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"HE WHOM THOU LOVEST IS SICK."

How kindly-affectioned must have been the Son of God! Infinitely powerful, he might have selected his friends, associates, and disciples, from the rich, the noble, and the mighty; but he chose rather to suffer affliction with the poor, and expend his sympathy upon such as would appreciate his compassionate regard.

There lived—as all who love and read the Bible will remember—in a town near Jerusalem, three persons of peculiar interest to Christ, and therefore to us: those interesting persons, whom Jesus loved, were Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. Lazarus was taken sick; and his affectionate sisters, recognising the Divinity of Jesus, and consequently his power, sent unto him, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." This is the message, the whole of it; and how beautiful! Language is inadequate to the expression of one more interesting. Dear reader, do you indeed realize the fact that the same Saviour to whom the sisters sent still lives, hears, and answers—that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Do you, even now, with the accumulated evidences before you of the Divinity of the mission of Jesus, entertain such faith as Martha and Mary exhibited? Do you—do all the members of your family, capable of appreciating the testimony of prophets and apostles, live to the honor of God as did the household of Lazarus? If so, I need hardly remark, when one becomes sick, your faith, as promptly as theirs, inspires and wings the message to Christ, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!" What saith our heavenward directory? "Is any among

you afflicted, let him pray." "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the Church," and let them pray over him."

But parents have peculiar duties. Mothers and fathers—you to whom the charge of souls is committed—you to whom are delegated duties pertaining to the immortality, eternal life of those God has given you—how fearfully responsible is your position! Have you, in oft-repeated, fervent, and, as you trust, effectual prayer, dedicated these little ones to God? And do you, by your conversation and example, suffer your children to come to Christ? If so, how lovely indeed must be your home-circle in the sight of God; and in the sickness or affliction of any such, charge, how confidently may you go to Jesus, saying, "Lord, behold—whom thou lovest is sick!" And whatever thereafter may be indicated as the will of the Master, whether it be ease or pain, life or death, it will be a lasting source of consolation, of comfort, to believe it is thus for the glory of God.

When the message which Mary and her sister Martha sent had been delivered, Jesus said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." And then, as if to test their confidence in the steadfastness of his affection, as also in his power, the Saviour "remained yet two days where he was." What a trial of their faith! and especially so, since within the period of delay, the brother died and was buried.

As the disciples were usually with Jesus, and Lazarus was their friend, we infer that they also heard the message. The inference is

to some extent fortified by the fact that, two days after, the Saviour proposed to go again to Judea, remarking to the disciples, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." The conviction that they heard it, or of it, is yet further strengthened by the character of their response; for, said they, "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." They, doubtless supposing Lazarus to be indeed asleep, and entertaining a very common and ordinatily correct opinion that sleeping after days of sickness may be regarded as the precursor of convalescence, very naturally expressed the opinion that from it he would be improved and refreshed,—“If he sleep, he shall do well.” Jesus, however, had spoken of the death of Lazarus, while they thought he but referred to his taking rest in sleep. “Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe: nevertheless, let us go unto him.”

The disciples, much as they loved Lazarus, loved Jesus more, and hence reasoned with him in regard to the impropriety of his going to Jerusalem, reminding him of the fact that the Jews but a little while before sought to stone him. But, true to his purpose, he would not be deterred. And when he arrived at the town of Martha and Mary, Lazarus had been buried four days. And the Jews, many of them, had gone to Bethany to comfort Martha and her sister in their afflicting bereavement. How unlike the deportment of citizens of this age and country! Who ever went from an American city to a little country town to weep with and comfort orphan girls left brotherless? Who ever seriously cherished a thought of putting themselves to the trouble of doing such a noble, disinterested act of kindness? A few, we know, do such things from principle, but they are exceptions. Ay, exceptions, even among those professing to be Christians.

Martha, as soon as she heard Jesus was coming, left her company and went to meet him; and meeting him, said, “Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.”

Jesus said to her, “Thy brother shall rise again.” Martha answered, “I know that he

shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.”

“Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?”

“She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.”

What wondrous faith! How far in advance of the philosophy of that or any subsequent age were those great truths thus clearly expressed!

She knew that God would hear Christ, and give him that for which he asked. She knew that death was not an eternal sleep, but had hope in the resurrection. She believed that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. In her affliction and meekness, she revealed a mind so comprehensive and so fortified with heavenly truth; a faith so firm and unwavering; a soul of such singular purity and such research into prophetic record, that, in contemplating her character, we feel glad that woman is of man's nature, and not a thing apart.

After these trustful expressions on the part of Martha, “she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE.”*

How chaste, elegant, and impressive her language! Will any young lady who reads this article, or rather who reads her Bible, measure her faith and capacity for moral and intellectual appreciation by the foregoing standard? How many American mothers, with printed Bibles in their own language, containing, too, the additional testimony of apostles, with reference to the death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus, have such comprehensive faith as had Martha and her sister Mary?

The name of Mary is familiar to every Bible student: the one of whom we now write will therefore be recognized by such as “that Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair.” When she heard that Jesus had come, she went quickly and met him, before he reached the

* See engraving in the July number of this paper.

town; and in precisely the language which Martha had used, she exclaimed, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Inquiring where they had laid him, Jesus wept with them. And when the Jews, standing by, saw him weeping, they said, "Behold, how he loved him! And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" "Jesus therefore, again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave." It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it, and he said, "Take ye away the stone." It was done, and Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hearest me. And I know that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." At his bidding the dead arose: Lazarus came forth, mantled in grave-clothes. He was unloosed, and presented alive to his sisters and the weeping multitude.

God was glorified in the conversion of many of the Jews who witnessed his power at the grave. Nevertheless, some who came to comfort the disconsolate sisters, went and told what Jesus had done; and priests and Pharisees held a council, that they might make a summary disposition of Jesus. Their wicked admissions weakened their own cause, and tended in the public mind to establish the Divinity of the character of Jesus. They said, "This man doeth many miracles. If we let him alone, all men will believe on him." In this council, it was not only regarded expedient, but prophesied that Jesus should die. He walked no more therefore openly among the Jews; but he visited Bethany again, and those who loved him there gave him a supper. Martha served, and Lazarus sat at the table with him.

Reader, the faith of Christendom reaches to a period when this same Jesus will come again to be the joy and consolation of such as love and obey him. Suppose it were now said to each of you, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee:" could you act as Mary did—go quickly to meet him? J.

VAINGLORY blossoms, but never bears.

"NOTHING BUT A BABY."

THE bell in a village steeple tolled heavily, as the sinking sun reflected its gorgeous rays on every pane of the tall church windows. Through a street beautifully shaded with drooping elm trees, moved an humble procession towards the hill which rose, dotted with monuments and tombstones, on the eastern side of the sanctuary. No hearse with nodding plumes, no long array of carriages, drawn by steeds in funereal trappings, heralded the approach of a new dweller in the land of silence. One carriage, containing three women, a man and a little coffin, followed by a few toil-worn artisans and wondering boys, constituted the funeral procession. Just as the huge iron gate of the cemetery grated on its hinges to admit them, a band of merry schoolgirls, released from study, came towards them. There is a magnet in sorrow which draws all hearts, whether from motives of sympathy or curiosity. These children, who had never known a care, turned into the yard and sought the open grave. As the old man who rode in the carriage assisted a woman up the gravel walk towards them, their ears were arrested by the most heart-rending sobs and groans. They looked round for the hearse which should bear in the mother, brother, or husband of the humble mourner. But none came. The sexton, with the air and gait of a man doing his daily business, passed them rapidly, and led the way to the grave, with the tiny coffin under his arm. At sight of it, the sobbing mourner broke forth in new tones of anguish. "O no," she said to the old man against whom she leaned, "I cannot have it buried yet: let me keep it here a little longer." He whispered soothingly in her ear, and stooped to open the little coffin. Then the young mother knelt beside her dead, and covered the sweet marble face with tears and kisses. She smoothed down the sunny hair with her hand, and laid her own burning cheek upon the cold one of the baby for one moment. Then, clasping her hands tightly, she gasped out, "Bury it now." The man of death wanted no urging to the work. He lowered the mother's darling into its cold bed, and began to rattle the earth and stones upon it. Few

hearts are so strong as to bear that cruel sound; and the stricken woman, turning round to her aged friend, cried out, "Take me away now, before another stone falls on the coffin, or my heart will break."

Then the schoolgirls saw the face of the weeper, and wondered at her youth. "How strange," whispered a blooming maiden to her companion, "that she can make such an ado: it is nothing but a baby!"

"*Nothing but a baby!*" Wait awhile, child of beauty; wait till a few years have deepened the bloom which is just beginning to tinge the cheek and lip; wait till that gentle heart of thine, which is now more than satisfied with quiet home-love, shall beat with a newer passion, in comparison with which all others will look dim; wait till thy heart, now all thine own, shall be given to another's keeping, and beat only in unison with his; wait till a new claimant comes to share thy love with him, and to make thee a higher and a nobler being, as thou ministerest unto "one of these little ones"—then wilt thou know, and not till then, the full depth of a mother's love, but not of her anguish. The day of darkness may yet come to thee, child of joy. Thou mayest, in days to come, weep beside a little open grave, and then turn away with the agony of the childless mother, and seek that silent chamber whose light thou hast just laid in the grave. But even then, shouldst thou look back to this day, and remember this little grave and thine own careless words beside it, thou couldst not fathom the depth of this mother's anguish, unless thou shouldst be alone and desolate as she is. If thou hast a father's bosom in which to hide thy tear-stained face, or a husband's strong arm to support thee in thy weakness, thou canst never, never know the throes of this youthful stranger, now widowed, orphaned, and childless. Hear her simple story, and never again let thy bounding heart whisper, or thy red lips utter, "*Nothing but a baby.*"

Little does the cherished daughter of parents able and anxious to make her happy, realize, when she goes forth to her own home, the full blessing which God grants when he gives to her a strong and noble man to be head over her. He is but a new love added to the rich store she possessed before: it is

not, cannot be, her all of earthly joy. But alas for her—the pale young widow beside that tiny grave—she could tell a tale of sorrow which would blanch the rose on many a cheek, and raise the tear from many an eye.

Leah Walton was from her cradle the child of poverty. While a schoolgirl, her widowed mother, worn out by that woman's curse—the needle—sank into an untimely grave, leaving her to the pity of an humble neighbor. Leah was upright, industrious, and beautifully modest. Her personal charms were by no means small as she neared womanhood; but, alas for the poor! the worm of covetousness began to feed upon her beauty, and to steal her bloom long before it reached its meridian. The unending "stitch, stitch, stitch," beneath the sun's smile and the midnight's pale lamp, soon told the work it was doing on her frail form. Then appeared, as if to snatch her from the certain doom of the ill-paid needlewoman, one who offered her a lowly home but a noble heart. There was no tale of romance: he was no titled youth, who came to raise her from poverty to plenty and splendor. He was only a poor man, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, asking her to be the wife of a poor man, and promising, while God granted strength to his right arm, to provide for her wants, and to shield her from danger. Well did he fulfil his promise; and for a few short months the gentle Leah enjoyed more of happiness and freedom from care than her brightest dreams had ever pictured. And then, not for his own ease or aggrandizement, but that he might make her more happy, he began to talk of the Gold-Land, and to make plans for spending there two short years. His little effects were gathered together, his young wife amply provided for, and, with a most reluctant assent from her, he, with a young friend, set sail for the American Ophir. But he never reached its shining shore. His brave young head found a coral pillow, and the strong arm on which so many hopes hung, fell cold and powerless on a bed of golden sand.

Hope deferred made the young heart of Leah sick, long, long before the companion of his voyage sealed her melancholy fears. And did she, who knew what toil and poverty

were—who had already drank their cup to the dregs in her childhood—did she fold her hands and sink powerless beneath this heavy stroke? No, no! She rose in all the strength God grants to feeble, dependent woman. Then, in his providence, she became the protector and provider. A new object had already claimed her love and care, and she went forth as before and sued as if she were a beggar—not for bread—but *for work*. O, shame to human nature, that one fellow-creature should humbly crave of another the privilege of toiling for his honest bread! But so it is. "The borrower is servant of the lender," and the laborer is servant of the employer, while one is not less dependent than the other. Leah sought and found employment, and again her little fingers flew over one garment after another, as if the helpless little one before her had given them wings. Often in her little room would she steal a few moments to study the face of her baby-boy—to see his father's smile play around his lip and glance from his dark eye. Often then in the twilight would she enjoy the luxury—some rich mothers call it drudgery—of holding her infant in her arms, and carrying it, pressed close to her bosom, around the narrow room. Often would the tears of anguish fall upon its innocent face, while she at the same moment blessed God that he had not left her quite desolate—that he had given her this child to rear for him.

A woman who had long known the bitterness of poverty, in trying to condole with Leah on her husband's death, said, "Yes, poor thing, it is hard for you. If you only had n't this baby to provide for, you'd get along nicely."

"O, don't say so, my kind friend," replied Leah. "While God spares him, I shall have the heart for any hardship. This gift is the one bright spot in all my sorrowful way."

And so it was. Months rolled by, and the young widow's eye never grew dim, nor her heart weary, over her midnight task.

She drew bright pictures of coming days, when little Charley could talk and sympathize with her—when she should lean on his arm and trust in his love, as she had done on his father's. But not so had Heaven decreed. In all the book of Providence there was no

thorny path marked out for his tender foot: there was no hunger, no thirst, no sin to stain the record of Charley's future heritage. The orphan's God had prepared for this babe of poverty a mansion in his own house, where there is bread enough and to spare, water of life to slake his thirst, a white robe, and a resting-place in Jesus's bosom. Was that a sad doom? Surely not for Charley.

But how did the young heart thus doubly bereaved bear up beneath this last stroke which death had the power to make on her spirit? She mourned, and would not be comforted, because her child was not. She did not rebel against her Father's rod, but bowed before him, even while her soul was in bitterness. There was no heart in all the wide selfish world she could now call her own: had she not cause for anguish? The compassionate Saviour did not rebuke her for those tears, but with his own sweet accents whispered into her heart, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

The promise fell not without power on her heart, and she wondered, as she laid her head on her lonely pillow that night—Charley's first night in the grave—when that "hereafter" would come, which was to reveal unto her the "needs-be" for this sore chastisement. That day came, and did not tarry. It proved that all was done in compassion. Her own last day was at hand, and then with what joyful confidence did she cry to the humble, pitying neighbors who surrounded her bed, "O, what mercy, what loving-kindness in God, that he took Charley first! Who could have loved him as I have done in health? who could have soothed him in death? I knew not then what the Lord was doing: now the clouds and darkness are all removed, and I see that my Father is only tender and pitiful, even when we are in affliction under his hand." And the hearts of the poor who stood around Leah's bed were strengthened; and they felt that behind their dark cloud, as well as here, the sun was shining, and would one day be revealed.

And did little Charley accomplish nothing by his brief life? True, he was "nothing but a baby;" but he did cheer for months a lonely aching heart, and in death God made it his mission to justify before men his ways, and

to brighten the mother's pathway down to his own silent bed.

Jesus, when in the flesh, esteemed "these little ones" very highly—he now carries them in his arms, and bears them in his bosom. Let not then the gay and the happy set lightly by them, or wonder that they occupy so deep a place in the hearts of those to whom God has given them. Let them never say, when they see a bereaved mother overwhelmed with anguish, "Why make such an ado? It is nothing but a baby."—*New York Examiner*.

THE BACKSLIDER.

Who was he? His name was Demas. "Demas," says the Apostle Paul, "hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

There was a time when it was otherwise with Demas. When, Anno Domini sixty-four, Paul wrote his Epistle to the Colossians, he said: "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you." And again, the same year, writing to Philemon, he says: "Demas and Lucas, my fellow-laborers, salute thee." But now, alas, two years later, writing to Timothy, he says: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world!" What a change two short years had made! Time works changes—often melancholy changes. Two years are sufficient to do this. But there are no changes more sad and disastrous than a change of the Christian religion for the world, for it is a change of salvation for ruin; and this change, lamentable, awful as it is, is not unfrequently effected in as brief a space of time as two years.

Perhaps some of our readers may know this from personal experience. Two years ago they might, to human view, have been spiritual, exemplary Christians; but now, alas, are carnal and worldly. Two years ago, their pastor, speaking of them, might have spoken of them as promising, engaged disciples of Christ. Now, referring to them, he may be forced to say, They have forsaken Jesus, having loved the world. Too often do the hopefully converted turn out thus. The tree blossoms, and we confidently look for fruit; but the blossoms fall off, and that which we look

for is not found. The tree is barren: at the most, there are "but leaves only."

And how is this ruinous change brought about? How does the believer backslide? Usually in this way:

He begins to neglect his closet. "Back-sliding," says Matthew Henry, "commences at the closet door." Secret devotions are suspended, or performed in a heartless, hurried manner. He does not daily, as formerly, "enter his closet, shut the door, and pray to his Father in secret." He is not drawn thither by a sense of spiritual want, nor "lingers, loth to depart," from satisfaction in the exercise, from the pleasure found in communion with God. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath," and the first symptom of spiritual decline is the breathing of the soul growing shorter and more difficult.

Next, the inspired volume is neglected. There is less meaning and beauty in its pages than before. Once, "the words of the Lord's mouth were more esteemed than necessary food," and this "bread of life" was daily gathered, as was the manna by the children of Israel. But now this bread is called "light food," as that heaven-descended manna was when Israel had begun to degenerate. It is not daily gathered, nor keenly relished. Other books are preferred to the "Book of books." Newspapers and novels take precedence of it, and dust collects on it.

Neglect of secret prayer and study of the Bible are followed by a diminished appreciation of the Sabbath and the sanctuary. The Sabbath is not accounted the "day of all the week the best;" and whereas, when the pulse of spiritual life in the believer's soul beats quick and high, he could not fail to join the worshipping assembly whenever opportunity offered, and in his warm attachment to the public Christian ordinances, exclaim: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord!" "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" he now can absent himself from the Lord's temple on the Sabbath, at least part of the day, and often does; and while thus absent, "thinks his own thoughts, and speaks his own words."

Moreover, if he is the head of a family, the family altar has not the morning and evening sacrifices laid upon it: the messages of truth

which his faithful pastor presents from the pulpit are captiously criticized in presence of the household: these messages are too plain and pungent, or they are personal, or they are not sufficiently elaborated and adorned with human rhetoric. Those enterprises of Christian philanthropy which are the glory of the age are not valued and cherished; the purse and the hand not generously opened in their behalf: there is conformity to the world in his views, principles, customs, and follies, and he is sailing on the same tack with it, and steering for the same point. And thus does it occur that the person who once set out fair for heaven—was a promising candidate for the skies—has stopped, retrograded, become a Demas, a backslidden believer, and has forsaken Christ.

If we have a reader concerning whom this is true, may that living God from whom he has departed rouse him to self-examination, repentance, and performance of the first works!—*New York Evangelist.*

GOD EVERYWHERE.

WHEN Adam was in the beautiful garden of Eden, he heard God walking there in the cool of the day; and long after they had been shut out of the garden, Abel knew that God was in the places where he was, and so he built altars, and offered sacrifices to God.

Abraham heard the commands of God in his distant country, and felt that God was with him; and in all places where he wandered, he built his altars and put up his prayers.

Joseph knew that God was present when he was at his father's table; and he knew that he was present when he was shut up in prison, far away off down in the land of Egypt.

David was a shepherd's boy; and when he was keeping the sheep alone in the field, when he was chased on the mountains by Saul like a hunted partridge, when he was on the bed of sickness, when he was on the field of battle, and when he was on the throne, he knew that God was present.

You have read how Jonah once thought that he could flee away from the presence of

the Lord. What folly! God followed him, walking on the wings of the wind; and you soon hear the poor man calling upon God in the belly of the fish, far down in the great waters, and he knew that God was there to hear him. (Jonah i. 2.)

Daniel knelt in his chamber in prayer, and felt that God was there; and when down in the den among the lions, he felt that God was there also, and would hear his prayer.

In Jerusalem they worshipped God—his altar was there; and when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego (Dan. iii.) were cast into the burning furnace, they felt that God was there also.

Suppose you go away from your home among strangers, do you not feel that God is there, as really as when at home by your own father's fireside? You might be travelling in the Great Desert of Africa: you might faint with hunger, and lie down alone to die. As you look around on the barren sand, you see a little sprig of green moss by your head. It is all alone, and beautiful. Do you not at once feel that God is there, taking care of that little green thing, and that he will be there to hear you pray?

The poor sailor boy has not been taught any thing about God; and yet, when he is shipwrecked, and hangs to the wreck of the vessel all night by a little rope, amid the darkness of night, and the roar of the storm, and the raging of the seas, he feels that God is there. He calls upon God in prayer, and knows that no darkness can shut him from the eye of God, and no roar of the storm can shut his prayer from the ear of God.

A poor soldier was found among the dying and the dead, in a hospital, away in a distant land, forsaken by all human beings—not a friend or relation near him; but he felt that God was there, and God would hear his prayer for his poor widowed mother, even when he was far too near death to make that prayer with words, or even to move his lips.

Men often neglect God, forsake him, and live in sin; but when they come to be in trouble, they always feel that God is present. Even Thomas Paine, on his dying-bed, filthy, loathsome, and forsaken, could not help crying out, "Lord Jesus, help me." This he did often. Ah! with all his infidelity, his boast-

ing how he was not afraid to die, and that he would live and die an infidel, he felt afraid to die: he knew that the Lord Jesus was present, and he felt that he needed his help.

Why, if you were to go to the top of the highest mountain, where the snow and ice have hung ever since creation, you would feel that God was there. You might go into a cave so deep that not a ray of light ever entered it, and you would feel that God was there.

"O! the time will never come, and the spot will never be found, where your soul will not feel that God is present. You will always, in time and in eternity, feel God to be with you. —*Dr. Todd.*

PETER AND JUDAS.

[From the German of Tholuck.]

In the Christian life the sun is often enveloped in mourning, and its progress lies through storms and tempests; but we have in the Holy Scriptures the most striking exemplifications of the truth that we may fall, but not to our utter confusion, if only we know how we can be raised up again, and that it is to the most feeble of his children that the faithful hand of the Lord is especially turned. How many who have deplorably fallen have drawn from Peter's example strength to rise up again! What a mighty and gracious blessing has God imparted to us in preserving for us this portion of Peter's history!

He who has a nature like Peter's—in the morning weak, in the evening bold; to-day flaming, to-morrow cold—may well despair, at first sight, of the possibility of God's forming a temple for his glory from such sorry materials. Yet it was to none but Peter that the Lord addressed these words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Wonderful, indeed! Nor would we wonder the less did we know what poor materials the Lord possessed in the hearts of the rest of his disciples. How feeble their capacity for acquiring knowledge, or of understanding the plainest words of our Lord! and in their hearts how much impurity had

grace to struggle with: the faithlessness of a Thomas, for instance, and the impure fire of a John! But there is one thing to be observed: they were children, and something can be made of children—children can be trained. And hence, notwithstanding all their spiritual poverty, their Lord was so certain of the result, that he could rejoice and praise his Father in heaven, saying, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes!"

I have often met with those who could not conceive how a man like Peter, after such words as these, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life," could deny his Master, and swear, "I know not the man." Ah,

— "Wind and weather have overnight
Touched many a flower with a withering blight!"

If once a man fall, of course the whole world will run him down. But how do we estimate a false word? If that wall be once thrown down which should stand for ever between the Christian heart and falsehood—if between truth on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, what are called necessary lies can be allowed to introduce themselves, and if these can glide over the lips almost as freely as words of truth—what reason have we to think that in the hour of danger and trial many of those who now boast with Peter, "Though all men shall be offended, yet will I never be offended," (Matt. xxvi. 33,) would not have fallen as that disciple fell?

But if none of us would have fallen on that night as Peter fell, how many of us, do we suppose, would have been found standing by his side when he testified in the very face of the judges of the crucified Jesus, "We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, and hanged on a tree: him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him." Acts v. 29-32. How many would have continued at his side when he willingly received the stripes, and went forth

from the council, "rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for his name?" Acts v. 41. When his Saviour was dying on the cross, he was among the cowards; but when he was to verify the Saviour's words, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterward," henceforth we find him not among the cowards; henceforth we find him a witness of the sufferings of Christ; henceforth we find him following his Saviour indeed—following him to the pillory and to shame, and at last entering upon a participation in his Saviour's cross. And how many of us who stand by and accuse him would have followed? No, Peter: thou knowest what thou saidst when thou spakest to thy Saviour thus: "Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee."

In what more consolatory manner could this great truth have been presented to timid hearts, wavering still between heaven and earth—our good Lord maketh his strength perfect in weakness? How often have I, when I felt my hands feeble and my knees weary, when I staggered hither and thither with uncertain steps, when I sighed, "O, shall the twilight never vanish, and I find entrance into the perfect light?" how often have I, a fallen child, arisen by Peter's example!

Verily, it must have been long indeed before he was thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of the Saviour. Even after he had preached Christ, not only are we told that the *new* man Peter had to strive with the old, but that the old man was often victorious. When those zealous for the law came down from Jerusalem, he was afraid to eat any longer with his brethren contrary to the law. In this respect he feared man more than God: he acted contrary to his better knowledge; and for this he was reproved by his brother Paul. That the fear of man could conquer the better knowledge of an apostle was shameful in the highest degree; but while it saddens us deeply to think of the greatness of human weakness, it leads us with still greater self-distrust to exclaim, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," and to renounce all confidence in one's own strength. At the same time, we have in this no small testimony to the fact, that much grace and

not a little weakness may coëxist for a long time in the human heart; while this testimony is enhanced by the reflection, that it was this very Peter who laid at Pentecost the first foundations of the Christian Church, who took joyfully scourgings and revilings for the name of Jesus, and who ultimately followed his Lord even to the cross. Patience, therefore, thou weak heart of mine! patience with thyself, seeing God has so much long-suffering with thee.

But how has this child, who has so often fallen, been always raised up again! He fell, but he never let go the hand which sustained him; and it was this hand which lifted him up again! The disciple spake no doubtful truth when he once said, "To whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life;" and again when he said, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;" and, therefore, no sooner did he fall than the tears of penitence sprang forth, and, from these penitential tears, invigorated love. How beautifully is this depicted in the narrative of his denial! He was yet standing by the fire in the court of the high-priest when the doors of the inner apartment opened, and the Saviour stepped forth from the judicial examination. The cock crowed twice; "and the Lord turned to Peter, and Peter thought on the words of the Lord, which he said, Before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly." O that Judas could have wept such tears! Perhaps it was at this very time that he went to the high-priests and said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." Even then, perhaps, there was no time to seek the Saviour of sinners himself. O Judas, why wentest thou to these cold-hearted hypocrites, who flung thee back thy money with a—"What is that to us? see thou to that!" Why didst thou not hasten to Him whose innocent blood thou hadst betrayed, and raise, even beneath the cross, thy hands in supplication? True, those arms, which were ever stretched forth to every seeking sinner, were now nailed upon the cross; but most assuredly those lips would not have said to thee, "See thou to that!" If he could no more stretch forth his arms to thee, would not his broken-hearted look at least have spoken forgiveness? But in that

heart there was neither love nor faith! Severe, indeed, were the words pronounced over his betrayer by the meek and gentle Lamb of God: "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born."—Matt. xxvi. 24.

Self-murder is too often the last convulsive effort of a storm which has raged for years through the bodily frame. Where it reveals its own peculiar nature, suicide is but the topstone of a life-long slavery to sin, in which the sinner springs into its opened jaws, merely because, over mountains and valleys, weary and worn, he has been lashed on by sin to this brink, where the last deed of his life is the culminating point of his sin, and in which he dies. Can there be aught more horrible than self-murder?

My Father and my God, one thing would I entreat: If in my great weakness I should fall, O give me true contrition in my heart, and let not my repentance be without tears! Lo, I can say with Peter, "If thou takest me not up, I know not where to go." Thy hand I never will let go. And if I leave it not, thou wilt not leave me to lie in the dust, but wilt lift me up; and when thou shalt have humbled me, so that I renounce dependence on myself, and seek my strength, my consolation, all in thee, then the hour will come when I shall no more tread with uncertain steps, but shall walk for ever in uprightness of heart before thy face!

PROVIDENTIAL INDICATIONS.

MANY good men are accustomed to be guided mainly by what they understand as the intimations of God's will, made known to them by his providence. What, then, are these indications in regard to Africa, and the four millions of her race now in our country?

As a part of this sin-cursed world to which our risen Lord requires his disciples to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, the one hundred and fifty millions in Africa have claims upon our sympathies and efforts which cannot be disregarded without a fearful ag-

gravation of our sin. Attempts have been made to send white missionaries, into the Western coast especially, for the last thirty or forty years. But such has proved to be the insalubrity of the climate for this race, that most of these laborers have died, or have been forced to return. Moreover, such are the diversities of dialects and languages spoken by the petty tribes and nations there, (two hundred different languages spoken within the bounds of the little settlement of Sierra Leone,) that much hindrance and discouragement have been experienced from that cause. In what way, then, are these hindrances to be overcome? God has put within our reach the amplest means. For the African race now here, and not specially needed in this country, can be returned to the clime which God made for them, and them for it. To them it is more salubrious than this country. Many of them are truly converted to Christ, fit for the civilizing and evangelizing labor which Africa most needs. Some have the requisite intellectual culture, and thousands more can readily acquire it. By their far greater numbers, and their willingness in part or entirely to support themselves after the first few months, enough can be employed to meet the diversities of languages and dialects—some learning the language of one tribe, and some of another, till all are supplied. Who does not see in this supply for such a demand unmistakable indications of God's will that we should aid such of the African race among us as are willing to go forth on this embassy of Christian love? Nowhere else on God's footstool are there found such fitting instruments for the accomplishment of his benign purposes. It is claimed—perhaps justly—that no other four millions of the negro race are so elevated, intelligent, religious, as these in the United States. Those in the West India Islands cannot be spared, but the gradual withdrawal of even the whole of them from this country would leave no chasm: their places would be promptly filled up by others of the white race, whose children would mingle and coalesce with our own, forming one homogeneous population.

This view, moreover, is fully corroborated by the actual experiment. Some ten thousand of this race within a few years have

been aided to seek a home in Liberia. They have found it congenial, and almost every one of them greatly rejoices in their privileges. No other predominant race there looks down on them; but instead, they are hailed by hundreds of thousands, lately rude, brutish, pagan idolaters, as their deliverers, the fitting exemplars for them to imitate. The naked savage puts on decent apparel: the cruel idolater casts away his demons. The wild, ferocious, war-making slave-seller becomes grateful for the privilege of earning a more reliable support by peaceful, honest industry. Above all, the abominations of heathenism are exchanged for the joy, the peace, the holiness of heart and life which the gospel brings. The honest exultation which those must feel who are conscious of having been made the instruments, the agents of a beneficent Providence, in accomplishing all this, must be welcome to such pioneers. Thousands more may share in it.—*Colonization Herald*.

LITTLE MARY.

—
BY ELLA.
—

CHEERFUL, joyous little Mary,
Gay as bird or butterfly:
Happy as a little fairy
Dancing 'neath a summer sky.

Merry-hearted, black-eyed Mary!
Now a smile, and now a tear:
Ever changing, ever airy,—
Sweet, capricious little dear!

How I love to see you, Mary,
Kneel beside your little bed,
When your little limbs are weary,
When the golden sun has fled!

Sweet it is to see you, Mary,
When your eyes are closed in sleep:
Holy angels guard you, Mary,
Round your bed their vigils keep!

Ever may they guard thee, Mary,
Through this vale of tears below:
Heaven's choicest blessings, Mary,
Ever round thy pathway flow.

NASHVILLE, July, 1856.

NAME IN THE SAND.

—
BY G. D. PRENTICE.
—

ALONE I walked on the ocean strand:
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth of me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to me no more:
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

LEARN TO PRAY.

WAKE, little child, the morn is gay,
The air is fresh and cool;
But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,
Before you go to merry play,
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words:
God loves your simple prayer,
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleating of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evening's come,
And dewdrops wet the sod,
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to God:

Because you need him, day and night,
To shield you with his arm:
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

SHORT SERMONS FOR OUR READERS.

"AND it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven," etc. Luke xi. 1, 2.

This evangelist frequently mentions the fact that our Saviour prayed. He gives three eminent instances. One was at the time of his baptism. After he had been immersed by John for the purpose of fulfilling all righteousness, and to leave an example to his disciples and future Church, he came up out of the water and prayed. We have thought that the scene which was then presented to the gazing multitude on the banks of the Jordan was one of the most sublimely beautiful and solemnly interesting that was ever witnessed in the world: Many others had been immersed before him; and no doubt a large multitude had assembled to witness the baptisms. It was a new ordinance, the introduction of a new dispensation—a new order of things, greatly differing from the customs of the Jews. Doubtless, the multitude looked on with wonder, as subject after subject "went down into the water," and was baptized by that stern, solemn-looking man in camel's hair.

But when Jesus, with lamblike meekness and godlike calmness appeared, saying to his awe-stricken servant, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," with breathless silence and speechless interest, the mighty mass leant forward to behold; and whilst they gazed, the Divine Saviour, being immersed, ascended the bank and bowed in prayer. We have thought that his prayer was then made in behalf of his poor tempted followers, and for the future success of his Church, which was to be distinguished in the world by this ordinance. Was it not effectual, and shall she not ultimately triumph? She certainly will; for the answer was given from the opening heavens, and sealed by the visible presence of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. We learn from this example that our public acts of worship should be accompanied by holy and fervent prayer to God for his blessings, and that in

all our attempts to obey his commandments, we must depend on him and ask his help.

Another instance, mentioned by Luke, of our Lord's praying, was at the time of the election of the twelve whom he named apostles. That was a wonderful prayer—an agonizing, continuous prayer. He prayed all night: the dark, lonely mountain witnessed his devotion, the silent earth and starry sky beheld his agony, and the night-winds wafted his sighs and supplications to the Father's ears. We have thought that on that occasion the favored twelve were not forgotten amidst the mighty hosts of God's elect, which, like a grand panorama, passed in review before the Saviour's mind during that night of agony and prayer. But that special supplication was made for them, that their faith might not fail. They were about to be set apart, distinguished above others, ordained apostles, representatives, oracles, mouthpieces for God, and inspired teachers of the Holy Spirit. They were about to be sent forth into the world, objects of hate, contempt, and persecution—set apart to suffer, bleed, and die for the cause of Christ. O, they did need more than ordinary support: they needed supernatural help! But this they received in answer to that night-long prayer of their Master; and were enabled to labor, testify, and seal their testimony with their blood. From this example, we learn that all our great undertakings in religious matters should be prefaced by solemn, fervent, continuous prayer to God. We also learn here that we are not to tire in our supplications; for though we may not receive an immediate answer, yet we must continue our supplications, for God will answer if we faint not.

The third instance mentioned by Luke, and which we will notice, was on the occasion of Christ's transfiguration: "He took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray; and as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening."

We have tried to imagine the sublime scene which was presented to the view of these three favored disciples. We have imagined Jesus as withdrawn a little distance from his disciples, and meekly bowed upon the green earth, his hands gently raised towards hea-

ven, his own celestial home, his calm, pale face turned with an expression of love and confidence towards his Father, whilst the lips murmured softly in holy prayer. But gradually a mild, strange light gathered over his countenance, circled around his head, sparkled on his raiment, increasing in brightness and extending in radiance, until the raiment became white and glistening, the face shone as the sun, and the whole Divine person became encircled with a halo of heavenly light. Amidst the Divine glory, appeared the celestial forms and features of Moses and Elias; at a little distance stood the awe-stricken and wondering disciples; and Peter tremblingly whispered, "It is good for us to be here."

From this example, we may learn that in fervent holy prayer we may have communion with God, that we may feel his presence and transforming influence: that in the exercise of earnest and effectual prayer, the heart is made to burn with love, and rejoice in a foretaste of heavenly felicity. The disciples had witnessed the frequency and the excellency of the Lord's prayers; and probably remembering that John taught his disciples to pray, said, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." Here, then, we may learn that the gifts and graces of others should lead us to desire the same. When we see those among us who exhibit piety, zeal, and devotion to the cause of Christ, we should exert ourselves to imitate their virtues. We also learn that the true method of praying can only be learned from the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, we cannot pray acceptably unless God shall teach us how to pray. The Holy Spirit must influence our minds in prayer, or our prayers will not reach the ear of Deity. Mere lip-service can never be acceptable to God. There must be sincerity, truth, and spirituality in our supplications, or God will not answer them. Hence it is that prayers are so often offered up in vain. Praying has become too much a mere fashion in these latter days. Men study to make their prayers pleasing and acceptable to the ears of those around them—to make them beautiful and eloquent, instead of clothing them with the truth and unction of the Holy Spirit. O, let the feelings of all our hearts be, "Lord, teach us how to pray!"

Again, we learn that it is proper for us to meditate beforehand what we are to ask of God, and to arrange our thoughts, so that we may not come thoughtlessly into his presence. When in prayer we draw out a long string of petitions in which our hearts are but little if at all interested, it is a mocking of God and an insult to the throne of grace; and such prayer will only bring back to the heartless professor coldness, barrenness, and leanness of soul. We must pray in spirit and in truth, if we wish to receive favorable answers.

"Our Father who art in heaven," etc. From this verse we learn that there are two leading subjects which should be embodied in every Christian's prayer: namely, that the name of God may be honored, revered, hallowed, in the world, and that his kingdom may come, his truth, his Church, triumph on earth. Now, we are not to suppose from this teaching that the honor of God and the advancement of his kingdom are dependent on the prayers of Christians. No: God has determined, and will have his name hallowed and his kingdom to triumph in the world. But he wills that his people shall desire and pray for these great events, that they may be united in mind with himself; and he thus exhibits to them and to the world his own wise purpose of working through means and instrumentalities.

"Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." Our petitions must always be in accordance with the will of God. His revealed truth is to be the rule and measure of our requests. We are to ask nothing which is contrary to or violative of the principles which he has laid down in the Scriptures. These are to be the mean of our council in all things.

But in the Scriptures God has permitted every thing that is necessary for our present and eternal welfare, and has prohibited only those things which would be injurious to us here or hereafter. Notice, if you please, dear reader, the style of address which our Saviour has here authorized us to use: "Our Father." O, what an appellation! What a distinguished privilege and honor, that we should be permitted to call God our Father: that we, who have fallen so short of the glory of God, we, who have so often run counter to his truth, so often violated his precepts, and sinned

against him—that we, all unworthy as we are, should, through our connection with Christ, be permitted to claim this near and dear relationship with the King of heaven!—with him who is holy, perfect in wisdom, in glory, and in power—with him who sitteth in the heavens, whom angels worship, before whom the archangels bow, and the whole white hosts of heaven cast their glittering crowns! How humble should we feel, and what love should glow in our hearts towards that dear Saviour who has conferred upon us such high honor, such an exalted privilege! B.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

MANY a preacher, on whose lips admiring crowds have hung, has had to look back with grateful recollection to some kind word fitly spoken to him at the commencement of his course, as having had no little to do with the splendor of its subsequent stages. One such piece of counsel Mr. Wardlaw received from his uncle Mr. Ewing MacLae, which proved to him a cherished lesson for life. "Ralph," said his uncle, after hearing him preach one of his first sermons in public, "did you notice that poor woman in the duffle cloak, that sat under the pulpit when you were preaching to-day?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, my man, remember that people like her have souls as well as their betters, and that it is a minister's business to feed the poor and illiterate as well as the rich and educated. Your sermon to-day was a very ingenious and well-composed discourse, and in that respect did you great credit; but there wasn't a word in it for the poor old woman in the duffle cloak." This was a word spoken in season. The young preacher, from his literary and scientific studies, and with the example of learned professors and profound divines before his mind as the model of excellence, had fallen naturally into the error of supposing that the sort of thing which would have commanded plaudits in the class-room was equally suited to meet the demands of the pulpit. It was kind to undeceive him on this point: his uncle's pictures did so; and from that time forward he erred in this way no more.—*Life of Dr. Wardlaw.*

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore:
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern:
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn:
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again; and, lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought—
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great:
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart:
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust—
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

HEAVEN is brass to cold petitioners: their prayers cannot pierce through it.

CHEERFULNESS.

THERE is no one quality that so much endears man to his fellow-men as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues, more esteem; but the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart—not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffuseness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellowed radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of the intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others, he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart “runs in coldness and darkness below,” but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation full as well as true coin.

A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. “Every heart knows its own bitterness,” but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distill it into his neighbor’s cup, and thus poison his felicity. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than to see a man whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smother his peculiar griefs in his own bosom, and do his duty in the society in which Providence has placed him, with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien.

It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

It may be asked, What shall that man do whose burdens of grief are heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private—shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek for the sympathy of his friends? He had better not. Sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No, no! cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes to the world. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.—*Selected.*

VITALITY OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE New York Citizen says:—“We regret to learn that The Dublin Tribune, after a brief career, has perished. It has been truly said that nothing is more difficult to establish than a newspaper, and nothing more difficult to put down than a newspaper once established. The Tribune was a brilliant journal of the right metal, though not very practical. It is only one in every thousand of those knowing how to write or how to speak eloquently who is capable of successfully conducting a newspaper. There is an ‘art and mystery’ in the business, and it requires an apprenticeship, like every thing of the kind. Judgment, experience, and tact, are needed more than learning, genius, or talent. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, D’Israeli, and numerous others of the same stamp, failed, while men without their genius have been eminently successful. ‘A good editor, a competent newspaper contributor,’ says one of the craft, ‘is, like a general or poet, born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all;

for after a display of brilliancy, brief but grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted.' 'I can,' said the late editor of the Times to Moore, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but seldom one man of common sense.' The 'thunderers' in the Times, therefore, have, so far as we know, been men of common sense, with an aptitude. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. It is estimated that only one out of every hundred of the newspapers started in New York have lived. Like butterflies or rainbows, they glitter for a moment in the sunbeam, and then vanish for ever. Many papers have corrugated and flashed under an American sky in the cause of Irish freedom—one of them more dashing perhaps than any we shall ever see again—and yet where are they all now? Only one has taken hold: one remains, the Citizen, which is now well advanced in its third year, having withstood many a rude shock."

CITIES EXTRAORDINARY.

Baltimore is the "Monument City," from the great battle monument, and several others of note, within its limits.

Boston is the "Classic City," or Athens of America, from its acknowledged preëminence in the literary and fine-art pursuits.

Chicago, Ill., is the "Garden City," from the luxuriant richness of its surrounding country.

Cincinnati is the "Queen City," so christened when it was the undisputed commercial metropolis of the West; but I believe Chicago now sets up rival claims to that distinction.

Cleveland, O., is the "Forest City," from the peculiarly rural aspect of its streets, squares, and private grounds, which make it one of the most delightful cities in the United States.

Columbus, O., is, I think, the "Fossil City," from the beautiful fossil limestone which abounds in its locality, and of which much of the city is built.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the Missouri River, is the "Bluffs City," from the celebrated Council Bluffs, nearly opposite, in Nebraska.

Davenport, Iowa, is the "Bridge City," from the great railroad bridge which spans the Mississippi at that point.

Hartford, Ct., is the "Charter Oak City," from the famous charter-oak of colonial history.

Indianapolis, Ind., is the "Railroad City," from the fact that a greater number of railroads centre there than at any other point in the Union.

Keokuk, Iowa, is the "Gate City," from its position as the first city in Iowa, ascending the Mississippi; and as also being at the foot of the so-called lower rapids, whence it has commerce by river with all the lower country when the cities above have none.

Louisville, Ky., is the "Falls City," from the Falls of the Ohio at that point.

Memphis, Tenn., is the "Cotton City," from the vast amount of cotton shipped from its levee—perhaps the heaviest of any inland port.

Montpelier, Vt., is the "Green Mountain City," being the capital of the Green Mountain State.

New Haven, Ct., is the "Elm City," I believe, from the profusion of elm-tree ornaments in its streets.

New Lisbon, O., is the "Dwarf City," so named in a poem located there by one of its sons. It is a small country town, "finished, and fenced in," but presents in a remarkable degree all the appearance and characteristics of a well-ordered city.

New Orleans is the "Crescent City," from the half-moon shape which the river once presented at that point. But the filling out from the city has materially changed the crescent.

New York is the "Empire City," or the great commercial emporium of the New World.

Philadelphia is the "Quaker City," from its broad-brimmed founders.

Pittsburg, Pa., is the "Iron City," from the immense iron trade and manufactures. It is also emphatically the "Smoky City."

Plymouth, Mass., is the "Pilgrim City," from the eventful landing at Plymouth Rock.

Rock Island, Ill., is the "Island City," from Rock Island, in the Mississippi, nearly opposite, and on which old Fort Armstrong and the famous railroad bridge stand.

Sing Sing, N. Y., is the "Prison City," from the noted penitentiary located there.

St. Louis, Mo., is the "Mound City," from a mammoth Indian mound which once stood where one of the city markets is now located.

Terre Haute, Ia., is the "Prairie City," from its characteristic surroundings. It has a newspaper called *The Prairie City*.

Tiffin, O., is the "Seneca City," from the Seneca Indians, who once had a fine village where it now stands.

Washington, D. C., is the "Capital City."

Boston is also called the "City of Notions," and "Tri-Mountain City," whence its Tremont (or Tri-Mount) street. Buffalo, N. Y., is, I believe, called the "Queen of the Lakes," and Chicago, "Empress of the Lakes." Chillicothe, O., is called the "Ancient Metropolis," both from the Chillicothe of antiquity, and from its having been the first capital of the State.—*Life Illustrated*.

THE WANT OF OUR TIMES.

It is not wealth. This is multiplying faster, we fear, than the grace to use it wisely and well. It is not enterprise. Our nation is moving forward, as with the power of steam and the velocity of lightning, to some unknown goal. It is not new moral machinery. There is enough in existence for all the purposes of humanity and religion—more than enough, if it is made a substitute for personal action, or individual responsibility.

What we need is a deeper experience of the life of God in individual souls, and a burning zeal for the glory of the Redeemer in the salvation of sinners: taking the practical form of labor—earnest, prayerful, self-sacrificing work in the vineyard of our Lord. While this is the want of all times, it is pre-eminently the necessity, the grand want of the day in which we live.

Look around you. Who dwells in that house? Are its inmates the friends of Jesus? Are they under influences favorable to their salvation? Are not most or all of them the prey of Satan—certain to make their eternal home in the world of woe, if not timely warned and won to Christ? Extend your vision, and

tell us if every roof does not cover prayerless heads, and if every street has not habitations where the gospel is unknown, neglected, or despised? Who does not know that the majority of the inhabitants of almost every city, town, and hamlet, are without God, and without hope?

"What then? 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" Yes. You would not see his house in flames without giving the fire-alarm. You would not see his horse in the mire without a helping hand. You would not see even his gate ajar, exposing his crops, without a neighborly warning. And shall his soul remain in peril of eternal burnings, with no voice of friendly entreaty? Are neighborly duties confined to temporal matters of transitory interest? Are the claims of humanity paramount to those of eternity?

"But there are ministers of religion, whose business it is to care for souls." True. But are there enough of them to care for all? And who made it their *exclusive* business? Is it not just as much your business to seek the salvation of men who may be reached by your influence, within your legitimate sphere, as theirs in their sphere? Are they not hindered in their work by your neglect, and would they not rejoice in your coöperation in a work "too heavy" for them? They are no more bound to do the work laid to your hand than are you to do theirs. And when the work of both and of all is done, there will still be more than enough of sinning, and enough of perishing.

The want of our age is a praying, working Church: every quickened conscience instinct with the conviction that Christian profession involves a life of Christian activities: every renewed heart glowing with an ardent love of souls: every hand employed in beneficent ministries. The buried talent of the Church needs to be exhumed: the dormant piety of our land needs to be aroused: the withes that bind the followers of Christ need to be broken. A living faith demands living witnesses: a dashing, reckless age requires the restraints and control of a vital principle, fearlessly avowed and firmly applied. A consuming thirst for worldly wealth and worldly display must be checked by scriptural teachings as to the dangers and uses of money, and by a

practical exemplification of Christian stewardship. The orthodoxy that crystallizes into forms as sharp and cold as the craggy points of the glacier, should be melted into streams that fertilise the valleys and turn the spindles of beneficent industry.

Every thing else is active. The plough is bringing the soil of the continent under subjection to the necessities of civilized life. The rills that trickle from the hillside turn a hundred wheels, or supply as many steam-engines, before they reach the sea. The railway opens rivers over the prairies and through the forests, along which the argosies of commerce rush with fiery speed. The telegraph furnishes the nerves for the quickened, almost maddened mind of the nation. Even hoary error catches the impulse of the age, and, in new and specious forms, its propagandism is as fierce and bold as that of Loyola or Peter the Hermit.

Corresponding energy, nay, superior activity, is demanded in the Church of God, not only in associated relations, as in churches, Bible, Missionary, and Tract organizations, but in individual, self-prompted, soul-loving, persevering action, on the part of all who love the Saviour. Let each redeemed soul, seeking strength and guidance from above, apply his powers to win another soul to Christ: let the ministry and the several members of the churches make the salvation of sinners the one work to which thought and energy and prayer are given, by day and by night: let an ungodly world feel the might of the gospel of Jesus thus exemplified, and infidelity and all error will be abashed; vice and irreligion will be stayed as by an omnipotent hand; converts will multiply as drops of morning dew; and the glorious purposes of redemption will hasten to their complete accomplishment.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?

Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?

Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?

Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.

'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,

Close to its heart the worm is wasting there

Its life and beauty: not when all unrolled,

Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,

Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Recline to some work of high and holy love,

And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—

Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above:

The good begun by thee shall onward flow

In many a branching stream, and wider grow.

The seed that in these few and fleeting hours

Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,

Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,

And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

—Selected.

FAIRIES WORTH KNOWING.

THE following little story, addressed to boys, from the moral which it inculcates, and the admirable manner in which it is written, will, we doubt not, be read with pleasure and interest by many of our readers:

There are no such things as fairies: this every sensible child now-a-days knows; neither are there quite such faultless children as those of many a story-book: this, too, his common sense and experience in the child-world must have taught him. We use these little fictions, however, whether in the form of an allegory or of a common tale, to illustrate certain truths, and to recommend certain virtues, which we would have you practise. Only such tales as bear their moral, not at the end alone, as in fable-books, and written only to be missed, but on every page—only such stories will do you good; and good is the object, or ought to be, of all your reading.

My fairy tale will not be very wonderful. It is simply this:

There was once a boy who went to school every day, and who found, as many boys find, that his lessons were intolerably hard, and that the ladder of learning was a very difficult one to climb. The conjugations in his Latin grammar were just now puzzling him grievously. When he trundled his hoop, *sum, es, est*, floated before his eyes, and spoiled his play. Sometimes the recollection of an imperfect lesson troubled him like a nightmare; and when he awoke in the morning, a most disagreeable consciousness of an unconstrued page of that misnamed "*Delectus*" clouded his young heart. In short, Latin was his trial. We have each our "crook in the lot." Latin was Horace's.

Dr. Farley, the teacher, looked very ominous, and so did Horace's father, one evening, when a letter of complaint against Master Horace was brought into the parlor at tea-time.

"Horace, this will never do," said his papa: "this is a sad account, indeed. Idleness and inattention is the tale told of you by all your teachers. Go into the study, and do your best to prepare your lessons for to-morrow. You cannot mix with the family, nor share their enjoyments, whilst you have these unfinished lessons on hand. Go."

Horace went, and went in a very evil temper. He banged the study-door, turned his books out of his bag in a heap on the table, and began to look at the task allotted him. There was Latin enough, certainly, to puzzle older heads than Horace's; but it was all his own fault, and although he knew this well enough, it did not help the matter.

"It is a shame," said Horace to himself, "a great shame, and I won't learn my lessons. I can't and I won't try, it is such a difficult, such a hard lesson. O that some kind fairy would but come and help me!"

No kind fairy, however, appearing, and the lesson still remaining unlearned, Horace tossed the *Delectus* and grammar to a far corner of the room, lay down on the rug, and began to groan and complain of his hard lot.

His wish for a fairy was granted at this moment, for a fairy by this time had planted herself on the rug by his side, and an ill-looking creature she was; yet she had an insinuating way with her, and talked so much of *right*, that only to hear her speak you might have taken her for Justice herself, and so sympathising with Horace that an inexperienced person might have supposed her to be Benevolence.

"It is a shame," whispered the fairy: "there they are enjoying themselves, and you are made to pore over these lessons alone—lessons much too long and difficult for your age. I would not learn them. They have a droll book, too: don't you hear them roaring with laughter? I would burn your books. Does not your head ache, too? Your eyes look quite heavy."

Horace was touched by the fairy's sympathy, and began to cry, and to fancy himself a

very ill-used and persecuted boy, and the fairy quite encouraged this belief. Matters were getting to a fearful pass in the boy's young heart, whilst she kept plying him up with reasons, as she called them, why he should resist such tyranny like a man.

At this critical moment the fairy, who, with all her bold talk, was a very coward, started and shrank aside. There was another fairy on the rug, just opposite Revenge. What has she got to say? Let us listen. She says very little at first, but she brings a sort of hush into the room, a kind of sweet quiet lull, like that which seems to rest on the ocean after a mighty tempest: a lull which can be felt, but which can scarcely be described. Revenge felt its influence, and moved a little farther, looking very contemptible. Then the gentle fairy whispers, and her whisper, though low, is so clear that it can be heard through the room, and this whisper still seems to say, "Hush, hush!" not as a command, but as a gentle, soft persuasion; and Horace listened. She knew that it would be of no use to put Latin grammar before his eyes in the present state of things, but she did want very much to hide that frightful fairy from the boy's view; and, strange to say, ugly as she was, he kept reaching after her, and trying to get a glimpse of her ill-looking face, and at every glimpse, Horace himself grew more like her. Seeing Horace turn away from the newcomer, Revenge began again:

"Don't listen to her nonsense: be a man, and show your spirit."

All this while, the gentle spirit was endeavoring to put before the boy a picture, and at length she succeeded in gaining his attention. She drew forth one: it was a sweet, simple picture—that of a helpless infant in a cradle, and on that cradle rested the fond, watchful eyes of a mother. Horace knew the portrait: it was *his* mother, no matter who the baby was.

"I rather think," the fairy whispered, or if not, some other fairy did, who had been summoned by Love, for I might as well tell you her name at once. "We shall do, I see," said Love, nodding approvingly to Conscience, who stood behind her, and who had, to tell the truth, been asleep during this commotion: "I was half afraid, but don't speak yet."

This, you know, was said in fairy language, and was not heard by Horace.

Then Love showed another picture. It was a midnight scene this time. There were three figures in the group: a little lamp was burning on a table; and a restless, fretful, and very sick child lay on the arm of that same mother.

"Your mother," whispered Conscience.

A father was watching, too, with such intense interest, such deep, fervent affection, as was quite touching—sorrow, love, anxiety, and tenderness, all mingled.

"Your father," whispered Conscience again; for Love had made all so still now that Conscience's voice could be heard very distinctly. She might have spoken before, but really Revenge had been making such a noise a little while ago that nothing was to be heard until Love had done her work.

"Your father and your mother," said Conscience again: "those kind, gentle, patient ones whom you accuse of injustice because they are resolved that, if they can help it, you shall not grow up in ignorance. Your father and mother, against whom you set yourself in defiance, and not against them alone, but against God, who has appointed these good parents to be the protectors of your weakness, the guides of your inexperience, and the teachers of your ignorance."

The boy was softened, and slowly rising from the rug, prepared to pick up the books. The action, however, was heard by Revenge, who was not really gone: she was only hidden; and she was just going to say something in her own bad way, when Love interposed.

"Latin grammar is, no doubt, very difficult and disagreeable, but I fancy I can make it pleasant," said Love; and then such a charming picture she gave of the pleasure and comfort of love-service, that, backed again by Conscience, she brought the boy to reason, and he sat down and positively learned his lessons perfectly; and then Love drew and Conscience urged him, until his arm was round his mother's neck, and his father's hand was upon his head in token of forgiveness.

These fairies were wonderfully good friends to Horace through many of the perplexities and trials of his young life. Love did much

for him, but, oh, she was nothing to Conscience! Do you try and make friends with these two: they are better fairies than ever story-book told of, but they want fostering.—*Christian Spectator.*

MOSES.

THERE is a garland of interest thrown around the name and history of every illustrious character. That mind which is itself naturally great, loves to contemplate the variegated colors of genius and talents as they stand out on the great painting of man's history. The successful daring of an Alexander, the genius of a Napoleon, and the varied excellences of a Washington, command our admiration. The philosophy of a Socrates, the eloquence of a Cicero, the perceptive powers of a Newton, the poetic talents of a Milton, the statesmanship of a Jefferson, the practical good sense of a Franklin, and the logical ability and stern patriotism of a Calhoun, incite emotions of pride and admiration, as well as those of pleasure, in our bosoms. But to these emotions are added those of awe and reverence when we behold natural talents, genius, and virtue, adorned by the religion of Christ. And it is with sacred pleasure that we review the Herculean efforts of a Luther, a Calvin, a Scott, a Gill, a Doddridge; and we hang with delight on the deep-toned and heavenly eloquence of a Whitefield, a Chalmers, a Hall, and a Fuller.

But, in all the bright galaxy of the great ones of earth, none shine so resplendently as the sages of the Bible. They only are encircled by a halo of Divine inspiration. Among these, the great captain and lawgiver of Israel stands preëminent. It is evident that Moses was specially designed by Jehovah for the noble commission in which he faithfully labored so many years. Whenever God chooses an individual for any special work, he always imparts to that person every necessary gift and talent to qualify him for the discharge of duty. And thus this distinguished individual was made fit for his work, by nature, education, and Divine inspiration.

In his person, he was exceedingly handsome and manly, possessing in an eminent

degree those external charms which are calculated to attract the attention of the multitude, and win from them a favorable opinion. We learn from his history, that, even in infancy, he was a child of such exquisite beauty that his mother was particularly anxious to preserve his life; and in hope of accomplishing her wishes, she concealed the child in her house three months. But not being able to hide him longer, and fearing that he might fall into the hands of those appointed to destroy the male children of the Hebrews, she at length concluded to commit him entirely to the providence of God. Accordingly, having made a little ark or boat of rushes, and well plastering it within and without with pitch, or some kind of bitumen, she placed the child in it, and left it among the flags by the bank of the river Nile.

And here we have a beautiful and touching illustration of faith in God. The parents of Moses had perhaps received some intimation that their child was to be a favored instrument in the hands of Jehovah. In fact, Joseph informs us that God had revealed to them that he should be the deliverer of his people; and believing and trusting in the Divine word and power, they committed the dear object of their affections to his protection and care. They were not disappointed. Nor will any be disappointed who trusts implicitly to the mercy and power of God.

The providence of God soon interposed in behalf of the helpless infant. Directed by an unseen hand, Pharaoh's daughter, the princess of that kingdom, accompanied by her maids of honor, passed that way, discovered the basket, had it brought to her, uncovered, and was greeted by the plaintive cry of the infant stranger. The novelty of the circumstance, added to the extraordinary beauty of the babe, so moved her heart, that, notwithstanding she perceived that it belonged to the despised race condemned by the edict of the King, her father, she determined to save it, and have it brought up under her own direction. And when, at a proper age, the boy was presented to her at court, the graces of his person, the beautiful and noble simplicity of his countenance, so charmed her that she at once resolved to adopt him as her own son, and gave him the name of Moses,

which, in the Egyptian language, means "saved from the water."

To a very pleasing exterior was united a mind of superior capacity, as evinced in all his acts as leader and legislator of Israel. Not only so, he was perfectly taught, and accomplished in all the learning and discipline, both civil and military, used among the Egyptians; and in every respect educated as became the dignity of a prince of the royal blood.

It is evident that his education must have been of the very best order, for Egypt was at an early period famed, above every other country, for her progress in the arts and sciences—attracting thither the most celebrated philosophers and historians of Greece to complete their studies: Even Pythagoras, Herodotus, Plato, and many others, sought instruction from Egypt's famed sages.

• That Moses, the favored instrument of Heaven, had been thoroughly taught in the arts and sciences, is fully proven by an incident in the history of the Hebrews, which has perhaps escaped the notice of many persons. On that notable occasion when Jehovah permitted Moses to enter the cloud on Mount Sinai, and remain in his presence forty days and forty nights, the people became impatient, and caused Aaron to make for them a golden calf, which they worshipped, calling it the God which had led them out of Egypt. With this base and idolatrous conduct, Moses, on his return, was so enraged that he cast the idol first into the fire, and then ground it into powder, and, mixing it with water, caused the people to drink it. Now, those who work in metals know that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to reduce gold to dust; and commentators have been much perplexed to determine how he could have reduced the image to dust by burning it. But when it is remembered that he was taught in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, and had in possession the secrets of chemistry, we can at once understand that by the use of a powerful acid, which was common in the East, he could easily accomplish his purpose, especially after having heated it in the fire to accelerate the chemical process; and the Scripture, by informing us that Moses made the Israelites drink this powder, shows

that he was perfectly acquainted with all the effect of the operation. He wished to aggravate the punishment of their disobedience; and for this purpose no means could have been more suitable, for gold reduced by this agent is of a most detestable taste.

But all the writings of this illustrious man evince his superior education and mental power. He is the author of the Pentateuch, —from *pente*, five, and *teukos*, instrument or volume: meaning the first five volumes or books of the Bible. And where shall we find a superior composition?—such perfect simplicity combined with so much wisdom, such purity of style with such grandeur of thought, and such a perfect union of beauty and sublimity? Notice it: “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.” Again: “Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain upon the tender herb, as the showers upon the grass; because I will publish the name of the Lord.” From what book can be selected passages of such beauty and grandeur in thought and expression? It is true that he wrote by inspiration; and we agree with those who believe in a plenary inspiration of the sacred Scriptures: “that holy men of God spake as moved upon by the Holy Ghost.” They were indeed the organs of the Spirit, but they were conscious, intelligent organs. They were dependent, but distinct agents; and the operation of their mental powers, though elevated and directed by superior influence, was analogous to their ordinary mode of procedure. And this accounts for the difference in the style and ability of the various individuals who wrote under the influence and dictation of the same Spirit: as different reflectors which are illuminated from the same source throw out different degrees of light, and shine with a greater or less effulgence, in proportion to their capacity and polish.

God had designed Moses for a great work and a high position. He was to be the leader and legislator of his chosen people, and the

type of the promised Messiah. He was to be the mediator, or medium, through whom Jehovah would communicate and make known his will to the literal Israel, and by whom they were to be saved from Egyptian bondage: thus prefiguring Christ, the only Mediator through whom we can approach the great God without being consumed, and the only name whereby we can be saved from the bondage of sin and death. God enveloped his chosen instrument even from the time when he lay a helpless infant in a frail basket on the river Nile, protecting and endowing him with every gift of nature and embellishment of mind which was necessary properly to fit him for his great commission.

As respects the inspired character of Moses, no one who believes the Bible can for a moment doubt. In fact, such is the marked hallowed character of this the most eminent of mere men, that it has often been successfully made the basis of an irresistible argument for the truth of his Divine mission.

It is a general rule that no impostor forgets himself long. But Moses forgot himself, and forgot himself to the last; yet there is no middle supposition.

If he was not a divinely inspired messenger, he was an impostor, in the strongest sense of the term. It is not, as in the case of Numa, a slight and single fraud, designed to secure some good end; that we have to charge him with, but a series of deceits, many of which were gross: a profound, dishonest, perfidious, sanguinary dissimulation, continued for the space of forty years. When we consider these several things; when we reflect on all his ministry, on his life, on his death, on his character, on his abilities, and his success, we are forcibly convinced that he was the messenger of God. If we consider him only as an able legislator—as a Lycurgus, or a Numa—his actions are inexplicable: we find not in him the affections, the interests, the views which usually belong to human nature. The simplicity, the harmony, the variety of the natural character, are gone: they give place to an incoherent union of ardor and imposture, of daring and of timidity, of incapacity and genius, of cruelty and sensibility.

No, my readers: Moses was inspired by God, and received from him the laws which

he left to his countrymen. Indeed, there are certain prophetic passages in the writings of this man of God which declare their truth. As, for instance, those relating to the future Messiah, and the very sublime and literal one respecting the final fall of Jerusalem. Again, the agreement which is found between the writings of Moses and those of the New Testament, presents an infallible evidence of their Divine authority: the latter constantly appealing to the former, and being indeed but the completion of the system which the others are the first to put forth. Surely it is a very improbable thing that two dispensations, separated by an interval of some fifteen hundred years, each exhibiting prophecies of its own, since fulfilled, each asserting miracles of its own, on strong evidence of its own—that two dispensations, with such individual claims to be believed, should also be found to stand in the closest relation to each other, and yet both turn out impostures after all.

But, above all, there is a comparative purity in the theology and morality of the Pentateuch which argues not only its truth, but its high original; for how else are we to account for a system like that of Moses, in such an age, and among such a people: that the doctrine of the unity, the self-existence, the providence, the perfections of the great God of heaven and earth, should have thus blazed forth far more brightly than even in the vaunted schools of Athens in its most refined era, and that, too, from the midst of a nation who were continually plunging into gross and grovelling idolatry; and, also, that the principles of social duty, of benevolence, and of self-restraint, extending even to the thoughts of the heart, should have been the produce of an age which the very provisions of the Levitical law itself show to have been full of savage and licentious abominations? We cannot satisfactorily account for these things without admitting that they came from the direct inspiration of the ever-pure and all-wise God our Maker. But, in short, we must in the face of all these internal evidences pronounce the Pentateuch a base and wicked fiction, or acknowledge the inspired character of Moses; for the direct and miraculous revelations of himself which Jehovah made to Moses were such as no other mortal man ever

received. And they emphatically stamp the likeness of Deity upon these wonderful laws and histories.

Behold him under the first miraculous revelation made to him at Mount Horeb. See the manly Hebrew, when, with erect form and dilated eye, he gazes upon the burning bush: wonder and astonishment glow on every feature as he witnesses the strange phenomenon of the flashing flames and the unconsumed bush. But, hark! God speaks: "Draw not hither: put off thy shoes, the ground is holy."

Mark the changed demeanor—the meekly bowed head, the trembling frame—as barefooted he stands in the presence of the great I AM. "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." With holy reverence and trembling fear, he lies, with covered face, prostrate in the dust. But, look again: upon the plain of Bedea are encamped the mixed multitude of the Hebrews. Destruction stares them in the face. From the rear, with armed chariots and horsemen, approach the angry hosts of Egypt's puissant king; whilst in front, and on one side, lay the deep, still waters of the Red Sea: upon the other, the rugged cliffs of Attaca's tall mountains frown upon them. But there, in front, towers the miraculous pillar of cloud, the visible manifestation of Jehovah's presence; and here, on the water's edge, stands the stately form of the man of God, his whole frame expanded by inspiration: with the full emphasis of unwavering confidence, he speaks to his alarmed countrymen: "Fear not: stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." The cloud moves to the rear, and becomes a pillar of fire. The Prophet lifts up his rod over the calm bosom of the deep: immediately the winds come howling on—the troubled waves, lashed into wild confusion, roll to either side, and give passage to the hosts of Israel. Again, Sinai is in flames. The Mount of God quakes under the deep-toned thunders, and the trumpet's blast announces the immediate presence of Jehovah. But the Prophet is permitted to stand unscathed upon the mountain's brow and talk with God. So long he stood in converse with the Divine Majesty that his own face became lustrous with the presence of Deity. Inspired! Ah, yes, Moses was in-

spired, and the Pentateuch has God for its author, let modern infidels say what they may.

After having completed his mission according to the purposes of God, Moses, in conformity with the Divine command, returned to Mount Pisgah, the highest peak of Mount Nebo, directly opposite to Jericho, whence he might take a full view of the country which God had promised to the posterity of faithful Abraham; and, with an undimmed eye, he there gazed long and delighted upon the beautiful prospect presented by the pleasant plains of Jericho, and the fair cliffs and lofty cedars of Lebanon. And having thus viewed the promised land, which he was not permitted to enter himself, at the age of one hundred and twenty years, with unabated vigor of mind and body, he resigned his soul into the hands of the seraphim who waited to waft it to the celestial Canaan.

The Almighty was pleased himself to pay the funeral honors of this great prophet, by burying him in a valley of the land of Moab, in so secret a manner, that the place of his interment has never been discovered. B.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OBEDIENCE.

OBEDIENCE is natural and easy, and pleasant enough, if it be inculcated early and maintained steadily. But to let your little boy fight you at six, and expect him to obey you at twelve, or to suffer your son to play truant for weeks together, and expect him to turn out any thing better than a blackguard, is just as ridiculous as it would be to sow your field with thistles, and expect it to yield you a crop of barley, or to let your garden take its own course, and expect that it will produce any thing but weeds. No: God has given us a home to rule, and children to train, and let it be our solemn resolution that with every inmate of our home, our word shall be law. "I am going to school this morning, because my father says I must go;" "I am to carry this parcel to town, because my father says I must carry it;" "I don't go out at night, because my father says I must stay at home;" "I don't play with such a boy, because my father has forbidden me to play with him"—

these should be the feelings of every girl and every boy, from six to sixteen or eighteen, and these are the impressions which every parent who cares for his child should strive to instil. I confess I have a small opinion of the man who has not succeeded in instilling these impressions.

When our late schoolmaster began his work here, on the first morning there were at the school twenty-five boys at nine o'clock, fifty at ten o'clock, and seventy at eleven o'clock. He laid down a rule, and we bore him out in it, that every boy must be at the school at nine, or bring a written excuse. Many were very angry with us: said they could not write; thought it very hard that their children should be shut out the whole morning for the sake of one five minutes: thought we were a tyrannical, despotic set, who wanted to trample their children with iron foot. To all we had but one reply: "These are the rules of the school: they will not be altered; and, therefore, the only course is to keep them, or go." Now, mark the consequence! The last week he was here, there were present every morning, at nine o'clock, one hundred and sixty-five children. And the same principles which we adopt as to early and regular attendance, we carry out through all the other details of our work. If we give a command, we have it done. We don't "wish;" we won't suffer ourselves to "be beaten;" we know nothing about "can't;" all our cases are cases of "must," and with "must" there is no parleying. My general reply to the lads who show fight is: "Why Robert, why James, if I were to set you to walk upon your head to the moon, you would have to go." And we do this for your sake—for your children's sakes. We wish to see men of iron and nerve—men who, while they are full of all gentleness and all love and all Christian consciousness, can yet rise to any emergency; and who, if called to acts of difficulty and courage, can play the man. And to make such characters, we must teach them obedience. That man will never be fit to rule who has never learned to obey. The best preparation for a life of impressiveness and usefulness is the habit, in early life, of prompt and cheerful and active submission to control.

Perhaps there is no way in which a parent

loses his authority over his children more quickly than by permitting them to range the street at night. "There is something in the practice of night exposure and night plays which hardens the heart. In the darkness of evening there is temptation for a boy to say and do things which he would not say and do in the open blaze of day. Besides which, as no judicious parents will allow their children to be out at such hours, the only companions that they can meet with will be the forward and disorderly. There is something fiend-like in the shouts which are heard from the troops of boys who congregate at night at the corners of the streets; and with such, the parents who would keep their son from certain ruin would not permit him for an instant to associate." Keep your children, then, from such pestiferous influences: let them find their joy at their own fireside; and there let them acquire a taste for whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report.—*S. S. Journal*.

SILKS, BRANDY, AND CIGARS.

To those who have not examined the statistical returns published annually by the Government, the amount paid every year for luxuries will appear fabulous; but the figures do not lie, no matter who may doubt.

We boast of our ability to feed the world, and of the business we are doing in that way now; but few suppose that the silks—piece-goods, including ribbons, but not buttons and ornaments, chiefly manufactured of silk—brought here for the adornment of republicans, and their wives and daughters, exceed in value, by eight millions of dollars, all the flour that we send abroad. Yet such is the fact. In the year ending June 30, 1855, we exported \$14,780,384 in flour, and imported \$22,470,911 in silks, leaving the balance we have above stated to be charged to the difference between the pride of America and the appetite of all the world besides.

Our corn-fields, particularly in the West, are the occasion of much national boasting. We measure them singly by miles square, and estimate their aggregate value in hundreds of millions; but the amount of this our

national staple which we send abroad is overshadowed by the cost of the cigars with which we poison breath and ruin health. In the period we have named, corn worth \$1,374,077 left our ports, and cigars valued at \$3,311,935 were brought in.

The herds of cattle, and the resulting barrels of beef, people never tire of talking of. They see in them a large part of the material with which we claim we can fill the maw of all civilized mankind. Our merchants who are in that line watch the foreign markets with great solicitude, and gauge their prices by signals from the other side of the water. But of beef, tallow, hides, and "horn cattle," we sold to other countries only \$2,214,554 in the last commercial year, and during that time we bought brandy to the amount of \$3,241,408.

We deal largely in tobacco, raise it in large quantities, chew and smoke it without limit. It constitutes the third in value in the list of the commodities which this country has to spare. Yet we export only \$11,319,319 in value of this article yearly, and last year we received in return tea and coffee amounting in round numbers to \$24,000,000. Even in narcotics, the balance of trade is largely against us.

Bacon, lard, and live hogs, are not unimportant items in our commerce; yet we send abroad only enough of these to buy the linen that we wear.

But "cotton is king." That wipes out the pecuniary effects of the Tollies and extravagance which all have conspired to commit. Of that we sent out last year ship-loads enough to swell the aggregate value of the export to \$109,456,000, an amount greater than the value of all other exports, specie included.—*Chicago Tribune*.

He that provides food for his family, and fodder for his cattle, in the harvest, shall eat the fruit of it, and enjoy the comfort of his labors, when others shall be exposed to shifts and straits. And he that provides for eternity, and lays up in his soul a good foundation against the time to come, shall eat when others are hungry, and sing when others howl.—(Isaiah lxiii. 14.)—*Flavel*.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

(Concluded.)

Nor only is female education important to society generally, but it is incalculably so to those individually educated. If the destiny of the young female were exactly marked out before her: if she were certainly to retain the protection of a parent's or a guardian's roof, till she married; did marriage give her a sure home and protector for life; were she never liable to remain a widow, and never forced to stand alone in the world; and were her mind given for this world only, with no faculties capable of eternal growth and infinite improvement,—even then, her own happiness would demand for her a wide and generous cultivation of mind, that she might sustain herself alone, or live as the helpmate of her husband, and the respected friend and instructress of her sons and daughters. But in the mutations of this changing life, she is often left to stand alone, an orphan girl, dependent on the cold charities of a heartless world: she is often compelled to become a homeless, friendless wanderer: she often wears the sable weeds of lonely widowhood. And who among us so sterile in the best and holiest affections of the human heart as to refuse to her the aids of a liberal education?

Moreover, they are beings destined for immortality, and equally interested with the other sex in all that is awful and glorious in the revelations of heaven, and therefore ought to have their minds enlightened and stored with every branch of knowledge which may have a beneficial influence on their present conduct and their future destiny.

We believe that in heaven there will be an eternal progression in knowledge and happiness, and that in proportion with the knowledge will be the degree of enjoyment. Every sainted spirit will enjoy as much of happiness as his or her capacity will permit; but that capacity may be enlarged by intellectual and moral culture, and thus the amount of happiness be made greater. Then, in view of their present and future happiness, it becomes a matter of the greatest importance that our daughters should receive a thorough mental and moral education. And here a responsi-

bility of mountain weight rests upon parents and guardians—a responsibility which reaches from earth to heaven, from time to eternity. Let us see to it then, parents and guardians, that we discharge this duty aright, and select for our daughters, as well as for our sons, those schools and teachers from whom they may receive the best instructions. Let us have an eye to their intellectual and moral training, and not be satisfied with the mere superficialities and tinsels of a modern education.

A very great error, with respect to female education, which prevails in the present day, is the absurd notion that a young lady's education must be completed by her fifteenth or sixteenth year; and then she must be brought out as a candidate for matrimony. At this age, her mind is not matured, her capacities are not developed: she can have gathered only a few flowers from the vast fields of literature and knowledge which lie open before her, and she is wholly unprepared to enter upon the diversified and important duties of married life.

No young lady should think of graduating before her nineteenth or twentieth year; and even then she will have little enough time for the development of her mental and physical faculties, and to fit her for the arduous responsibilities of after life. Instead of four or five years, as is common, she should be allowed at least ten for her scholastic course; and fully half of this time ought to be expended in laying a substantial foundation—in forming a thorough knowledge of the elementary branches of education. As the mind grows and strengthens by the exercise of study and the knowledge derived from first principles, it may grasp higher studies and grapple with more abstruse principles. But to force the young mind at once into the vast fields of science without a proper preparation, and expect success, is just as absurd as to throw the unfledged bird into the air and expect to see it fly aloft. Nothing can be more absurd and injurious than the modern fashion of thrusting the young student, as soon as she can read a little, into the study of dead languages, and the heavy and abstruse branches of science. She cannot understand and appreciate them: she can only acquire a

mere smattering, which will be like the jargon of the parrot—words without thoughts.

Not only should a sufficiency of time be allowed for young ladies to pursue a thorough course of education, and that course properly directed, with a full elementary foundation, but great care should be given to their physical as well as mental training. The success of intellectual culture is as dependent on a proper physical training, as is the value of the crop on the proper tilling of the soil.

No teacher of youth who has a correct knowledge of his profession, and a right regard for the good and the success of his pupils, will confine them in the heated air of the schoolroom for eight or ten hours of the day. Such a course will inevitably debilitate and sicken the body, and proportionably weaken and enfeeble the energies of the mind. Light, fresh air, and exercise, are as essential to the full development of the mind as they are to the growth and strength of the body. And even if this were not true, abstractly, in reference to the mind, yet it is an acknowledged fact that they are absolutely necessary to a healthful physical condition. The mind works in the body, and must be more or less influenced by its healthy or diseased condition.

It is true that some highly polished minds have been tenants of weakly and diseased physical frames; but this fact is no argument against the position here assumed, and only proves that there are some minds whose innate powers and energies are such as will work in defiance of every opposing circumstance, until, like a keen blade, they cut through their scabbards. The same intellectual power operating in a healthy physical tenement would have wrought far greater things.

But even with all the advantages we have mentioned, young ladies are not to think that their educations are finished with the end of their scholastic course and the reception of a diploma. No: education is a continuous progression, an indefinite line of improvement: thought added to thought, knowledge to knowledge, light to light, in an unbroken line from time to eternity.

B.

Try to learn some valuable truth every day.

OUR VALUABLE WOMEN.

Our valuable women—those wives and mothers who realize our highest and most true ideal of womanhood—those women who give to the state its noblest statesmen, and to society its largest-souled and most valuable citizens—those who are to their husbands and households, to the world and God's Church, like angel messengers from the land of love, where are they found? From what departments of life are they gathered into the hearts, and homes of men, to brighten and cheer, to love and labor and endure? Is it from hotbeds of indolence, and luxury, and self-indulgence? Every observer of society knows that man's most valuable helpmeet is reared in another atmosphere. Some rare plants do indeed bloom in such an enervating air, as if to show us that such a thing is possible.

There is many a daughter, whose hands or whose genius furnish home and bread to venerable parents, who is excluded from the society she is fitted to adorn, because the stigma of labor is upon her. It should, in Christian society, be an insignia of honor. It will be thus if society sees, excepting "through a glass darkly."

Behold the troop of admiring friends turn coldly away when death shuts up the ledger and counting-room of the husband and the father, and wife and daughters are forced to labor for their daily bread. If they can manage, by an ill-concealed economy, to live apparently without work, they do not so effectually lose caste. But let them once enter their names upon the list of society's workers—let them turn their accomplishments, or talents, or ingenuity, out of channels of mere amusement, into those of productive, remunerative labor, and see if they will not speedily lose caste, even with those who may perhaps sit at the same communion-table of their common Lord.

There is many a father who toils in his business more hours each day than he ought, who is perhaps absolutely shortening his life, to enable his daughters to squander their youth in busy idleness, in trying to be what the world calls "ladies." These daughters would be healthier, happier, and longer-lived—they would be more capable of conferring

and receiving happiness in domestic life, and would be better developed in body, mind, and soul, if their father furnished them more domestic employments and fewer servants, or if he required them, in some vocation of art, or use of their education, to lighten his toils, or benefit those less favored than themselves.—*Christian Advocate.*

A SECOND WHITEFIELD.

MR. SPURGEON, the young Baptist pastor in London, is quite eclipsing the early fame of Spencer, and Summerfield, and McCheyne, and promises to leave no rival but Whitefield in the history of the British pulpit, for popular power and effects. The English correspondent of *Zion's Herald* thus refers to him:

"Your correspondent has recently had the privilege of hearing a prodigy of genius and eloquence in London, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who has just attained his majority. Of all the great men in England's metropolis, Mr. Spurgeon is the most popular, having at one bound distanced Dr. Cumming, Thomas Binney, Newman Hall, Robert Young, John Rattenbury, and William Arthur. Even Holyoake, the noted leader of the 'Secularists,' has been drawn into the magic circle, and has heard him preach. Mr. Spurgeon was not twenty years of age when, in January, 1854, he became pastor of the Baptist chapel, Southwark, almost deserted, the membership having dwindled down to less than forty. The chapel was quickly filled, and the church received large additions; and by the close of the year it was resolved to enlarge the chapel. During the progress of the enlargement, Mr. Spurgeon preached in Exeter Hall, and, although capable of holding six thousand people, it was densely crowded. The writer of this when he attended had to content himself with bare standing-room, and to submit to any thing but tender jostling; but the oratory of the second Whitefield (for such he is called) made me willing to endure and forgive every thing. I must confess that I went to hear him with some degree of prejudice, on account of what I had heard of his outspoken Calvinism, and his censorship of other ministers; yet, although differing with him as to

some of his opinions, I am no longer prejudiced; for he has an endowment of the choicest gifts of eloquence, genius, and passion, and 'appears filled with the Holy Ghost.' Already hundreds have been converted under his ministry; and I was informed that at the week-night prayer-meeting in his church, it is not unusual to see at least one thousand persons present.

"If preserved in humility, Mr. Spurgeon must be the instrument in achieving a great work. He has much of the unction of Whitefield, the pith of Jay, the eccentricity of Rowland Hill, and the dramatic power of J. B. Gough."

THE BIBLE AGAINST DRUNKARDS.

BY L. W. DAVIS.

AWAKE, ye drunkards, and weep and howl, all ye drinkers of wine. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; nor shall thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revellers, nor extortioners, inherit the kingdom of God. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them. Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations. Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it; neither shall any priest drink wine when they enter into the inner court, for they also have erred through strong drink, and through wine are out of the way. The priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink: they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?—They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look thou not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

BETHEL COLLEGE, RUSSELLVILLE, Ky.

CONSOLATION.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

When the streamlet is dried up,
Then fly to the fountain!
When the valley is flooded,
Then haste to the mountain!
When the arm thou hast leaned on
Is laid in the dust,
On the arm of God
Lean, with faith's cheerful trust.

Earth's gourds! O how tempting
Their flower and their fruit!
How we love their sweet shadow!
But a worm's at the root.
When thy gourd, that once sheltered,
Is withered away,
Be the shadow of Jesus
Thy shelter and stay!

How oft have hope's visions
Deceived the fond-hearted!
Like the rainbow they shone,
Like the rainbow departed!
When their light that once sparkled
Is darkened and gone,
See, the rainbow that fades not—
It arches God's throne!

How oft have earth's pleasures,
For which our hearts panted,
Like the bright poison-berry,
Proved deadly when granted!
When the soul has been sickened
With earth's poisoned joy,
Look up for pure pleasures—
Their fountain's on high!

As the dove, when of old
From the ark it went forth,
Some green spot to rest on
To seek through the earth,
When it found that the deluge—
So deep and so dark—
Left no green spot uncovered,
Returned to the ark:

So, when floods of affliction
Have deluged all round,
And no green spot of gladness,
No hope-branch is found,
Then flee to the Saviour,
The true ark of rest!
O, there's no place of shelter
Like his pitying breast!

When there thou art sheltered,
Though storms wrap the skies,
And higher and higher
The deep floods arise,
Above the dark waters
The ark's lifted high,
And bears his blessed inmates
To God's mount—the sky!

By the scorn and the scoffing
For thy sake He bore;
By the sharp crown of thorns
For thy sake He wore;
By the sweat in the garden,
The death on the tree,
To Him who redeemed thee,
Thou wearied one, flee.

From Him, thine own Saviour,
Whate'er may betide thee,
No distance can sever,
No sorrow divide thee!
Earth's friends may forsake,
But he'll forsake—never;
Earth's loved ones must die,
But He lives—for ever.

In love He afflicts thee,
In mercy He chastens:
To wound He is slow,
To bind up He hastens:
When thy sins call for chastenings,
'Twill comfort impart,
Though a frown's on His brow,
Yet there's love in His heart.

Each dear earthly cistern
By His hand may be broken;
But the stroke, though severe,
Of His love is a token.
He breaks them, that we
By their loss may be led
To drink of true pleasures
From joy's fountain-head.

To Him who so loved thee,
Let grief draw thee nearer—
Each dear precious promise
Let sorrow make dearer.
Then welcome the trial,
By which there is given
To thy soul more of God—
To thy heart more of heaven!

HYPOCRISY in the heart is like poison in a
spring, that spreads itself through all the
veins of the conversation.

PARENTAL RESTRAINT.

"Do you allow your daughter Mary to go to Mrs. Mallory's this evening?" said Mrs. Armstrong to Mrs. Wright. Mrs. A. had called to consult with Mrs. W. respecting some benevolent enterprise connected with the church of which they were both members.

"I do not know what I ought to do about it. Mary wants to go very much, and I am afraid, if I refuse her permission, it will create a great prejudice in her mind against religion. Do you let Rebecca go?"

"No," replied Mrs. A., in her usual mild, quiet manner.

At this moment the door of the sitting-room was hastily opened, and Mary appeared in a loose dress and with locks uncared-for, holding in her hand a piece of bright-colored silk. She was embarrassed at the sight of Mrs. A., but soon recovered sufficiently to say to her mother: "Gleason says this will not make the flounces wide enough."

Mrs. Wright rose without speaking, and followed her daughter to the nursery. An expression of vexation rested upon her countenance; but whether it was owing to the revelation of the fact that Mary was in course of preparation for the party, or to Gleason's opinion respecting the inadequacy of the material for flounces of due width, cannot now be known.

Gleason, the reader must be informed, was Miss Janet Gleason, peripatetic dressmaker. She was called Gleason at her own especial and earnest request, the idea of dropping the former portion of her name and its usual prefix having been suggested by the perusal of a popular novel.

Mrs. Wright did not leave her visitor alone but for a single moment. She attempted to appear composed when she returned, and remarked: "I have not told Mary that she may go, but she has taken it for granted. I can't think it is my duty to interfere authoritatively, and say she shall not go. I am sure it would do more harm than good. Do you not think so?"

Mrs. Armstrong was silent, but indicated by her manner that she did not think so.

"It is sometimes very hard to know what one is to do," continued Mrs. Wright.

"It is sometimes hard to do what we know to be right," said Mrs. Armstrong.

"You do not consider it to be a plain duty for us to refuse to let our daughters go into society at all?"

"Certainly not. That is not the question involved in the case before us. The question is, whether it is right for a Christian parent to permit her daughter to go where there will be little else but trifling conversation, levity, and dancing to a late hour in the morning; where a taste for display and flattery may be formed, where envy may be cherished, where seriousness must be banished. Is it the will of God that we should expose our daughters to such influences? It seems to me the question is, whether God's will shall govern us, or the maxims of a sinful world."

"A taste for display and flattery may be formed in such places, it is true; and so it may be in many other places. If we would get out of the reach of temptation, we must go out of the world."

"It cannot be denied that the temptations to levity and a want of seriousness are very strong at such gatherings. It is easy to trace the effect on the minds and hearts of those who frequent such places. They seem to live only for the excitement thus occasioned."

"Your remarks apply to those who go to an extreme in the matter. And then, the effect is different on different minds. A professor of religion, a distinguished man, and an office-bearer in the church, once said that he had experienced as strong devotional feelings in the ball-room as he had anywhere else."

"I recollect the reply that was made to the remark."

"What was it?"

"It did not in the least call in question the truth of the gentleman's assertion."

"I would not have you think I am disposed to apologize for dancing and the waste of time occasioned by large parties. But I do feel as if we must let our children go occasionally. I am sure I should rejoice if Mary could prefer the prayer-meeting to the party; but as she does not, and I cannot change her heart, I think less harm will come from allowing her to go occasionally than would come from restraining her altogether. Don't you

think there is such a thing as exercising too much restraint?"

"It is certainly possible to do so; but it is a fault into which few parents are in danger of falling at the present day."

"I have thought, but I may be wrong, that those who are restrained from all amusements are less likely to become religious than those who have a reasonable degree of indulgence. They get such gloomy ideas of religion, that they are repelled from seeking it. They think there is a great deal more in the pleasures from which they are restrained than there really is. Don't you really think that in conversions there are quite as many brought in from the one class as from the other?" inquired Mrs. W., with a triumphant air.

"I cannot say that I do. God is a sovereign, it is true; but that fact does not render the use of means nugatory. You must admit that one who is trained up in a pious family is more likely to become religious than one who is trained up in an infidel family."

"Certainly."

"On the same principle, one who is kept from influences adapted to banish seriousness from the mind, and to preëccupy the heart with sinful affections, is more likely to become religious than those who are subjected to those influences. The children of truly pious parents are much more frequently converted than others."

"Rebecca, you say, is not going to Mrs. Mallory's."

"She is not."

"Does she not wish to go?"

"She has, I presume, the desire for society which all young persons have."

"That is just what I wished to speak of. Young people have a natural desire for society, and it seems to me reasonable that it should be indulged. We can't make young people old, if we try ever so hard."

"Young people have a natural desire for food; but we do not allow them to partake of that which we know will prove injurious to their health, however tempting to the palate—that food may appear, and however strongly they may desire it. We tell them it is not good for them, and that they must not have it. We should look with great disapprobation upon a mother who would allow her child to

take poisonous food, because it was pleasant to the taste."

"I wish I could see the matter in the same light that you do, and had your firmness."

Mrs. Armstrong was silent for a moment. She did not admit the sincerity of the remark just made, nor did she feel under obligation to call it in question. Still less was she disposed to allow the conversation to take a turn complimentary to herself. "I have known," said she, "many persons who have expressed great thankfulness that they had been restrained by their parents from a free indulgence in folly and vice in their youth. And I have known instances in which persons have reproached their parents as the cause of their everlasting ruin, in consequence of yielding to their sinful wishes. A minister once described to me a death-bed of despair, to which he was a witness. The victim was a lady about fifty years old. For years she had been perfectly careless on the subject of religion. She occasionally attended church, but felt not the slightest interest in the services. When her last illness came, her conscience woke from its slumber. The pastor was sent for. He attempted to give her counsel suited to her case. 'She told him it was too late. 'I sinned away my day of grace,' said she, 'when I was young. It was my mother's fault!'

"Your mother was not a religious woman?" said the pastor.

"She was; and is, I have no doubt, in heaven, where she will never see me."

"Did she never exhort you to attend to your soul?"

"She did; but then she never restrained me from mingling with the gay and thoughtless, and thus I became the most thoughtless of all. I chose the world for my portion, and now am left to die in despair. If my mother had kept me at home, or made me go to meeting instead of allowing me to go the dancing assembly, I might have become a Christian."

"It was in vain that the pastor attempted to lead her to Him who is able to save even to the uttermost. She persisted in saying she had sinned away her day of grace. But let us attend to the business for which I called."

That was speedily attended to, and Mrs.

Armstrong withdrew. Mrs. Wright was deeply affected by the considerations which Mrs. A. had set before her. She thought of going to her chamber to pray over them; but she did not. She went to the nursery, half resolved to attempt to persuade Mary not to go to Mrs. Mallory's. Before she had time to speak, she was so overwhelmed by questions respecting this ribbon and that flounce, that her purpose was fairly driven from her mind, and ere long she was actively engaged in making the preparations which absorbed her daughter's every thought and feeling!—*Christian Treasury.*

A GREAT CITY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

MR. BOWEN, a Baptist missionary, sent out from Florida, in his journal mentions a visit made last April to Illorin, the capital of the kingdom of Yoruba. He speaks of it as about "the largest town, with the exception of London," that he has ever seen. He describes the inhabitants as a peculiar people, with whom he was much pleased, mostly black, but some nearly white; hair between that of a negro and a white man's beard; good European features—some of their noses would even be considered sharp in America. Again he speaks of them as "that superior class or race of men who have jet-black skins, with European features and large beard. They are sometimes called *white black men*."

Mr. Bowen adds: "I never saw an honorable man nor a modest woman in Africa till I reached Illorin. The number of people who can read and write surprised me. Many of them have no idols. They are generally serious, solid, sensible people, and profess to believe in God. They have no tincture of Mohammedanism."

The existence of such a people in a region hitherto unknown, but supposed to be the abode of utter barbarianism, is a fact of no little interest. It would seem from Mr. Bowen's statements—unfortunately his journal is too brief to be satisfactory—that they are willing listeners to the preaching of the gospel. True, he was, on arriving at Illorin, subjected to a nominal confinement for a few days; but very soon was received with high

honor by the King, who gave him a valuable horse, presents for his wife, land to build on, and also for a house of worship.

We note it as not a little curious, that Swedenborg, in one of his strange publications, written between eighty and ninety years since, speaks of meeting in the world of spirits individuals from the interior of Africa, whom he describes as being in moral characteristics much in advance of other heathens. He speaks especially of their readiness to receive the truth when communicated to them.—*Savannah Courier.*

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS.

THE Birmingham (Eng.) Journal prints the following account of a flogging the Prince of Wales received from a poor boy:

"During her Majesty's residence, some years ago, at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea-shore. Now, it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea-shells. The boy had got a basketfull. The young Prince, presuming upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do what he pleased with impunity; so, without any notice, he upset the basket of shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed: 'You do that again, and I'll lick you.' 'Put the shells into the basket,' said the Prince, 'and see if I don't.' The shells were gathered up and put into the basket. 'Now,' said the lad, 'touch 'em again, old fellow, if you dare!' whereupon the Prince again pitched over the shells, and the lad 'pitched into him,' and gave him such a licking as few princes ever had: His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a color which might well become the champion of a prize-ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. The Prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straightforward manner. At its conclusion, turning to her child, the Queen said:

"You have been rightly served, Sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offence, I trust you will always receive a similar punishment." Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came, and the result of the interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which should be placed within his reach."

LETTER FROM VISCOUNT DE MARCELLUS TO M. DE LAMARTINE.

Or your travels in the East, my dear Lamartine, I have only read some extracts, inserted in different journals, but I can no longer resist my desire to tell you how deeply I am indebted to you for reviving past enjoyments. You have given fresh life to my old impressions: I have refound in you, if there be not too much pride in saying so, those great and powerful emotions which agitated me twelve years earlier on beholding the same places. I then gave myself up to the contemplation of those majestic scenes: the desert and Lebanon appeared to me under those sublime aspects that your pencil has recalled. I saw the same ruins, I scaled the same mountains, and the same dust stuck to my pilgrim-sandals; and I am not wrong in believing that this identity in travel and thought adds an additional link to our friendship. You have mentioned Lady Hester Stanhope, and I have unceasingly read and re-read your delightful episode regarding her: I have meditated upon it as upon a page of my own remembrances, written in characters of fire. You have transported me again to the feet of that woman, whose portrait I dared not sketch, and whom you yourself abstain from judging. I confess that my impressions were at that time almost entirely favorable to her: whether it was that my youth gave me greater sympathy with an existence so utterly apart from the usual routine, or that I could see nothing in the desert but what was great and novel. I also recorded my feelings in a faithful re-

cital; but my simple and insipid tale withered like a leaf swept by the wind, and fell lifeless into that literary gulf where so many of those political essays that you and I have attempted are doomed to burial.

Nevertheless, my visit to Lady Hester was related to Louis XVIII., who was anxious to learn the details from myself personally. I was indebted to Lady Stanhope for that kindness which hailed and made known some of my adventures in the East: thus the recital of my promenades, after the school of Homer, with the young maidens of Scio, in their last days of life and liberty: thus the particulars of the discovery, acquisition, and removal of the *Venus of Milo*, that masterpiece of ancient sculpture which my country, I say it with some vanity, owes to my exertions: thus other episodes in my travels then obtained some degree of favor, from connection with the name of my hostess on Lebanon; and if I made no endeavor to communicate to the public my admiration for her, it was because my journey had reference to a political mission. You will approve of my motives on considering that, with a due regard to the obligations of our common career, I thought that they imposed upon me a rigorous silence. Since torn from that career, the main study of my life, by storms in which so many far more precious interests have been wrecked, I still found myself bound to obey its injunctions, even when I hesitated not to abandon it, and thus my silence has survived my functions. At the present moment, in describing better than I could what I might relate apart from political concerns, you have awakened my recollections: you will yourself judge if a few features that I had preserved are worthy of being added to your brilliant pictures. When I had the honor of seeing Lady Hester Stanhope, she was more connected with Europe and its politics, and had not yet forgotten the world, although she held it in contempt. She had not then acquired, from some contemplative characters in Syria, the art of linking the destinies of our hemisphere to the influence of the stars or the firmament: she could still hang their chain from a higher point. Disgusted with the creeds of Europe, with which she was imperfectly acquainted, rejecting the numerous sects of the desert, whose mysteries

she had fathomed, she had created for herself a peculiar deism, preserving of the Christian religion only the practice of doing good, and the precept of charity.

The niece of Pitt had mingled from her youth in the struggles of the British parliament. At a later date, in her travels, she had studied and thoroughly investigated the views of the European cabinets. Thus it was that in our interview she gave vent to such severe judgments upon the men who have ruled the world for the last thirty years: of those men, several have fallen from power, some still exercise a sway, and the greatest number has succumbed to time. Lady Stanhope characterized them by a phrase, stigmatized them by an epithet, and almost all have justified her fearful prophecies. The coloring of her sketches, her revelations, or her hatreds, which she said she inherited from her uncle, I do not consider it proper to make known; but her antipathies against Europe I am not prevented from repeating. "Will you return to England?" I asked her. "No, never!" she replied with energy: "your Europe is so stale! Leave me my desert: what should I do in Europe? To look at nations that deserve their chains, and at kings unfit to reign! Before long, your old continent will be shaken to its very base. You have seen Athens: you are going to see Tyre. See what remains of those noble republics, the protectors of the arts, the queens of industry and the seas! Such will Europe be. All is worn out there. There is no longer a race of kings: they fall, removed by death or their own absurdities, and are succeeded by those more degenerate than themselves. Aristocracy, soon to be effaced from the world, gives place to a sordid and ephemeral middle class, without root or vigor. The populace alone, that populace which works, still preserves some character and some virtues. Tremble if it should ever learn its power! No, your Europe annoys me: I avert my ear from the last reports which reach me from it, and their faint echoes fall dead upon this isolated strand. Let us speak no more of Europe: I have done with it!"

And then Lady Stanhope ran over long accounts of the wonders of the desert. She related to me the events of her wandering and

queenly life: the succor and protection she extends to all travellers, and especially to Frenchmen, in memory of Napoleon! the death of Colonel Boutin, butchered by the Ansarias on the last chain of Lebanon: the striking vengeance she exacted for that murder: the poison administered in a tent on the plain of Messirib to another more celebrated traveller, who disguised himself in the East under the Moslem name of Ali-Bey, and in Europe under the Spanish appellation of Badia. She spoke to me of her visits to the santons of the mountain, and her excursions to Palmyra.

"I set off one day," said she, "from Damascus to see Balbek and its ruins. The pacha, my friend, had placed me under the care of the Scheik Nasel, the chief of fifty Arabs. My people followed at a day's distance. We travelled sometimes at night, sometimes during the day, and three suns had arisen since my departure, when a messenger mounted on a dromedary came flying to our caravan: he spoke a few words to the Scheik Nasel, who was troubled, and changed countenance. 'What is the matter with you?' I asked. 'Nothing,' he replied; and we continued. Shortly, a second dromedary overtook us, and the distress of Nasel was increased. I insisted upon knowing the cause. 'Well, since you must know it,' said he, 'my father, one of whose wives I have carried off, is pursuing me with a troop thrice as numerous as mine, and is just at hand. He seeks my death, I know, for such offences require blood; but you have been intrusted to me, and I will sooner perish than abandon you.' 'Depart! fly!' I exclaimed: 'I prefer remaining alone in the desert to seeing you killed by your own father. I will wait for him, and attempt to manage a reconciliation; but in any event, Balbek cannot be far off, and the sun will be my guide.' He left me on hearing these words, and disappeared with his fifty Arabs. I was alone for about an hour, without any other companion than my mare, or other protection than my poniard, when a cloud of dust arose at the horizon. Some horsemen came forward at full gallop, and in a few minutes Nasel was at my side. 'Honor to the eid, my lady!' he exclaimed: 'he carries a warrior's heart! What I told you was

only to try your courage: come, my father is waiting for you!" I followed him. I was received in the camp with all the ceremonies of the desert: gazelles and young camels were furnished for the repast: poets celebrated the exploits of past times. I made an alliance with that tribe, which from that time loves and respects me."

Thanks, my dear Lamartine; thanks for these recollections of my old travels. I yield myself up to the charms they have for me, and I can no more finish them than the Arab story-tellers of the khans of Ptolemais, who repeat the great deeds of Antar.

In writing to you, I think of that sun which was disappearing behind the mountains of Cyprus, and casting its last tints on the peaks of Anti-Lebanon: I think of that sea, with its blue waves, dying foamlessly away, and scarcely breaking on the shores of Sidon. None better than you can understand how strongly the imagination and memory are seized, and how quick the heart beats, when, in the bosom of such an amphitheatre, an English woman, whom the Arabs, disregarding her sex, have named the *Lord*, hid under the Bedouin garb, lets fall such words in the silence of the desert.

Adieu! I leave you to read you again, and to indulge in my remembrances afresh. If you should ever send your work to Lady Stanhope, mention to her the name of a man full of her recollection, and proud of being one of those ~~few~~ travellers who have visited her on her adopted mountains, and at the same time of being one of those numerous friends who have admired you in your native valley, so near to my own retreat.—*Travels in the East.*

THE FUTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE has not yet her importance. "The genius of the place," says Gibbon, "will ever triumph over the accidents of time and fortune." What part is she next to act? To the eye which can appreciate the power of moral instrumentalities, she appears even now the scene of a movement, the importance and results of which cannot be overcalculated. When Rome admitted the obscure prisoner who had "appealed" from

Felix "to Caesar," she received into her bosom the element of a revolution incomparably greater and more lasting than that of her Brutus. When Constantinople, about twenty years ago, received the band of American laborers who went thither to plant the truths of the gospel, and the free ideas of the Western Republic, the fulcrum was silently set up, and the lever adjusted, which is to overturn the whole system of Eastern despotism and superstition. Seminaries, printing-presses, and Christian schools, these are the artillery which American hands are now plying at this new siege of Constantinople—an artillery more pacific, but infinitely more effectual, than the great cannon of Mohammed.

It is remarkable enough that the capture of Constantinople by the Turks was the very event which secured it as an open field of Christian effort in the nineteenth century, and as the great base of operations for the social and moral regeneration of Asia. In the possession of a nominally Christian despotism, it would have been enclosed impenetrably against all such efforts and influences. Were the Greek empire and the Greek Church in full and combined strength at this day, as they were before the middle of the fifteenth century, printing-presses, schools, the preaching of the gospel, and free discussion on all subjects, would be as much out of the question at Constantinople as they now are at Vienna, Madrid, Naples, or St. Petersburg. The Greek patriarch has actually done all that he could or dared do in apposition to the reformation; and nothing but the check of the Ottoman government has prevented him from persecuting even to death those who have forsaken that corrupt Church, or protested against its errors. No power hates, resists, and persecutes the gospel like a false form of Christianity. In no city of the world is the Bible so scarce as at Rome: nowhere is the bud of religious life nipped with so prompt and merciless a hand. The strange and incredible violence with which Dr. King has been persecuted at Athens, though an acknowledged benefactor of the Greek race, contrasted with the almost perfect liberty enjoyed by our countrymen at the centre of Ottoman power and superstition, presents this fact in the strongest light. It would not be

so, of course, if the Turkish empire were such as it was four centuries ago. Turkey tolerates, not because she is humane or friendly to truth, but because she is weak. The complicated exigencies of her position compel her to consult all the Christian powers; and the joint product of her concessions is that indiscriminate toleration which makes Constantinople more open to all kinds of free and Christian agencies than any other city of continental Europe or of Asia.

At the same time, the whole world could not, perhaps, have offered a more central and commanding position for such operations. There almost all the languages of Asia may be learned, and almost all the tribes of Asia reached: thence the Eastern Churches may be vivified: there terminate the great avenues of Asiatic trade and travel. Its importance will immeasurably increase, too, as the vast and fertile regions lying on the shores and penetrated by the rivers of the Black Sea are peopled and civilized, and their energies and resources freed from the incubus of Turkish and Russian tyranny. Constantinople is yet to act a more important part in history than it has ever yet acted. Wonderful it is, indeed, that its apparent loss to Christendom in the fifteenth century should have secured its possession in the nineteenth, at the very time when it is most needed, and when its occupation can be the most effective!

"When I was very young," says Lucas, "I heard wise and venerable men say that the end of the power of the Ottomans would come at the same time with the downfall of the dynasty of the Palæologi. We, therefore, who have lived to witness this last calamity of time, and have seen this dire and unutterable disaster falling upon our race, with fervent prayers to God, who chasteneth and healeth again, wait for our redemption." Four weary centuries have passed away; and however superstitious may be the ground of the historian's hope, it seems now to be on the eve of a more sublime fulfilment than he, perhaps, in the bosom of a corrupt Church, a falling State, and a dark age, was capable of anticipating.—*New Brunswick Review*.

SKETCH OF REV. CHARLES TUCKER.

REV. CHARLES TUCKER was born April 19, 1809, in Broome, Schoharie county, N. Y., and was the son of Charles and Charity Tucker. His mother died when he was only seven years old. His father, who survived him, living to be eighty-four years of age, was engaged in teaching, and was well known as a licensed preacher of the gospel. Of six sons who attained to maturity, five became ministers: the other son, Augustus, was a lawyer, of Zanesville, Ohio. He died in early manhood, at the house of his brother Levi, and lies buried by the side of Charles, in Blockley, Pa., graveyard. During his last sickness, he remarked to the writer of this sketch: "If I recover, I shall abandon the law and preach the gospel." I mention this as affording a remarkable instance of the devotion of a whole family to the ministry. Away from the parental roof, the God of his father met Charles, and at the age of sixteen he became a trophy of grace. He united with the Presbyterian Church in Durham, Greene county, N. Y.; and his piety and talents so won the regard of that people, that arrangements were making to afford him a ministerial education. In his inquiries after truth, his mind had been led to question the validity of the baptism by which he had entered the visible Church, and the Bible convinced him that it was his duty to be "buried with Christ in baptism." He was baptized at Deposit, N. Y., by his brother Levi, then pastor of the church in that place. He soon after entered the institution at Hamilton, N. Y., and for two years remained there, sustaining a high reputation both as a Christian and a student. Failing health compelled him for a time to relinquish his studies, but they were subsequently resumed and continued, at Haddington Institution, Pa., under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Dagg. During the absence of his brother Levi, (pastor of Blockley church, two miles west of Philadelphia,) Charles supplied the pulpit for many weeks, to the entire satisfaction of the hearers. In the social meetings of the church, and in visits to the sick, and from house to house, he gave promise of that excellence which afterwards characterized him as a pastor. On leaving Haddington, he vis-

A LIE has no legs, but scandal has wings.

ited and preached for the Baptist church in Milesburg, Centre county, Pa.; and at their request, he was ordained, in 1837, at the New-market Street Baptist Church, Philadelphia. He immediately settled with the Milesburg Church, as their pastor, and the following year was married to Margery B., daughter of Hon. Andrew Gregg, United States Senator. This lady, with three children, still lives to mourn the loss of the excellent, the beloved husband and father. For three years Mr. Tucker continued the laborious, faithful pastor of Milesburg Church, and the Divine blessing attended his efforts. At the close of that period, he settled with the church at Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa. While with that people, and mainly through his efforts, they erected the neat and commodious house in which they still worship; and here, too, he was the instrument of the conversion of many who became lively stones in the spiritual temple of God. Nor were his labors confined to the people of his charge. Although often physically infirm, he travelled much to supply destitute places; and in associational and other ecclesiastical meetings, he held ever a prominent position as a man of sound and dispassionate judgment, and of unimpeachable Christian integrity. In 1848, he was unanimously elected pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Philadelphia, then an infant of days, now a strong and vigorous church of our Lord Jesus Christ. During the first summer after his settlement, a sickness, which it was feared would be unto death, fell upon him; but the church, which had already learned his value as a pastor, lifted up the voice of prayer, and he lived. So great was his anxiety to resume his labors, that long before the pallor of disease had passed away, he was in the sacred desk. He labored assiduously for the welfare of his people, in public and private, by general and by personal effort; and the Spirit worked with him: the feeble band increased in strength and numbers. In the winter of 1849, after the establishment of male adult evening schools in Philadelphia, and before any provision had been made by the public for females, his active benevolence saw the necessity for schools for them, and, by his individual effort, he procured the means for de-

fraying expenses; and the church having granted the use of their lecture-room, the school was opened: the benefits arising from it eternity only can unfold. Here was erected for Charles Tucker an enduring monument, reared in many a grateful heart. In the benevolent operations of Philadelphia, he ever bore his part. Although his health was frail, there seemed a change for the better, and on Sabbath day, September 15, 1850, many friends remarked that he looked unusually well. On the morning of that day, he preached with reference to the recent death of the lamented Judson, from the words: "And so Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day:" after which he administered the ordinance of baptism. In the afternoon, he conducted the services of the communion: in the evening, preached solemnly, affectionately, from the words: "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." As was his wont, he exchanged courteous greetings with brethren and sisters, and left the sanctuary. He had preached his last sermon!—his own case proving the truth of a remark made in the sermon of the morning: "This for some of us may be our last Sabbath on earth: before another dawns, we may be in eternity." On Monday morning, his own hand recorded his texts: in the afternoon, he attended a ministerial conference at West Philadelphia, there proposed and urged strongly the supply of a destitute portion of the city, remained and took part in the Union prayer-meeting in the evening, and returned with his ministering brethren to Philadelphia. His unusual cheerfulness, his Christian kindness, were observed by all. He bore to his waiting wife a bouquet of flowers, sent by a friend. Before they faded, the hand which gave them was motionless in death. He retired to rest, but at four o'clock on Tuesday morning sprang from his pillow with an attack which he supposed to be cramp in the stomach. Medical aid was at hand, and hopes were high that all would be well. During the day he dozed, seemingly from the effect of the opiates administered. About 7 P. M. he awoke, asked, "Where are the children?" said he felt much easier, much better, then slept again. That

slumber deepened and deepened, until he slept in Jesus—entering his eternal rest on Wednesday, September 18, 1850, at 7 A. M., just twenty-seven hours after his attack. Mr. Tucker was in the forty-first year of his age. A *post mortem* examination of the body showed that his death was caused by the rupture of an internal abscess. On the following Saturday, his lifeless form was borne to the sanctuary, where, on the preceding Sabbath, he had sounded the gospel trumpet. The throng which gathered there, evidenced how much he was loved, how deeply lamented.

As a preacher, Mr. Tucker was eminently practical. Without neglecting the great doctrines of our holy faith, he aimed at making his people active Christians; and it was his habit never to close a sermon without a direct appeal to the impenitent. He sought, too, to instruct his flock. After his settlement in Philadelphia, he illustrated the Acts of the Apostles, and delivered a course of lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress. The present pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Rev. M. G. Clarke, testifies to the value of these labors of Mr. Tucker. As a Christian, his hospitality was prominent, ever willing to do good to all: especially to the household of faith did he manifest his liberality. No travelling minister, no weary agent, ever met other than a warm welcome in his house. To a distressed family he once sent a barrel of flour; and the head of that family, an avowed infidel, had a curiosity to hear the man whose religion prompted him to dispense bread to the hungry. He listened, felt, wept, prayed, and sought to eat of that bread which came down from heaven. Mr. Tucker's piety was of a high order: he entertained a deep reverence for holy things, and ever frowned on the light jest or witticism made on sacred truths. During the last six months of his earthly pilgrimage an unusual spirituality was manifest. In his preaching, in his prayers, in his conversation, he dwelt much on the uncertainty of earthly things, on the glory of the heavenly world. On one occasion, he remarked: "I have been visiting a dying Christian, and the more I see of such scenes, the more delightful does death appear: it is a sleep for a Christian, and the grave a quiet resting-place for the wearied body." A few weeks before he

took his upward flight, he visited the beautiful cemetery at Laurel Hill. A Christian friend remarked, "Gladly would I rest here, if I could do so with the firm hope of sharing in the first resurrection." Fixing his eye steadily on her, Mr. Tucker replied: "You ought to have that assurance: I have it, sinful as I am. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him."

We needed not his testimony as he entered the Jordan of death. His life gave it, and leaves us without doubt that He in whom he believed received him into rest.—*American Baptist Memorial.*

M I L T O N .

In Milton's second defence of the people of England may be found this passage, in allusion to his loss of sight:

"Let me, then, be the most feeble creature alive, so long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines. Then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy, in no inconsiderable degree, the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas for him who insults me! who maligns and merits public execration; (for the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack: not, indeed, so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which, when occasioned, He is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure."

In the last English edition of Milton, published at Oxford, the following beautiful lines may be found, with the remark that they were among the late effusions of that master of English song. They are really the property of an American writer, Elizabeth Lloyd,

a Quakeress, of Philadelphia. Their affinity with the above train of thought will easily account for the error of the compiler, while it does not in any measure lessen the compliment paid the poet in ranking her composition among the productions of Milton.

I am old and blind!

Men point to me as smitten of God's frown:
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to thee!

O merciful One!

When men are farthest, then thou art most near:
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing:
Beneath it I am almost sacred: here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen!

Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng:
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture: waves of thought,
Roll in upon my spirit: strains sublime
Break o'er me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by the skill of mine.

TO A FRIEND.

BY M. S.

THE soft gentle feeling I cherish for thee
In language can not be expressed:
It comes o'er my soul like the zephyr's low sigh,
When lulling the flow'rets to rest.

These gentle emotions steal over my soul
At the twilight's calm, pensive hour,
When Luna sheds forth her pale silver rays,
And birds have forsaken the bower.

They come like the soft cooing voice of a dove,
And seem some-sweet bliss to impart:
Awaken my fancy to visions so dear,
And stir up the depths of my heart.

They seem to recall happy dreams of the past:
Sweet moments! the memories of yore
Glide over my soul like some soft-flowing stream,
And the same blissful rapture restore.

Aid oft through life's journey of sorrow and care,
When dark clouds around me I see,
My heart will return to these day-dreams so bright,
Those moments so happy with thee.

NASHVILLE, August, 1856.

LORD CAMPBELL AND BUNYAN.

LORD CAMPBELL, the distinguished Chief-Justice of England, in remarking on the Pilgrim's Progress, says: "Little do we know what is for our permanent-good. Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy his liberty, he, no doubt, would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field-preaching: his name would not have survived his own generation, and he would have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison-doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul; and inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's lips with fire, he composed the noble allegory, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the refined critic, and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."

THE GOSPEL PRECIOUS TO ALL.

THE religion of the gospel meets the wants of the universal heart of man: of childhood no less than manhood, of the benighted pagan as well as the Christian scholar. It speaks to all nations and all ages: awakens dormant consciences, and comforts troubled hearts. The following touching story will bring tears to many eyes. It is related by an humble missionary in Canada, who was called to visit a dying Indian boy.

"I found him dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-bark covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him, which was in a condition not to be described. After recovering from my surprise, I said:

"My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state: had you let me know, you should not have been lying here."

"He replied: 'It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore.'

"I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy: that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of the blanket, I said:

"Jack, you have a friend there: I am glad to see that. I hope you find something good there."

"Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played upon his countenance, and slowly spoke the following words:

"This, Sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year, I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg, (about two hundred miles off,) where I remained about two months. When I was half way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, toiling to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again.

And ever since, it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have buried it with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

"He was often interrupted by a sepulchral cough, and sank down exhausted. I read and prayed—the hut hardly affording me room to be upright even when kneeling."

THE FENAIIDA DOVE.

THE Fenaida dove, a visitor to East Florida from the West India Islands, is remarkable for the indescribably plaintive tenderness of its cooing. So touching is its utterance, that even to the heart hardened by a life of crime it is irresistible. A notorious pirate, linked with a band of desperadoes, who menaced the Florida coast, chancing to hear its soft, melancholy notes, lingered till feelings to which he had long been a stranger subdued his spirit and melted it to repentance. It was effectual, too, for he resolved to lead a different career for the future. At the cost of difficulty and danger, he effected his escape, and returned, like the prodigal, to a rejoicing home. The male bird, which first appears in Florida, may be heard cooing for his companion for about a week before she arrives. They choose for their resting-place spots thickly covered with grasses and low shrubs, in the heart of which they form their nests, glad if protected in addition by a hedge of sturdy mangroves. This meek, unambitious bird seldom soars high, and when crossing the sea, flies close over the surface of the water. Though so timid, they are confiding, and will permit a person's near approach. Thus, Audubon once hoped to become the possessor of one alive, and imagined himself on the point of a triumphant capture, when the dove turned upon him her beautiful eye, and he found that his intention was discovered. Gently she glided aside in her nest, then suddenly took to wing. Hovering around, she would alight within a few yards of her beloved nest—her wings drooping in sorrow, and her whole form trembling as if from severe cold. "Who could bear such a scene of despair?" exclaims Audubon: "I left the mother in security with her offspring."

Literary Notices.

THE COMMISSION: A Missionary Magazine, published monthly by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, Richmond, Va. 32 pp., 8vo.

The Commission will be mainly devoted to the promotion of Foreign Missions, though it will from time to time record the progress of other Christian enterprises, especially those of the Convention. It may be expected to contain the journals and letters of our missionaries, articles advocating the cause of the heathen, historical and biographical sketches from the pens of our ablest writers, and such other matter as may be of general interest.

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Terms—One copy per annum, \$1 in advance. Any person sending the names of five subscribers with the money (\$5,) shall receive a sixth copy free for one year.

Address "The Commission," Box 283, Richmond, Va.—*Prospectus*.

We have been furnished a prospectus, but have received no copy of the foregoing magazine. We remember something of this kind was proposed at the last Biennial Convention, and we were somewhat surprised at the report of the committee; which report, no doubt, determined the action of the Convention adversely to the project. We then thought, and still believe, the enterprise a commendable one; provided always, it has denominational approval. We say we were surprised, because there was and is a permanent value in our Foreign and Domestic Mission reports—there is a permanent value in Bible Board reports; and then the biennial expenditure on the part of the several Boards for the publication of

the proceedings of the Convention would go far toward making such a periodical self-sustaining at once. At least, together with this appropriation, and the cost of the Home and Foreign Journal, there would, we think, be an absolute saving or profit to the Convention yearly, instead of yearly indebtedness, as now.

When at Montgomery, we were favorable to such a paper as we have mentioned—one common to all the Boards of the Convention: we are so yet. But as a Baptist, and as a member of one of the Boards and a contributor to the others, we regret to see brethren of one of the Boards—in their Board capacity too—sparing neither "pains nor expense" in publishing a monthly, to "be mainly devoted to the promotion of Foreign Missions." It is the more to be regretted because it is clearly in opposition to what we understood to be the will of the Southern Biennial Convention. Much, therefore, as we should like to have a monthly, embodying the valuable hints, correspondence, reports, etc., of one or all the Boards, we stand opposed to The Commission, until we have more light, or until the next meeting of the Convention. We do not wish to be misunderstood; and state distinctly, therefore, that we love our Virginia brethren, and impute no improper motive to them in their zeal for the work confided to them. We think, nevertheless, the move a very injudicious one under all the circumstances.

We trust we will be exonerated from the charge of jealousy, or any thing of the kind; for we will admit, parenthetically, that the Board here is not doing a tithe of what perhaps it ought to accomplish. It is, however, by no means the least important interest of the Convention, if developed—next, perhaps, to this interest is the Board at Marion. Let the right kind of missionaries permeate the hills and hollows of the South with the Bible, which is the word of God, for the poor and the destitute, and we shall see, perhaps in our day, a wonderful increase of our distinctive principles and Christian liberality. If heathen be those who are strangers to true religion and the covenant of promise, then indeed have we a vast number all over the South, who already speak the English language, and are ready and willing to be instructed in the way of the Lord. Thousands

of them would read the Bible if they had it. Charity begins at home; and we are commanded to show piety at home. It is indisputably the duty of Christians to go into all the world and to preach the gospel to every creature; but there is a point at which individual duty and conscience says, BEGIN—that point is HOME. Foreign missions are as important as the souls of men, but souls are more accessible to gospel truth in America than elsewhere. And by the diffusion of the word of God at home, we will not only be instrumental in saving more souls, but in redeeming and perpetuating among the nations of the earth one more luminous in history than them all, but now shaken to its centre.

J.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

THE following are some of the many notices of *The Visitor* since its enlargement. We feel obliged to our brethren of the press for their favorable regard:

PARLOR VISITOR: Edited by Wm. P. JONES and W. H. BAYLISS, Nashville, Tenn.—One of the most neat and tasteful religious and literary magazines in the land. This we say without flattery. If the reader will excuse the compliment to ourselves, it is worth something when we say that much for a magazine; for we regard the most of them as the vehicles of literary trash. The *Parlor Visitor* is designed solely for ladies, as the name implies, and it presents more claims for their patronage than any publication of the kind now extant. The articles are selected with great care and fine taste; excluding all Werterism or sickly sentimental love stories, and presenting religious, moral, and literary pieces which instruct, elevate, and purify the soul. A husband cannot do his wife, nor a father his daughter, a better intellectual favor than to send \$2 to W. P. Jones, Nashville, Tenn., and procure a copy of this monthly magazine. It contains 48 pages. Each number will contain one or more elegant engravings.—*South-Western Baptist*.

This is one of our own Tennessee gems, and we trust it will be liberally patronized by her citizens.—*The East-Tennessean*.

The number before us is well filled with interesting matter, printed in faultless style. It deserves and should receive a liberal support.—*Columbia Mirror*.

The present, if a fair specimen of the future, promises to the readers of *The Visitor* a rich intellectual treat. We admire the beau-

tiful likeness of brother Oncken, and think it worth the price of *The Visitor*. May the editors have a large circulation of their excellent work, and be richly rewarded for their labors.—*Baptist Watchman*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers can now judge of the value of the improvements which we have made in the appearance and matter of *The Visitor*. And if they are pleased with it, and desire its success, we hope they will take a little trouble to help it on. We are determined, if our friends will assist us, not to let it retrograde, but to advance in improvement, until it stands ahead of any periodical of its kind in the South. And to prove our sincerity on this point, we offer the following premiums, viz.:

To any person who will send us five subscribers and ten dollars in cash, we will furnish the sixth copy free of charge, or any book costing not more than two dollars, as such person may desire.

To any person sending ten names and twenty dollars, books to the amount of four dollars; twenty names and forty dollars, books to the amount of eight dollars; and in the same proportion for any number of names with the cash accompanying them.

We subjoin the following catalogue of works, from which those persons raising clubs can select, according to their own taste:

Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature.....	\$4 00
West's Analysis of the Bible.....	5 50
Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises (4 vols.)	5 00
Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature (2 vols.).....	6 00
Female Poets of America.....	4 50
Milton's Poetical Works.....	4 50
Campbell's Poetical Works (very fine).....	7 50
Keble's Christian Year (very fine).....	8 50
Homes of American Authors.....	7 00
Homes of American Statesmen.....	7 00
Lives of Virginia Baptist Preachers.....	1 00
Hervey's Meditations.....	1 25
Heavenly Home.....	1 25
Heavenly Recognition.....	1 00
Malcom's New Bible Dictionary.....	0 75
History of the Queens of England (6 vols.).....	14 00
Cruden's Concordance.....	1 75
Webster's Quarto Dictionary.....	6 00

The above are all in good, substantial binding—many of them antique binding—and are most desirable editions.

Monthly Periscope.

APPEAL OF THE CLERGY OF RICHMOND.

THE subjoined extracts of an article which appeared in *The Richmond Enquirer*, though now out of date, we commend to the consideration and regard of all who truly love the American Union. These are times in which it becomes us to consider well, and to act firmly in view of duty. Let us inquire, Is there no point where patriots may meet? Are we all demented, and controlled by designing demagogues? Or have we the independence, the moral courage to do right, to perpetuate the glory and honor of our country, by supporting those who love above life itself the honor and union of these States?

While incendiary meetings have been convened both North and South, this is the only notice which we remember to have seen of one anywhere for strictly conservative purposes. All honor, therefore, to those patriotic preachers whose names are signed below!

At a meeting of the ministers of the gospel in the city of Richmond, convened on Thursday, the 19th instant, after public notice, the Rev. T. V. Moore was called to the chair, and the Rev. George Woodbridge appointed Secretary.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, of Randolph Macon, being present, was invited to assist in their deliberations.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge.

The following address was then presented, and, after mature deliberation, was unanimously adopted:—

BRETHREN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The undersigned, ministers of the gospel, of different Christian denominations, in the city of Richmond, do not think that we shall transcend our proper sphere in addressing to you, respectfully and earnestly, a few conservative remarks on the present alarming crisis in our national affairs.

Our clerical profession, though it has restrained us from taking an active part in political matters, has not quenched the ardor of our patriotism. We cherish, as our invaluable birthright, the liberty, civil and religious, secured for us by the toil, valor, and blood of

our fathers. We are fervently attached to our national institutions, planned by the wisdom and consolidated by the conservative spirit of the Revolutionary patriots. We love our country—our whole country—our country with all its faults. We look upon the citizens of every State in our Union as our brethren. Of all the people on the face of the earth, they have the greatest cause to be thankful and contented. The sun does not shine upon a nation so free, so prosperous, so favored as ours. We deem it our solemn duty, as patriots and Christians, to contribute in every lawful method to the perpetuation of blessings so numerous, so various, and so rich.

We have seen, with painful solicitude, the agitations which have marred the peace and threatened the stability of our Union. Sectional jealousies and bitterness have, to a great degree, usurped the place of patriotism and brotherly love. Citizens of the same country, descendants of the same race, inheritors of the same priceless privileges, guardians of the same beneficent institutions, are set in deadly hostility against each other. The spirit of violence, showing itself in misrepresentation and abuse, in the licentiousness of the tongue and of the press, in personal assaults, in insubordination, and in armed resistance to lawful authority, is rife and spreading in the country. The flames of civil war are kindling on our borders. As American citizens, we are humbled; and as Christians, we are deeply mortified and grieved at this state of things.

We have seen that, in various parts of the country, meetings are called, conventions are held, speeches are delivered, resolutions are adopted, and all, or nearly all, are designed to agitate, inflame, excite the worst passions of the human heart, and add fuel to the flame that threatens to consume the noble fabric of our Government. We have read no account of any meeting assembled for the patriotic and Christian purpose of allaying the popular excitement, awakening the conservative spirit of the people, and invoking the blessing of the Most High on our rulers and on our nation.

We believe that God reigns in righteousness over the nations of the earth. His gracious and controlling providence has been eminently displayed in the history of our be-

loved country. Our Revolutionary fathers acknowledged the sovereignty of God, relied on his sustaining power, and sought, by fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to deprecate his wrath, and to secure his guidance and protection in the unequal struggle in which they were engaged. Nor did they appeal to him in vain. By many wonderful interpositions, he gave them the victory, and enabled them to establish a government which has been the admiration of the world and the hope of republican liberty. From the auspicious dawn of our Republic to this hour, he has been the guide, defence, and benefactor of our nation. The perpetuity of our national institutions, and the prosperity of our country, depend on his blessing; and we humbly trust that he who watched over our national infancy, and has nourished us to vigorous manhood, will not now forsake us. We are sure he will not, if by our national iniquities we do not forfeit his favor and provoke his wrath.

We regard the law of God as the foundation of all human law, binding by its precepts all men of every sphere and calling in life, and the standard by which all human actions should be judged; and we, therefore, earnestly deprecate all exasperating personalities, all asperity and intemperance of language, all resorts to physical force for redress, as contrary to the teaching of God's word, and as derogatory to that elevated civilization of which that word is the origin, the rule, and the safeguard.

In view of these considerations, it seems good to us to address a few words of exhortation to our fellow-citizens. In the present circumstances, it is the obvious and imperative duty of all to cherish a patriotic, candid, kind, and forbearing spirit. Let us sedulously avoid every word and deed which can tend to increase the public excitement and irritation. Let us give no countenance to lawless violence, whether in high or low places. Let us seek, by every practicable method, to strengthen and brighten the bond of fraternal union, which should embrace every citizen of our favored States and Territories. And above all, let Christians fervently pray to the Father of Light for his blessing on our rulers—that they may be wise, firm, conciliating, and patriotic—and for our people, that they may be peaceable, prosperous, and happy. We are called individually to self-examination, the confession of our sins, penitence, and a reformation of our lives; and by these methods, far more readily than by fierce discussion, we may avert the dangers which are impending over our beloved land. And now we entreat you, by every consideration of patriotism and piety—by the memory of our fathers—by the blood which purchased our liberties—by the illustrious deeds of Bunker Hill and Yorktown—by the

history of the past—by the millions, living and unborn, whose welfare depends on the preservation of our Union—and especially by our religious liberty, so happily secured, and our religious prosperity, so greatly increased under our excellent government, to “follow the things which make for peace.”

In conclusion, we earnestly request our fellow-citizens to unite with us on the Sunday preceding the Fourth of July next in prayer, secret, social, and public, to the God of nations, that he would mercifully restrain the angry passions of men, inspire our rulers with a moderate and pacific spirit, disperse the clouds overhanging our favored Republic, restore the harmony which once existed among the States of this Union, and enable us to transmit to our posterity, in their entirety, the inestimable privileges which we have received from our ancestors.

J. B. JETER,	T. H. JONES,
R. B. O. HOWELL,	J. D. BLACKWELL,
J. L. BURROWS,	W. A. SMITH,
R. FORD,	M. D. HOGE,
H. WATKINS,	T. V. MOORE,
J. B. TAYLOR,	L. P. LEDOUX,
— PETTIGREW,	C. H. READ,
J. K. POWERS,	GEO. WOODBRIDGE,
E. P. WILSON,	H. S. KEPLER,
J. H. BOYD,	H. B. NEWMAN,
W. H. STARR,	J. PETERKIN,
	S. S. MUSKLAND.

OUR COUNTRY.—The history of nations in all ages may be searched in vain for a condition of things analogous to that now existing in this country. American society, once banded together, is now broken into fragments; and the profusion of those unclassified fragmentary particles, clearly demonstrates that a tremendous upheaval has taken place in the substratum of society.

The sons of sires who conquered here are not united as their fathers were, but, in broken sections, stand apart—each glaring upon the other in fiercest antagonism.

The American Constitution and Union—the anchor and palladium of civil and religious freedom—purchased by the life-time energies and heart's blood of patriot fathers, are all things familiar in history, but now regarded of little worth by political tricksters, both North and South.

Not now can we either say or sing:

“Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion.”

We are in the midst of fearful commotion at home. Despatches, daily coming, bring news of deadly feuds. Intestine strife disgraces freedom's chosen home.

The American people will soon have the

credit of demonstrating to the satisfaction of an incredulous world whether indeed men are capable of self government.

A crisis in our national affairs has at length arrived, in which we shall and must elucidate the beauties of Republicanism, or declare it a failure. The virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the masses, under the guidance of Providence, we sincerely hope, will prove sufficient for the trials which await a people hitherto elevated far above others in all the privileges of civil and religious liberty. J.

THE details of a most appalling accident on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, by which over fifty persons have been killed, and from eighty to one hundred wounded, are given in the Philadelphia papers of last week. This fearful accident, it appears, was caused by a

collision between the regular down-train and an excursion train, carrying upwards of six hundred children, attached to the Sunday-school of St. Michael's Catholic Church, Kensington. We learn that the conductor of the down-train, after the accident, committed suicide by swallowing arsenic.

When will railroads be conducted so as to insure against such reckless sacrifice of life? It is time that legislative steps were taken in the matter. Within the last few years, the loss of human life by collisions on railroads has been immense. Hardly have we ceased to brood over one sad catastrophe, when the news of another and more fearful crash causes our blood to run cold at the utter negligence and recklessness, on the part of conductors or others, by which such accidents are brought about.

Editor's Drawer.

WHOM SHALL WE SERVE?

THE reception of letters derogatory both to The Visitor and ourself are no new things. And though we have been abused and denounced in such furious style, we have in no instance returned railing for railing. We have not stooped to bandy epithets with men who have written us insulting letters: in return for such, we have either not written at all, or we have responded in a kindly manner; thus attempting to appease the wrath of brethren heaped upon us without, as we think, any sufficient cause.

Some months ago, we received a letter from Texas, speaking of The Visitor in language too indelicate to print here, and charging us with "ungentlemanly" conduct, "unchristian" deportment, "malicious" feelings, etc.; and in conclusion, the author demanded of us repentance, in the absence of which, we were threatened with the loss of patronage in his "field of labor." But for the expression "my field of labor," there is no evidence whatever in all the letter that the writer had ever so much as heard of Christianity or the spirit of Christ. We confess, upon its perusal, we did not feel in that equable frame of mind necessary to answer it, as such things should be answered. We, therefore, stored it away, with other communications of like character; where, in all probability, it would have re-

mained till the day of our death, if it had not been for the reception of the following:

WEBBERVILLE, June 20.

DEAR BROTHERS:—The article "To the obstreperous Landmark Men" caused me to order the discontinuance of my Parlor Visitor. This was done with much regret. Such a periodical I knew to be indispensable: I grieved to renounce the only one we had.

As a change has taken place in its government, I trust it will no longer be a partisan organ. It must be neutral, or it will be nothing.

I have paid up to Jan., 1867. If you choose, you may renew my name. If it remains neutral, I will recommend it by voice, and through Texas Baptist, as cor. editor.—Your brother,

R. H. TALIAFERRO.

Now, brother Taliaferro, a word in kindness. If you have read the article to which you have repeatedly referred, and if you believe its "ungentlemanly," "unchristian," "malicious" author, as you are pleased to style him, you know he was not the aggressor in this (to you) unpleasant affair. You know that, in the even tenor of his way, he was endeavoring to follow those things that make for peace, when suddenly a clamor was raised against him, because he would not be a landmark man, *re-set*. You may not know it, it is nevertheless true, that we have received repeated solicitations from its friends to espouse, advocate, and defend this dogma

through the columns of *The Visitor*. We could not, in justice to our judgment and convictions of duty, do so. When, however, for this cause, our paper was being discontinued, and we bitterly, perhaps "maliciously," assailed, for thinking and writing as Baptists have thought and written in all ages; when we had been aspersed, misrepresented, and abused without stint, then, modestly, but not till then, did we defend our views, as well as previous conduct, with reference to the question at issue. It was our defence, not an attack from us upon the re-setters. Speaking of this article of defence, you affirm you "never saw any thing more out of place, more uncalled for;" that it is "vindictive"—"could not have been more ungentlemanly"—"could not have been more unchristian"—"could not have been more malicious;" and, moreover, you affirm it "has no argument"—that if we don't repent, we will lose subscribers in your "field of labor!" My brother, we all see through a glass darkly in this life; and therefore we need to have, and keep in lively exercise, that greatest of all the Christian graces, CHARITY. Charity in Christianity is what patriotism is to country: men, however, lose sight of both in blindness of party feeling. We dislike no brother for a mere difference of opinion, we denounce no one for his landmark proclivities, but would gladly see all lose sight of such little things for the honor of God—lay aside such besetting weights, that they may have more patience to run the race set before them. It is an important race—the prize an imperishable crown of glory; and such things impede our progress woefully.

But in opposition to your views of the unhallowed character of our article, we beg to refer you to a communication from one of our most learned, beloved, useful, and popular ministers in Mississippi, and to that of brother Smith in the July number of this journal.

One of ripe judgment, who has travelled for years among Baptists—himself one—and extensively and favorably known, writes us: "I know there are not as many old landmark men as some suppose: not one in ten has read the pamphlet, and not one in a hundred understands 'its real position'; and hundreds who now think they are old landmark men are really not, and would disclaim it if they really understood it." We might present you other proofs that we have done nothing worthy of death, stripes, or your denunciation; but we forbear, sincerely hoping it may never again be necessary to refer to this subject. We have no personal righteousness, or other distinction, to plead or boast before God or our fellow-citizens. But a few healthful principles, early implanted by parental care, a knowledge of the Scriptures, and, we humbly trust, the accompanying spirit of promise, have sufficed to keep us from some of the evils

of life: we therefore fear no investigation of our character, nor the envenomed shafts which you or others may hurl at us.

There are those in Texas, my brother—and your field of labor, if at all extensive, may embrace some of them—both in the ministry and membership of the churches, who have known us and our manner of life for twenty years—from our youth up; and we should be willing to leave a verdict as to the truth of your several accusations against us to the decision of brethren in your own State.

You are pleased to refer to this paper as being indispensable, and at the same time to your distress while dispensing with it. With reference to these things, we have now nothing to say, other than, with the help of our associate, if brethren will permit, we will endeavor to make it a public necessity.

You also refer to a change having taken place in its government. Your language perhaps implies too much. We are not aware of any authoritative control being attempted by others than those already indicated. Our pastor, equally interested with us, as a responsible brother, will write when, where, and whatever comports with his views of propriety, leaving us, as we presume, to do the same.

You say *The Visitor* "must be neutral, or it will be nothing." The idea is rather a pretty one; and may be true as beautiful—though it strikes us as eminently prophetic—and it may be false. At any rate, neutral things have ever seemed to us as nearly nothing as any we could possibly imagine.

If you mean to say we must edit a work indifferent to every thing—having no character for any thing, no bias in favor of good or evil, party or principle—then, Sir, we ask that you, and others who would thus fetter a brother free as yourselves, will excuse us from editorial duty. But if you will graciously permit, we will again announce a principle governing us hitherto, and foreshadowing, in so far as pertains to us, the future course of *The Visitor*—*Independence in all things: neutrality at discretion*. In this annunciation, we set forth no new principle or platform. Having known men, women, and children contented, prosperous, and happy, by prudent attention to their own business, we do not expect to embroil ourself with others' difficulties. But we cannot promise to be neutral in the future, nor do we ask absolution from the past. We cannot be indifferent to the progress of Baptist principles, or the inculcation and practice of that charity which has ever been so characteristic of Baptists, whether at the stake, under the ban of civil government, or receiving stripes at the hands of relentless persecutors. If in the past we have erred, we regret that brethren, in a spirit of kindness, have not convinced us of the error:

we regret that we cannot see it, feel it, and make reparation.

We have studied the principles and usages of Baptist Churches, and understand them as intelligent brethren do throughout the country. When we have spoken of them, in self-defence, we have spoken in accordance with the known and acknowledged usage of the denomination; not so much as dreaming that thereby we should become "the rider of the wind, or stirrer of a storm."

We have been accustomed to the belief that God is the sovereign of the universe—that man is an animal—that our earth is a globe—that planets revolve round the sun; and yet none of these things are susceptible of clearer proof than the correctness of our positions to which brethren have excepted.

Now, if, while we continue to believe these revelations of God and natural philosophy, we casually, or otherwise, let fall a thought involving any one of the foregoing facts, let it be distinctly understood, we design no offence to any one. But if, for entertaining such belief, we are called to account, and charged with being no gentleman—as being a ninny, and dishonorable: if any shall say there is no God; that we degrade the race of men; that the earth is as flat as a cobbler's lap-stone, and the sun passes over and under it; that Penobscot and Bunker Hill said so, and we must say so too, or stop their paper,—why then, my dear Sir, we shall send their papers so long as they have paid for them, and treat them with the silent consideration which some of our traducers have merited and received. And while in the former exercise of Christian charity some may think we have done wrong, we have the consolation of believing we have the current of authority, both in the Bible and the Churches, on our side. If we have erred, we did it ignorantly, and with a vast majority of the living membership and ministry of Baptist Churches. If we have erred, it has been with those who have made greater pretensions to talent, piety, and learning, than we ever professed. If we have erred, it has been with those who called God, angels, and men to witness their sincerity. If we have erred, it has been with those who claim the word of God as their guide and Christ as their judge. If we have erred, it has been with those whose sense of feeling, sense of hearing, and sense of sight, conspired to convince them of the correctness of their conclusions.

Our primary offence consisted, if we remember aright, in an article entitled "Union Meetings," in which Elders Bayliss and Dayton, and other Baptist brethren, united with Christians of other denominations in a series of meetings here. We, when subsequently attacked, defended the first article. If in either we sinned, others have sinned before us. Baptist ministers in Virginia, Kentucky,

and elsewhere, have habitually engaged in those union meetings; have habitually extended to others Christian sympathy and Christian courtesy. Why, then, should we, a layman, be singled out as a sacrifice for the sins of the ministry? A brother of this city, on one occasion, after having been engaged for weeks with Christians of every name "like children of a common Father," testifies to the efficacy of such meetings, by saying he was in the midst of a most precious revival. He says he then enjoyed the grace of God; that brighter scenes hourly opened up before him; that his prayers were heard and abundantly answered; that heavenly gales bore peace upon their wings, and sinners were born again. Not only grace, but dews of grace came o'er him; not dews of grace only, but rich dews of grace: not dews in gentle distillation, but grace came showering o'er him, not in one tiny shower alone, but "in many a gentle shower." Now, if we know the sincerest desire of our heart, it is that the general and special providences of God may so environ and control us that we may so live as to be the recipient of his grace in life, in death, and in eternity. And if the theory of Christian co-operation which we so feebly defended, when practically illustrated, brings, as you have heard, such lasting honor to God, blessings to ministers, and salvation to sinners, who shall say we may not speak of Union Meetings still? And that such blessings do follow such meetings is affirmed under the solemnity of an oath, because in the name of God. The language is not of doubtful import: it is from one who had the corroboration of his senses. We give it literally:

"Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to Heaven given,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

"We have been engaged in a meeting in this place for the past two weeks. Christians of every name appear much revived, and are all engaged, like children of the same common Father, in the work of saving souls. We are in the midst of a most precious revival. Thirty have already, we trust, been born into the kingdom, and nineteen accessions have been made to the Church. When the work will stop, we know not. . . . 'Not unto us, but unto Thy great name be all the glory.'"

Read it again: it is not equivocal, but explicit. The meetings to which we referred, and the mention of which brought upon us such showers of indignation, were those in which Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, became united in prayer and exhorta-

tion. That in which showers of grace were so common, the brother says, was one in which "Christians of EVERY NAME appear much revived, and are ALL ENGAGED, like children of the same common Father, in the work of saving souls." Who has ever said so much, half so much, in favor of meetings where Christians, differing in some things, may engage—all engage, like children of the same common Father, in the work of saving souls? And yet, marvellous as it may appear to some, this is the language of one who now discourses of "half-principled Baptists," and in whose paper our more guarded views of such meetings have been held up to ridicule and derision. It is the language of Elder J. R. Graves.*

In conclusion, we say to all, in view of the retribution of the world to which we hasten, we shall prayerfully seek, and patiently pursue, the path of duty; and if, in the meantime, brethren, with whom we would love to live in peace, become impatient or hopeless of our progress to this, that, or any other mark which they may make, they can still, if they like, call us "half-hearted," "half-principled," "ungentlemanly," "unchristian," "a fusionist," "vindictive," "malicious:" any one, or all these epithets, over and over again, if expressive of the feelings most within them, will not injure us. If God will but grant us dews of heavenly grace, we can bear all things, endure all things, and glory in the fact that we are counted worthy to bear reproach for the sake of truth and Christian propriety.

J.

THE PARLOR VISITOR.

CROCHET AND EMBROIDERY WORK.—We propose making an additional improvement in *The Visitor*, upon the following conditions, namely: If one half the number of ladies now taking *The Visitor* will interest themselves so that each will send us one more subscriber with the money, we will immediately thereafter commence publishing patterns for crochet and embroidery work—each number of *The Visitor* to contain one or more patterns. We make this proposition the more confidently, because we presume one half the ladies are now, or expect to be—

* And others we could name, occupying his standpoint of to-day, we presume, have also been "re-set," for they have analogous antecedents.

Query—Should not those equally zealous on both sides of the same question, of all men, be most lenient toward their brethren in error? How can they be so prescriptive? Or how hope to be the leaders of other than thoughtless men?

come helpmeets before they die; and they of course will second it. And those who sustain no such relation, and have no expectation of the kind, will have to help themselves; and they, of all people, need *helps of this kind most*. Thus we leave all without excuse; and if the ladies South do not have the most beautiful as well as useful Visitor in the country, it shall not be the fault of the proprietors. And if every subscriber will send us one other, we will illustrate the body of the work like Harpers, in addition to what we have just proposed.

Let us hear from you specifically with regard to these improvements; and soon and favorably, if you please. A large influx of subscribers will secure all these improvements at once, without increasing the price. See the terms in the prospectus.

Our readers will bear with us for further biographical reference to the Tuckers until the next number, for which we have a sketch of Elder Levi, and an allusion to Elisha Tucker, by Elder S. W. Adams, of Ohio.

HAVING now superior arrangements both for printing and mailing *The Visitor*, we hope in the future there may be no cause of complaint on the part of subscribers.

We say again to subscribers who are calling for back numbers, that we issued but three for the present year prior to the July number. Those who commenced with the year, and sent us \$1, will get much more reading matter and a number of fine engravings, in lieu of the numbers they failed to get before the enlargement. And as there are some upon our books whom we thought would send the money but have not yet done so, we say to them, send us one dollar, and you shall have the work until January, 1857; or send us two dollars, and you shall have it till July, 1857.

To some whose time of subscription would have expired with the June number, had they received them all regularly, we sent the July number, and now we send them this: such of them as have not renewed their subscriptions, and will not, will please return this number. We sincerely hope, however, that our very great additional expense will be appreciated by all those for whom it was so cheerfully incurred. If Baptists, and Baptist ladies especially, do not desire other magazines to surpass theirs in beauty, and diffusiveness of circulation, they will come up to the help of *The Visitor* right handsomely. And now is the time: The July number can be furnished to all who want it.