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ESSAY ON THE SCRIPTURAL DEFINITION OF AN EVANGELICAL OR CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

First—Its nature. Second—Its essential and invariable elements. Third—The form of its government. Fourth—Its officers, and by whom elected. Fifth—Its sacraments: their relation to the Church and to each other. Sixth—When and where first organized. Seventh—The importance of using the name Church only in accordance with its legitimate meaning.

INASMUCH as the following essay has been pronounced "an old landmark document," and we may have to defend it against that charge, we give it to the readers of The Visitor, that they may judge for themselves. We believe that it contains the scriptural as well as Baptistic doctrine on the subjects discussed; and if it can be made to appear that it sustains "old landmark re-set," well and good. We think differently, and shall think so, until the contrary is made to appear. B.

It is not necessary, in a discussion of this proposition, to enter into a critical examination of the Greek term *ekklesia*, as used in the classics or as defined in the lexicons. Our business is simply to ascertain its scriptural definition—what the inspired writers meant by it. It is taken for granted that they have made a proper use of it, according to the received and approved signification. Neither is it necessary to examine particularly its *general* application in the Scriptures.

It is used a few times in the New Testament to signify an assembly of mixed character. But the object of this essay is to examine its *special application* and true scriptural meaning.

It occurs in the New Testament over one hundred times, with a special application—meaning a Christian assembly. In about one-fifth of these instances, it is applied to the Church Universal, and in the remaining four-fifths to particular congregations of Christians. When used in its general sense, as *ekklesia universal*, it does not mean an organized body, with a prerogative to exercise the functions of government, but a distinctive class of individuals, possessing alike the character of disciples of Christ. As, for example, in Matthew xvi. 18: "Upon this rock will I build my Church." Here Peter, answering for himself and the other disciples, declared their faith in Christ as the Son of the living God. And in answer, Jesus declares, that upon them, and such as they were, possessing like faith, he would build his Church.

This is evidently the correct meaning of the passage. And of the same meaning and application is the expression in Eph. i. 22–33: "And gave him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is his body." We use the word in the same sense when we say the Christian Church in America, or the kingdom of Christ in the world. But whenever the term is applied in the Scriptures in its special sense, it always means a particular body of Christians organized strictly in accordance with the laws of Christ, and thereby prepared and authorized to exercise all the functions of government. And in this particular sense it is applied about ninety times in the New Testament.

As in Matthew xviii. 17: "And if he ne-

glect to hear them, tell it to the Church," etc. That a particular organized body is here meant is made plain by the distinction made between the individual members and the Church. Likewise in Acts ii. 47: "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved."

Here, such as were of the proper character, were added to the Church daily. The like use is made of the term *ekklesia* in all the other instances of the ninety. But it is never applied to the officers of the Church as such, nor to a part or parts of a church, nor to an associated body of individual churches.

The following investigation will have as its principal object the special meaning of the term as applied to a particular organized body of Christians.

And in the first place, to ascertain the scriptural meaning of an evangelical or Christian Church, we will examine its nature.

The Christian Church is essentially peculiar in its nature. There is nothing in the world like it. It is peculiar as being a Divine institution. All other organizations are of men, and bear the marks of mutability and decay incident to their authorship; but this kingdom was set up by the God of heaven, is governed by his laws, and sustained by his omnipotent arm, and shall stand for ever. It is peculiar as being separate from and independent of the world. All human institutions are by affinity united with the world, and are to be governed by its laws; but this Divine institution, this kingdom of God, this Christian (*ekklesia*) Church, has been called out from the great mass of humanity, separated from the world, and is bound by the world's laws only so far as they accord with and are subordinate to the laws of Heaven. It is independent of the world, and cannot be advanced by carnal weapons, power, or influence, "but by the preaching of the gospel with the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven." Nor can the powers of earth or hell destroy it, "for it shall stand for ever." Even death and the grave shall not be able to overcome it, because sustained by the energy of its Divine head. It is "built upon the rock, Christ; and the gates of *Hades* shall not prevail against it."

Its separation from the world by Divine power, and its distinctness from the world by the peculiar laws which God has given it, makes the Christian Church an object of notice and attraction to the world: like a sublime tower standing in a desert, whilst its independence of the world gives evidence to man of another state, of an immortal economy, with higher laws than earth obeys; and, like the beautiful and mysterious bow with which the Almighty hand hath spanned the heavens, holds out to a sin-stricken race the promise of Divine favor.

The peculiar nature of an evangelical or Christian Church* is also visible in its essential and invariable elements. Among which, the first, and probably the most prominent, is faith.

"Go ye, therefore, and disciple [matheteusate] all nations, baptizing them," etc. "He that *believeth* and is baptized shall be saved. He that *believeth not* shall be damned." A sincere and heartfelt belief of the cardinal truths of the gospel: "that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God;" that he "died and rose again;" that he ever liveth as Mediator between God and man, by whom we must be saved—a belief of these great truths is essential to the existence of a Church. For without this, it cannot be evangelical even according to the etymology of that term.

Hence it follows, as a fact settled by the plain declarations of the gospel, that none but regenerated persons can be true members or component parts of an evangelical Church. For "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned:" "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It is also plain that infants cannot be members of a Church, for they are naturally incapable of exercising faith in Christ. They cannot be believers; for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

The advocates of infant membership must either add to the commission which was given as an invariable law by the great Head of the Church, or they must make their

* The word Church is used in this essay only in the sense of the visible kingdom of Christ, to which the Greek word properly applies.

infants teachable, before they can be members of the Church of Christ.

2. Love is another essential element in an evangelical Church. God is love. This is an inherent principle of the Divine nature. And the body must partake of the same nature of its head; "for he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." There must be supreme love to God; for "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment.

There must also be love among the members, one to another. "He who loveth God, loveth his brethren also." "And if we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. And by this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Hence, again, they who have not love to God and to their brethren cannot be true members of an evangelical or Christian Church.

3. Baptism* is also an essential element in the visible existence of a Christian Church.

Individuals may be Christians, and yet unbaptized persons; but they cannot be members of a visible Christian Church without baptism.

Baptism is not absolutely essential to salvation, but it is absolutely essential to Church-membership. This truth is made apparent by the form and language of the commission of the great Lawgiver to his apostles and Church, when, on Olivet's hallowed mount, he bade them farewell, and authorized them to act in his name, and as his body, until he came again: "Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," etc.

Hence they were to be converted by the faith of the gospel; then they were to be baptized, to initiate them into the Church; and afterwards they were to be taught to observe all the doctrines and duties of the Christian life.†

Again, our Lord represents a rejection of baptism as a rejection of the counsel of God or Christianity: "But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him." Luke vii. 30.

Now the Scriptures of Divine truth represent Christ as the head and only lawgiver of the Church. And *he* has thus pointed out the essentials, and enacted a positive law for the government of his kingdom; and no other person or persons have any right to add to, take away from, or in anywise change them. He is the only King in Zion; and no other king, or pope, or bishop, can alter, amend, or abrogate his laws, without presumptuously assuming the prerogative of Deity, "and, like the son of perdition, sit in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

That baptism is an essential element in a Christian Church is made evident, in the second place, by the teaching and examples of Christ and his apostles, acting under authority of the commission.

On the day of Pentecost, when those who were "pricked in their hearts" asked, "What shall we do?" Peter answered, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ." And Paul in his argument to the Galatian Church on the subject of justification, after telling them that they were the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, emphatically declares, "*As many of you* as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ." The practice of the apostles agreed with their doctrines on this subject. For on the day of Pentecost, they "that gladly received Peter's word, or the doctrine which he preached, were baptized and added to the apostolic Church, and continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and prayers." The Samaritans also, when they believed Philip, preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, were baptized, both men and women. The jailer and his family were baptized forthwith upon their professions of faith. And so, universally in the Acts of the Apostles, those who made a profession of faith were baptized. Thus showing conclusively that the apostles, at least, thus construed this obligation of their commission, and re-

* We use the word baptism in the sense the inspired penmen used it: immersion of the body in water.

† This view of the commission is admitted by Bloomfield and other eminent Pedobaptist writers.

garded baptism as essential to Church-membership.

In the fourth place, the institution or design of baptism makes plain the fact under consideration.

The general design of baptism is represented by the Scriptures to be a solemn public and practical profession of Christianity. Thus Paul sums up the baptism of John, saying: "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus." It is designed also particularly to represent the Christians' faith in the doctrine of the Trinity; for it is to be administered only in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; to represent their adoption by the Father, (Gal. iii. 27–29;) their union to the Son, (Col. ii. 11, 12;) and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, (Acts ii. 38; x. 47, 48.)

It is also designed as a public pledge of the renunciation and remission of sins—(Mark i. 44; Acts ii. 38)—and it is the expression of the Christian's hope of a future and glorious resurrection: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism unto death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." And lastly, baptism is a visible bond of union among Christians. "For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free." "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Then, if baptism is the visible bond of Christian union, it is manifestly an essential element in the existence of a Christian Church.

4. In order to the existence of a Christian Church, a federal compact, covenant, or voluntary union, is also essential. The Church is represented in the Scriptures as the body of Christ, and individual Christians as members in particular. Now, every member of a Church is a member of Christ's body; but all Christians are not members of a Church. Individual Christians may possess the foregoing *essential elements*, and thus be fit subjects for Church-membership; but without agreement and union, they do not constitute a Church. There must be a marked line of separation from the world, an association, a visible union, to make a Christian Church. We are told in the Acts of the Apostles that "when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all *with one accord* in one place;" and that "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul." And the Scriptures teach that the disciples used to assemble together as a Church. Acts xi. 27; xv. 25.

The conclusion arrived at by the foregoing arguments is this: That an evangelical or Christian Church is, in its nature and organization, Divine: an assembly or number of regenerated persons called out or separated from the world of mankind by a gospel faith, a gospel love, and a gospel baptism, and united by a mutual, voluntary covenant, to live for Christ, and to act in accordance with the principles and commandments contained in the Scriptures.

Now, if these arguments and definitions are correct and scriptural, then it follows as a consequence that only those who are organized strictly on these principles, and in exact accordance with the laws of Christ, and bearing in their body the essential and unvarying elements of this character, are truly evangelical or Christian Churches.

It is plain, also, that those organizations, professedly Christian, that have been built upon other foundation than that of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone—that stand upon the traditions of men instead of the plain commands of God, that acknowledge as head of the Church any other than Christ, and that bow to the sceptre or obey the mandates of any other ruler, whether he be king, pope, prelate, or bishop, cannot be identified as evangelical Churches.

And now, having ascertained the nature and the essential and unvarying elements of a Christian Church, the third subject of inquiry is as to its form of government, according to the Scriptures of Divine truth.

Let it be borne in mind that the following remarks are in reference to the Church in its

individual character as a Church or a local organization. For, as has been remarked in the beginning of this essay, the word church, or *ekklesia*, is used in the Scriptures as having a general meaning, as the whole kingdom of Christ on earth; and also in a special sense or individual character, as the Church at Jerusalem, etc. Our Lord himself made a plain answer to this inquiry when he said: "Be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." In this passage a plain and impartial rule is marked out for the government of a Church by the great Head himself. It is to have no master save Christ; no father but God. None of its members are to claim superiority over others, to assume the power of dictation, to be masters, or lord it over their brethren; but all are to be equal in their rights, and as brethren indeed—having one father, one hope, one interest, one inheritance. According to this plain, scriptural law, there can be no pope or holy father on earth having the paternity and right to rule and lord it over the Church of Christ, indulging and anathematizing whom he will: according to this law, there can be no king or queen claiming to be the supreme head of the Church, with the right to control its actions, to appoint its officers, and dispose of its beneficiaries: according to this plain and positive law, there can be no Episcopal bishops to dictate to the Church, and to control its spiritual and temporal affairs; to make laws to govern its members in their individual as well as temporal relations; and, in the character of Rabbis, to say to this one, Go there, and to that one, Come here. But, on the contrary, "he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." From this authority, then, the conclusion follows, that a Church is a free community, with equal rights and privileges.

Again, in the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, Jesus teaches his disciples the same doctrine, (of the equality and sovereignty of the Church,) in the deeply interesting and beautiful discourse he delivered to them in answer to their question of, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" He taught them that they should be innocent, harmless, unassuming, humble as a child; and that such should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. He also taught them that they should be forbearing and prudent; and when one trespassed against another, the offended party was to go to the offender and endeavor to bring him to reason and a right sense of feeling; but if the offending brother would not hear him nor other brethren, then he was to go and tell it—where? to whom? Not to a conference of elders or bishops, not to a presbytery or synod, but to *the Church*. And if he would not hear the Church, then he was to be as a heathen and a publican.

Here it is plainly taught that the Church is the ultimate authority, the supreme tribunal, and that the individual rights of its members are to be respected. Again, the form of a Church government may be learned, in the second place, from the recorded facts that the inspired apostles taught the primitive Churches to select their own officers; and those Churches did exercise that prerogative—(Acts vi. 3)—that those officers were made responsible to the Church for a proper discharge of the duties—(1 John iv. 1; Rev. ii. 2, 7)—and that the Apostle Paul, in his instructions to the Churches, in which were included matters of discipline, such as receiving, excluding, and restoring members, always addressed not the officers nor a part, but the whole Church. Phil. i. 1; Col. i. 1, etc.

Such is the simple and unpretending form of Church government pointed out and authorized in the New Testament. It is not a monarchy, with a sovereign pontiff at its head, wielding the sceptre of supreme power over a crouching mass of servile dependents: it is not an aristocracy, with the supreme power in the hands of the nobles, with a court of bishops or elders to legislate for and force their own laws upon the body; but it is a pure democracy, with the sovereign power vested in the whole membership, the free and independent body, governed only by the laws of Christ, its head. Other arguments might be made, and other evidence presented on this subject, but enough has been said to satisfy every candid and unprejudiced mind;

and as the next subject to be considered is in some degree involved with this, we will proceed to the fourth inquiry: The officers of a Christian Church, how and by whom elected.

This is a subject on which various opinions have been expressed, and about which there has been much disputation among theologians: the advantages of Episcopacy contending for three grades of officers, namely, prelates, bishops, priests, presbyters or elders, and deacons. The first order they base upon a succession in the apostolic office. Says Mr. Bayard, of New York: "After the death of the apostles, their successors in the first order of the ministry not choosing to retain the name which, by way of convenience, had been applied to the twelve, took the name of *bishops*, which was never afterwards applied to the second order of the ministry, but was considered as the appropriate name of the first order." Again he says: "Bishops, as they are distinct from presbyters, do not derive their succession from those who were promiscuously called in the New Testament bishops or elders, but from the apostles themselves and their successors." Now, to establish this succession, they must, in the first place, prove the identity of the office of prelatical bishops with that of the apostolical. This they cannot do.

The peculiar powers and rights now claimed by bishops are *exclusively* to ordain, administer, rule, or discipline, and to exercise an oversight of all the Churches. Now, where in the New Testament is the proof of these being the peculiarities of the apostolical office? Not in the commission (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20) most assuredly; for it is admitted that this is a commission to all ministers of Christ to the end of the world, and gives just as much authority to one as to another. Not in Paul's instructions to Timothy, for here the term bishop and elder are used interchangeably for the same office, and with the same duties and powers annexed. (1st Tim. iii. 2, 45; v. 17.) Not in the ordinations as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, for this rite was received by both apostles and presbyters. (Acts vi. 6; xiii. 3.) Here the subjects for ordination were selected and set apart by the Church, and were ordained by the apostles as a presbytery. For the Apostle Paul, in his exhortation to Timothy, plainly tells by whom the act of ordination was performed: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given to thee by prophecy, with the laying of the *hands of the presbytery*." 1st Tim. iv. 14. Now compare this text with 2d Tim. i. 6, and the whole matter is easily understood. Paul, who was not only an apostle but also a bishop, in connection with others, formed the presbytery by whom Timothy was ordained. And so far as the power of rule and discipline is concerned, Christ himself decides that point in what he said specially to the twelve, on that occasion when the sons of Zebedee asked to sit one on his right hand, and the other on his left hand, in his glory, and the ten became offended: "Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you; but whomsoever will be greatest among you shall be your minister; and whosoever of you shall be chiefest shall be servant of all." Also Matt. xxiii. 11, 12.

Again, in Acts, fifteenth chapter, there was mutual action of apostles, elders, and the Church, in the instructions given to the Gentile Christians about circumcision: an equality, no prelate exercise of power or dictation. It is very plain from the foregoing that the advocates of Episcopacy cannot establish the identity essential to their position. But to establish their claim to apostolical succession, they must, in the second place, prove that the apostles did transmit their office to others.

This they cannot do. There is no command in the Scriptures to that effect, no directions about the qualifications of those in succession, as there are in respect to the two other offices, nor any authority for the Churches to submit to such successors; and, in fact, the peculiarities of the apostolic office made it impossible to transmit it. It was essential to the nature of that office, that the individuals using it should have been eye or ear witnesses of those things to which they testified in the world; so that they might say with the others, that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you. Peter makes this as a special prerequisite of the one who was to be the successor of Judas, (Acts i. 21, 22:) "Where-

fore of these men *which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us*, beginning from the baptism of John unto that same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained, to be a witness with us of his resurrection." And the Apostle Paul mentions this as one of the qualifications of his own apostleship: "Am I not an apostle," said he; "have I not seen the Lord?"

Again, it is essential to this office that the person be chosen and commissioned by Christ personally. Such were the facts in the cases of all the apostles, Matthias and Paul not excepted. The first had been personally chosen by the Lord as a disciple; and by determining the lot, he called and confirmed him in his apostleship. The latter had a special revelation and personal call and appointment at the time of his conversion.

Again, Divine inspiration was also a necessary qualification to the apostolic office. (John xvi. 13.) This is evident from the fact that the special business of the apostles, in this prominent office, was not only to expound the Old Scriptures, and show that "thus it is written, and thus it must be fulfilled, but also to proclaim the New Testament revelations as an unalterable standard of faith and practice. (Acts xxvi. 22, 33.)

Again, other important and essential qualifications for the apostolical office was the power to speak with tongues, to work miracles, to disarm spirits, and to confer these gifts or powers on others. (Matt. xvi. 20; 1st Cor. xii. 9, 10.) And Paul speaks of these miraculous gifts as the signs or credentials of the apostolical commission. (2d Cor. xii. 11, 12.)

Such are the essential qualifications and characteristics of the apostolical office, as plainly marked out in the Scriptures. And whenever modern bishops shall exhibit the same, then they may, with some show of right, claim a descent from those holy men of God. But until they do this, they cannot impose their *pretended succession* upon the intelligent Bible reader; and they have no just right to rule, discipline, and lord it over their brethren. Apostolical succession, indeed! Why, it is just as sensible to talk about a mediatorial succession; and the Pope of Rome is just as much head of the Church as modern prelatic bishops are successors of the twelve inspired apostles.

But if it had been possible to show that their office was transmittible, and had been transmitted by the apostles to others, then it would be necessary for Episcopacy to establish the fact that the chain of succession had been extended through its own channel, link to link, from the apostolic to the present day. This is an impossibility; for the proofs will have to be drawn from the imperfect, uncertain, and often incredible testimony of human traditions, which carry with them but little authority. Because, of the works of the so-called Fathers, some have been lost, and others are doubtful in authorship, and others are contradictory in their testimony; and even when they have done the best they can do, they do not establish the distinction in office contended for. And the succession, if traced at all, even by these uncertain and doubtful means, must go through Rome, "the mother of harlots, the hotbed of abominations, and the bloody murderer of the followers of Christ." How humiliating the thought that any thing Divine or claiming to be Christian, should have to pass through such a channel of impurity!

On this subject, then, the conclusion arrived at is this: That the advocates of the distinct grades of officers in the Christian Church cannot establish the identity with the apostolic office claimed for their bishops, nor make satisfactory proof of their assumed succession, and that, according to the Scriptures of Divine truth, there are truly only two distinct offices in an evangelical or Christian Church. There are bishops, sometimes called elders or pastors, and deacons; for whenever the officers are mentioned together in the Scriptures, but two are spoken of. In the third chapter of Paul's first letter to Timothy, where there is more instruction given in reference to the qualifications of Church officers than in any other part of the New Testament, none are mentioned but the above two; and certainly if God had designed the personal continuation of so important an office as that of apostles, it would not have been entirely overlooked by the infallible spirit of Divine revelation. It is true that a distinction was gradually made in the ministry after the death of the apostles,

but it has no Divine authority, and is purely the work of man.

In the preceding argument on the form of Church government, it has been conclusively shown that the Scriptures represent and authorize only a democracy. And if this is so, it follows that the officers must be elected by the voluntary suffrages of all the members, in accordance with scriptural authority, without further discussion.

5th. The fifth question of investigation is: What are the sacraments of a Christian Church, and what are their relation to the Church and each other? Sacrament is from the Latin *sacramentum*, an oath, more particularly the oath of soldiers to be true to their country or general. It is now commonly used in a religious sense, to denote those ordinances by which Christians come under special obligations to obey God; and is as solemn and binding as any oath. Of these sacraments the Scriptures represent but two. *Baptisma*, or immersion in water, in the name of the Trinity; and *charista*, or the Lord's Supper.

With respect to baptisma, or baptism as Anglicized in the present version, it has been a subject of much controversy in the Christian world. It is no part of the business of this essay to enter into that controversy, but only to inquire into the relation which it occupies to the Church and to the eucharist. And this inquiry has been in part answered by the argument on baptism as an essential element of a Christian Church.

As there shown, it occupies to the Church the relation of a public sign, of a gospel faith: a belief in Christ as the true Messiah, the all-wise God: a belief in the truth of his death and his resurrection: a belief in the great truth of the Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as one sacred Godhead, one holy being; and a belief of a future and glorious resurrection of all the faithful. It occupies also the relation of a public badge: it bears testimony to a voluntary and solemn compact, a Christian union, and is a badge of Christian discipleship and Divine ownership: "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." Gal. iii. 27.

In baptism, then, believers put on the Christian livery, and say to the world: "We belong to the Lord Jesus Christ: we have put off the body of the sins of the flesh: we are buried with him in baptism; and, also, we are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God." "And that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in righteousness of life." And "if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

And of all this, baptism, when practiced according to its true definition and scriptural signification, is a lively and beautiful emblem. But when sprinkling and pouring are substituted for this Christian ordinance, the significancy is lost, and the Divine institution slandered.

Baptism is also the Christian public badge of allegiance to Christ. By this they signify to the world that they are no longer "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers from the covenants of promise," but, brought nigh "by the blood of Christ, are children and citizens of his kingdom: that they are sworn soldiers of the cross: that they will fight for Christ, and, if necessary, die for Christ:" and "whether living or dying, they are the Lord's."

And thus baptism stands as a public sentinel at the door of the Church. Hypocrites may enter, give the sign, and wave the badge; but in doing so, they perjure themselves. The true believer only will wave it with honor, and persevere to the end.

Baptism occupies the relation of a prerequisite to the eucharist or Lord's Supper. This is evident, in the first place, by the order in which they were instituted. The ordinance of baptism was instituted with the ministry of John, the immerser. He was a man sent from God, "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord Christ." And this "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." Mark i. 4. That the baptism of John was divinely instituted is conclusively proven not only by the declarations of Mark in the first of his Gospel, but also by the fact that Jesus himself came to John for baptism, and was actually baptized by him in Jordan, thus confirming the authority of the institution or administration by his harbinger. That the

ordinance administered by Christ and his disciples was the same as that administered by John is made plain by the recognition and admission of John's disciples: "Rabbi, he was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou bearest witness, behold the same baptizeth, and all men come to him." John iii. 26.

From these facts we learn that the ordinance of baptism was instituted prior to that of the Lord's Supper, which was instituted just before his crucifixion.

That these sacraments occupy this relation to each other is also evident from their order in the commission: "Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," etc.

One of the important things commanded was the Supper: "Do this in remembrance of me." But this authority positively declares that they are first to be discipled, and then taught to observe the latter, with all other things commanded.

Thus the apostles and disciples understood and practiced. They never thought of calling the unbelieving and the unbaptized to sup at the Lord's table, thus changing the order and perverting the laws of Christ, but always acted in accordance with the statute made and provided especially for the direction of the Church.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper occupies to the Church the relation of an invisible ordinance. As baptism is the initiatory ordinance, and none can be members of a Church without it, so the Supper being an ordinance in the Church, none have a scriptural right to partake of it who are not members. The truth of this assertion may be argued, in the first place, from the meaning of the Greek term used in the New Testament to designate the rite.

Eucharista properly signifies *giving thanks*, "from the hymns and thanksgivings which accompanied that holy service in the primitive Church." Says Bishop Watson: "When the blessed Saviour was about to finish his mission on earth and return to the bosom of the Father, having in all things submitted to and fulfilled the law of Moses, he abolished the Jewish institution of the Passover, and instituted this new rite for the special observance of his Church. The Jewish passover was instituted in memory of their preservation from the Destroying-Angel, and as a festival of thanksgiving for their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. It was a law for the special observance of the Jews, as Jehovah's chosen and favorite nation; and those of other nations could not legally or sensibly partake of it. The paschal lamb was an illustrious type of the Lamb of God, who is called "our passover." He died to release believers from the captivity of Satan and the bondage of sin. And the eucharista, or new institution, is a statute of the Divine Lawgiver, specially binding on all his faithful followers, as a thanksgiving for their great delivery; and none but those who have obeyed his commandments and wear his livery can legally and sensibly partake of it.

The truth of this position may be argued from the design of the institution. It was designed to be and remain in the Church for all future time as a memorial of the death of Jesus—the sacrifice of the Lamb of God: "As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." 1st Cor. ii. 26. By the habitual exhibition of this memorial, the Church declares her faith in the all-sufficiency of this great sacrifice for the remission of sins; that she cleaves to the cross, and expects salvation from no other source. It is observed in remembrance of him and of the great love which induced him to make the sacrifice of himself. And when thus exhibited by the Church, it stands before the world as a monumental testimony of the great truth which it represents.

This position is confirmed by the scriptural facts that the eucharist was instituted with and for the Church, and preached only by the Church. If it is objected that only the twelve apostles were present, the answer is, that they were virtually a Church, made so by the personal authority of Christ. Moreover, they were commissioned apostles and instructors of the Churches, and a commandment or institution given to them was in effect given to every Church. If it is objected that there is no positive proof that the twelve

had been baptized, the answer is that it is more reasonable to suppose that they were. Jesus had regarded that ordinance of so much importance in the fulfilment of all righteousness, that he had submitted to it himself, giving his action as an example for all his followers. And if they were not baptized, it was because his personal presence and authority made it unnecessary. And the fact that the Supper was observed after his death by his disciples only in an assembled or Church capacity, is proof conclusive that they regarded it as a Church ordinance. And it is also evident that it is the duty of the Church not to change or pervert their order, but to "keep the ordinances as they were delivered."

6th. We shall next inquire when and where the first visible Christian Church was organized.

The prophet Daniel declared "that in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom," etc.; that is, in the reign of the Cæsars, or the kings of the fourth or latter monarchy, this Christian kingdom or Church was to be set up by the special authority of the God of heaven. Isaiah proclaims "the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Matthew testifies that John the Baptist was the preacher who was Divinely appointed to introduce this kingdom: "In those days [that is, the days of Herod, King of Judea, and Cæsar Augustus, Emperor of Rome,] came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he who was spoken of by the Prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness," etc. Mark represents him as the messenger who had been sent in accordance with the prophecies, and that the ministry of John the Baptist was "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

Now John was a man sent from God, and his mission was specially to introduce the gospel kingdom, and to "prepare a people made ready for the Lord." And as Heaven's appointed instrument, he "did baptize in the wilderness, preached the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," and organized the first visible Christian Church.

If it is objected that the form of John's proclamation conveys the idea that the kingdom was not present but future, the answer is, that the expression "the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (*eggike*) does not convey the idea of future time, but simply has reference to locality. This kingdom was set up near those whom he addressed "at hand," in close contiguity with them.

This is evident from the literal signification of the Greek term, *engidzo*, which always implies nearness of locality or place. It means to bring near in reference to locality, and does not necessarily convey the idea of time. In this sense, it is used in many other passages of Scripture. When Jesus was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, he said to his sleeping disciples: "Sleep on now, take your rest: behold the hour is *at hand*." Here time is not contained in the verb *angikar*, but expressed by its subject; and the facts show that the hour was not future but present, as is declared by Mark in the parallel passage, "The hour is come," (*elthen.*) Mark xiv. 41. In the next verse, Matt. xxix. 46, the term is used in its proper signification, "Behold he is *at hand* that doth betray me." The betrayer was at hand, he was present; for "while he yet spake, lo! Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves." This meaning is acknowledged by many learned biblical scholars, particularly in the proclamation of John the Baptist. Rosenmüller gives this interpretation of the passage: "*Now is the time when God is collecting a society of men* who shall obey his will and precept." And Alshausen says: "The perfect *angika* is to be taken in a present sense, so that the meaning is, *the kingdom of God is already present.*"

2d. That the first visible Church or gospel kingdom was organized by John in the wilderness of Judea is made plain, in the second place, by the preaching and authority of Jesus Christ.

The Saviour not only recognized the mission and Divine authority of John's baptism, but from that time he assumed his government; and "from that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent; for the kingdom of hea-

ven is at hand;" thus reiterating the very same proclamation which John had made. Again, Mark's testimony is very conclusive: "Now, after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand"—(Mark i. 14, 15)—again repeating the same declaration in the same words which his harbinger had used, with the positive assertion that the time was fulfilled. Can it be supposed that Jesus preached of a kingdom in the future, or that he declared a different kingdom from that which his servant had proclaimed? Evidently not; for he was the head and the ruler of it. He preached of the same kingdom of which John had preached; the kingdom proclaimed, the Church prepared by John for his coming, and which he acknowledged as then present among the people. And when he sent the twelve out to preach, he told them: "As ye go, Preach; saying, The kingdom of God is at hand." Do not these same words refer to the same kingdom of which John had preached, of which Jesus had preached, and of which he had now commissioned his disciples to preach?

But that the Church was first organized under the ministry of John the Baptist is proven by the infallible testimony of Christ himself. He emphatically declares that "The law and the prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every one presseth into it." Luke xv. 16. What did he mean by this declaration? Evidently, that John's ministry stood at the end of the imperfect, and at the beginning of the perfect; at the end of the perishing, and at the beginning of the eternal; at the end of the law, and at the beginning of the gospel. He meant that John had been honored with the introduction of the gospel kingdom. Of the same signification is the passage in Matthew xi. 12, 13: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force; for all the prophets and the law prophesied until John." The kingdom was now in existence, and many were pressing into it.

When did it commence? Certainly with the beginning of the gospel under John's preaching. These now began to repent, and "were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins;" thus putting on the livery of the gospel, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. This kingdom is an everlasting one: it shall never be destroyed. And though its form may have changed somewhat in the different epochs of its advancement, still it is the identical kingdom set up by the God of heaven. In John's ministry it only dawned upon the world: it received greater glory from the personal presence and ministry of Christ and his disciples: its brightness and glory were increased after his resurrection, by the descent and union of the Holy Spirit; and at last the full blaze of its glory shall cover the earth in the millennial day. But through all its mutations, it must (as it ever has) retain the same initiatory right and essential elements of its nature, imposed upon it by the law of its great Author.

7th. If the foregoing testimonies, arguments, and conclusions are correct, the importance of employing the word Christian Church, upon all occasions, only in accordance with its legitimate meaning, will be obvious to every unprejudiced mind. If the spirit of revelation has sufficiently defined the nature and character of a Christian Church—if the laws of its organization and government have been made plain enough to be understood by us, it is obviously improper and was unscriptural to apply the term to any society of men of different characteristics, and whose organization and government are in violation or have disregarded the Divine precept, however much credit we may be disposed to give them for piety and sincerity. If the Scriptures have made faith and baptism invariable and essential elements in the nature of a Church, then those societies whose members are not believers, and have not been baptized, have no right to the name; and it would evidently be a perversion of the Divine institution to give it to them. If the Scriptures represent a Christian Church as a pure democracy, with no head or king but Christ, and no laws to govern them but his, then those organizations which are visibly monarchical or aristocratical, acknowledging human supremacy, and walking after the traditions of man, would instantly be misnamed if called a Christian

Church. If the New Testament law has instituted but two sacraments to be observed by the Church and those occupying the peculiar relation to the Church and to each other as shown in the preceding arguments, then those societies which have added others have changed the order, or have adopted other actions or things for those appointed, are surely violators of the creative law, and have no legitimate claim to the title. If the Lawgiver has designated what officers shall belong to his Church: that they shall not exercise any prelatic jurisdiction, but stand upon the same level with the brethren, and the primitive Churches were thus formed by inspired men, then those organizations which embrace other grades of officers, who assume legislative, judicial, and executive powers, cannot be identified as the Divine institution; and it would be a misnomer to call them such.

It is important that things be called by their right names, because names, by common usage, convey an idea of the nature or character of the thing represented. This is specially so with respect to the positive institutions, whether human or Divine. When we say the government is a monarchy, we understand that the supreme power is lodged in the hands of a single person; an aristocracy, the idea is that the supreme power is vested in the nobles or principal persons of the State; a Republic, we at once understand that it is a commonwealth with the supreme power placed in the hands of the representatives; and by a democracy, we have the idea of a government by the people—a government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the people collectively. But if those names are indiscriminately applied to these different forms of government, they would not convey to the mind the distinctive idea of their essential natures and individual churches. From being specific names, representing individual characters, they would become general ones, representing no particular character, but bringing forms and principles into unmeaning confusion.

And if the proper use of names is so apparently important to the correct understanding of human organizations, it is more so to the proper understanding of those which are Divine, in proportion to their greater importance and the more momentous and eternal interests which attach to them. For example, the Supreme Lawgiver instituted baptism as an essential element of his Church, and made it (figuratively speaking) the door of his earthly temple, and literally, the initiatory rite of the visible Church. But the statute was given in the Greek instead of the English language; and in making the translation, it pleased an English king to direct that the term designating the ordinance should not be translated but transferred by changing the Greek for Roman letters, and giving an English termination. Hence, through the influence of King James's version, baptize or baptism has come into common use as an English word. Now the original word, *baptizo*, with its derivations, is known by all Greek scholars, and acknowledged by nearly all of any note, to mean only immersion. And yet in its English dress, it is said to mean sprinkling, pouring, washing, and immersion; and in these latter days, some of the superlatively wise of this learned age have even ascertained that it means all but immersion. By this common use of the term, with an erroneous definition, representing various distinct and different actions, its specific meaning is lost, the Divine rite perverted, and the mind confused. And if this heterodoxical view of the ordinance prevailed universally, and this false meaning attached by general concert and without contradiction, it is evident that the unbiased mind could never determine what Divine wisdom meant by baptism, and the ordinance itself would be lost. It is similar with respect to the name under consideration. As has been remarked in the introduction of this essay, the Greek word *ekklesia* and the English word Church, in their general application and common usage, mean an assembly of individuals, or a religious assembly. But when the term Christian is prefixed, we understand by it a peculiar organization under the special laws of Christ, possessing the particular characteristics and the essential elements which have been given to it by those laws.

But if this name is indiscriminately applied to every religious society, without respect to the laws of Christ and the particular charac-

ter which they create, it is evident, as in the example before given, that the true signification of the name will be lost, and the whole body become confused. If, however, due regard is paid to the legitimate meaning of the name Christian Church, and it is used only in accordance with its scriptural definition, the whole matter will remain clear to the apprehension of all, and the Church will stand out from the world as the pillar of truth, inscribed with the Divine law, and capped with the inevitable promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Amen.

"I AM NOT ALONE."

One bright spring morning, I entered the miserable habitation of a family in whom I had become interested through the little daughter, seven years of age, who was one of my Sabbath-school scholars. I found Hattie alone in the room, and so intent on a book that she did not hear my first knock, or perceive me until I had nearly crossed the room.

"Where is your mother, Hattie?" said I.

"She has gone out to work, and will not be at home until supper-time; so she has taken my little brother with her, and left me something to eat."

"Is there no one in the house with you?"

"No, ma'am."

"What are you reading?"

"I have been learning my verses for next Sunday, in the new Testament you gave me; and then I thought I would read about Jesus' saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

"Why did you particularly think of that passage, Hattie?"

"Because last night, when I tried again to teach my little brother to kneel down with me and say his prayers, father told me I should not teach him; for you know, Miss Barton, how those wicked men have made my father forget God."

"Well, my child, what did you say to him?"

"I said, Father, Jesus Christ says, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me.'"

"What did your father say to this?"

"Nothing, but he looked very sad; and then I made Eddie say the Lord's Prayer with me."

Most heartily did I rejoice at the conduct of this little girl. I held more conversation with her, and then asked, "Do you like to stay alone?"

With great promptness and brightly beaming eyes, she replied, "Why, Miss Barton, I am not alone: you know, God is with me."

What beautiful faith for so young a child!

To my young readers, I would say a few words of Hattie's father. He was an honest and industrious man, and in the habit of regularly attending church with his family, until in an evil hour he was enticed and made wretched by an infidel companion; and for three years, when I first met with the family, he had not allowed his wife to attend any religious service, or, so far as he could prevent, to teach her little daughter the existence of God. But our Heavenly Father had prepared other means for the instruction of this little lamb. After much persuasion, Mr. Raymond consented that I should take Hattie to the Sabbath-school. Here she became a quick and pliant scholar. The visit I have just related was but three months after I first met with her; and God so blessed the labors of the school and our frequent visits to the family, that in six months after this period, Mr. Raymond was a regular attendant at church with his wife and children. He saw the dark error into which he had been led, and we trust he became a true child of God.—*American Messenger.*

The following incident was communicated by Sir John McNeil:—"A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation to be delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By unremitting care this was accomplished; and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feeling, was by kissing her shadow when it fell on his pillow, as she passed through the ward on her nightly visit."

THE SOUL-HOME.

BY F. U. STITT.

By the soft couch stood adamantine Death,
Waiting to catch the flickering breath of him
Who now existent was; nor more than that,
In life's last, lingering, longing vanishment.
And living deathfulness sat on the face
Of him whose gasping, harshly-drawing breath
Drew longer and more brittle threads of life
From the near-emptied distaff of Old Time;
And grimly welcomed stony Death the prey
Of right his own, that thus had strode, in strength
All-powerful, across his grave-fringed earth,
In a security of healthfulness—
But now his own at last. A slave—secured,
Crushed by the leaden hand of potent fate—
He lay an impotency of all hope
Of longer earth-existence. Yet a smile—
A strangely sweet smile—lit the wasted face,
As though a wave of Heaven's love had crossed,
Leaving its moisture-beauty shed thereon.

Death dealt with him as he, fell conqueror,
Hath dealt with all since first he held his sway;
Since the primeval bud of growing life
Blossomed, then, falling on his icy hand,
Was grafted in Death's dark virginity.

Ere the strong cords that held th' imprisoned soul
Fast to the earth grew too attenuate,
And stretched with harsh and tightened agony,
Death waved the lapse of buried years away;
Illumined Memory with supernal fire;
Conjured the brightnesses of joy and mirth
That bathed the head of childhood in a light
Of gayety; and all the dim-wrought hopes
Of future greatness, crowning youthfulness:
The volume of past pleasure, youth-embossed,
Lay opened at the page of holiest joy;
When the young heart leaped from its pent-up cell,
To fling itself upon the welling love
That gushed from lovely maiden's kindred soul.
Conjured he, too, the happiness of life,
Of incident, of all reality
Of sweet; but threw Oblivion's sombre cloak
Upon each misery of the present Past. [soul

More yet. Death brought the wandering-weary
From thence back to the scenes of Now. His eye,
With a sad pleasure, fixed its gaze intense
Upon the friends whom he, destroying Time,
Had tinctured not with the frigidity
Of a rank-grown and chill indifference;
And the weak thought, as if but now awaked,
Oped to the fading happiness that hung
In clusterings upon his present life;
Oped to the joys existence had in view—
The joys of home, and friends, and all the sweets
That lock the chain of deathlessness to life.
And there were plans of future action formed,
And schemes of future conduct to be laid,
To turn life's dross to alchemistic gold.
Much yet to do; and must he leave the world
The sympathy, affection, kindness, love,
And all the many links of social joys,
To wander hence? to pay this fallow earth
Her tribute dust, and Heaven its dread account?
And Death had slowly led him down the vale,
And through the vista of the fleeted past,
To cast him anchored in the heightened sweets
Of present blissfulness—then bade him choose
In all this ripening joy of earth to live,
Or wade the darksome stream whose chilling waves
Roll on between Eternity and Time.

There had been pain-drops on his humid brow,
And agony had ploughed the countenance
With furrows of contortion; but a breath
Of love unearthly wafted softly by,
And smoothed it to a sweet serenity:
The lips half ope, and from the lingering soul
There wells a thought, a word—one only—HOME!
Here in this worldliness was found a home,
If love and sympathy can make a home;
Yet lingered not the soul-expression here,
Though here were weeping eyes, and bursting hearts
That ached with an imprisonment of woe
And sympathetic grief. Afar it fled
From the earth-vanished scene around.

But, hark!
There is a golden opening in the sky,
And from the silvery brightness, God-imbued,
There drops a voice—the echo of the word
That, from the place of death-proximity,
Had wandered to the gold-roofed vault of heaven,
And sought its origin and place of birth.
On, through the realms of vast ethereal space,
The echo rang; and spirits of a light
Dazzling and glorious caught the joyous sound,
And threw the music-essence through high heaven.

Reluctant Life! why hang thy leaden weight
Upon my soul—a prisoner too long
In this, thy gallery of earthiness.
I see eternity's vast balcony
Stretching far off, beyond this present state:
I see a throne, and from its glory flows
A light that penetrates my bursting soul—
A light that melts thy cords, O cheating life!
Give me thy hand, O Death! O quickly lift
This panting soul from out the crumbling clay!
O, lay thy iciness upon my brow!
Cut the tight cord that binds me to this life:
Let me ascend, for there are voices sweet
Warbling me welcome; and methinks I see
A pearly gate; and on its light-crowned top
Are golden letters, blazing HOME thereon. . . . . .
One struggle, and—the soul is with its God.

November, 1856.

RELIGIOUS DANCING.

Some one recently sent the editor of The Churchman the school prospectus of an Episcopal clergyman, in whose school dancing was to be taught, with a question that seemed rather to have gravelled the editor. He notices the matter after the following fashion:

"The cynic who sends us the school prospectus, asking, 'What is the opinion of the Churchman as to the propriety of a clergyman teaching dancing?' puts the question with characteristic subtlety and disingenuousness. The clergyman does not teach dancing. It is taught in his establishment by a suitable professor of the art, just as other accomplishments are separately taught; but this is not 'a clergyman teaching dancing.' If it were sinful to have dancing taught at all, it would be another thing; because the clergyman would be a party to what was sinful. But so far from this being the case, dancing in itself is an innocent recreation, and as healthful as it is graceful. God is not dishonored by it: on the contrary, the Psalmist says, 'Let them praise his name in the dance.' And so they may—all the Puritanism in the world to the contrary notwithstanding."

If dancing were a part of religious worship, taught for the purpose of praising God, it might be regarded as "an innocent recreation," and introduced into the assembly of the saints! It is the duty of all Christians, at least, to praise God. If The Churchman will satisfy us of the *duty* of praising God in the dance, and show us how it is to be performed, and in what part of the service it is to come in, we will——well, we don't exactly know, as we never learned to dance, and are getting a little too old to begin; but—duty is duty, albeit, we might cut a very sorry figure in the dance. We wait instructions.

Praising God in the dance is a type of religion we know very little about. We have *read* about the Shakers: they make dancing a part of their religious worship. Whether The Churchman had them in his mind's eye we cannot say. Perhaps he only quoted the Psalmist as a "forlorn hope" to cover his recreant brother clergyman, who, if he does not teach dancing himself, allows its practice as a part of his system of training "the children of the Church" in the way they should go! If professors of the art of dancing are employed as teachers in schools conducted by clergymen, the members of the Church will feel themselves authorized in having their children taught to dance, without stopping to inquire whether it is because it is "an innocent recreation, and as healthful as it is graceful," or because "God is not dishonored by it." Of its innocency, or *how* God is honored by it, they will scarcely trouble themselves to ask. The clergyman approves it—that is enough. Shame on such clergymen! "Blind leaders of the blind" is true of both clergyman and patrons.

The confessional-boxes in some Romish churches have three compartments. The priest occupies the middle one; the penitents, those on either hand. The Churchman might appropriately occupy the right, the clergyman the left of these boxes; and they should both "make humble confessions to Almighty God, meekly kneeling on their knees."—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

THE DOVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a lonely ark
That sailed o'er waters dark;
And wide around
Not one tall tree was seen,
No flower nor leaf of green;
All—all were drowned.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied,
To cheer her view.

There was no chirping sound
O'er that wide watery bound
To soothe her woe;
But the cold surges spread
Their covering o'er the dead,
Now sunk below.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest:
Christ is thy ark, my love,
Thou art the timid dove,
Fly to his breast.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE—PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"The pebble in the streamlet's course
Hath turned the bed of many a river:
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Hath warped the giant oak for ever."

The causes and the remedies for crime are always subjects of the deepest interest to philanthropists. It is impossible to render human nature perfect, but there is scarcely a fellow-creature, no matter how ignorant or debased, who is not capable of improvement through the agency of the proper means. Crime in very many cases amounts to disease, curable disease, while the great majority of criminals are, to some extent at least, the victims of bad example. Several years ago, an inquiry was made into the cases of one hundred criminal children at Manchester, when it was ascertained that sixty were born of dishonest parents, thirty had profligate parents, and only ten had parents who were honest and industrious. Thus, ninety of the whole number were the victims of bad example. Lord Stanley recently observed, that "all inquiry was calculated to show that in crime as in pauperism there was a tendency to become hereditary." Thus, he thought that the parents should be dealt with, in order to prevent the corrupting process in early life. This is especially the case in great cities. There are hundreds of children at this moment in Philadelphia who are absolutely educated for our penitentiaries by their parents themselves. They do not seek such an end directly, and some of them would be horrified if such a result should be pointed out. And yet they permit them to be beggars, paupers, and thieves, and often encourage them in the ways of evil-doing. How, with such beginnings, can we look for any but deplorable results? Mr. Clay, of Preston, (Eng.,) some time since, analyzed with great earnestness the specific agencies then at work in creating juvenile criminality, and he found that in thirty-five per cent. of the cases, the faults of the children lay at the door of the parents; in fifty per cent., the chief cause was habitual drunkenness, often accompanied by brutality, on the part of the father; in the remaining eighteen per cent., indifference and neglect were discovered. Thus, in three out of every four cases of juvenile delinquency that passed under his observation, the victims were misled and badly guided. They, in fact, were indirectly taught to become rogues. The power of early impressions and the force of example can scarcely be pictured in terms too strong. Children are imitative beings, and thus they follow in the footsteps of those immediately before and around them. Their natures are plastic, and their minds and heads are readily influenced and moulded. Look, for illustration, at the habits of smoking, chewing, drinking, and swearing, which prevail so fearfully among the young men of this country. The majority are addicted to some of these vile practices, and not a few to all. It can scarcely be otherwise, with the parental example before them. The ear and the mind are constantly shocked with blasphemy from the lips of mere boys, who are induced to believe that the habit indicates readiness or smartness, and thus they often employ language at the utterance of which the properly cultivated shrink and shudder. It is true that in some cases children become rebellious and dissolute with the best examples before them. But these instances are rare. Paternal counsel exercises a powerful influence. The example, however, must not consist only in words but acts; for the parent who advises without practicing, only illustrates the vice of hypocrisy. Cleanliness, temperance, integrity, and truth, are among the great essentials. Let these be constantly and zealously inculcated in early life, and the effect cannot but prove wholesome. In this country, moreover, we possess a great advantage in our system of popular education—a system which is open to the child of the poorest citizen. He can send him thither, without money and without price, and thus at least afford him an opportunity of developing and strengthening his mental and moral nature. But home-teaching within the family circle and parental example are quite as essential and important. Let these be added to the instruction that is afforded through the agency of our schools, and the nature must be perverse indeed that wanders into the paths of error and of crime. In great cities, however, the temptations are numerous, especially for the young. They

may be seen on all sides. Vice assumes a thousand fascinating forms; and without some powerful moral check, the danger is imminent indeed. Hence the necessity of every possible restraint, and the exercise of the virtue of self-denial. The young cannot be expected to understand the world as well as those who have been pilgrims and wayfarers for half a century; and while due allowance should be made for their inexperience, the parental eye should be watchful and vigilant, and the parental mind kindly and forbearing, yet observing, judicious, and firm.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE LADY JANE GREY.

In broad contrast to the age of restricted intellect, which denied to woman not only an access of mental culture, but even the ordinary means necessary to render her an enlightened companion, arises a period evoking one at once the least pretending and the most cultivated, equally interesting as signally unfortunate, in the annals of female heroism. So nearly approaching perfection, indeed, do various authorities represent Lady Jane Grey to have been, that she seems almost the ideal creature of a romance: that girl who possessed (as we are told by one of them) "every talent without the least weakness of her sex." Our young ladies of the present day, whose conversance with foreign languages scarcely enables them to ask correctly for mere articles of necessity at a continental hotel, would start at the proficiency of a companion who not only could converse in French and Italian as fluently and elegantly as in her mother tongue, but who wrote and spoke the Latin and Greek, and was well versed in Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee. Nor were these attainments the result of indifference to those feminine tastes, without which no woman can occupy her proper place in the grand scheme of creation. Eminently endowed by nature, her abilities and aptitude for instruction were only equalled by the excessive modesty and sweetness of her disposition. "She had," says Fuller, "the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen: the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor for her parents' offences."

The history of these last, and of the "nine days' wonder," the reign of the hapless Queen Jane, is familiar to the youngest student in the records of Britain. We will therefore discuss such details only as illustrate her private and doubly interesting story, opposed to that brief interval which rendered her the unwilling actor upon the difficult arena of public life.

Mary, Queen Dowager of France, the favorite sister of Henry VIII., married for her second husband one who had loved her in youth, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. From this princess, her maternal grandmother, the claim descended to that crown, the assumption of which Jane expiated with her life. Unmindful of the prior right of his two sisters, the young King Edward VI. agreed to the proposals of the Duke of Northumberland, whose son had obtained the hand of Jane, and submitted the succession to the opinion of a council completely in that minister's interest. To secure as far as practicable his daughter-in-law's position, the Duke further persuaded the King, whose judgments and perceptions were weakened by disease, to execute a will, in which her succession was distinctly stated, though a little reflection would have convinced both the Duke and his sovereign how unlikely was so illegal a measure ever to meet success.

In the month of May, Durham House, the Duke of Northumberland's splendid new London residence, witnessed the marriage of Suffolk's two young daughters, Jane and Katharine, within six weeks; and the King, who had been gradually growing worse under the care of a mysterious woman, who undertook his case when abandoned in despair by his physicians, expired while engaged in prayer, leaving a legacy of strife and wretchedness to his unfortunate cousin and heiress. For two days after the event, the tidings of his death were kept concealed, and Jane herself was not made aware of it; while this and every other means were resorted to, to take the Princess Mary's party by surprise, and obtain possession of her person, to be imprisoned, if not still more summarily disposed of.

Lady Jane and her rival were well and in-

timately known to each other. A few months before her marriage, the former had been a guest of Mary's at Newhall, and it was upon this occasion that an anecdote is recorded of her which serves at least to prove the decided nature of the diverse opinions the cousins held, together with that soundness and readiness of intelligence remarkably characterizing Jane. The princess had presented her visitor with a gold necklace set with pearls, together with a very rich dress; which latter, it appears, the giver thought more of than she for whom it was intended. Jane, unfortunately, in allusion to this dress, spoke of the princess as an alien to God's word, before auditors who repeated her remarks with an asperity to which the charitable temper of the utterer was a stranger. Passing through the chapel, where service according to the Romish ritual was daily performed, but at an hour when none was going forward, Jane observed that her companion, a lady of Mary's household, bowed low before the host, or consecrated wafer, standing in its elaborate receptacle, the pix, upon the high altar. This obeisance is customary among professors of that faith; but although Jane must have known it well, she slyly inquired:

"What do you do that for? Is the Princess Mary in the chapel? I do not see her."

Lady Wharton, her companion, replied: "No, the princess is not here."

"Why do you bow so low, then?"

"I bow to Him that made me," was the answer.

"No, surely; did not the baker make him?" Jane said: a question which, we find, Lady Wharton recorded, though without her own reply.

The circumstance of this intimacy must have afforded still stronger obstacles to Jane's mind, when, to her extreme surprise and distress, she was called upon to learn in the same moment the tidings of King Edward's death, and that upon her reluctant head every hand that she loved and reverenced conspired to place Mary's rightful crown. We can easily fancy the horror with which she met these proposals—this modest and retiring girl, who was thus described by the great Ascham, tutor to Mary's sister, afterwards Queen Elizabeth: "Going to make a visit of ceremony to her parents, at their mansion in Leicestershire, he found her in her own apartment, reading the Phædo of Plato in the original Greek, while her father and mother, with all their household, were hunting in the park." On his expressing his surprise that she should be absent from the party,—

"I wisse," she replied, "that all their sport in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never knew what true pleasure meant."

"And how," rejoined Ascham, "came you, Madam, to this deep knowledge of pleasure; and what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereto?"

To this she replied simply, that "God had blessed her by giving her sharp and severe parents, and a gentle schoolmaster." [This was John Aylmer, then chaplain to Lord Suffolk, her father, but afterwards Bishop of London.] "When I am in the presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry or sad; be sewing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even unto the perfection of the making of the world, or else I am sharply taunted and cruelly threatened, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and very troubles unto me." These joys, so dearly prized, were destined to be evanescent as a midday dream. Like some beautiful wild bird caught while carolling its first sweet strains, and imprisoned in a gilded cage, luxury, splendor, and admiration, offered no compensation in exchange for the joyous freedom of her native woods.

Jane, a young bride of scarcely six weeks, was alone, when her father and the Duke of Northumberland informed her of the death of her kinsman. A consonance of age, talents, tempers, and studies, had produced a considerable attachment between them, and with tears she learned that the youthful king had

at last sunk beneath the fate which had so long threatened him. But great was her dismay when she was told to listen to the contents of a paper, which would show her not only how dearly her playmate and cousin had loved her, but how efficient he considered her to succeed him, in naming her as his heiress and the Queen of England! They then proceeded to read his will, and the letters-patent, confirming to her the succession, and, falling upon their knees, offered her their homage. She herself tells us in a letter she afterwards sent to Queen Mary, that upon the intelligence, she fainted and fell to the ground, overwhelmed with grief at learning the part she was expected to assume. When her strength was almost exhausted, her mother, an imperious woman, between whom and herself little attachment appears to have subsisted, was called in; and to her arguments, and the solicitations of her young husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, she at length most unwillingly, and with sad and gloomy foreboding, yielded.

No interval was permitted her for reflection. On the 10th of July, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Jane was conveyed by water to the Tower of London, received there as queen, and the same evening proclaimed throughout the metropolis. The spirit in which she was greeted by the immense concourse of people through which she passed was not calculated to raise the drooping spirits of the reluctant sovereign. On all sides, cold and silent groups mingled with the partisans of the Dudley faction. Not unfrequently the name of "Mary" was whispered among them, and it was remarked that the strangeness of some new spectacle rather than any demonstration of congratulation appeared to have drawn them together. An occasional brawl still further disturbed the forced calmness of the people: one man was set in the pillory and punished by the loss of both his ears, for speaking during the time the proclamation was being read—an exercise of severity which was far from doing the cause of poor Jane any service with those upon whose voice the whole success of the plans for her depended. The council, together with several noblemen, attended her to the Tower; and once there, however reluctantly, Northumberland, whose cause was too precarious to admit of his standing upon ceremony, kept them a species of prisoners about the person of the young queen.

In the mean time, Mary, who had received timely information of the plot against her liberty, took refuge in a precipitate flight. Sawston Hall, near Cambridge, the residence of a zealous Romanist, received her; from which place she moved to Kenninghall, and finally to Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk, the vicinity of which to the sea facilitated her escape in case of defeat; and here flocked to her standard numbers of adherents, with occasional deserters from the rival ranks.

Sadly and unwillingly Jane now began to take upon her the duties of her new rank. She commenced her part of royalty with many tears, thus plainly declaring to all who approached her "that she was forced by her relations and friends to this high but dangerous post." Upon her arrival at the Tower, the Lord Treasurer had brought to her the crown, to see how it would fit her head.

Turning from it with aversion, she made one last attempt to influence the sympathies and prudence of her injudicious partisans.

"Alas! I cannot put it on," she said, feelingly. "I possess no title to it: nay, were the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth not in existence, there are many others who possess a prior claim to this glittering honor: even my own mother's right comes before mine. Take it hence, then: I dare not—I cannot put it on."

She was answered, "that she need not scruple, and that shortly another crown should grace her husband's brows: she must consent."

Still, however, she refused; and she tells of much ill-treatment, even of violence, endured upon the part of Lord Guildford's family, if not on his own, in consequence of the expression of her determination. Little did she think, when so earnestly desiring to put away from her the emblem of her royal state, that the very same Lord Treasurer who now so anxiously pressed it upon her, would within a few days assail her upon pretence that several of the jewels were missing, and tell her that, being accountable for them, all the money and effects of herself and her hus-

band would be confiscated and lost to them for ever!

In the midst of an anxiety her mind chafed under, and a pomp it despised, Jane resorted thankfully to those studious habits which had so often soothed her, and were now destined to form her principal support and solace. She read her favorite authors as usual, wrote and conversed upon the subjects most deeply interesting to her inquiring mind, and kept something of a journal, to which she afterwards referred, in writing her well-known letter to the Queen. Her time, however, must have been often and distressingly infringed upon. "Jane Grey, wife of Lord Guildford Dudley," she naïvely complained, "was more free than Jane Grey, Queen of England."

It is not very astonishing that, surrounded by doubtful friends and strange attendants, the proposition to deprive her of the comfort of her father's presence, by sending him to head the forces, received an agitated denial from the young queen. Northumberland, who entertained just doubts of the fidelity of those about her, urged again and again this duty upon the weak-minded Suffolk, whose principal experience lay in martial affairs. Unfortunately for herself, however, Jane was peremptory in requiring her father's support; and Northumberland, overruled by the plausible praises of the council, undertook, though with reluctance, this important duty, for which he appears to have been singularly unqualified.

This was the death-blow to Jane's short-lived power: she was now doomed to experience the truth, that

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

However repugnant to the majority of the nation were the fanatical and mistaken tenets of Mary, she was the rightful heiress to the throne of her father and brother; and though the good Bishop Ridley, in an animated address, eloquently strove to impress upon the people the right and title of the Lady Jane, he was heard in frigid silence: indeed, the same evening (Sunday) measures were taken for the whole of the council going over to the opposing party. Next came the terrible intelligence that the Duke of Northumberland had been deserted by his troops, and that nobility, gentry, and commons, alike satisfied with a declaration from Mary, were unanimously acknowledging her as queen.

Goodrich, the Lord Chancellor, declining to act further in Jane's name, delivered the Great Seal to Lords Arundel and Paget; and they, setting off immediately for Framlingham, placed it in the hands of the new sovereign, receiving in return their own free pardon. Suffolk, with downcast face and agitated manner, sought the apartment of his daughter, and told her sadly that she must put off her royal robes, and return to her humble and quiet life!

And how did the Lady Jane receive this intelligence? Constant to the principles she professed, and nobly indifferent to vicissitude and danger, she told him she willingly resigned honors which, but for her mother and himself, she never had assumed.

"This relinquishment of the cares of royalty," she said, "is the first voluntary act which I have performed since my assumption of them. Grieve not, my father, to see your child return to that condition which God created her to fill: the crown is of right my cousin Mary's. Let her take it and wear it, who is so much more worthy than I."

At the same hour, when Mary's inconstant subjects were presenting to her the Great Seal of the kingdom, the Lady Jane was on her way, comparatively unattended, back to that mansion from which the illusory vision of royalty had lured her hapless steps. Alas! no sanctuary might its walls now afford her. Within a few days, the Duke of Northumberland, having unsuccessfully descended to several mean attempts at temporizing to save his life, was arraigned with his eldest son, and sentenced to die; while the younger, Lord Guildford, and his bride, were arrested and brought again to the Tower, where the short pageant of power had been enacted. On the scaffold the Duke addressed the crowd, and professed himself willing to die, "having deserved a thousand deaths." His firmness seems at this time to have been restored; nor were the unfortunate noblemen who shared his fate less remarkable for the calmness with which they met death.

During this time of bloodshed and flight, Lady Jane and her husband, imprisoned

within the gloomy walls of the Tower, meditated, in fearful suspense, upon the fate that their cruel relative, the Queen, had doubtless prepared for them. The mother of Jane had successfully interceded for her husband; but her child appears to have been calmly surrendered to her fate, although her own ambition had principally dictated the marriage and its lamentable results. Lady Jane had, notwithstanding, the liberty of the Tower, and was not kept a close prisoner, being allowed several indulgences scarcely ever granted to state prisoners under such circumstances.

It is the opinion of several writers that Mary desired to spare the life of her unwilling rival, had not her father, the Duke of Suffolk, been a second time the instrument of her misfortune. A rebellion was set on foot by this wretched man, and, in the triumph of a successful commencement to the enterprise of Sir Thomas Wyatt and himself, her name was again proclaimed as queen in every city they passed through. Gardiner now urged upon Mary the necessity of putting the sentence into effect upon the unfortunate Jane and her husband, as a discouragement to the insurrectionists; and for this he justly incurred great odium afterwards, the youth and interest of both pleading for sympathy with every English heart.

At Temple Bar, upon the very scene of the contest which resulted in Wyatt's capture and the dispersion of his adherents, was the death-warrant brought to Queen Mary for her signature. The news was immediately conveyed to the Tower, Feckenham, Mary's favorite chaplain, being the messenger; an unwilling one, it is hoped, from the sweetness of his manners, though the zeal for his misguided Church was extreme. She received him with the utmost gentleness, as one by whom her doom, however sudden, was expected, if not desired.

According to the custom of the period, he invited her to a controversy upon religious subjects; and imagining from her reply that she desired time before her end, obtained for her a respite of three days. The conversation between them has been preserved, together with her letter to her father containing her farewell. She also addressed a letter in Greek to her sister, Lady Catherine Herbert. She firmly resisted every endeavor to shake her constancy to the Reformed Church, and assured Feckenham that his exhortations had caused her more distress than all the horrors of her approaching fate. It is to be noted that Morgan, the judge who had given sentence against her upon her trial, shortly afterwards became insane, and continually cried, up to the moment of his death, in his ravings, to have the Lady Jane taken away from him.

On the morning of the 12th of February, Lord Guildford Dudley, having in vain solicited an interview with his wife, to which she, fearful of unnerving them both, would not consent, was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill, and, after a few minutes spent in prayer, quietly met his fate. His death excited so much pity that it was deemed advisable to consummate that of Jane within the Tower walls. At the time of her husband's execution she was in "Master Partridge's house," where, on his way, he had passed beneath her window, and received her last gesture of remembrance.

In the south-west angle of the great area, in front of the chapel of St. Peter, there is a small portion of the pavement distinguished by a somewhat darker appearance of the stones. Formerly, we hear, the space all around was covered with grass, but nothing would grow on *that* spot. Here was placed the scaffold, with all its frightful appendages. Advancing towards it, accompanied by her maids, Elizabeth Tilney and Mistress Helen, who wept bitterly, she encountered the headless corpse of her husband borne to the chapel.

"O Guildford, Guildford!" was her only exclamation; "the antepast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble: it is nothing, compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven!" and so saying, she went calmly on, towards the scene of her last trial.

Holding a book in her hand, from which she occasionally prayed, she ascended, with a firm step, the scaffold. From the platform she addressed a few words to those around, expressive of her resignation. She said she was not to be blamed for "having offended the Queen's Majesty; but only for that I con-

sented to the thing which I was enforced unto." She then commended herself to God.

When the executioner would have assisted to disrobe her, she motioned him aside, and turned to her attendants, who, with many sobs, bared her beautiful throat. As they did so, she said: "I pray you, dispatch me quickly;" and, kneeling, inquired, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" "No, Madam," was the answer. Then tying the handkerchief over her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, "Where is it?" One of the bystanders "guided her thereto;" and laying down her head, she resigned meekly, as she had fulfilled, her forfeit existence.

Two records of her remain in the Tower: the axe with which this crime was perpetrated, and which was the same used to deprive the fair Anne Boleyn of life, and the word "JANE," traced upon the wall of one of the apartments in the Beauchamp Tower, attributed to the hand of her husband.

It is possible that history will never again present a combination of merit and misfortune parallel to that exemplified in Lady Jane Grey; yet it is true that sorrow is the atmosphere in which real excellence best thrives. To mortal short-sightedness, unable to fathom the designs of Omniscient wisdom, it may seem strange that the weakness of an hour should sometimes incur a more fearful temporal punishment than the crimes of a whole life; but if the sufferings

"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

set forth the honor of the Creator, improve the world, and sublimate the victim's faith, most certainly will this last bear its reward with it. The ocean is purified by turbulence, the candle burns brighter by consumption of itself; and thus the human mind is cleared from evil by the agitation of sorrow, and the martyr's faith shines most radiantly in the hour of physical dissolution!—*Heroines of History, by Mrs. Owen.*

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint, the hero, the wise, and the good, or the great, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education would have disinterred and brought to light.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

IT was a narrow pass,
Watered with human tears,
For Death had kept the outer gate
Almost six thousand years;
And the ceaseless tread of a world's feet
Was ever in my ears—
Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,
As if they were only born to die.

A stately king drew near,
This narrow pass to tread;
Around him hung a gorgeous robe,
And a crown was on his head;
But Death, with a look of withering scorn,
Arrested him and said,
"In humbler dress must the king draw near,
For the crown and the purple are useless here."

Next came a man of wealth,
And his eye was proud and bold,
And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,
Telling of sums untold;
But Death, who careth not for rank,
Careth as little for gold—
"Here that scroll I cannot allow,
For the gold of the richest is powerless now."

Another followed fast,
And a book was in his hand,
Filled with the flashes of burning thought
That are known in many a land;
But the child of genius failed to hear
Death's pitiless demand—
"Here that book cannot enter with thee,
For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me."

Next came a maiden fair,
With that eye so deeply bright,
That stirs within you strange sweet care,
Should you meet on a summer night;
But Death, ere the gentle maid passed through,
Snatched away its light—
"Beauty is power in the world," he saith,
"But what can it do in the Pass of Death?"

A youth of sickly mien
Followed in thoughtful mood,
Whose heart was filled with love to God
And the early brotherhood:
Death felt he could not quench the heart
That lived for others' good—
"I own," cried he, "the power of love,
I must let it pass to the realms above!"

—*Scottish Guardian.*

"I'VE NO THOUGHT OF DYING SO."

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

A—— B—— was a son of wealthy and influential parents; and the substance of what I am about to relate is well known in the neighborhood where he lived and died.

He commenced business for himself early in life, and exhibited considerable shrewdness and energy of mind. But the safeguards of religion did not shield him in the perilous season of youth; and he soon became, in the language of the world, a bold, generous-hearted fellow, growing in popularity and wealth. He was above the fear of religious admonition and the authority of the Bible; and was considered quite able to confute any Christian believer. He had been a young man of promise; but his life was a dreadful illustration of the words of holy writ: "The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live;" and his end was a scene of thickening horrors.

About a year before his death, and not many years ago, A—— B—— was riding with an intimate friend, when the conversation which follows was held. This friend, as he now says, was at the time considerably impressed by religious truth; but, that he might be comforted in his impenitence by the skepticism of his more intelligent and reckless comrade, or for some other reason, he felt desirous to know B——'s sentiments fully on religion. Accordingly, after a little hesitation, he commenced by saying:

"B——, you and I have been much together, and have confidence, I believe, in each other as friends. We have conversed freely upon almost every subject; but there is one that we have never seriously talked about. It is a subject that has troubled me for some time; and I should like to know what are really your candid opinions. If you don't wish to have them told, I will keep the matter to myself."

"O, certainly," was the reply, "I've no objection against making known any of my opinions."

"Well, then," said Henry—for so I will name his friend—"what do you think about the Bible? Is it true? And is there any such thing as religion; or is it all a delusion?"

"Why, as to that," said B——, "I've no more doubt that there is a God, and that religion is a reality, and that it is necessary to be what the Christians call pious in order to be happy hereafter, than that we are riding together."

Henry was greatly surprised; and looking at him intently, to see whether there was no designed trifling, B—— proceeded:

"It is plain enough that the Bible is true. It's a book that no mere man could ever have written; and a book, in my opinion, that no one, however wicked he may be, can read, and believe in his heart to be an imposition. I have tried often to believe so. And no one can look at the Christian religion, and see what it is designed to effect, without feeling that it must be from God. In fact, no man can be a Deist who isn't a great fool! For reason and conscience confirm the Christian doctrines, and satisfy me that there is a place of happiness and of misery hereafter."

Henry was amazed at these confessions from one who had been nurtured in infidelity, and was regarded by Christian people as a Heaven-daring young man. At length he replied: "If this is your belief, B——, you're in an awful situation. What can you think of your present course?"

"Why, it's a pretty bad one, to be sure; but, *I've no thought of dying so!* I mean to become a Christian. But the fact is, a man must have property: unless he has, he is scarcely respected even by Christians themselves. And I mean to make money and enjoy life; and when I've got things around me to my mind, then I will be liberal and feed the poor, and do good: that's the way Church-members do."

"But how long do you think it will be safe for you to indulge your present habits? Being out late and drinking have already injured your health."

"I've thought of that," answered B——. "But I'm young and hearty; though I intend to quit cards and drinking pretty soon."

"I speak as a friend, B——; but I did not suppose, from what I have heard you say, that you believed in a Saviour, or in heaven or hell."

"I do, as much as you or any man."

"Do you remember playing cards at ——?" And here Henry referred to most horrid profanity uttered during a night of carousal.

"O, when I swore so, I was a little intoxicated; but I felt sorry for it afterwards. I know it's wrong, and I always feel sorry. But when I'm among those fellows, I can't very well help it."

"But how often," continued his still doubting friend, "have I heard you say that religion was nothing but priestcraft, and that Christians were a pack of fools?"

"I know I've said so when they've crossed my path and made me angry. And I think now that a good many of those who pretend to be Christians are nothing but hypocrites. But that there is real religion, and that there are some who possess it, and have what you and I know nothing about, it's no use to deny."

The conversation continued much in this strain for some time; and made a deep and most happy impression on the mind of Henry.

As for his companion, "madness was in his heart" as long as he lived, and he soon went "to the dead." He continued to drink, until he was known to be a drunkard. He mingled with gamblers, till his moral sensibilities seemed wholly blunted. At length, after a night of dissipation, he started for home—was thrown from his conveyance, and badly bruised; disease set in with dreadful severity upon his constitution, greatly enfeebled by irregularities; and, in a little space, *delirium tremens* hurried him to his grave.

Every reader may well be astonished at the inconsistencies as well as shocked at the impiety of this poor wretch; yet who can avoid seeing that his character is essentially that of thousands who mean finally to enter the kingdom of heaven? Are there not many who read this, respectable before the world—free as they think, from gross vices and from danger, that have already entered the path which sunk this young man to eternal destruction? Let the gay and the fashionable, and especially let every young man remember, that the steps which take hold on hell are by no means seldom those which *first* lead to the convivial card-party. Here the lovers of pleasure find an atmosphere peculiarly intoxicating, which renders serious society and instructive employment altogether distasteful; and are drawn, step by step, into the associated vices which destroy body and soul.

Let him who peruses this narrative also remember, that however confident and bold he may be in skepticism, his confidence will desert him in the hour of need. Nay, his hopes from any system of infidelity will vanish now, if he will only sit down and reflect—if he will but seriously listen, for a few hours, to the sober decisions of reason and conscience.

And, finally, let no one imagine that religion is something always, as it were, waiting on him—a prize which, at any future time, he has little more to do than to reach out his hand and take. It is not so. And yet many trust in this delusion, and quiet themselves with this hope, at the very hour that they are passing the bounds of mercy. Reader, are you saying, "I've no thought of dying as I am—I mean to become a Christian?" Ah, beware!—*Christian Treasury.*

LINES WRITTEN DURING A STORM.

BY W. S. H.

Be calm, my soul! these thunders harmless play,
Thy God commands, thy God directs their way:
Though tempests howl, and lurid lightning flies,
Yet still be calm—these reach not to the skies!

There fix thy portion; it shall rest secure,
And to eternal ages shall endure:
Though earthly joys do perish and decay,
Those joys will bloom, nor ever fade away.

Arise, my soul! on wings of faith and love,
And view the mansions of the blest above;
Adore the boundless mercies of thy God,
Who left the glorious place of his abode,—

Quit those high realms where angels homage pay,
And took for thee a tenement of clay:
For thee, my soul, and all the sinful race
Of wretched mortals, has he purchased grace!

How great the ransom! He his blood did give,
The Prince of Life was slain that we might live:
O wondrous love! to mankind freely given—
He stooped to earth to raise us up to heaven!

November, 1856.

THE DAISY.

BY J. M. GOOD.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here:
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear:

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

THE BEST POSITION.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to weep,
And ponder o'er the matchless grace
Displayed on Calvary's steep.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to pray:
Nor look in vain for blessing,
In God's appointed way.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to hear
The welcome sound, "'Tis finished,"
So sweet to sinner's ear.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to rest:
Here foolish doubts and anxious fears
Are banished from my breast.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to love:
His blood the bond of union
'Twixt saints below—above.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to feast
On Him, my bleeding sacrifice,
My altar and my priest.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to sing,
The grave has lost its victory,
And death its venomed sting.

Beneath the cross of Jesus,
I'd lay me down to die;
Till, in the chariot of his love,
He bears me up on high.

Then seize my harp of gold,
And tune it loud and long;
The cross of Jesus crucified,
My everlasting song.

THE HOUSEHOLD BABY.

What a joy to human eyes,
When it laughs, or when it cries,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

Be its temper rising, falling,
Is it cooing, crowing, calling,
'Tis the same dear, precious darling—
Is the household baby!

If the scene without be dreary,
If the hearts within grow weary,
Baby wakes, and all is cheery—
What a rush for baby!

Mamma's eyes grow bright with joy—
Grandpa laughs, and "grandpa's boy"
Gladly leaves his last new toy
To play bo-peep with baby!

Sisters from their music run,
Maud has caught "the sweetest one,"
Grace bends down in girlish fun
To make a horse for baby!

Up to every thing we know,
Hands and feet "upon the go,"
What a funny creature, though,
Is the household baby!

Bring the puppy and the cat,
Let her pull, and pinch, and pat;
Puss and pup were made for that,
Made to please the baby!

Bring those china vases, mamma,
Get "the mirror and the hammer,"
Any thing to make a clamor,
And delight the baby!

Let it clang and clash away,
Let it laugh, and shout, and play,
And be happy while it may,
Dear, mischievous baby!

What a joy to human eyes,
What an angel in disguise,
What a treasure, what a prize,
Is the household baby!

"DELAY NOT."

A FEW years ago, when I was travelling in Western Virginia as a colporteur, the sun was hanging low in the west; dark and threatening banks of lead-colored clouds were moving slowly across the heavens; the distant muttering of thunder, and quick and piercing flashes of lightning, bade me prepare for the approaching storm. In circumstances like these, I was riding slowly along the banks of a canal, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a small house which sat just above my head on a little eminence. Seeing the storm was rapidly approaching, I thought it would be a good shelter from the rain.

The unhinged shutters, the broken panes of glass whose places were supplied by dirty rags, the large cracks between the logs, all told too plainly that withering poverty had there an abode. After repeated knocks at the door, a woman made her appearance. Such a human being I had never seen. She looked more like a fiend from the regions of the damned than a living and immortal soul. Her cheek was sunken; her eye dim and staring wildly about; her hair thrown loosely over her shoulders; her feet uncovered; and her person clad in the most filthy and disgusting manner.

She did not seem accustomed to seeing strange faces, and gave me such a wild stare that my very blood chilled in my veins. There we both stood. For some moments not a word was uttered by either. I was waiting to see if she would ask me to take a seat. This she did not do; and feeling that I had a matter of more importance than politeness to attend to, her soul's welfare, I sat down on the remains of what once was a very fine chair, and commenced the following conversation:

"Are you a Christian?"

"No."

"Do you ever expect or hope to be a Christian?"

"No."

"Have you ever felt the workings of God's Spirit upon your heart?"

"Never, since a child."

"Have you at any period in your past life ever read your Bible?"

"Yes, I read it when a school-girl."

"Did you not see a peculiar beauty and simplicity in it?"

"I did not."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes," she angrily replied, "I believe it to be a lie from beginning to end."

"Have you ever read any other books besides the Bible?"

"I have read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and believe that he was as complete a liar as ever lived, and never experienced one feeling described in that book, but wrote it only to deceive the foolish common people."

"Are you, in your present situation, willing to die?"

"Yes, and willing to go to hell, and stay there for ever and ever!"

Giving her several tracts on infidelity, which she contemptuously threw on the floor, I invoked a Father's blessing on her, and departed—never to meet again till we stand around the judgment-seat of Christ.

The clouds which were wandering over the heavens when I entered the house, had collected in a mass, and produced one of the most awful storms I ever witnessed in my life. The wind blew most furiously; the rain poured in torrents; peal after peal of the most deafening thunder echoed and re-echoed among the mountain crags; and flash after flash of piercing lightning darted across the heavens. But, my dear young friends, this storm did not compare in its madness and fury to that still more awful storm of despair and hopeless agony which was raging in the breast of her from whom I had just parted. Dear young friends, do not put off till to-morrow the eternal interests of your immortal souls. Remember, O remember, the terrible condition of the woman about whom I have been telling you!

"Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here—
Salvation is purchased, redemption is free!"

—*American Messenger.*

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Of all sights that nature offers to the eye or mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by the tempest, and noon was like night, while the conflict of the billows and the storm tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me; and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror and paralyzed with fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense heat, and every blast death—the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace! But with me, the mountain, in tempest or in calm, the throne of thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven, has been the source of the most absorbing sensation. There stands magnitude, giving an instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, uncumbered; beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful; use, exhaustless for the service of men; strength, imperishable as the globe: the monument of eternity; the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by and from whom all things were made.—*Croly.*

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torchlights to illume,
No parting glance, no heavenly tear
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way:
No mortal form, no human breast
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer:
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate:
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
He thought to hear that voice below:
He pines to hear that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he needs no home;
But, stretched along the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimmed eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

CHARITY.

BY MRS. N. M. L.

Sweet charity, thou angel-grace,
With love so pure and free,
O, take thy place within my heart,
And sweetly counsel me!

For much I need thy gentle power:
So haughty is my will,
That sometimes, in an evil hour,
I think of others' ill.

I feel that I am powerless
When not beneath thy sway;
All good intentions quickly cease
When thou art far away;

But when, with mild, forgiving eye,
Thy gaze on me is bent,
A warm emotion stirs my heart,
And quickly I relent.

Thy generous veil is thrown around,
To hide defects in all:
Some latent good is always found
Beneath some tangled thrall.

Thy patient smile for ever lasts,
Through trials thick and keen;
And bravely, midst the tempest blasts,
Thy heart remains serene.

Yes, on the wave of death's dark stream,
When earth grows dim to sight,
When sinking 'neath the gloomy flood,
Still burns thy blessed light.

November, 1856.

NOTES OF TRAVELS IN IOWA.

(Concluded from page 229.)

The population of Northern Iowa appears to consist mostly of emigrants from New York and the New England States, although there are many from the Western States, and some from Kentucky, Tennessee, and even South Carolina. Of foreign emigration, there are quite a number of Norwegians and Swedes, as well as Germans and Scotch. The Norwegians, in particular, make good citizens—industrious, honest, intelligent.

Of the towns in this scope of country, the two principal ones are West Union, the county-seat of Fayette, and St. Charles, the county-seat of Floyd county.

West Union, forty-five miles west of the Mississippi, one of the oldest in this part of Iowa, although still a new town, is situated on high, rolling prairie-land, surrounded by a more level country, of great fertility; and has a population, I should judge, of 1000 to 1200.

St. Charles, on Cedar river, about one hundred miles from the Mississippi, has probably 700 inhabitants. It is a new town, having sprung into note since last spring, through the efforts of a few enterprising Eastern capitalists. It commands a fine water-power on the Cedar, and has good grist and saw-mills in active operation. A newspaper was established here the 31st of July, the first copy of which, put up at auction, sold for twenty dollars. The town is laid off in an open grove on the north side of the river: buildings are going up in all parts; and wherever you go, amid trees and bushes, you hear the clatter of hammers and saws, and the general din of carpentry. The foundation of a building is laid one day, the next the frame goes up, and the third it is shingled and inhabited! Of course the blasts of winter will be apt to strain these structures "some"—*in time.* But the same activity that could erect, can repair, prop up, and remodel to suit exigences. Other branches of industry are prosecuted with a like energetic zeal: everybody is employed; and of all places that I have seen, great or small, this appears to afford for that class of gentry called "loafers" the least room and poorest consolation.

Most of the buildings that are now occupied are still unfinished. Our tavern, the only one in the "city," and one of its oldest tenements, had indeed the first story nearly finished, even to "lath and plastering;" the second story was regularly partitioned into separate rooms, and mostly lathed but not plastered, with blankets or domestic sheeting for doors: the upper story, being divided by a longitudinal partition made of "domestic," formed two spacious "apartments," each adorned by two tiers of beds, whose occupants at night made a sufficiently numerous if not very orderly "household." A storm with high wind occurring on the night of August 1st, made the aforesaid "partition" and "doors" flap like the sails of a vessel in a tempest.

Osage, farther north, the county-seat of Mitchel county, is of little note except as the location of the Government Land Office. It is laid off on a flat, open prairie, and contains probably 400 or 500 inhabitants. Here, at the time of my arrival, the land-office, removed from Decorah, had just been opened, and the town was literally overflowing with speculators and others in quest of government land; very few of whom, however, realized their expectations, for nearly all the land in the district had already been entered previous to the removal of the office. It was amusing to see the anxious faces of this hungry crowd, every one seeming apprehensive lest his neighbors might monopolize the few remaining "entries."

This town exhibits even greater haste in its construction than St. Charles: the houses all new, and apparently in the first stage of progress. The "Osage House," at which I had the fortune to be a guest, was weatherboarded, and that's about all. It consisted of two stories, the upper one partitioned off into several rooms by the means of sheeting and blankets, constituting the lodging apartment proper. Here four of us, happening to come in the same stage, and consequently considered "partners" for better or worse, were fortunate enough to secure a single room, alone to ourselves, with two beds, one on a frame and the other on the floor! And this to us was a godsend, since the greater part of the guests were obliged to "take lodgings," if at all, in tiers on the floor below, and

thought themselves in luck at that. Our fare in the way of victualling, however, was abundantly good; and our hosts, two brothers, were gentlemanly and obliging. The houses here, built up with a light framework that betokens great scarcity or economy of timber, may be frequently seen propped up by strong poles without, on the east side, to keep the west wind from blowing them away! But notwithstanding this precaution, the "Osage House," on the night before our arrival, was "tempest-tossed," and came near being unmoored and cast adrift. Such a hubbub, judging from an eye-and *ear* witness, was seldom heard—the whole structure shaking in the gale, its beams and rafters creaking, its "rigging" flapping, women shrieking, children screaming, and men valorously rushing out of doors and windows: all hands, doubtless, ready to cry out, "I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the wide open" *prairie!* and in notes similar to those which once made an old tar exclaim: "I should think so, judging from the *squall*," when listening, upon a dissimilar occasion, to a strain leading off with the same words.

Although I did not have the honor to pass through this "thrilling scene," I narrate it because it is the most that I shall have to recount in the course of my travels of "hair-breadth 'scapes" and the like—certainly the nearest approximation that I can boast of to *personal* feats, (to quote from Shakspeare,)

> "As full of peril and adventurous spirit
> As to o'erwalk a torrent, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear!"

Remaining at Osage over Sunday, I had an opportunity to attend preaching. For this purpose a tavern under process of construction, although sufficiently advanced to be already occupied, had been converted for the occasion into a church, the front room, where the congregation met, being separated from the domestic apartment by a partition of cotton sheeting. This conversion, however, need not appear singular in a country like Iowa, where the public-houses, kept without liquor, gambling-tables, or other profanations, awaken no improper associations; but it was a little singular to observe the ladies appearing suddenly on the scene and vanishing noisily from it, as they passed and repassed through this primitive sort of screen from one apartment to the other. In the morning we had Episcopal service, and a large and attentive audience. The pastor, although quite a young man, delivered an eloquent discourse, without the robes, paraphernalia, and formalities that appertain to his Church in a more advanced state of society. In the afternoon we had Methodist preaching: the audience was very thin. The preacher, a "lean and hungry" looking man, except being altogether unassuming, presented nothing in his manners calculated to awaken any high expectations; and, it must be confessed, he did not disappoint any. The scene was somewhat unique: for a seat the preacher made use of a carpenter's trestle, and a plank, supported by a barrel standing upright, served for his desk; while a glance around the room, disclosing here in one corner a nail box and hammers, there two or three hatchets, and yonder, hanging against the weather-boarding, a saw or two, presented a picture than which nothing could convey a more forcible idea of pioneer missionary life. It is gratifying thus to see Christianity ever keeping equal pace with, if it does not precede, the advance of civilization. It bespeaks an undying, all-pervading spirit at the foundation, which is destined to live on and flow on until the knowledge of the gospel shall "fill the whole earth as the waters cover the sea."

Throughout this whole region of Northern Iowa the traveller is struck to observe the universal use that is made of lightning-rods, which here, wherever there is a settlement, shoot up heavenward, signal-posts as it were of the march of man. Almost every dwelling, even to the humblest shanty, is adorned with these monuments of the genius of Dr. Franklin, serving no less to perpetuate his fair fame against the withering blasts of time than to protect the habitations they surmount from the bolts of heaven. An impression prevails that thunder-storms are more prevalent on the open prairies of this high latitude than in other sections; but whether this be so or not, it is likely that lightning here is more dangerous to structures elevated above the general level than in woodland regions, whose forests, or tall, isolated trees serve to divert the electricity. Although I witnessed but one

thunder-storm during my tour in the State, yet I must confess that in this instance the fierce lightning and its succeeding crash were terrific beyond any thing to which I had been accustomed. Heretofore, such explosions, however unexpected and alarming, had conveyed the idea of something accidental or at least indefinite in their object, but this gave the impression of a premeditated vindictiveness, direct and relentless, which rendered it doubly appalling.

Winter here, although severe, does not set in so early nor continue so long as in the same latitude in the Eastern States, nor in general is the actual cold so intense, although on the open prairies it is more sensibly felt; and a ride over these wide, unprotected fields amidst wintry storms is indeed a perilous venture. Last winter is said to have been of unparalleled severity, the thermometer falling 30 degrees below zero: water froze within a foot from the stove heated to redness in a closed room; and, from the generation of moisture during the night in sleeping apartments, the windows in the morning would be incrusted with ice half an inch or more in thickness. Nevertheless, persons properly protected, in their ordinary occupations, suffered less than we in this climate might suppose. A pure, bracing atmosphere and active habits enable them to resist the external cold, and I was assured by many that they never enjoyed themselves better. But a number of persons unprepared for so rigorous a season, or unduly exposed to its inclemency, lost their lives in consequence—frozen to death!—most sad and melancholy fate! Some, I was informed, actually perished in their beds. It is painfully awful to think of such fearful casualties, and I will not attempt to recount the incidents that were related to me in connection with them. Some of the narrations may have been exaggerated, and I could but hope they were. But considering the known severity of the winter and the inadequate protection against it, as evinced by the number of hastily constructed shanties in which persons had passed the season, together with the proverbial imprudence that characterizes the rapid settlement of a new country, I could not but wonder that the fatality and distress had not exceeded by far the worst representations.

The climate is universally conceded to be salubrious, remarkably so for so new a country. But a species of ophthalmia, generally of a mild form, prevailed all along this part of my route. Almost everybody seemed to be at the time, or had been, afflicted with it. This ophthalmic tendency, which however did not characterize the middle and southern parts of the State, is probably ascribable to a combination of causes: such as, the strain and fatigue to which the eyes are subject in the endeavor to compass a great range of vision over these wide plains, with little to relieve the view; the unbroken sun-glare doubly reflected from the expanse above and below; exposure to the prairie winds and to the fine dust which in a dry season like the present they bear along. The *remedy* should be found in the avoidance of such fatigue and exposure, and cultivated fields and artificial groves to relieve the view.

With this exception, the inhabitants wore an aspect of health and comfort: all appeared well satisfied with their situation, and animated by bright prospects ahead.

During the heat of summer, the free, open prairies are almost incessantly fanned by a cool breeze, which renders a ride over them peculiarly refreshing and exhilarating. There is nothing like it to inspire the adventurer to these parts with unflagging energy and boundless hope.

But we must advance more rapidly, or we shall not very soon arrive at the end of our "travels."

Descending along the valley of Cedar river in a south-easterly direction, and repassing St. Charles, and then passing Waverly, Cedar Falls, Waterloo, Vinton, Cedar Rapids, and some smaller places, for the distance of about 170 miles from Osage according to our stage route, we reach Iowa City, till now the capital of the State, a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, built on a series of picturesque bluffs agreeably interspersed with natural groves. Here, for the first time in Iowa, we find not a *prospective* but bona fide railroad, extending from this place to Davenport on the Mississippi river, a distance of fifty miles—almost too great a temptation to resist after having been thumped, elbowed, and tossed about for several days in a series

of superannuated stage-coaches and "accommodations," driven out of Ohio and Illinois by the approach of the locomotive to spend their last days in a thankless service on the outskirts of civilization. But, like the man "who was most wondrous wise," we may perhaps cure our disrelish for the latter by "*another*" trip in them through the interior. So, since Iowa City affords little of note except its multitude of land-offices, and since the capital, its crowning glory, has been removed from it to Fort Des Moines, we will bid it adieu, and exulting once more in the comforts of staging, pay our respects to the latter place. Our route for the first part lay through a country abundantly wooded, but indicating less fertility than heretofore: of the second part I have nothing to say, for the "curtain of night" prevented topographical observations; but emerging day found us next upon a great open prairie, fifteen miles in breadth; when, after passing a strip of woodland, we entered another of nearly equal extent, which for some distance was one continuous alternation of high knolls and deep, basin-shaped hollows, affording to the distant view a series of vast undulations like the huge swells of a mighty sea. The prospect was sublime. The sun, now at meridian height, diffused a general glow over this rolling scene of verdure, except where here and there a few light clouds, obstructing his rays, darkened its surface. It was a novel and beautiful sight to see these fantastic cloud-shadows sporting over the wide, uneven field, their dark variegated outline contrasting fancifully with its sunlit green—now resting as in repose, and again sweeping along in hurried succession; here gliding down some declivity, and there mounting a steep ascent; graceful, capricious, buoyant, almost instinct with life! But this varied scene of grandeur and animation after a while subsides. A still calm ensues: the prairie becomes a level plain. At length we reach the woodland on the tributaries of the Des Moines river; but here again night interposes to further survey. Midnight brought us to our destination.

Fort Des Moines is situated on the west side of the Des Moines river, 120 miles west from Iowa City, and contains probably 2000 inhabitants, although the number of storehouses would appear to be sufficient for a population of five or six thousand. On the east side of the river a small settlement has been commenced, which, however, does not at present look very inviting, called "Demoine City." Here, about three-fourths of a mile back from the river, on an elevated site, in the woods, the capitol is building. It should by all means have been placed on the opposite side; but I understand the State authorities provided for its location on whichever side made the largest donation of land towards it. However, this will not affect Fort Des Moines, which must always be *the* city, and virtually the capital. The town is growing with amazing rapidity. Surrounded by a country of exceeding fertility, in nearly the centre of the State, with a railroad in process of construction, reaching eastward to the Mississippi and westward to the Missouri, and another down the valley of the Des Moines, to say nothing of the locking and damming of this river, (which although in progress proceeds but tardily,) it is destined to become an important place, unquestionably the largest inland town in the State. Its site is not the most desirable, being too low, especially along the river, although the ground becomes more elevated as it extends back westward, and especially north-westward, where it ascends in the form of terraces, the first but a few feet above the general level, the second arising to a high mound. North of the town, along the river, and overlooking both, stands an imposing bluff, which would have formed a magnificent site for the State Capitol, and which will afford an excellent point for the erection of waterworks.

Viewed as a city, Fort Des Moines is but in a "nascent state." There is one fine brick block on Main street, with a handsomely paved sidewalk in front, having in all probably a dozen stores: the rest of the buildings are nearly all frame, mostly small in size, all of which will have to be removed to make place for the city that is to come, if indeed they should not be all swept away by fire ere they have served their time as *encampments*. The grading and pavement of streets and sidewalks, the erection of waterworks and gasworks, with their pipes and fixtures, etc., are things of the future, awaiting time, labor,

and money. Town property, however, is already up to about as high a figure as would appear to be warranted after these appurtenances shall have been added.

Abundance of coal exists in this locality, but in thin strata, at most not over three or four feet in thickness, inferior in quality, mixed with slate, and largely impregnated with sulphur. I saw one specimen, however, said to have been found on the banks of the Des Moines, equal in appearance to cannel-coal, which would indicate that beds of a rich quality may yet be discovered.

The Des Moines river will not compare in beauty with the Cedar. In breadth it is about the same, but less rapid, and deeper: the water is not so clear and sparkling, but is sweeter and more agreeable to the taste. Viewed at its present low stage, one would be disposed to regard the project of locking and damming it as utterly chimerical. Its valley, it is said, surpasses in fertility any other part of the State; and if so, of the world!

Feeling a curiosity to reconnoitre somewhat along the course of this stream, I took my next route to Ottumwa, situated on its northern bank, ninety-three miles below Fort Des Moines. I will not occupy time in describing the country. Suffice it to say, that along the banks of the river it was much more rough, broken, and hilly than I expected to find after coming from Cedar river, mostly well wooded, with here and there an open glade peeping out from amid the forest trees, and frequently deep ravines and rugged bluffs. Oskaloosa is the most important place that we passed, and one of the largest inland towns in the State, having a population of four or five thousand—a stately-looking village, with an air of neatness and comfort, and suggestive of civilization, intelligence, and taste. Eddyville has the name of being a place of some enterprise; but we passed it at night, amid Egyptian darkness and through a deluge of rain, which afforded a poor chance for taking notes. Urging on to Ottumwa, in regard to which I had been led to entertain pretty high expectations, we found it at about midnight, a forlorn-looking place, half drowned by the recent torrent.

Morning did not serve to remove my "first impressions" of Ottumwa. It is comparatively an old town, having in general a dilapidated appearance, with a few new buildings that show some signs of returning life—an aspect which in part seems to be mourning over the past, and in part to have caught some hopeful glimpses of the future. The projected railroad from Burlington to the Missouri river through this place has raised great expectations in regard to it, but I do not see how they are to be realized. The site is bad—a narrow low strip lying along the river, and immediately back, nothing but high, rough bluffs rising abruptly over this bottom land. These formidable ramparts hem the town in on all sides for some distance, rendering it almost inaccessible to the surrounding country, which must of consequence seek more eligible points of trade and of communication with the railroad.

While here, I rode out on horseback to take a view of the adjacent country. Fording the river, whose bottom was one solid floor of rock, worn smooth by a strong current, and ascending for a few miles along its course, I never beheld a more wild and romantic place. Mound-like bluffs and basin-shaped valleys, densely covered with wood, of a light growth on the former but of statelier size in the latter, complicated the way, which, pursuing the defiles, wound round in endless curves, or, mounting the acclivities, overlooked a scene whose strongly marked and strangely diversified outlines blended the most fantastic disorder with the most graceful symmetry. It needs but the skilful, pruning hand to make amid these picturesque hills and beautiful valleys a perfect paradise of romance; and the time is not very far off when the whole will be appropriated to the purposes of man, either for use or ornament.

A peculiar characteristic of all this Des Moines valley country consists in its great fertility, however unpromising its external appearance. Even the roughest heights possess to their summits a rich soil, which, wherever cultivated, yields an exuberant harvest.

From Ottumwa to Burlington, nearly due east on the Mississippi, is a distance of seventy miles; about midway between which two points stands the appropriately named village

of Fairfield, the handsomest town in Iowa, and indeed one of the most beautiful that I have anywhere seen. Situated upon an elevated point in the midst of a delightful, rolling prairie of wide extent—its streets clean and spacious, its cheerful residences handsomely shaded by artificial groves, its storehouses and workshops orderly and business-like, its fine Court-House surrounded by a beautiful park blooming with clover—every thing wears a look of cultivated taste and substantial thrift. It has a population of about 2500. Mount Pleasant is considerably larger—quite a city; and certainly a "pleasant" as well as a business place.

From Mount Pleasant to Burlington, a distance of thirty miles, we have railroad once more. Here, therefore, we bid adieu to the whole family of stage-coaches, hacks, and accommodations, and soon find ourselves at Burlington, a small city snugly disposed in the midst of bluffs, containing, according to its citizens, "12,000 inhabitants," though a stranger, after a general survey, would not be apt to concede more than half that number.

Keokuk, the last town we touch at in Iowa, occupying the south-eastern triangular point of the State where the Des Moines river enters the Mississippi, demands a passing notice. It is probably the most important town on the Mississippi above St. Louis, of which it aspires, with no little show of reason, to become the rival. From a village of 2773 inhabitants in 1850, it has grown to a city of 25,000. It is astonishing to see with what rapidity it is extending: how buildings are going up all around; how bluffs that stand in the way are being cut down to level streets, and their places occupied by large substantial structures for residence or business. Indeed, an activity and energy are everywhere displayed that bid fair to realize its most flattering anticipations in regard to the future.

I might dwell more in detail upon these points: I might speak of a jaunt from Keokuk over the Des Moines to Alexandria in Missouri, and thence across the Mississippi to Warsaw in Illinois, affording a fine view of three towns at a glance in three different States; also of the trip down the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence by railroad across Illinois and Indiana to Louisville, homeward-bound; but it would be tedious, and besides it does not come within the "bill of fare" which I proposed at the outset. Therefore, if you are as tired of reading as I am just now of writing, I hope we shall part without any bad feeling on this score!

In conclusion, I have only to suggest, in regard to means of recreation or relaxation from business during the summer season, especially for young men, whether, in place of going to watering-places and other fashionable resorts, with their frivolity, ennui, and temptations, all the advantages of recreation, and more permanent enjoyment, to say nothing of information, might not be obtained at equal expense by devoting the same length of time to a tour of exploration through some part of our almost boundless territory?

Yours, &c.,

B. Wood.

Nashville, October, 1856.

UNKINDNESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

O, could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think nor care for others, more
Than they may care for me!
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim?
If others can so soon forget,
Why should I not the same?
O, could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think nor care for others, more
Than they may care for me!

There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which chilled affection knows,
Which hearts, forsaken, learn:
What solace can the world impart,
When Love's reliance ends?
O, there's no winter for the heart
Like that unkindness sends!
O, could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think nor care for others, more
Than they may care for me!

One rough diamond is of more value than many smooth counterfeits.

FREE-MASONRY.

HAVING been elected when a "young man" to deliver an oration (upon the recurrence of the anniversary of John the Baptist) before a Lodge of Masons at Bowling Green, Kentucky, we prepared and delivered the following, which the Lodge then published. As, however, we have now no printed copy, and have found among some old papers the original MS., and as the ladies are not wholly without curiosity in regard to this ancient and honorable Order, we will probably be excused for telling them some things which they might not as conveniently learn elsewhere.

BRETHREN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—We are all entered apprentices.* Our initiation is registered. The temple in which we meet is the universe: its Supreme Architect and Ruler the infinite Jehovah—our worshipful Master. He has called us into existence here—has bound us together by a thousand endearing and indissoluble ties; and although this vast temple is complete, and we have not been called to inhabit it until the fifty-ninth century, we are not to be idle spectators, but from the mysterious emblems with which we are surrounded, the relations we sustain to each other and to God, learn industry, self-denial, philanthropy, benevolence, and veneration.

The sun, though actively, unceasingly dispensing light and heat, shines not for himself, but to illumine, warm, and fertilize, not only the planet on which we live, but his benign and healthful influences are sent alike in other directions to other worlds revolving round. The moon and stars—each another world, and part of our solar system—from every point give off their light to the planet on which we live. Far as the eye can reach with the assistance of the telescope, through boundless space, the whole ethereal plain sparkles with millions more of suns, the centres of other systems. All these, in obedience to the laws of God, industriously perform their mysterious functions: they exist for the glory of the Great Contriver and the happiness of his intelligent creatures in these countless worlds: each star we see, and more, seems imbued with the same liberal spirit and all-pervading philanthropy of its Divine Author. Every atom, every particle of matter of which this globe is composed, is endowed with simple and compound action or energy; and the globe, in addition to its revolutions round the sun, turns upon its own axis. These things cannot fail to impress upon our minds the benevolence of the Supreme Architect of all things, who, in the economy of nature, has so wisely given us day and night, the beauties of spring, the harvest of summer, the plenty of autumn, and the comfort and advantages of winter. But the relations we sustain to each other are even more beautiful, interesting, and lasting; and our duties are as various as are the relations.

In should be the first lesson learned in life, and the last forgotten, to seek the comfort and happiness of those with whom, in the providence of God, we are most intimately related, however much attention to such duties may seem to militate against distinction and preferment in society; and, apart from the Divine command, the consciousness of having discharged our most sacred obligation on earth will prove sufficient compensation.

Although not all Masons, we are artificers of greater or lesser degree. The mother in the person of her child beholds the creature of happiness or misery in time and eternity. Her first and most anxious solicitude is with reference to its physical well-being: this, then, her art employs. After the months assigned to helpless infancy have elapsed, she hails with peculiar maternal delight the dawning of intelligence. But 'tis then she should realize the dignity of her station, her fearful responsibility, and the true character of the work she has to perform: her impressions are not made upon sand, soon to be effaced, or tinsel drapery, to be frittered out in a day; but durably and indelibly made upon mind which shall exist for endless ages. 'Tis the delight of Lamartine that in early life his mother gave him a Bible, and taught him to pray. The mother gives character to the man: she inculcates love, virtue, morality, and religion.

We have all read of the relics of Grecian

* The first degree of Masonry, in contrast with terrestrial existence.

antiquity: we admire the majestic proportions of the Parthenon and the sculpture of Phidias. These shall fall and crumble to dust, and the memory of the artist be consigned to oblivion with them; whilst a mother's impressions, deeply graven on immortal mind, shall be seen in time and recognized in eternity. How important, therefore, that her influence should be of the proper character, that gentleness, affection, and forbearance, should be characteristic of the family circle! There is nothing purer than a mother's love; and surely that should induce wholesome instruction and reciprocal affection. The fraternal, filial, conjugal, and other relations, might be adduced in illustration of the fact that "no man liveth to himself," but that he is a moral, intellectual, and social creature—that reciprocal, virtuous affection, society, and consequently the exercise of his moral, intellectual, and social nature, are indispensable to his happiness. How delightful, at our leisure, to trace, through these various relations and mystic emblems of nature, our relation as individuals, as a community, and as a nation, to the Giver of all good!

But 'tis to you, my brethren, my remarks should be more immediately addressed.

We appear here invested with the insignia of our profession, the badges of Masonry, for a most solemn purpose. We this day celebrate the anniversary of the patron saint of our Order, who was prophesied of by Esaias, "saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his path straight;" of him who said, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." We desire to perpetuate the memory of one who said to the people, "Let him who has two coats give to him who has none, and he that hath meat let him do likewise;" of one who said to the publican, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you;" of one who said to the soldier, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely." Brethren, these proclamations of the Baptist are some of the principles of Masonry. And it affords me no ordinary pleasure to know that here, too, I am associated with men every one of whom believes in God and the immortality of the soul; that our Lodges, not only on this continent, but wherever this holy volume is received, are dedicated to him whose distinguished privilege it was to baptize in Jordan the Messiah, the Son of the living God.

The Bible is the life-giving principle of Masonry: it nowhere exists without the Bible: its precepts are read and enjoined: our duties to its Divine Author presented for our consideration at every meeting; and it is singular that we should be so frequently assailed, abused, and misrepresented—that we should be spoken of as a godless people.

But 'tis not my duty to vindicate or defend Masonry against the only character of opposition with which it meets, ignorance and superstition; for, "Purity of motive and nobility of purpose shall rarely condescend to prove its rights, to prate of wrongs, or evince its worth to others: and it shall be small care to the high and happy conscience what jealous friends, or envious foes, or common fools, may judge." Conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, it remains for us to ascertain our duties, and discharge them, with fidelity to each other, to our country, and to God.

And, first, as intelligent beings, we may learn much from the beauty, order, and harmony of things as spread out in the face of nature. But life is too short, and mind too limited in its grasp, sufficiently to investigate the various scenes and departments of nature which excite our admiration and point us to God. We, however, may easily determine that nothing in the economy of nature exists exclusively for itself. We may search from the spear of grass to the majestic oak, from the tiny drops of rain to the depths of ocean, from the glow-worm to the imperial sun, from the smallest insect on earth to the tallest seraph in heaven, and we will find action and energy everywhere, but in no department of the universe a single particle of matter on which selfishness is impressed.

Nor can we fail to admire the universal harmony and affection subsisting between the lower orders of animals. Ants, bees, birds, and beasts of every variety, are illustrations of the fact that association for enjoyment, for mutual protection and defence, is indispensable; and we, brethren, convinced of the instability of all sublunary things—seeing that the man of fortune yesterday is a bankrupt

to-day; that man in the pride and glory of his strength to-day will probably to-morrow be consigned to a bed of protracted affliction—have voluntarily, and in good faith, associated ourselves together that we may the more effectually minister relief to the greatest number of our distressed fellow-beings.

Solomon, though possessing an unprecedented fortune and a kingdom of immense wealth, was not exempt from the common frailties of our nature, but was dependent upon his fellow-men to seat him upon his throne! And Cæsar, the distinguished Roman orator, when buffeting the waves of the Tiber, cried:

"Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

And when in Spain he had intermittent fever:

"'Tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend did awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: . . . . .
Ay! and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl."

However honorable it may be to possess wealth, it is no passport to the beauties and benefits of our ancient and honorable Order. It is the internal and not the external qualifications to which we are to look.

If you, my brothers, possess a soul keenly alive to sympathy—a warm, generous, benevolent disposition—whether you be merchant, mechanic, lawyer, or clergyman, is not material. In Masonry,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

And that you may "act well your part," let the meetings of the Lodge be dear to you. There learn, if you have not learned, your duty to God: there learn, if you do not know it, your duty to your neighbor, your family, and yourself: there learn to exercise feelings of charity and philanthropy; for 'tis there we meet with non-professor and Christian, Calvinist and Arminian, Baptist and Pedobaptist, and, forgetting our differences of opinion, our orisons ascend together to the common God and Father of us all. 'Tis there Whigs and Democrats meet, but not to engage in political discussion: 'tis there that kings and subjects, lords and commons, presidents and the sovereign people, have met, upon a common level, for the common good. 'Tis there, too, my brethren, you become acquainted with the mystic emblems of Masonry: 'tis there those ancient, invaluable traditions have been safely kept and handed down from generation to generation: 'tis there you learn to recognize a brother at home or abroad, in the darkness of midnight or in the light of day, in the social circle or far as the eye can reach, whether he be native American or foreigner. And, in short, it is there you are made a better and more useful man; for who has not felt himself improved from association with those he loved, and whom he knew felt and evinced an abiding interest in his temporal and eternal welfare?

We have all seen that wealth does not invariably secure happiness to its possessor; indeed, it frequently happens that the man who has a fortune is but splendidly miserable. He

"Weeps with dignity and mourns in state."

How worthless—ah! how worse than worthless, how pernicious the example of those who, having intellectual and pecuniary means of doing good, fence themselves about in selfish importance, or use their means to oppress their fellow-men!

I rejoice that Masons nowhere teach the propriety of heaping up the treasures of this world, but that distribution in opposition to accumulation is inculcated everywhere. They teach us that there are

"Some great souls who, touched with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine:
All hoarded treasure they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own till well bestowed.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless;
And while their bounty glides concealed from view,
Relieve our wants and spare our blushes too."

It is well that happiness is not peculiar to the rich, for a large majority of mankind are poor; and it is also well that real happiness is inseparably connected with Love—love in all its varieties; for all men love. And I imagine the greatest happiness enjoyed in the thousand forms of religion results from the fact that all religion has its origin in love; and the superiority of the Christian religion consists in the infinite superiority of the

Christian's God, for he is a God of Love. And love—love worthy of the name—fraternal love, is the principle of union among Masons. Let its benign influence pervade the family circle: let it dictate your prayers at the altar: let it go with you into society: exhibit it to your fellow-men by acts of kindness, benevolence, and charity. Let love as a principle govern all your acts as a Mason: let it induce you as an entered apprentice heartily to conform to all those ancient usages and customs of the fraternity which forbid your mentioning the name of God but with the reverential awe due from a creature to his Creator, —which forbid you doing to your neighbor otherwise than you would have him do unto you; and let the Bible always be the rule of your action, "diligently imploring the aid and blessing of its Divine Author in all your laudable undertakings." Frequently let your minds recur to the "point within a circle," and imagine yourselves thus circumscribed; and being thus environed, you will see at once the impropriety of recommending to the favorable consideration of the Lodge one who is unfavorably known, as a gambler, a drunkard, a profane swearer, or night brawler. Such initiations would militate against the interests of the Lodge and the honors of Masonry. Every character and emblem in this degree is worthy of your most serious attention, and points you to honor and to virtue. But you are especially to learn, from the implements of industry with which you meet, the importance of "diligence in the pursuit of knowledge;" and, above all, keep inviolable the mysteries of the Order, and study to prove yourselves worthy the badge you wear.

"Masonry is a progressive science." You are not always to remain an "Entered Apprentice," but, if "studious, industrious, and worthy," will be passed to the second degree, where additional ancient tradition will be confided to you, and a more extensive field for virtuous, moral, and intellectual improvement spread out before you. You are here presented with the "plumb, level, and square," used by operative masons; but as "free and accepted Masons," you are taught to use them for more noble and glorious purposes. The plumb admonishes you to walk uprightly in your several stations before God and man—squaring your actions by the square of virtue, remembering that you are travelling upon the level of time to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." The use of the globes and various orders of architecture here require your attention.

The most cultivated and refined, or the most capricious and fastidious taste, the most comprehensive imagination, or the most towering intellect, may find its similitude in architecture. The modern traveller to Athens, cherishing the memory of Pericles, and fond of virgin purity and beauty, will linger long in view of the elegant, graceful, and symmetrical proportions of the Parthenon; nor scarcely will he admire less the beauty of the Temple of Theseus on its mountain-pedestal. The lover of Roman antiquity will dwell upon the chasteness and unadorned beauty of the columns of the Vatican and the majestic appearance of the Coliseum and St. Peter's. But these remains of ancient grandeur, however well deserving all the praise they have received, seem like the work of dwarfs, and are as modern monumental pigmies when compared with the more antique ruins of Balbec. The majestic monuments, colonnades, temples, and citadels of this mythological city are said to transcend all others so far, as to be perfectly dazzling to the eye and bewildering to the mind. The colossal proportions, the exceeding grandeur and sublimity of the Acropolis, and its immense elevated and sculptured granite foundation, may well excite the wonder of the present generation. Many gigantic columns of the grand temple of richest volute, still proudly supporting their capital, architrave, and entablature, tower beyond the reach of sight, to mingle their beauty with the azure of heaven; while at their base is a wide-spread ocean of sculptured ruin, against which the waves of Time have unsparingly beat for ages. These and other orders of architecture come within the limits prescribed for your study.

You are also to contemplate in this degree the wondrous beauty, harmony, and benevolence exhibited in your own organization: its adaptation, through the medium of the senses, to the material world: the bounteous benevolence exhibited in that, that existence is pleasant, when by the slightest change in

the arrangement of matter, life would have been continual suffering; and in the perpetuation of your existence through days, nights, and years, for you have no innate power of existence, even when conscious, and much of the time exist unconsciously. As sentient creatures,

"Each night you die, each morn are born anew."

And the same power that created animal life is necessary to its preservation. Every inspiration is but anew the "breath of life."

Contemplate also the mysterious union of immortal mind with these dying bodies. How is it that these bodies assimilate to their own use the productions of remote sections of country? How is it that animal heat is generated and sustained? How is it that the blood circulates? How is it that every tissue of the body possesses vitality? How is it that nerves convey different impressions to the brain? How is it that these "moving joints are obedient to my will?" Geometry, music, the fine arts, and indeed almost every thing (except the Master's degree) necessary to polish and adorn the mind, and render you useful and happy members of society, are here presented for your consideration, investigation, and research.

And when your steadfast obedience and conformity to the tenets and objects of Masonry shall indicate that you are worthy, it will be our pleasure most heartily to welcome you to all the rights and benefits of the sublime degree of Master Mason.

This is the most sacred degree of Masonry, because the Holy Bible is presented as our "spiritual trestle-board," from which we learn that

"'T is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die;"

and we are instructed that in "every design and act of life we should consult its teachings, and learn to circumscribe our actions and passions by the compass of reason." The "pot of incense" is to remind us of the "necessity of purity of heart;" the "bee-hive," of "industry;" "the All-seeing Eye," of the "supervision and providence of God;" "the anchor" and "ark," of our passage through this world to another, and the necessity of a "well-grounded hope;" the "hour-glass" is a beautiful representation of life—how almost imperceptibly and yet how rapidly do the sands disappear: in an hour they are gone. And thus passes away human life: "man scarcely begins to live before Death asserts his claim. To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms and bears his blushing honors thick upon him," and is cut down. "The scythe," an emblem of Time, cuts the brittle thread of life, and launches him into eternity. Although we have escaped the numerous diseases incident to earlier life, we should still remember that ere long we will be called to sleep with our fathers.

Who, let me ask, in reviewing the objects of Masonry, the degrees as conferred upon him, the working tools, jewels, and emblems, and the fraternal affection and harmony pervading every meeting of the Lodge, has not felt deeply, profoundly grateful that he has been deemed worthy such an association? And who of us have not been led to contemplate with exceeding delight (through the medium of our mystic emblems) the unprecedented love, the unlimited mercy and benevolence of God?

We, brethren, are associated for most noble and glorious purposes, and one of those purposes is mental improvement. The question here very naturally arises, How shall we be most useful to each other in this respect?

We live in a country under institutions, and in an age, peculiarly favorable to mental improvement. Mind is asserting and most triumphantly maintaining its ascendency over matter: the elements of earth and heaven are made by the power of mind subservient to man's wishes; the earth is yielding up her long-hidden treasures: the incongruous elements, fire and water, combine their influence to propel our productions through cities and wildernesses, and across the once fearful and trackless ocean: the lightning of heaven has become the means of transmitting our thoughts. We live in an age when the arts and sciences are doing more than half the labor of the human family, leaving the more leisure for intellectual improvement. We live, too, in an age when men, no longer disposed to incur the mortification of ignorance, are reading and investigating for themselves. We may all improve the present time by re-

ference to the past: the past and present only are ours. Since printing has attained such perfection, we are not confined in knowledge or imagination to the house, the town, the State, or the country of our nativity. Adopting the sentiment, but changing the language of Addison, we may appropriately say:

> No pent-up continent contracts our powers,
> The whole vast universe is ours.

We, though standing on Columbia's shore, may, through the medium of history, transport ourselves across the intervening ocean of time, and become emparadised with our first parents, and living through successive generations, may enter with Noah into the ark, and observe the angry gathering of that cloud which was to deluge the world: we may, in imagination, take our position on the topmost round of the Tower of Babel and be in the midst of the confusion of tongues; may live the contemporary of any or all the prophets; hear with Moses the thunders of Sinai, or see with Simeon the glory of God: we may live in all the stirring events of Egypt; may take up our abode in its ancient Heliopolis, or in the proudest palace of the city of Thebes, where we may see her two hundred chariots issuing from each of her hundred gates, sending forth her two millions of men: we may go with Cyrus to the destruction of Babylon, and his own destruction at the hands of his brother; we may be in all the bloody engagements of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Themistocles, and Aristides; hear the thundering of Napoleon's cannon, or see the impetuous charge of Murat's cavalry: we may, through their history, their science, their oratory, their poetry, contemplate the grave, the sober Egyptian, the proud Chaldean, the firm, contemplative, inflexible, uncompromising Roman, or the lively, volatile, and elastic Greek.

Let us then, brethren, have a well-selected library, and let not the immortal energies with which nature and nature's God have endowed us be so misdirected that we will take hold of the trashy mass of verbiage thrown off daily by our printing-presses, to be introduced into almost every family under the delectable name of "light literature;" but let sacred and profane history, biography and science, lure us on to higher and yet nobler attainments.

It is also our privilege and duty to contribute to the relief and comfort of all worthy distressed brethren: to go forth and diligently inquire after their widows and orphan children, dry up the tears of the mother by ministering to her wants, assuring her, by acts of kindness, sympathy, and charity, that we are her friends—clothe, educate, and prepare her children for usefulness in society. But in our acts of charity and benevolence, we are not to be circumscribed by the limits of Masonry, but, like the good Samaritan, turn neither to the right nor left, but be ever ready to relieve suffering humanity.

If we are actuated by the true spirit of Masonry, we will be characterized by benevolent conversation; such as will soothe and comfort the aged, inspire and encourage the youth, and restrain the wayward and profligate: we will speak gently to the unfortunate inebriate; tell him of the nobleness of his nature, and the power of mind to bring the body into subjection and control its appetites; point him to that Order* whose untiring energies are devoted to the cause of temperance, and whose star is now brightly culminating over thousands redeemed from degradation as low as his; and tell him to go there, and live a gentleman.

It is true, we may not always be thanked for proffered aid or suggestions benevolently designed. We may not see immediately the fruits of our labor; but, using proper discrimination, it is probable we will ever afterward receive their warmest greeting, their lasting gratitude, and constant blessings. If we fail, we will have the consolation of having done our duty.

> "Let us then be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate:
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait."

As men desiring the happiness of all mankind, as patriots, and more particularly as lovers of the free institutions under which we live—believing that virtue and intelligence are the only safeguards of a republic, we inculcate the diffusion of useful knowledge, and hail with peculiar delight the dawning of a better day in Kentucky, when that moral sun

* Sons of Temperance.

whose healing beams have been so healthfully dispensed upon our Eastern States shall have dissipated the clouds of ignorance and superstition which have so long overshadowed us, and its light and warmth shall pervade every family and every individual in the commonwealth; when a system of general common school education shall loom up before our admiring gaze, and enkindle the "dark and bloody ground" with universal light and love.

This is a crisis in the history of Kentucky. A majority of her citizens have decided that moral disease pervades the body politic, and that it is necessary that curative means should be promptly applied. They also propose by these means so to change the constitution of the State that most, if not all, the officeholders shall be elected by the people. In view of this equality of rights, is it not the duty of the commonwealth to qualify all her children not only for voting but for office?

And if education is conducive to the interest of a State, how much more important to a national government like ours, which presupposes the general intelligence of the people! A republic is not always the best for a people: their relative improvement indicates the character of government best suited to them. A kingly form of government is evidently better adapted to a very debased, ignorant, and slavish people; a mixed government for a more intermediate class; and probably a purely republican form of government for a very refined, educated, virtuous, moral, and enlightened nation.

Republican principles and governments are based upon the assumption that the people have intelligence and understand the character of the government, and what is necessary to sustain it; that they are educated, know their duty, and will faithfully and with conscientious fidelity perform it. The history of all republics which have existed teach us that whilst virtuous intelligence was diffusive, when men were generally educated, the republic was not endangered; but where ignorance and sensuality reigned, so also did a king. I need only refer you to Greece and Rome as illustrations.

If time permitted, it might be interesting to trace the legacies of the past which we have inherited through the mystic medium of Masonry; to refer to the dark ages when the Mason, with undying grasp, pressed the Bible near his heart; to refer to its peaceful influence in the revolution of kingdoms and empires. Who does not recognize the power of Masonry in the recent French Revolution? And who can tell of the blessed influence it is soon to exert in Ireland, Scotland, and other countries? But to come nearer home, what has Masonry done, or rather what has Masonry not done in the achievement of our own glorious Independence? For aught I know, we are indebted to Free-masonry for the liberty which we to-day enjoy: for aught I know, the principles of justice and equality inculcated in the Lodge prevented Washington, when solicited, exerting kingly authority over this country: for aught I can tell, the immortal Lafayette, who left his home, country, ease, and luxury, and came to this land to battle in freedom's cause, was actuated by the love he cherished for the fraternity and his oppressed brethren on this continent.

Is it not possible, yes probable, that the principles of our Order warmed the hearts and nerved the arms of Knox, Greene, Sullivan, Brooks, Franklin, and Putnam? for they were all Masons. And who can help detecting the principles of Masonry so prominent in the last moments of the life of General Warren?—he who, with characteristic fraternal affection, solicited from his subordinate officer a position in the hard-fought battle of Bunker Hill, and there bravely fell. These men, and probably hundreds of other brethren, well knew that tyranny and oppression were subversive of the best interests of Masonry; and who that is a Mason does not know that Masonry exerts an influence over all her children, and therefore, through those men, exerted a powerful influence in the American Revolution? We may not, as did Washington, deserve a nation's gratitude, or leave a nation we have redeemed from tyranny and oppression as a monument to our memory: we may not now, as did Franklin, chain the lightning of heaven: we may not give such evidences of patriotism as to sacrifice our lives upon the altar of our country; but we may improve, safely keep, and hand down to others the rich legacies bequeathed to us. We may redeem the destitute children of our

brethren and neighbors from a worse tyrant than the King of England: qualify them for useful positions in society, and point them to happiness hereafter. These monuments, reaching to heaven and eternity, will exist when the world shall have "waxed old."

"God, Love, and Poetry" is the inscription which Lamartine wishes his friends to put upon his tomb if he shall ever merit a tomb. "God, Love, and Poetry" are presented for your consideration as Masons. If you would expand and strengthen your intellectual faculties, think often, think much, of the infinite, omnipotent, omnipresent Jehovah, the creator and preserver of the boundless universe, and the harmony pervading all things. If you would be happy, if you would be useful, love God, love your fellow-men, and attend to all the gentle duties which love dictates. Study the true poetry of nature, as presented in the delicate flowers of the garden, and in the variegated tints of the rainbow; in the crystal dewdrop, and in the majestic cataract; in the cloud-capt mountains of earth, and in the brilliant constellations of heaven. Learn that happiness consists in doing good, in ministering relief to the distressed, in visiting the afflicted, in raising up the bowed down. The flower pressed to earth by adverse winds repays in fragrance the hand that lifts it up, and will man be ungrateful!

Here, brethren, we are preparing a temple; here our work is being done, and here our designs spread out before us. Let us often apply the rules to ascertain whether the work is prepared for the builders' use. The sound of the hammer was not heard in Jerusalem at the building of Solomon's Temple, neither will it be heard in the heavenly Jerusalem; but in a few years our work will be submitted to God, the supreme Architect and Judge; and if "living stones," we will be assigned a place in that "heavenly building;" otherwise, we shall be rejected. And how awful will that rejection be! Let us learn that

> "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
> Ask them what report they bore to heaven,
> And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Let us often consult the Bible, our "spiritual trestle-board," and see whether we are working according to the designs there given.

Masonry has ever pointed to God as the author of man's existence, and from time immemorial taught the immortality and accountability of the soul, and "the necessity of a well-grounded hope." Nor has she left her children in the dark with reference to the means of obtaining this hope, but has steadily and faithfully pointed them to institutions higher than her own. She has directed them to the altar and the incense ascending up before God—beautifully emblematic of Christ and the prayer of saints. She has pointed them to the Bible, and, in modern Masonry, the entire Bible, as their rule of action.

Why do we, as Masons, celebrate this day in memory of John the Baptist? 'Tis for the simple reason that he was first to proclaim redemption through the coming of Christ. And why do we celebrate the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist? It is surely because he was last to close this revelation of good news. Why is it that the "parallel lines" within the "circle" are representations of these great and good men? And why an entire, a complete copy of the Bible resting upon this circle, if not to teach us the propriety of conforming, in faith and works, in thought, feeling, and disposition, to the teaching of the gospel?

If, brethren, we are willing to be thus taught—if we will be directed by that "blazing star" which has guided men wiser than we to the Saviour, we will never regret it, but enjoy the sweetest pleasures known to men on earth, the most precious consolation in death, and the brightest bliss of heaven.

I have thus, brethren, briefly presented for your consideration some, as I conceive, of the principles and objects of Free-masonry. I know full well and regret that I have not done justice to the subject. I regret that a theme so interesting has not engaged more of my attention; for Masonry is no monochord, but may be compared to an instrument of many strings; and, under the touch of one more practiced than myself, should give forth the most beautiful harmony, the most pleasing melody, the most delightful concord. And an association where there is so much harmony and so little discordant material, cannot fail to improve each of us. Let us remember that the reputation of the fraternity in this community depends upon our conduct; and

in view of the shortness of life, in view of the sufferings of humanity, and the retributions of eternity, let us each and all resolve that we will act well, act nobly our part. Let us erect our "spiritual building" in obedience to the prescription of our "spiritual Master," upon that "tried," that "precious cornerstone laid in Zion:" let its graceful and harmonious proportions attract the admiration of others. And though we may or may not complete our work in one, two, or seven years, it is nevertheless our duty to labor diligently. It is even probable, should we live many years, we might not then be able to say, "IT IS FINISHED!" There are few, very few men who do not regret in a dying-hour that they have not done more. Masonry teaches us to

"Act!—act in the living present!
Heart—within, and God—o'erhead."

The uninitiated look to our conduct for an exposition of the principles of the Order. In vain may we talk of morality, justice, temperance, benevolence, etc., if we do not practice them in our intercourse with the world. If we would prove ourselves worthy the name of men—if we would come up to the elevated requisitions of Masonry, we must make ourselves active, efficient, useful members of society. Wherever duty calls, there let us gladly go. And it is comparatively immaterial where a Mason shall die, whether at home in the bosom of his family, or in a foreign land among strangers. Brethren will gather about him wherever he may be, relieve his wants, and, if possible, mitigate the sufferings of death. Their prayers will go up to God in his behalf; and when he shall have left the body, they, clad in ancient form, with music and the beautiful attendant solemnities and ceremonies of the Order, will consign it to its last resting-place.

The Christian, too, may die in a foreign land; and though no brother may be near to minister to his wants, though no wife, sister, or mother, with gentle, soothing voice, and the tender assiduities of love and sympathy, shall be there, heavenly intelligences, guardian-angels "encamp round about him;" and having intimate affinity with mind, that immortal, invisible, active essence, the soul, they wait for its release, then leave their watchful posts, and, clad with celestial armory, spread their pinions for a brighter, a happier world; and saint and angels return to God, and he becomes the guardian of the Christian's dust.

Let us think of all the most exquisite pleasures of earth, and then remember that "eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive of the glories in reservation for the righteous:" let us remember that we are exerting an influence over the minds of our fellow-men, which, for weal or woe, will be perpetuated long after we are dead; and remember also, "As the aloe is green and well-liking till the last best summer of its age, and then hangeth out its golden bells to mingle glory with corruption; as a meteor travelleth in splendor, but bursteth in dazzling light, such is the end of the righteous: his death as the sun at his setting."

J.

JUSTICE TO ALL PARTIES.

BROTHER BAYLISS, not that we requested it, but for the sake of justice to all the parties, wrote an article for The Tennessee Baptist. Introductory to this article was the following from the editor:

"We give the following, as requested, to our readers, without one moment's hesitation.

"Whenever the views or the personal character of an individual has been attacked in this paper, we have opened wide its columns for a replication or defence; and have always admitted the assailed to reply, when the reply was not wholly inadmissible, on account of its indecorousness, or discourtesy to ourself. We hope this paper will be repudiated by every subscriber when it is characterized by an opposite policy. We discuss, nor allow our correspondents to discuss one side of no question, involving faith or practice, that we are unwilling for the other side to appear."

Seeing this, several eminent Baptist ministers were led to suppose our defence would be published, if we requested it. On the 30th October, we addressed the editor the following note:

"NASHVILLE, October 30, 1856.

"To the Editor of The Tennessee Baptist.

"DEAR SIR:—I am glad to learn from the

tone of your remarks introductory to brother Bayliss's communication, that it may be expected you will not hesitate for a moment to publish, through The Tennessee Baptist, a defence of my 'views' and 'personal character,' both of which have been assailed through the columns of your paper.

"I send you herewith a copy of my defence, commencing on the 232d page and terminating on the 240th.

"Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and oblige,

"Yours, &c., W. P. JONES."

Hearing nothing from either the note or article, we, on the 7th November, wrote him another respectful note of inquiry. On the 11th, we received an answer, from which we make the following extract:

"Your present demand is out of all reason, calling as it does for one side of an entire paper! The article has been sent, however, to brother P., and his pleasure in the matter will decide my final answer."

Control of his columns is thus passed from his hands to the *pleasure* of one who, of course—notwithstanding his complaints—will be pleased to exclude us from a hearing.

Had we permitted as many anonymous and other articles, personal and prejudicial to the editor of The Tennessee Baptist, to appear in The Visitor as he has published against us within the last year; had we written as many editorials about a hearing on both sides, widespread columns "for a replication or defence," and then, when he courteously asked permission to defend his "views" and "personal character," both of which had been assailed—had we remarked to him, "Your demand is out of all reason;" we leave it to the "*pleasure*" of an assailant—had we thus acted, we would have been bitterly, O! how bitterly condemned! But we suppose his course will be deemed right enough by some, and we submit, and will no longer keep our readers from the voluntary act of justice on the part of our pastor:

Brother Graves:—Justice to all parties, and especially to brother Jones, requires me to make a few remarks in reference to brother Pendleton's article published in The Tennessee Baptist of the 18th inst. And that they may be seen by all those who have read that article, I request you will give them a place in your paper. In that article brother Pendleton says:

"But Dr. Jones now intimates that my reply to 'Mississippi' would 'probably have been printed' had it not been accompanied by a 'note' which he considered offensive. This note I have already published. Dr. Jones publishes it again. And let all the world know that he admits it was a 'private note' from me to brother Graves! I stated on a former occasion that this note was *accidentally* handed over with my reply to The Visitor by brother Graves. It was a private note, written familiarly and carelessly; and, says Dr. J., 'intended for his [Graves's] eye alone.' And yet Dr. Jones admits he permitted a brother to read it! I am a fallible man, and may be wrong in my views of propriety. I will, however, say this: Since my acquaintance with Dr. Jones, I have never seen the day when if 'a private note' addressed to him had accidentally fallen into my hands, I would have hesitated to put him in possession of it. My sense of propriety would now induce me to act as here indicated, though the Doctor has treated me so unkindly. But, then, as I say, my views may be wrong, for I am fallible, and my father, who inculcated, in my early years, the principles which govern me, was fallible too."

This entire paragraph does brother Jones great injustice. The facts in the case are these: The "reply to Mississippi" and the "private note" referred to in the above extract, were handed to me by yourself, as we were passing out of the church, on the Sabbath, after preaching. You stated that it was an article which brother Pendleton requested you to hand to *me* for publication in The Visitor; and you added, if on examination I did not determine to publish it in The Visitor, I must return it to the office of The Tennessee Baptist. The "private note" was folded in the "reply to Mississippi."

Meeting with brother Jones soon after, I

handed the paper to him, as I received it, and requested him to look over it. He did so, and returned it to me, saying, "Do as you please: put it in The Visitor or not, as you like." After reading the article and the "private note," *I determined* not to publish it, and I returned both the "reply" and "note" to the office as directed. I placed them in the hands of brother Rutland or Marks, I am not sure which; remarking to the brother, that I could not consent to put into The Visitor any thing of a controversial character; that I was sorry that the article of "Mississippi" had appeared in it; and that if I had no other reason, the feeling manifested by the "private note" accompanying the article would have decided me not to admit it. The "private note" was not shown to "a brother," nor was it seen by any other person, to my knowledge, while in our possession, but was returned as it came, to the office of The Tennessee Baptist.

This is a simple statement of the facts as they occurred. And from them it will be seen that the idea conveyed in the above extract (that brother Pendleton's reply to "Mississippi" was rejected by brother Jones because he considered it offensive) is erroneous, and does brother Jones injustice. It was not rejected by him, but by myself. Neither does the language of brother Jones in the October number of The Visitor authorize such a conclusion, in my opinion. He says, "*We read it*, and the communication *was rejected*."

The above extract does brother Jones injustice again, by asserting that "he permitted a brother to read it," and that "he published it," namely, the private note. I have already stated that this note was not seen by any third person while in our possession. Brother Jones did publish a part of it; but not until brother Pendleton had made it public in The Tennessee Baptist, on the 20th September; and from that paper brother Jones cut it for The Visitor of October.

Now, it seems to me that brother Pendleton ought to have reflected that the difference in the dates of those publications was sufficient to warrant the opinion that "a brother" might have read the "note" in The Tennessee Baptist—that brother Jones might have taken it from the same place, and that he ought to have hesitated to bring against brother Jones the grave charge of unkindness and a want of propriety. I think I know brother Jones well enough to warrant me in the opinion which I entertain, that no man would scorn more than he would to do such a dishonorable action as he is charged with in the above paragraph. And when brother Pendleton sees that he has thought and written hastily, and thus injured a brother, his own sense of justice and the goodness of his heart will prompt him to make the *amendé honorable*.

Thus much I have thought it my duty to say in justice to brother Jones. And now, in justice to myself, permit me to remark, that I have already said that I rejected the article of brother Pendleton, and that I stated to the brother to whom I handed it, that the feeling manifested by the accompanying note would have decided me not to admit it in The Visitor. It appeared to me then that the language of the note did exhibit, if not animosity of feeling, at least a want of Christian regard and friendship. Brother Pendleton says in that note: "I give the Doctor a few thrusts he will feel, if he has any sensibility." Brother Pendleton had been acquainted with brother Jones a dozen years, and must have known that he is more than ordinarily sensitive.

To "thrust" means to stab or wound. And the language conveys to my mind the idea of an intentional wounding of brother Jones's feelings. The note continues: "I thought it best to let Bayliss off for the present: if he pitches into the discussion, then I will confront him with his own writings." This language seemed to me to be a threat against myself, and I then thought was dictated by unkind feelings. And I confess I was much astonished at it; for I was entirely unconscious of having said or done any thing wrong, or been guilty of any action for which I was to be "let off for the present." I entertained for brother Pendleton (as he professes to entertain for me) the highest regard, and I wondered how I had offended. I had never "pitched" into the controversy of "An Old Landmark Re-set," except by simply denying that I was in favor of it. Nor did I intend to do so. For I have always thought that in its very nature it was calculated to do nothing but mischief to the cause of Christ, and injury to our denomination. But brother Pen-

dleton has since explained his meaning in this language, by saying that he referred to my essay on the Church, in which I concluded that Pedobaptist Societies are not Gospel Churches. In that essay, my arguments are in reference to the special meaning of the term Church as applied in the Scriptures to a particular organized body of Christians. And I still adhere to them. But brother Pendleton thinks that "whenever this concession is made by any man, that he can show that the doctrine of 'Landmark' follows inevitably and irresistibly." Well, I know that brother Pendleton is a strong and an adroit logician, and this is his opinion. And I have no doubt he believes he can do what he says he can. But I think differently; and humble as I am, I have a right to my opinion until I am convinced that it is erroneous.

But I receive brother Pendleton's explanation in the same spirit in which it was made. And I assure him that not one unkind feeling rests in my bosom against him. And I also assure him that I shall not engage in any controversy with him, or with any other of my brethren, unless I am well assured that by so doing the cause of my Divine Saviour will not be injured, but advanced. And then I hope that Christ will give me grace to discharge my duty in his own spirit.

W. H. Bayliss.

LITTLE BENNY.

We republish the following, because it has been so much admired by the mothers of such boys as Benny, and on account of its appropriateness to the season.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then, how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his t'ny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white—
"You shall have my candy wabbitt!"
But the door was fastened tight:
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look, alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader—God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus!"

He is sleeping—brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O, undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child!

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

One of the most valuable uses of history is to encourage the patriot in times of agitation and peril. We are often tempted to despair when all the experience of the past would bid us hope. A disgust steals over us as we see more and more of the corruption of our times, until we conclude that society cannot long endure the diseases which prey upon it. We see selfishness, falsehood, and unbridled partisanship, where we have a right to look for better things. We find men charged with most solemn responsibilities, forgetting all public interests, or still more basely selling them, for the sake of personal aggrandizement. We see municipal officers made subservient to party or gain. On every side we are met by the evidences of human frailty. We wonder who can be trusted with power or patronage, and in our haste we say with the Psalmist, "All men are liars."

But an hour in the library, even if there is no book there but the Bible, reminds us that there is nothing new under the sun; that society has always had its vultures, whose rapacity is only measured by their opportunities of plunder. We find that political corruption is as old as the history of organized society. Nations, like the human system, have ever been subject to disease which their vital energies must throw off. As we call that a very frail constitution which is prostrated by every attack of cold, or fever, or overwork, so that national framework is fragile and worthless which cannot endure some shocks of social and political agitation. The fact is, that society has ever suffered from these things. Political corruption has been a weed that grows in every garden, and infests the best forms of social order. We would, therefore, most gladly moderate the fears and dispense with the evil prophecies of our political croakers; bidding them, "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry. Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this. There is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

We would invite those who think the end has come to all government and order because men are wicked, to turn to the history of this country and read the same things in the infancy of our Republic which they now *see* in its manhood. Eighty years ago human nature was just what it is now. Men were then selfish, and corrupt, and untrue, as they are now, and we fear will be for at least another generation. The millennium is not quite here yet. Take for example the political aspect of our country in the year 1778. "Divisions, too," says Mr. Irving, "and party feuds were breaking out in Congress, owing to the relaxation of that external pressure of a common and imminent danger, which had hitherto produced a unity of sentiment and action. That august body had in fact greatly deteriorated since the commencement of the war." Of the same times, George Washington writes:

"If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in fact know, I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance, seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; while the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit, which in its consequences is the want of every thing, are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect."

This portrait has hung on the walls of our national history almost eighty years. The men who sat for the likeness are dead, but their sons resemble them; and we expect about the same thing for our successors.

We will not despair of the Republic, then. We have too profound a confidence in that Sovereign Power which rules and overrules all, to succeed the plans of Infinite Wisdom.—*New York Observer.*

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

Editor's Drawer.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

Last month, we presented our readers with a beautiful engraving of "Antioch," the place where the disciples were first called Christians. Will not some fair friend, familiar with her Bible, favor us with an article for The Parlor Visitor, telling our readers why the disciples were called Christians?

This month, The Visitor goes forth with the engraving of Eliza Cook (the author of the song) reclining upon "The Old Arm-chair." We have not the vanity to presume we can more agreeably entertain our readers than by giving the beautiful, the soul-stirring composition which carries us, and all, back to the delightful days of childhood and youth.

The music all who have heard will well remember; for,

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
Which once we heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

But here is a part of our inheritance:

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs:
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart:
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour, I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide:
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We now send to all the subscribers to this paper a statement of their accounts; and we ask, as a special and personal favor, that each will promptly remit not only what may be due to us, but the full amount for the year 1857. Each of you, no doubt, can do this with but little or no inconvenience; and we will be exceedingly troubled, and compelled to give a large per centage for money, if you do not. If you love The Visitor, or have any kindly regard for its editors, don't read any thing but this and the account on the cover until you make a remittance for the next year.

No index now, but hereafter. We omit the index to this number—which is the close of the sixth volume—because we expect, should we live, to index the June number. The volume since July has been too broad to bind with former numbers. And the binder will charge no more for binding this and the next (the sixth and seventh volumes) together, than for either one separately.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.—We expect to have the January number of The Visitor mailed to subscribers in advance of its date; probably as early as the 20th or 25th of December. How many new subscribers shall we have the pleasure of entering upon the books of The Visitor?

A BAPTIST WEEKLY PAPER.—It will doubtless be gratifying to many to learn that there will probably soon be a Baptist paper established in this city. Baptists are proposing to subscribe liberally—not by the hundred but by the thousand of dollars—in aid of the enterprise.

BAPTISTS WANT LIGHT.—Is it true that "Resetter" *alias* "Landmark" Theology is to be taught in Union University? If true, for one, we ask the privilege of being distinctly understood and excused from our promised voluntary agency for this institution. And as some who contributed to the Roberts fund subsequently revoked their contributions and promised the same amount to the Foreign Mission Board, so we promise to render effective service in behalf of some Baptist college.

REMEMBER our expenses for The Visitor are between three and four thousand dollars a year; and then remember to send your two dollars' advance payment forthwith, if you please.

OUR city is improving with unprecedented rapidity. Property is advancing in value, and every department of business seems in a healthy condition.

The river is now (29th November) rising rapidly. From this until spring, we may expect the arrival and departure of our largest-class boats.

WE have had a succession of remarkably mild and pleasant weather of late. In the scarcity of agricultural products, we should esteem this blessing the more highly.

MR. P. declines taking further notice of us, on the score of his self-respect. We predicted this. When closely pressed, it is the usual trick of the class of disputants to which he belongs. We are not inclined to disturb his "majestic" repose; and will only add, when our "self-respect" so far transcends our reputation, we will cut its acquaintance.

THE VISITOR.

FOR the year 1857, we have secured some of the best contributors in the South-west. We intend The Visitor shall be more interesting and attractive for the year to come than ever before. It shall be no bogus affair, but the earnest advocate and defender of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." And, consequently, we will expect it to meet with the approbation and support of the truthful, the honest, the just, the pure, lovely, and good; for such love to "think on these things."

AGENTS WANTED.

HITHERTO, we have had no agencies, except in so far as individuals volunteered to extend the circulation of The Visitor. We now propose remunerating a responsible agent in each church throughout the country.

Any one obtaining the recommendation of a Baptist minister or deacon, is hereby fully authorized to solicit subscriptions to The Parlor Visitor, and upon every subscription of $2 to retain 40 cents: that is, twenty per cent. upon every dollar obtained from as many as five new subscribers.

Here is a proposition by which almost every present subscriber, and other friends of The Visitor, may make from one to five dollars a day.

Specimen numbers will be sent free of charge to all who will act promptly.

Back numbers from July can be furnished to such as apply soon.