared her classic halls in their midst, and their treasury was enriched by commerce with the wealth of other lands. Then was sounded abroad the fame of the “Beautiful Island” and its happy inhabitants; and thousands sighed like them to enjoy the equal rule of the fair spirits of Liberty and Justice.

Murmurs of discontent arose among the down-trodden nations afar off, and ships came laden with hundreds to the shores of the happy and free, who extended to them the welcome of hospitality and right hand of fellowship. Time rolled on, and the strangers grew rich on the liberality of the children of the Lady Fredonia; and they became proud and arrogant, and happiness and freedom sufficed them not. Then they arose, and counselled among themselves in strange dialects, and said, “We will not be satisfied longer to dwell at ease in this household, but we will aspire to keep the keys thereof, though we built not the house, and we will bear sway in this land, though we purchased it not with the pains, toil, and sufferings, that were endured by the natives of the island in years gone by. For now we have become rich, and waxed strong, and we will remember our former poverty no more; neither the generosity of the Lady Fredonia, but we will entice away some of the wealthiest of her children, and combine with them to bear rule over the rest. And we will bring them enemies from far countries, and priests from ‘strange altars,’ and we will set at naught the counsels of their wise men of old.” Then arose the Lady and all her true and faithful children, and all the patriots and sages of the land; and they called a council, and caused to be read from the Book of Liberty the last words and counsel of the great Father of their people, who had gone to the land of spirits; and they joined hands, and with one voice cried out aloud, “Thus will we do! For we find it not good for the stranger whom we have nourished to arise and rule over us

in our own land; and even now we decree that it shall not be." And the Lady Fredonia set sentinels on the watch-tower of Liberty, to keep guard day and night over the heritage of her children; and she decreed that the stranger should rest quiet beneath its shadow, and none should make them afraid; but her children alone should guard her flag on its summit, and wield the sceptre of power within the limits of her domain.

RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE widening moral desolations of our country claim that the Press, as a faithful auxiliary to the ministry and to the missionary work, be pure and vigorously sustained throughout our whole country. The many who condemn the Sabbath, neglect a preached gospel, and lend themselves to the soul-destroying influences around them, present a sad picture to the contemplation of the philanthropist and of the Christian. We need religious periodicals freed of questions of politics, of social reform, or even of Church polity, the high and noble aim of which shall be to point the way of salvation to lost men, to seek out the strongholds of fortified sin, and to pull down the walls of partition which have so long divided Christians; which shall awaken along the line of our membership a thirst for more holiness, for more living religion, and to wrench from us the mistaken notion that party zeal is piety. Through these, as potent agencies, we must reach the "tide of immigration pouring into our country and pressing its fertile plains: through this many-tongued instrumentality we are to reach their various languages, and tear from their deluded minds their oppressive prejudices; and by it the feverish and exciting tide of worldliness and haste to be rich must be allayed, and impress indelibly on the hearts of men that they and all they possess, together with the earth and the fulness thereof, belong to the Lord. By our religious periodicals, we hope to reach the minds and hearts of our young who are wandering from our churches and families to infidelity, and pour in upon them evangelical truth, to guide the Christian in trials to the true source of consolation, in

a suffering, sympathising, exalted Saviour, and to seek his favor, his love, and his wisdom as their only refuge.

May such, indeed, be the influence of those with which we are favored! and as we weekly welcome them to our homes, and earnestly read them, may we be made better, taught, if not to love our own less, God's people more. May we be induced to seek greater attainments in piety, and to wage more successfully our warfare against sin! May they assist us in introducing to our children and to our domestics the truths of vital Christianity, and thus, by the blessing of God, enable us each to make our own a household of faith.

B. T. BLEWETT.

THE THORN IN THE PILLOW.

A LITTLE girl went to visit her grandmother, some distance from her mother's and her father's home. She seemed very happy all day, and she had every thing around her to make her happy; but when her kind grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she observed a tear-drop on the little girl's cheek. "Ah," said the old lady, the next morning, "you were a little home-sick last night, dear."

"Oh, no, grandmother," Mabel replied: "I could never be home-sick here."

It was just so the next night, and the next. At length the grandmother thought, as the little girl seemed troubled, she would sit in the next chamber until the child went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle up the quilt and shake her-pillow, and the grandmother thought she heard a little sob; so she went to the little girl's bed, and said, "Mabel, my child, you have got a thorn in your pillow: what is it?"

Then the little girl hid her face and began to cry aloud. The grandmother was very much troubled. At length the little girl said:

"O, grandmother, when I am alone here I cannot help thinking how I said, 'I won't, mother,' and I cannot unsway it; and mother is so good, and loves me so, and I—I was so naughty."

Then the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here, then, was the thorn in

the pillow, and she could not withdraw it. Ah, so it will be, by-and-by, with that little boy who is selfish and unkind at home now. When he is away among strangers, he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And that little girl who does not care to help her good mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in the grave.

PARSIMONY AND BENEVOLENCE, BOTH UNEXPECTED.

THE life of one who solicits, for benevolent purposes, money from Christians, is marked by great vicissitudes. Sometimes his heart burns and glows with delight as he meets with warm-hearted, open-handed, and open-parsed brethren, who respond to the calls of duty as a desirable luxury and real pleasure. Then again his soul freezes within him while some churlish miser scowls upon his petition, and as, buttoning up his coat, he turns upon his heel, and with a frown bids him good morning.

Something of this latter feeling was exhibited on a large scale lately, in one of the large wealthy churches of the United States, during a visit from brother Oncken. With apparent cordiality, the Church agreed to give an opportunity to present the claims of Germany in the pulpit. After a fervent and interesting address, in which an account was presented of the great work among the German population, and the wide door of usefulness just opened for the spread of the gospel among the people of the Germanic States, an opportunity was given to the people to contribute as the Lord had prospered them, and the ardor of their love prompted them to respond to his call.

Brother Oncken waited for some time to receive their gifts, but, alas! waited in vain: not a dollar was given, not a shilling was offered, and with sad disappointment that good brother descended the pulpit and started for the door. As he went down the aisle, a plain-looking man, apparently a shoemaker by trade, stepped up and said:

"My dear brother, are they not going to give you any thing for your chapels?"

"I don't know," was the reply; "but it seems not."

"It is too bad," said the shoemaker: "they ought to do something!"

"I have done my duty, and they must do theirs. I must leave them in the Lord's hands," said Brother Oncken.

"Well, I feel ashamed of the affair, for the church and for the town," responded the shoemaker: "I am really ashamed."

They parted, and no more was thought of the matter, till the next day, as the preacher was about stepping into the cars, he heard heavy foot-falls behind him, and turning round, beheld the poor shoemaker of last night running toward him, with the large drops of perspiration standing on his brow.

"Good morning," said he, half out of breath: "I was afraid I would be too late: I wanted to do something for you, and have been running round among my poor neighbors to see what I could collect: I could not do much, but here is what I have raised;" handing over at the same time some fourteen dollars.

Brother Oncken took the gift, and heartily thanked him, asking if he was a member of the church where he preached last night, or to which of the Baptist churches of the place he belonged?

"I don't belong to any," was his answer.

"Where, then, do you belong?"

"O, I ain't a Baptist at all: I am a Methodist!"—*Selected.*

LIFE'S CHANGES.—A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

ONE day not long since, early in the morning, that miserable conveyance which takes the poor and friendless dead of St. Louis to the City Cemetery, at the city's expense, halted in front of a house in a street of the southern part of the city. The driver alighted from the wagon, entered the house, but appeared again soon after, carrying, in company with another alike disinterested-looking man, a coffin made of rough boards. The coffin was placed on the wagon, and it made speed

over the deserted streets towards the cemetery.

Not one followed the wagon with a sorry look—not one stood at her grave with a feeling heart when the earth fell upon her coffin; and yet this coffin contained the corpse of a lady who once was sincerely adored by hundreds: who once was humored, extolled, envied in society: who could command riches; and who, but a few years ago, before she trod the shores of this continent, could expect a happy and contented old age.

This lady was Rosa Necchemi, the daughter of an immensely wealthy Polish nobleman. In early youth she was taken to the Imperial Court of Austria, where, in her eighteenth year, she was married to a French nobleman, who also was very rich. Rosa Necchemi lived many long and happy years, partly upon the possessions of her husband, partly travelling through Germany, Spain, Italy, and England, and gave birth to three sons, who received the best of education, and upon whom the eyes of the parents rested with great pride.

But then the July revolution at Paris came: Rosa's husband took a considerable and active part in it, and on the 28th he fell from the effect of three shots which he received. His name is still honored with a place on the column in the Place de la Bastille.

Of the sons, the oldest one, an exceedingly gifted young man, was surpassingly successful in Spain, and was, at that time, private secretary to King Ferdinand. After the King's death, he removed to a villa in the neighborhood of Valencia, where, as is believed, he fell a prey to the dagger of an assassin.

The second son, who had joined himself to the ministers of the Church, was an especial favorite of Pope Gregory. He died also soon after that event.

The third son, yet very young, remained with his mother, who found an asylum in Switzerland, whither she carried the remnants of her ruined fortune. In his sixteenth year, he left his mother and came to America. In New Orleans he soon found employment, and earned much money. Bad associations, and his own inclination to dissipation, caused him to deviate from the proper path; and some five years ago, he grasped at the last and

most contemptible means to save his credit—he persuaded his old mother to cross the ocean. She could not refuse the prayer of her only son, and arrived. She succeeded in bringing with her six thousand dollars, which sum was spent by her son in a short time. About a year ago, he ended his career in New Orleans. Being employed as deputy-sheriff, he killed a Creole by stabbing him. He escaped to California, and his old mother, to whom New Orleans naturally became a place of extreme hatred, turned her steps towards St. Louis.

One day last week, early in the morning, the miserable city hearse conveyed the remains of Rosa Necchemi to the last unwelcome resting-place. Such is life!—*Selected.*

FOUR DEATH-BEDS!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was one of the most distinguished men of the eighteenth century. From a small beginning he was raised to a high rank and consideration among men; but, alas! he was a stranger to true religion. During his last illness, we are told that he read and conversed cheerfully with his family and friends: that he often transacted business, and that he often indulged himself in those *jeux d'esprit* and entertaining anecdotes which were the delight of all who heard him. The only allusion to religion of which we have any account is this:

"He acknowledged a grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from the Supreme Being; and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly intended to wean him from a world in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him."

Thus died the philosopher; and his death is often spoken of by Deists as all that could be desired. But we find no traces of love and hope, of joy and heavenly aspiration. He died as a Grecian philosopher, who had never heard the name of Jesus, might have been expected to die. Is this the most desirable state of mind in which an immortal spirit can leave this world? If such a death be worthy of a philosopher, let not my last end be like his!

Voltaire was a celebrated infidel, who de-

lighted to treat God and his word with contempt. In his last illness he frequently exclaimed, "I am abandoned by God and man." To Dr. Trochin he said, "Doctor, I will give you half what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life." The Doctor replied: "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." "Then," said Voltaire, "I shall go to hell, and you will go with me!" He soon after expired. How affecting! how horrible the death of this man!

A worldling, when on his death-bed, was reminded of the great truths of the gospel—of his own guilt—of the redemption of Christ Jesus, and of the regeneration of the Holy Spirit. "Yea, Sir," was the reply: "these things are all true—all true; but to me they are like something that is too far off: I cannot grasp them." And thus he died, stupidly and insensibly.

Augustus Toplady, the author of a great many of our beautiful hymns, a few days before his death, said to a friend: "O, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me! This afternoon I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words, or any language, to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable. On another occasion he said: "My prayers are all converted into praises." And again he exclaimed: "O, how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever! O that some guardian-angel might be commissioned, for I long to be absent from this body, and to be with the Lord for ever!" Waking from slumber only a little before his death, he exclaimed: "O, what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heavens?" His last words were: "The sky is clear, there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Thus died the Christian, trusting and rejoicing, praising and triumphing.

Here are four death-beds. No one will feel ready to say, "Let me die the death of Franklin, and let my last end be like his." Nor will this be said of Voltaire, or of the worldling. Many are ready to wish they may die

the death of the righteous—that death may come to them without its sting, that they may triumph over it. But such wishes are sinful and foolish, if the sinner is all the while rejecting Christ, and running greedily to do iniquity. Reader, if you are out of Christ, you are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. "Turn ye, turn ye: why will ye die?" Solemn scenes are before us: death and judgment are at the door. If they find you Christless, unpardoned, and unsanctified, yours will be an undone eternity. Except ye repent, and be converted, ye shall all likewise perish. But for the believer to die is truly blessed. A happy thing it is to leave sin and sorrow, and to be gathered into Jesus' bosom. Happier still to awake at the resurrection in the likeness of our glorified Redeemer. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

—Selected.

RETURNING TO JESUS.

SHEPHERD divine, thy little flock behold
Returning to the long-forsaken fold:
Be thou to us a Saviour as of old,
Blest Jesus!

Prove now thyself a friend in very deed,
Thou promised refuge in the time of need:
Thy sacred name is only what we plead,
Dear Jesus!

With bitter tears of anguish we lament
So long our time in foolish wand'ring spent:
Thee have we wounded, but anew repent,
Dear Jesus!

O, let us feel again thy warm embrace,
Rejoicing in the smile of thy face,
And trusting in the never-failing grace
Of Jesus!

Henceforth be thou our all in all: our aim
Be nothing save the glory of thy name:
Through all the way our song be still the same,
Of Jesus!

So, dwelling 'neath the shadow of thy wing,
Do thou our footsteps to thy mansion bring,
Where we shall ceaseless songs celestial sing
To Jesus!

—True Union.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

A MOTHER desires to render a tribute of praise to her covenant-keeping God and Father for his great goodness to her, in the peaceful death of a beloved and only son.

From his earliest years he was consecrated to God by his parents, and an earnest desire was cherished that he might give his heart to the Saviour while young, and spend his life in his service. The field of labor was not chosen. The mother's heart said, "Let him preach Christ to the perishing in our own land, or labor as a missionary in any part of the world, even the most remote portion of it, if there he can do most for Christ." At times she had agonising desires for his immediate conversion, which could not be hidden from her Christian friends, and she would often request them to remember her "poor boy." They were very, very faithful to her request: ministers and missionaries, when members of the family circle, besides private Christians. Although at times he was the subject of religious impressions, and had the strivings of the Holy Spirit, yet he would fall back again, from love of present pleasure. Thus passed his youthful days, thus he grew into manhood. The great business of life—preparation for eternity—was neglected, more, as he said in his last illness, from indifference than from decided opposition.

His decline was gradual, from pulmonary consumption. Though we had witnessed the wasting of disease, when the physician said last spring that he would not probably live through or beyond August, it was very unexpected to us. With intense interest did we watch for some expression by which we might learn the secret feelings of his heart. Fearing to press the subject of religion in conversation, lest we should weary him and excite opposition, we could do little except pray for him; and faith whispered that prayer would be answered.

In July, after having failed very rapidly for several weeks, he was told that the doctor said he might pass away very suddenly. He was alarmed—not having, as he said, "anticipated immediate danger." Deep anxiety was awakened. At this point, the very judicious conversation of a Christian friend made

the way of return to God seem easy and pleasant. He was sorry for the past: he did want pardon for Christ's sake. The Saviour, in his infinite compassion, met and welcomed him, and soon, to our unspeakable joy, he expressed a hope that he was savingly trusting in Christ. How wonderful to us seemed the love of the Redeemer, that when sought in the soul's extremity, even as a last refuge, he should show only his smiling face, and say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

He rallied after being brought, toward the last of July, apparently to the very borders of the grave, though from that time he rode out but once, and seldom left his chamber. He was in a sweet, quiet state, gentle and uncomplaining; but saying less of his hopes and desires than we wished.

As the end drew near, there was a rapid maturing of religious feeling. He expressed a deep sense of his unworthiness: he wept over his sins: Christ was indeed his only hope. To a friend and former room-mate, he sent this message: "I have found there is only one way—one way. We must trust in Christ: Christ is the only pilot that can take us to heaven." The hymn commencing, "Just as I am, without one plea," expressed his feelings. He longed for heaven. "Heaven! heaven! heaven!" he exclaimed, and said it seemed strange that such great sinners could be admitted there. During the last days he earnestly besought the Saviour to come for him, often saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" "Come! come! come!"—"When will Christ come?"—"I am going"—"Almost in heaven"—were among his dying words. The sting of death was truly taken away, and he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Sabbath morning, October 29, 1854, at the age of twenty-seven years.

The blest Mother wishes to speak, through your journal, to other mothers, of the goodness of God in answering prayer. But here language fails—words can never express the feelings of the soul in view of it. She would most earnestly say to mothers, Persevere in prayer for your children. As your first act for them, consecrate them to God: seek with all your heart their early conversion, and, though the blessing be delayed, never, never grow weary or indifferent, or lose confidence

in the promises of God. In choice of schools, associates, occupations, keep in view the danger and priceless value of the soul. Let your children see that the salvation of their souls is the first object of desire. It is not wise constantly to urge the subject upon them by direct entreaty: no doubt many have been injured by this course. Speak cheerfully of religion: seek to have all connected with it inviting: let your children see that religion makes you happy. So, my sisters, with God's blessing, may we say, "Here, Lord, are we, and the children thou hast given us."—*Mother's Journal.*

GOING TO A SIGHT.

THE Rev. Mr. Venn once told his children that in the evening he would take them to one of the most interesting sights in the world. They were anxious to know what it was. Perhaps some children will guess it was a show, or a circus, or a ventriloquist, or some such thing.

Mr. Venn did not gratify their curiosity: he only told them to wait. When evening came, he took them by the hand, and led them to a miserable hovel, whose decayed walls and broken windows bespoke poverty and want.

"Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched place as this be happy? Yet this is not all: a poor young man lies on a miserable straw bed within, dying of fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers."

"O, how wretched!" they all exclaimed at once.

Mr. Venn then led them into the cottage, and going up to the poor dying young man, he said: "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that people can be happy in sickness, in poverty, and in want; and now tell them if it is not so."

The dying youth, with a sweet smile, immediately answered, "O yes, Sir: I would not change my state with the richest man on earth who had not the views which I have. Blessed be God, I have a hope, through Christ, of going to heaven, where Lazarus now is. He has a great while ago forgotten all his miseries: soon I shall forget all mine.

Sir, this is nothing to bear, while the presence of God cheers my soul. Indeed, Sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through all eternity; and every hour I thank God, who has given me to enjoy the riches of his goodness and grace through Jesus Christ."

Could there be a more interesting sight than this?

BIRTHDAYS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Barest birthdays, in the happy home!
And tender love prepares
Fond gifts to please the precious child,
That dwelleth on its prayers.
It showereth o'er the blooming youth
Blessings and tokens sweet,
And bows before the hoary head,
To pay an offering meet.

The birthday of the absent! Thought
On winged scroll shall fly
To distant realms, or stranger climes
Beneath a foreign sky;
Or bear that love o'er ocean waves
That fierce with anger frown,
Which many waters cannot quench,
Nor all their billows drown.

The birthday of the dead! Be sure
That sacred date to keep:
Send portions to the sick and poor,
And dry the eyes that weep;
Wring garments round the shrinking form,
Homes for the orphan find,
And bid the light of knowledge beam
Upon the darkened mind.

Spread wide the page that speaks of God;
Speed on the mission-band,
O'er western vales, o'er Asia's wilds,
Or far Liberia's strand:
Give teachers to the prairie-child,
Shed hope o'er souls forlorn:
Speak kindly words to erring hearts
That feel the sting of scorn.

Remember those who climb the shroud,
And plough the surging main;
Breathe pity through the prison-grate
On sin's despairing train:
For all mankind let deeds and prayers
Of pure good-will be given,
So shall the birthdays of the dead
Help thine own soul to heaven.

Literary Notices.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY—THE WORKS OF J. B. WALKER.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION: A Book for the Times. By an AMERICAN CITIZEN. A new edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 12mo, pp. 286. (For sale by Toon, Nelson & Co., Nashville.)

THIS work, by the author of "God Revealed in Creation and in Christ," has been greatly and justly extolled both in this country and in Europe; and although it has been before the public for some years, it may not be out of place to make this new edition the occasion for calling renewed attention to it.

The "Introductory Essay" in the present edition, written by Dr. Stowe, presents a very natural and truthful illustration of faith and skepticism. The allegory of Benignus and Contumax is happily conceived, and handsomely told. They are represented as shipwrecked upon an island where some benevolent persons had erected a rude hut, provided with good though humble fare, in anticipation of such disasters. Benignus, thankful at having escaped with life, is most happy in finding this shelter, and in every thing in it sees cause for gratitude to those unknown benefactors whose foresight and care had prepared such accommodations. Contumax, on the contrary, only frets and complains at his hard fortune, sees no evidence whatever that the shelter and food here provided were designed; and as proofs of the fact accumulate, thinks that at best the providers of them were extremely niggardly. The application is obvious: it is briefly and felicitously improved upon by the author, who closes his introductory by commending the object and character of books like the one before us: "Such books are just so much to our stock of real intellectual wealth. They are like introducing into a community the gold and silver coins in full weight, instead of setting up a new bank on paper capital and issuing paper. The argument will always be entirely satisfactory to Benignus; and though Contumax may still continue to cavil, every one will see that cavilling and refusing are two very different matters."

The first chapter of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," which forms the general introductory to the work, sets forth the positions: That man will worship; that he be-

comes assimilated to the object worshipped; and that he has no power to extricate himself from the corruption resulting from improper objects of worship. The reasoning upon these points is clear and demonstrative, evolved and expressed in the plainest and simplest manner. The degrading and immoral tendency of heathen idolatry is fairly and strongly made out by an appeal to history. Nothing, indeed, to our mind is more certain. The savage, brutal, and to us almost unnatural character of the ancient Assyrians, for example, if not formed, was no doubt confirmed mainly by the nature of their theogony, and the influence of their bestial and mongrel images upon the heart and imagination. And herein unquestionably is to be found one of the great causes of the perversion of human nature in Greece and Rome: of their constant turmoils, and their ungovernable licentiousness amid all their progress and refinement in letters and in the arts, and under the most benign and equal forms of government. For where each individual could find warrant in the example of some deity for any and every form of criminality, violence, and sedition, what wonder that violence and sedition were ever rife, rending the foundations of their institutions! The greater wonder is that they arrived at the political glory they attained to. But we may not dwell for comment. The succeeding chapters, comprising about half of the work, relate chiefly to the Old Testament dispensation, the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt, the Mosaic institutions, ceremonies, sacrifices, &c. Coming from Egypt with little previous knowledge, no national prejudices, and with the habit of obedience, the Jewish mind is represented as "almost a *tabula rasa*," prepared to "receive the moulding of a master-hand and the impress of a governing mind." The sore bondage had fulfilled important uses, uniting the Israelites by a common lot, a common tie of sympathy, &c., and rendering them humble and dependent. The miracles of Moses before Pharaoh in Egypt, directed chiefly against the Egyptian system of idolatry, had overturned their faith and reverence in regard to pagan worship, and prepared them for a higher object and a purer religion.

The uses of the Mosaic dispensation, its

rites and ceremonies, and especially sacrifices, are presented by our author in so clear and forcible a light, and the whole system thus stands out so beautiful and so unmistakably Divine, as to suggest at first glance that this mode of worship ought to be perpetuated, or at least that it would be the best introductory to the gospel among the heathen, and the most suitable initiatory means by which to conduct the youth of our own land to Christianity, leading them step by step through the same types and shadows to a full and enduring conception of the archetypes to which the whole system refers. We have here the means by which the mental conception of God's character was gradually formed in the human mind. But this conception once formed, and represented by language capable of at once calling it up, it is evident that the means by which, through a tedious process, it was at first arrived at are no longer necessary. (If this hint appears to any reader unintelligible, he will please consult our author, on page 114, where he will find it evolved in full, clear and luminous.) Nevertheless, the importance of an attentive study of the Old Dispensation, in order to a full comprehension of the spirit of the New, can hardly be overrated; and we should not forget, in contemplating the requirements of the former, to consider attentively "what impressions they were adapted to make on the Jewish mind."

Having considered the old "material system, by which religious ideas were conveyed through the senses," the author proceeds to "the spiritual system, in which abstract ideas were conveyed by words and parables." This leads to several topics of the highest moment and interest: as, the proper medium of conveying perfect instruction to man; proofs of the Messiahship of Christ; the condition in life necessary for the Messiah to assume in order to the greatest benefit to the human race; the Divine manifestations to man requisite to produce affectionate obedience; faith as a medium of truth; and the influence of faith in Christ upon man's moral nature; the design and importance of the means of grace; the agency of God in the work of redemption, etc.—all of which are discussed in a style strictly logical, and yet the most simple and easy of comprehension, leading from premises to conclusions, in a direct path, lucid as a track of light—presenting on the whole one of the most fascinating, powerful, and demonstrative series of reasoning that we have ever read.

To this edition a supplementary chapter is added, designed to meet "rational philosophy," or Socinianism—modern transcendentalism—showing the necessity of a *written Revelation* as a means of moral culture, presenting itself to the mind as a matter of objective truth. The argument here leads irre-

sistibly to the conclusion that a revelation from God is necessary, that the revelation of the Gospel is the only true one, and that it contains within itself every thing that is required, both as to precept and example, to elevate man towards that perfection which should be his object and aim. The inward or subjective light of reason is shown to be utterly inadequate to correct notions of the attributes of God, a knowledge of which is indispensable to moral culture. Faith, the guide to action, is blind without revelation: conscience blindly follows faith, whether that faith be true or false; a revelation is imperatively demanded to confirm and direct faith, and give authority to conscience. And truly, as our author remarks, if the revelation we have is not the true one, we never need expect one; for it subverts all the requirements of our mental constitution and moral progress, so that even if another revelation were given, it would be a worse one, for it could not be a better.

GOD REVEALED IN THE PROCESS OF CREATION; AND BY THE MANIFESTATION OF JESUS CHRIST. By JAMES B. WALKER, Author of "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855. 12mo, pp. 273.

HAVING said so much of the preceding work, we have not space at present to note the contents of this. It is divided into two parts. Book I. considers the progressive development of creation, and, refuting the Lamarckian theory, shows the indications of a Creator in this progress. In laying down the premises, the treatise for a few pages is somewhat heavy; but after these preliminary steps, it is powerful, and fraught with the most weighty interest. The argumentation is logical and irresistible; while it teems with new ideas, and awakens the grandest conceptions. Book II. treats of man and his responsibilities considered in connection with Divine law and Divine revelation. It is, perhaps, not on the whole as impressive as the first part, although in some portions it is more so. The seriousness, dignity, and logical cast of the whole is well sustained. It is characterized by natural ease and simplicity of expression. There is great brevity, but still great clearness—the ideas being introduced in such a manner as to suggest, by a sort of unmistakable directness, the conclusion.

The "Addendum" is a pleasant satire upon Dr. Edward Beecher's hypothesis of preëxistence, in his "Conflict of Ages."

We rejoice to see these works receiving an extensive circulation. If works of this stamp and character were to take the place of many of the controversial publications that are issuing from the religious press, some of which, we are sorry to believe, are the bane of all religion and all good, it would advance and

magnify, instead of confusing and depressing, the cause of Christianity. Works of controversy are too often but wedges of discord, reading asunder that which should be bound in unity by the hands of love. While they foster uncharitableness, excite intolerance and wrangling, and awaken all those elements of ill-will and strife which it is the province of undefiled religion to allay, they consume in their perusal a vast deal of precious time, divert attention from the study of the Bible and those other sources of knowledge fitted to throw light upon revealed truth, and engender in the hearts of men that contentious and impatient spirit to which calm and impartial investigation becomes distasteful, and indeed impossible. In magnifying the importance of some subtle point, left perhaps indeterminate by the inspired writers as too immaterial to require the waste of words, and concentrating all the faculties of the mind, in a whirlpool of zeal and passion, around this narrow point, to the neglect of what is truly exalted and expansive in Christian sentiment and aim, such ill-advised publications not unfrequently do more to subvert the spirit and check the progress of true religion than open infidelity. Books, on the contrary, of a stamp with the two above-noticed, have a tendency to quell this evil working within, while repelling the assaults from without. Diverting the attention from unimportant party issues, and presenting the great essentials of Christianity to the calm judgment of intellect and moral consciousness, they awaken just conceptions of the nature and import of revelation. Such works are fitting companions of the Bible, and especially the two before us. Read them. w.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Quite a number of our exchanges notice most favorably the connection of Elder Baylies with this work. The Louisiana Baptist says:

"The Parlor Visitor, Nashville, Tenn., heretofore so ably conducted by Dr. W. P. Jones, is to be enlarged and illustrated, while Rev. W. H. Baylies, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Nashville, has become equally identified with Dr. Jones both in its editorial and financial management. The first number in the enlarged form will appear about the first of July.

"We have always had a very high opinion of The Parlor Visitor as it was; but now that brother W. H. Baylies, whose praise is in all the Churches in this country, and wherever else he is known, has become one of its editors, we shall expect it to be improved.

And, as there are so many Baptists in the South who love to talk about the good and great qualities of brother Baylies's mind, we shall expect a great increase of The Visitor's circulation in the region where brother B. has so faithfully and ably labored. Did you love to hear him preach and talk? Take The Visitor, and you will have the best of his thoughts—as it were, hear him preach—yes, preach—once a month. Brother B. could not publish a magazine that would n't preach.

"The price—increased to forty-eight pages and illustrated—will be \$2 in advance. Any one sending \$10 for five subscribers will be entitled to a copy one year for his trouble. Take our word for it, and send on \$2 by the 15th of June, or 1st of July at the farthest, and you will get a magazine worth a hundred novels."

TO THE LADIES.—The Visitor has ever been independent—INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND NEUTRAL AT DISCRETION. We would not edit a paper of this kind upon other principles.

We have acted upon the belief that the ladies are a portion of the human family, and as such equally entitled with any other portion of the family to food for thought. In thus acting, some seem to think us out of order: that all of you should be treated as playthings—as puppets: that The Visitor should abound with poetic reference to dew-drops, daisies, and moonshine, but cautiously avoid giving expression to an idea upon any subject which might, in any possible event, elicit opposition: that it is no place for controversy. Others object to our independent expression with reference to some, so-called, religious literature of the day: think it out of taste, and an outrage upon fashionable propriety, to introduce religion in The Parlor. Others again, though knowing us to be a Baptist, think we transcend our rights when—through compulsion even—we give a reason for the faith that is in us. You will thus, dear reader, see how difficult it is to please everybody. We are no politician: at least, our only policy, in real statesman phrase, is to "see that we are right, then go ahead;" or, more soberly expressed, to seek the path of duty, then fearlessly pursue it; and thus will we be governed in future. J.

THE BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT of the renowned German missionary will no doubt be regarded by many persons as worth a year's subscription to the Parlor Visitor. Will not twelve such at least prompt every friend of the work to increased exertions in its behalf? Our expenses are largely increased: shall our income be proportionate? We have been willing to incur the risk, trusting to your appreciation.

Will not each of those receiving the enlarged and illustrated numbers, instead of former size, to the end of the year, furnish us one subscriber?

To those whose term of subscription would have expired with the June number, we send this. Should they feel disposed to renew their subscriptions, and order immediately, they will be furnished another copy of the present number.

If any would like to take *The Visitor*, and do not desire the work by the year, they can take it for six months by forwarding to our address \$1.

THE VISITOR.—We do earnestly entreat our female friends, and our Baptist sisters especially, to interest themselves in behalf of *The Visitor*.

We know that many of them can make up at least one club of five subscribers, send us ten dollars, and thus secure one copy for themselves free of charge.

Will you not do it, sisters and friends, at once, and encourage your editors, and enable them to effect their purpose, of publishing a paper worthy of you? We think you will. We think you will set to work heartily in answer to this request; and hope that we shall soon have the satisfaction of recording many names as the result of your friendly efforts in our behalf.

How truly has it been said that "the fashion of this world passeth away?" Our readers will doubtless notice very many changes in the style of *The Visitor*. Some of those alterations will be regarded by some as of questionable propriety. For example: articles now written expressly for *The Parlor Visitor*, as those extracted, when having the author's name or initials, appear simply with the title, *BY THE AUTHOR*. We are aware that this change, at first view, will not be regarded by all as an improvement. But such is the prevailing custom with most publishers; and it has many advantages. Many subscribers have their magazines bound, and they become more book-like with the omission referred to. And if the readers of other magazines are presumed to be intelligent enough to know from whence comes every article, republished without credit to the paper or volume, we will not presume our readers less intelligent than others. Those who have taken *The Visitor* hitherto will bear us testimony that this change is not in any wise dictated for want of original matter. Our cultivated friends have kindly furnished abundant ma-

terial for the work. Now, however, that it is increased in size, number of pages, and solidity of matter, we hope those kind friends will write more frequently. Not only are the pages broader now, but the wide spaces formerly extending across pages between the articles do not appear in the present number. Instead of these blank spaces, subscribers now have reading matter.

Instead of quotation marks accompanying extracts of prose or poetry, a change of type is allowed to be sufficiently indicative of the passage cited. Thus do fashions change, and we with them. The ladies, recognising the caprices of the old tyrant in articles of dress, will excuse their *Visitor*.

MOTHERS DO SOMETIMES ERR.

ONE of the most distinguished editors of a secular paper in America, or the world, recently, when alluding to the sprinkling of his children, charged it, in great kindness, however, to the partialities of their mother. Referring to her anxiety, the editor used the following language:

"We felt unwilling to make any strong opposition to her wishes, especially as we had very little faith in the efficacy of infant-baptism either for good or for evil, and did not suppose that the sprinkling of a little boy a year or two old, by this, that, or the other Church, would make the slightest difference in his temporal or eternal destiny. So our two little ones were baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. They had godfathers and godmothers; and what those godfathers and godmothers promised, we neither know nor care. If they made any promises, they are entirely welcome to keep them—if they can; but we made none, and we didn't dream of making any. We were not invited to make any. We had not even an opportunity of making any. We were ignored in the whole ceremony. We may add, that if the godfathers and the godmothers promised anything, they have, so far as we know, been utterly neglectful of their promises. And this is the whole matter. Having no faith at the time in infant baptism; believing it to be a thing of no consequence one way or the other, we yielded to the request of the mother of our children to let them be baptized."

A MARRIAGE took place a short time since in New Orleans, at seven o'clock in the evening, but the bride, taking suddenly ill, was dead at nine o'clock; and the same paper that chronicled her nuptials, also published her decease.

Monthly Periscope.

THE THEATRE AND THE DANCE.

As there is such a furor in favor of dancing at the present day, and as this folly is not only becoming fashionable among the children of our Church-members, and thus ruining our Sabbath-schools, but seriously affecting the Christian influence and usefulness of parents, we will be excused for reproducing a former editorial upon this subject.

We received, some weeks since, from a valued female friend, the note before us, asking us to answer through *The Visitor* the following questions:

"Is there any thing in the Bible which positively prohibits Christians attending theatres, and having their children learned to dance?"

Before proceeding to answer the inquiries as here propounded, we may be permitted to premise that there are others from whom, doubtless, the answer to such queries would be more expedient than from us—though we by no means hesitate from considerations of expediency in the expression of our views upon any subject, and therefore proceed at once to answer our very esteemed friend, by a negative response. It is nowhere said in all the Bible, madam, thou shalt not attend the theatre, or that thy children shall not dance. But to the Christian what saith the words of inspiration? Ye are temples of the living God—Kings and Priests unto God—Epistles of Christ, known and read of all men—Ye are bought with a price,—therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's. Can any man, recognizing these as the declarations of Divine truth, regard any one whose taste leads him habitually to the theatre as a Christian?

What, a temple of the Holy Ghost in a theatre! Do men glorify God by taking their bodies and their spirits, which are God's, to such places? The idea is preposterous! So absurd is the thought, that we imagine it never occurred to the mind of an inspired penman that a Christian would wish to go to such places—places designed, in their very nature, for the children of this world. But a new creature in Christ Jesus has nobler and holier sources of enjoyment. He prefers communion and companionship with the God and

Father of his spirit, and has neither feeling, fancy, nor affiliation, for the way of sinners or the seat of the scornful.

It is really, my dear madam, a very nice, and a very important thing, to be a genuine follower of Jesus Christ—a true Christian; and not every one that saith "Lord! Lord!" and is within the pale of the Church, is entitled to the appellation.

If sending children to dancing-schools is promotive of their purity of heart, meekness, humility, and piety—it is right. If it be training up children in the way they should go, they should be learned to dance. If to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord consists in having them cut "fantastic tricks" before a negro with a banjo in his hand, by all means employ a negro to fiddle, and let your children dance. But if, instead of these things, it should be promotive of pride, passion, vanity, and thoughtlessness—if you would not have your children go dancing through life, and down to death, let them not learn it. If there are none of the admonitions of the Lord in connection with the dance, duty, at least, madam, I am constrained to say, does not require you to have them learned in the elegant art. Thousands of years ago, one of the servants of the Lord, alluding to the wicked, said, "Their children dance." Nor does it appear that ungodly parents have improved by the introduction of Christianity; for it will be remembered that the daughter of a very wicked woman danced off the head of the Baptist who proclaimed the kingdom of heaven at hand. You will not, therefore, wonder at the opposition so uniformly waged by Baptists against this exceedingly fashionable folly; or that those who oppose God, the Bible, and Baptists, "send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance." But you are ready perhaps to respond that this opposition is not uniform: that you know a few Baptists, and a great many other professed Christians, of whom it is said, "their children dance." Church opposition is uniform; but of individual members, ay, too truly have such things been said. We have heard of some such. But do parents thus acting exert a uniformly religious influence? are the declarations of the Bible thereby proven false? If not, then flocks of dancing children are symptoms most con-

clusive of wicked parentage! Say not that dancing is innocent, graceful, elegant, and therefore necessary; for "who art thou that replest against God?" Say, if you please, that a hot skin, a parched tongue, and bounding pulse, are no indications of febrile action, for men may err; but let not your feeble powers of diagnosis come in contact with Divine record. "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

We have seen with pleasure that Queen Victoria has forbidden the polka in her presence. And, in the language of the New York Express, we only wish our lady sovereigns would as peremptorily discountenance every thing of the kind as Victoria has done.

I might tell you, madam, that many of the fashionable, though exceedingly indelicate and undignifying dances as practiced in the parlors of what is termed the best society in this country, have never prevailed in such society in England. I might also dwell upon the fact that the highest authority in the private circles of Paris—corrupt as is that city—pronounce many of the dances practiced and taught in America, such only as are kept up in their public gardens, etc., and by those accustomed to indelicate familiarity. And now, madam, will you not join me in saying to the mothers of this country, back to old England let young America go, and learn more perfectly the graces and the elegances of virtuous society.

Christianity consists essentially in having a new heart and being Christlike—in resemblance and obedience to Christ; and those redeemed by his blood are under infinite obligations to honor and glorify God. Such persons never inquire what they can do and retain Church-membership. To them there are infallible rules of action: 1st, Did Christ do so? and 2dly, If I do this, will it be honoring God? If the Saviour danced, we may. If he attended theatrical entertainments, they are not improper. If we can do either, or both, to the glory of God, let us begin forthwith; but as life, at best, is short, and as this is

"The time to insure the great reward,"

the time for action, let us, whatever we do, do all to the glory of God. J.

On the first Monday in June the National Convention of the Democratic party assembled at Cincinnati for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President. On the seventh ballot, Hon. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was nominated for President; and on the second ballot, Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for Vice President. Hon. Millard Fillmore and Major A. J. Donelson are the nominees of the American party; and each of the above-mentioned

gentlemen has indicated his acceptance of the position to which the partiality of his friends has called him. The Black Republicans, in all probability, will nominate men for the same offices; and then slip the dogs of war.

From years of somewhat careful observation among men, we are led to believe that in this country there is more party feeling than patriotism. Our hope, therefore, and our only hope for the perpetuity and well-being of the American government, is in God; and thither will patriot Christians go, and there, laying aside all unreasonable party prejudice and sectional animosities—cherishing only an enlarged, and liberal feeling—a national patriotism—ask the continued blessings of Heaven upon America and her citizens. Should any need additional incentives to cause them thus to present themselves before God, let recollections of scenes recently enacted in Kansas Territory and the Senate Chamber move them forward. J.

SALUTATORY.

In company with a brother beloved, we greet the friends and subscribers to this paper with many kindly wishes for their well-being; and especially that The Visitor for the year to come may be eminently conducive both to their pleasure and improvement. With the hearty coöperation of its friends, we shall confidently anticipate for The Visitor an increased circulation, and thus a more extended sphere of usefulness than it has hitherto enjoyed; and if your increased exertions shall be at all commensurate with the outlay for improvements, we trust you will speedily see and be satisfied that The Visitor is effecting a salutary work—that it is "going about doing good"—effecting good where such effects are most needful and lasting—upon the youthful minds of our country. Instruct, properly direct, control the youthful minds of to-day, and you become the conservators of a nation's rights to-morrow. Principles acting upon and moulding the minds of our children, will soon govern our country. How important, in a temporal point of view, that those impressions should be of a healthful, moral character. But a higher destiny than things temporal awaits the capacious, immortal mind. The soul of man, uncultivated though it may be, is no monochord, whose unvarying tone dies upon the passing breeze; but each gives forth a melody peculiarly its own, and each note sounded in time resounds in eternity. How vastly important, therefore, that proper moral culture and intellectual character should be developed in early life! Thus, and thus only, will the souls of any be prepared for the purer, nobler, and

holier enjoyments of time and eternity. We, unwelcome as may be the thought, are passing away. The years of our pilgrimage are few, and speed rapidly on. Shall we not pause, to inquire of those bygone years

—"What report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news?"

Shall we not ask that the special providence of Him who, by the might of His power, governs all things, shall so environ and control us, that amidst the almost universal tendency to evil, our lives, by grace, may tend to good? And shall we not, as means of doing good—as a means of leaving the world better than we found it—speak kindly, gently, encouragingly, to those destined so soon to take our places in the world and the Churches? Especially should we speak benevolently and kindly to our own children, for who cares for them so much as we? If, as has been confidently hoped, America is to honor God signally within the nineteenth century, it is time parents were aroused to greater diligence in behalf of their children—children now desecrating the Sabbath and dishonoring God by blasphemy and bestial degradation.

The life of a Christian is a perpetual struggle against sin. The Christian parent has not only this warfare in his own heart, but with reference to the hearts of those God has intrusted to him. But, alas! what multitudes, professedly religious, in these degenerate days, have compromised with sin, have grounded arms, have fallen in with the vices and follies of fashionable life, and ceased to be "a peculiar people!"

"Ay, fearful souls, they tire and faint,
And walk the ways of God no more."

DEAR FRIENDS:—In making my *début* as coeditor of *The Parlor Visitor*, you will permit me to say, that whilst I bring into the work a pen unpracticed in this department, I do so with a full conviction of the importance of the undertaking, and an honest desire, and a fixed resolution, to make this magazine, not only what it purports to be—a *Parlor Visitor*, pleasing, instructive, and acceptable to our fair friends—but also a contributor to the pure and heaven-inspiring religion of Christ, paramount in my estimation to all other considerations.

That I shall be warmly and effectively aided in this effort by the more practiced and polished pen of the former and sole editor, I am satisfied; and you are assured by the former style and character of *The Visitor*.

The importance and necessity of such a periodical in our denomination need not be argued. They are obvious to all. Other denominations have such. Our wives, daughters,

and sisters, are as amiable and intelligent, and can appreciate as highly as others, a pure, healthy, and elevating literature. *They will read*; and unless they are furnished with wholesome aliment, their minds will feed on the vitiating novels and love-sick stories of the catchpenny magazines which flood our country.

The Baptist family in the Southern States is as large, as pious, as wealthy, and as competent in every sense, as any other, to sustain a work of this character. And our honor and reputation as a Christian denomination make it necessary.

Then, with your assistance, brethren, sisters, and friends, we propose to make *The Visitor* a paper of which we, as a denomination, may be justly proud: equal in appearance and in reality to that of any other order of Christians.

We desire and will labor to make it a teacher of truth, of virtue, and of piety—a magazine from which may be gathered not merely the flowers of literature, but the principles of pure morality and the Divine religion.

We desire to make it a *Visitor* by which the young Miss will be instructed, as well as pleased and entertained; and with which the accomplished and intellectual lady may hold sensible and pleasant intercourse, and all may intimately associate, without any fear of their minds being tarnished.

Then, with this worthy object in view, may we not confidently ask your favor and coöperation? May we not expect that every husband, brother, and father, will place *The Visitor* upon the parlor-table of his wife, sister, and daughter?

And may we not expect that our lady friends, especially, will take a deep and abiding interest in their own paper; and not only contribute many beautiful compositions to embellish its pages, but also send many dollars to strengthen our efforts, and enable us to effect the noble destiny contemplated for *The Parlor Visitor*?
BAYLISS.

THE PRESS.—The press is a messenger of truth, the herald of science, the interpreter of letters, the amanuensis of history, and the teacher of futurity. Like the sun, it dispels the gloom of night, irradiates the shade of ignorance, and pours a flood of knowledge on the world: it dilates the perceptions of man, extends his intellectual vision, inspires his heart with sensibility and his mind with thought, and endows him with past and present omniscience, (humanly speaking.) It directs his way to the temple of fame, and discovers to him the path by angels trod to Zion's holy hill.

Editor's Drawer.

We are sincerely thankful to friends for contributions to the pages of this paper; and though we are sometimes constrained to differ with them as to the merit of articles for publication, we nevertheless feel obliged for the tender of such as they send us.

A lady of correct appreciation, addressed by a gentleman, may very respectfully, modestly, and properly, decline a proposition, not because her friend is not an "honorable man," but simply because of a difference of opinion: so we, esteeming the *personal* favor of an unpracticed correspondent equal to that of any one, must nevertheless be permitted the privilege of a choice in articles for the press. We shall honestly endeavor in the future, as the past, to give no just cause of offence to any one. We trust the authors will each excuse us for not printing the following:

"The Jewel of greatest Price."—Unfinished in style, and facts questionable.

"Know ye the Land of Liberty."—Does not accord with poetic measure.

"A Young Lady to her Diary."—Very beautiful, and yet objectionable, because of the introduction of figures not sustained. The fair one, looking over a transcript of former thoughts, seems surprised that in such varied pages and seeming contradictions, she should behold the lineaments of her own character; and in this state of mind she exclaims:

Can this be? I to-day so full of life,
To-morrow tortured sore with bitter strife?
Yes, then art true, and all these thoughts are mine!
To-day I'm full of joy, to-morrow I repine
Beneath some saddening disappointment.

And again:

But hopes revive and sink each changeful day,
And gilded dreams arise and pass away;
And on the flowery garden of the heart
Fall dews of love each morn, but soon depart.

The article contains many other poetical thoughts, which, however, are not very metrically expressed.

"Thoughts born of Moonlight."—The stanzas, separately considered, are beautiful enough; but "Thoughts born of Moonlight" are not sufficiently intense and concentric to illumine the point of the author's mind: at least, we fail to see it.

"The Spirit of Progression."—A good theme, though our friend rides a tall horse on this occasion—taller than usual, for in days ago we have visited together. He is too far ahead, however, this trip. Friend —, rein up your Pegasus, trim his wings, and call again! Jestings apart, there seems to us a little too much of the Fourth of July about the article; and the Fourth is now four days ahead of us.

"Futurity."—If the author should ever become eminently distinguished as a poet, he would regret the publication of his production in connection with his name: we trust he will, therefore, excuse us for withholding both. Futurity is a theme unbounded, immeasurable, incomprehensible, infinite, the events of which are visible only to the All-seeing eye.

"Women's Rights."—A sort of skeleton article, requiring too much interstitial labor to make ready for the press. Will the author furnish it to us as he wishes to see it in print?

NASHVILLE, in the character and extent of her improvements, as well as business interests, was perhaps never more prosperous than now. The price of real estate, in the city and vicinity, is steadily increasing, with an increasing demand.

GODEY says his "Lady's Book" has now a larger circulation by tens of thousands than ever before; and "Harper's Magazine" is said to have a circulation of a hundred and seventy thousand copies. Probably Godey's pictures of baby sprinkling constitute a pleasing and popular feature with many persons; but what do his Baptist agents and patrons think of such things?

BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The fate with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours is now in the possession of Mr. Howells, tailor, Gainsborough, England. In appearance, it does not look unlike the leg of a stool, out of which it is said that Bunyan, while in prison, manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the harmony, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.