# THE PARLOR VISITOR.

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## THOMAS JEFFERSON DESCRIBED BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

In 1824, Mr. Webster visited Thomas Jefferson at his home in Virginia. He wrote at the time a description of the ex-President, and kept notice of his conversation, of which the following specimens are given from the forthcoming work of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, entitled, "The Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster." This description, and that of Patrick Henry by Mr. Jefferson, from the notes of his conversation preserved by Mr. Webster, which follows it, are worth alone at least the price of any ordinary book.

DECEMBER, 1824.

Mr. Jefferson is now between eighty-one and eighty-two, above six feet high, of an ample, long frame, rather thin and spare. His head, which is not peculiar in its shape, is set rather forward on his shoulders; and his neck being long, there is, when he is walking or conversing, an habitual protrusion of it. It is still well covered with hair, which, having been once red and now turning gray, is of an indistinct sandy color.

His eyes are small, very light, and now neither brilliant nor striking. His chin is rather long, but not pointed. His nose small, regular in its outline, and the nostrils a little elevated. His mouth is well formed, and still filled with teeth: it is strongly compressed, bearing an expression of contentment and benevolence. His complexion, formerly light and freckled, now bears the marks of age and cutaneous affection. His limbs are uncommonly long: his hands and feet very large, and his wrists of an extraordinary size. His walk is not precise and military, but easy and swinging. He stoops a little, not so much from age as from natural formation. When sitting, he appears short, partly from the disproportionate length of his limbs.

His dress, when in the house, is a gray surtout coat, kerseymere stuff waistcoat, with an under-one faced with some material of a dingy red. His pantaloons are very long and loose, and of the same color as his coat. His stockings are woollen, either white or gray; and his shoes of the kind that bear his name. His whole dress is very much neglected, but not slovenly. He wears a common round hat. His dress, when on horseback, is a gray, straight-bodied coat and a spencer of the same material, both fastened with large pearl buttons. When we first saw him, he was riding; and, in addition to the above articles of apparel, wore round his throat a knit white woollen tippet in the place of a cravat, and black velvet gaiters under his pantaloons. His general appearance indicates an extraordinary degree of health, vivacity, and spirit. His sight is still good, for he needs glasses only in the evening. His hearing is generally good, but a number of voices in animated conversation confuse it.

Mr. Jefferson rises in the morning as soon as he can see the hands of his clock, which is directly opposite his bed, and examines his thermometer immediately, as he keeps a regular meteorological diary. He employs himself chiefly in writing till breakfast, which is at nine. From that time till dinner he is in his library, excepting that in fair weather he

rides on horseback from seven to fourteen miles. Dines at four, returns to the drawing-room at six, when coffee is brought in, and passes the evening till nine in conversation. His habit of retiring at that hour is so strong that it has become essential to his health and comfort. His diet is simple, but he seems restrained only by his taste. His breakfast is tea and coffee, bread always fresh from the oven, of which he does not seem afraid, with sometimes a slight accompaniment of cold meat. He enjoys his dinner well, taking with his meat a large proportion of vegetables. He has a strong preference for the wines of the continent, of which he has many sorts of excellent quality, having been more than commonly successful in his mode of importing and preserving them. Among others, we found the following, which are very rare in this country, and apparently not at all injured by transportation: L'Ednau, Muscat, Samian, and Blanchette de Limoux. Dinner is served in half Virginian, half French style, in good taste and abundance. No wine is put on the table till the cloth is removed.

In conversation, Mr. Jefferson is easy and natural, and apparently not ambitious: it is not loud, as challenging general attention, but usually addressed to the person next him. The topics, when not selected to suit the character and feelings of his auditor, are those subjects with which his mind seems particularly occupied; and those, at present, may be said to be science and letters, and especially the University of Virginia, which is coming into existence almost entirely from his exertions, and will rise, it is to be hoped, to usefulness and credit under his continued care. When we were with him, his favorite subjects were Greek and Anglo-Saxon history, and recollections of the times and events of the Revolution, and of his residence in France from 1783 to 1789.

MR. JEFFERSON'S ACCOUNT OF PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was originally a barkeeper. He was married very young, and going into some business, on his own account, was a bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen, I left the school here to go to the college at Williamsburg. I stopped a few days at a friend's in the county of Louisa. There I first saw and became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some question arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with that institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight, at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practice law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequently to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph, and John Randolph. Wythe and Pendleton at once rejected his application. The two Randolphs, by his importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and, after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turned out for a practicing lawyer. The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before a committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons cause, already well known. These and similar efforts soon obtained for him so much reputation that he was elected a member of the Legislature. He was as well suited to the time as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what we should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the spirit of the Revolution. His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties, and his boldness and their votes overawed and controlled the more cool or the more timid aristocratic gentlemen of the lower part of the State. His eloquence was peculiar, if indeed it should be called eloquence; for it was impressive and sublime beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult when he had spoken to tell what he had said, yet, while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion, had produced a great effect, and I myself been highly delighted and moved, I have asked myself when he ceased, "What the devil has he said?" I could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice free and manly: his utterance

neither very fast nor very slow: his speeches generally short, from a quarter to half an hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten while he was speaking.

He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort: he read nothing, and had no books. Returning one November from Albemarle court, he borrowed of me Hume's Essays, in two volumes, saying he should have leisure in the winter for reading. In the spring he returned them, and declared he had not been able to go farther than twenty or thirty pages in the first volume. He wrote almost nothing: he could not write. The resolutions of '75, which have been ascribed to him, have by many been supposed to have been written by Mr. Johnson, who acted as his second on that occasion; but if they were written by Henry himself, they are not such as to prove any power of composition. Neither in politics nor in his profession was he a man of business: he was a man for debate only. His biographer says that he read Plutarch every year. I doubt whether he ever read a volume of it in his life. His temper was excellent, and he generally observed decorum in debate. On one or two occasions, I have seen him angry, and his anger was terrible: those who witnessed it were not disposed to rouse it again. In his opinion, he was yielding and practicable, and not disposed to differ from his friends. In private conversation, he was agreeable and facetious; and, while in genteel society, appeared to understand all the decencies and proprieties of it; but in his heart he preferred low society, and sought it as often as possible. He would hunt in the pinewoods of Flavanna with overseers and people of that description, living in a camp for a fortnight at a time without a change of raiment. I have often been astonished at his command of proper language: how he attained a knowledge of it I never could find out, as he read so little, and was so little with educated men. After all, it must be allowed that he was our leader in the measures of the Revolution in Virginia. In that respect, more was due to him than any other person. If we had not had him, we should probably have got on pretty well, as you did, by a number of men of nearly equal talents, but he left us all far behind. His biographer sent the sheets of his work to me as they were printed, and at the end asked for my opinion. I told him it would be a question hereafter whether his work should be placed on the shelf of history or of panegyric. It is a poor book, written in bad taste; and gives so imperfect an idea of Patrick Henry, that it seems intended to show off the writer more than the subject of the work.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat,
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain—
That death itself shall not remain:

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more: they only miss
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

## MARRIAGE AND COSTLY LIVING.

The statisticians of Boston report that "Leap-Year has been a failure" in the Modern Athens. There has been twenty per cent. less of marriage there this year than the last. The fact is by no means one to be joked over.

Funnily, however, the Modern Athenian statisticians ascribe it to the passions and expenses of the recent Presidential election! They view wedlock from afar. If they come quite up to the Boston hymeneal altar, they would be in the way of an explanation of the lamentable fact they publish. That shrine to love and marriage is crushingly draped with silks at from three dollars to fifteen dollars a yard: it is festooned with laces at prices to cause lockjaw to hear of: expensive jemmed jewelry flashes through the meshes of the point d'Alençons at every part: silver plate, paved thick upon leases of "genteel residences," supports the altar: silversmiths' and milliners' bills for every purchasable luxury and necessary, more terrible than the bills of vultures, litter the base of it, as votive leaves to the Forest Spirit circle the oak in autumn. What effect has this profanation of the shrine of marriage on the young men of Boston, who would fain bring to it their personal offering?

Those statisticians can see it and hear it. The current of masculine marriageable humanity sets right by without stopping. Great sighs, heaved from the bottom of prudent but hopeless hearts, are all that is given to Hymen. Young artists, young artisans, young doctors, merchants' clerks, lawyers of more youth than clientage, yet all out of debt and earning comfortable and honorable subsistence—*for one*, according to the scale of 1856, pass by quickly, alarmed by the evidence of the inexorable conditions attached to reputable marriage in these evil days of competition and social display.

Marriage is becoming a luxury to men in the United States. The cost of provision, the wages of labor, the rent of dwellings, the cost of necessaries and of luxuries, added to the unrelenting pressure upon people in respectable society to dress richly and furnish showily, make the inevitable price of a family out of reach of the salaries and incomes of most of the young men. Of the effect on the morals and character of a State in which wedlock is prohibited, it is unnecessary to enlarge. By reading or by travel, we are all familiar with it in France and in Austria. Prudence and custom forbid marriage in the former country, where there is not assured income to maintain its wants and social pretensions. In the latter, the armed law holds asunder from the relations of husband and wife couples who do not possess property guarantees that their children shall not become a burden to the State. In all ranks of its society, income is the marriage-cement of love.

Marriage may as effectually be prohibited by the expenses of millinery ware and house-furnishing, as by a police regulation. If those Modern Athenian statisticians will stand with their note-books beside their marriage-altar for two years to come, they will have to record a steadily diminishing worship at the shrine. If old-maidhood be, as many say, an evil, the penalty of a general repudiation of cotton goods and a scorn of gingham will be paid in every house where there are daughters. Does it not behoove all mothers—all good mothers—to imitate, individually if not in concert, the wise conduct of the Belgic women of Brussels "Upper Tendom?" Their "Retrenchment Society" has been organized to make economy fashionable. Its weekly meetings receive reports of superfluities dispensed with, and discuss the feasibility of further curtailments in household and personal expenses. Its members are mothers, and these their labors are for the purpose of securing marriage to their grown-up daughters, by making it practicable for those young men whose capital is disproportioned to their industry and integrity.

O for the restoration of ginghams and prints! Is there no deliverance from the silken web of evil which French looms weave for us?—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Our worst enemies are those we carry about with us in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise and Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous in Sodom.

## TEMPERANCE AND TOBACCO.

LIQUOR-DRINKING and tobacco-using are, unquestionably, the peculiarly prominent follies and vices of our people; and the question, Which is the worse evil of the two? may be a problem worthy of thorough discussion.

We incline to give to the *narcotic* precedence in rank and preëminence in mischief over the *stimulant*. Alcohol does, indeed, more especially inflame the blood, infuriate the mind, and goad the angry passions on to deeds of violence and bloodshed. But tobacco more especially depresses the vitality, paralyzes the moral sense, sinks the intellect to a state of half-insensate revery, and overspreads the whole mental nature with the pall of dreamy stupidity.

We are glad to be able to chronicle evidences of renewed activity among the friends of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages. The cause is sadly in need of a revival. The flood-gates of intemperance are open all around us; and more than ten thousand grog-shops in this city (Judge Capron says there are 15,432) are pouring forth their streams of death from midday till midnight, and from midnight till midday again, each day of the week—"Sundays" *not* "excepted."

This is all, of course, contrary to law; but the law officers certainly permit it, and possibly sustain it. It is also contrary to the gospel, yet no moral force is brought to bear efficiently against it.

We are in favor of all measures and all laws calculated to do little or much toward restricting or prohibiting the horrid traffic in intoxicating drinks, or which will in a greater or lesser degree restrain the evils of liquor-drinking. We go for moral suasion and legal suasion; for suasion in general and suasion in particular. We are in favor of Washingtonian Societies, Temperance Orders, Carson Leagues, City and State Alliances, and Maine Laws. We will give the mite of our influence and encouragement, always and cheerfully, to all and every measure having in view the extermination or mitigation of the awful crime of liquor-vending, and the dreadful curse of liquor-using.

But we have often thought that, if the friends of temperance desired to consummate their reform in the speediest manner possible, they should first attack and remove from among them the tobacco nuisance.

Statistics abundantly show that a large proportion of those who abandon the habitual use of intoxicating beverages, resort to excessive tobacco-using. They chew or smoke as a substitute for the abjured indulgence.

In some instances, this may rescue a gutter drunkard and produce a stolid, indecent sot in another shape; but it does not restore the reason and the moral sense. It does not restore a man to himself, nor humanity to society. And in some cases it actually makes a bad matter worse; for it causes the transmission to offspring of partial or complete idiotcy, instead of merely disorder of functions and eccentricity of mind.

It is with pain and shame that we have to record that many prominent temperance speakers and writers are among the veriest tobacco sots in the world. Some of them are disgustingly the beslaverers of tobacco-spittle, and others almost constantly bestenching and poisoning the common atmosphere wherever they go with the deadly fumes of tobacco-smoke.

We have no disposition to deprecate the good a person may do in one way because he practices evil in another. We would not say that a man must be perfect in all good works before he can properly advocate any. But we cannot understand how an abject slave to the tobacco poison can ever be of much use to the world as an advocate for abstinence from alcoholic poison.

So far as appearances go, his example is, in most cases, the worst of the two. The majority of liquor-drinkers are at least decent in the externals of their ways and manners. They offend no one's senses but their own. They poison nobody but themselves. They may commit suicide, but they are not, in a general sense, murderers. And only a few of the most degraded of them are really pests and nuisances in society.

But the tobacco-user is always a pest. He is everywhere a nuisance. His touch is contagion. His very breath is pestilence. His filthy expectoration disgusts every pure eye, and befouls every thing around. And the smoke of his bad cigar or worse pipe attaints

the atmosphere all around him, so that he not only depraves himself but poisons his neighbor.

Again, the use of tobacco tends directly to the use of alcohol. It is an extension sent the parent vice. It engenders a thirst which nothing but the congenial element of the "fire-water" itself can satisfy. And this habit of tobacco-using is found, by experience, to be more difficult to overcome than the habit of liquor-drinking.

Another great and rapidly growing evil, and the very worst aspect this subject presents, is the debasing and deteriorating influence the tobacco nuisance is exercising on the rising generation. Very young men—boys, mere children—are now frequently seen in our streets, blowing from their juvenile mouths the stifling smoke of a burning cigar. With some of them, the pennies which buy their cheap article are earned with severe toil. But they must be *men* some day, and why should they not be *manly* now? Surely if the full-grown men, of stout hearts and strong minds and vigorous frames, can, in their habits, commend this thing to the young, why should not these, the pliant, plastic, imitative, susceptible, and teachable, "go and do likewise?"

Is it not a melancholy spectacle to see a ragged little lad of eight or ten years, who had buffeted the cold winds or endured the pitiless sleet all the dreary winter day, in sweeping the sidewalks, running of errands, or selling the papers, expend any portion of his precarious wages for this vile thing?

In the streets of our city, and in many country places, may be seen such boys, thin, gaunt, wan, pale, and shrivelled, with face prematurely wrinkled, and with body bending over as with the decrepitude of age, all from the paralyzing effects of the "filthy weed," and also have already learned to look upon the half-stupefying luxury of burning tobacco as one of the chief ends of their existence, and as their highest aspirations for sensuous enjoyment.

And the example is set by fathers, brothers, fellow-beings, who profess to be temperance men, and who declaim fluently and loudly against "poison alcohol!"

Consistency may be rare, but it *is* a jewel, nevertheless. We commend it to all who stand up in conspicuous places before the world as the advocates of reform from foolish, ruinous, disgusting, and besotting sensualities.—*Life Illustrated.*

## POPERY AND PAUPERISM.

A FACT has recently been brought to light in this city that deserves the profound attention of Protestants and Romanists.

In the Report of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, the following statement is made, under the authority of such names as James Brown, George Griswold, James Boorman, Horatio Allen, James Lennox, A. R. Wetmore, and others, officers of the Society, who are responsible for the truth of the allegation:

"The fact is inscribed all over the records of our public almsgiving and criminal institutions, our private, individual, and organized charities, that the great mass of our paupers and felons are of foreign birth or parentage, and chiefly Roman Catholics. The records of this Association show that more than seventy-five per cent. of its beneficiaries are of the same class, and, consequently, that a corresponding ratio of its labors and outlays are for their benefit, while not one per cent. of its pecuniary means, which are wholly derived from private sources, come from persons of that faith. Such an expenditure of Protestant funds and efforts, for the exclusive advantage of foreigners and Romanists, will scarcely find a parallel elsewhere, certainly not out of the Protestant Church. These facts are not introduced for an invidious comparison of Protestantism and Romanism, but as indisputable facts, having a direct practical bearing upon the economical interests, objects, and duties of this Institution, in its relations to the poor of the city.

"In view of these facts, is it surprising that some good men should demur at the 'heavy burdens and grievous to be borne' that are laid upon them by a religious sect who, like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, 'will not touch them with one of their fingers?' All our Protestant Churches are charitable institutions, from their foundation to their top-stone. They so care for their indigent

members and families that none are allowed to be relieved by public alms, or to be thrown upon the cold charities of the world. The same is true, as a general fact, of the Jews amongst us. But the Roman Catholics of this city, except the relief of a few orphans, make no corresponding provision for their poor, neither by their Churches nor otherwise; nor yet assist, by their contributions, those who are engaged in this Christian duty. Their adult poor and children, the sick, the aged, and the impotent, are alike neglected by them. Of those who subsist on alms and overrun our city as mendicants, there is reason to fear that thousands would perish every year if unrelieved by Protestant charity.

"Remonstrance with them on the subject is uniformly met with the plea of poverty. But it does not appear how such a plea is reconcilable with the admitted wealth of many of their members—their boasted numbers—the millions of money annually remitted by them from this country to Europe—the millions invested in large and costly church edifices, and their numerous convents, confraternities, schools, academies, colleges, etc., which they have founded amongst us for educational uses and the propagation of their faith. Facts show that they have much wealth. They boldly affirm that 'charity is only carried out in its fulness by the Holy Church.' It is incessantly preached to the faithful as the highest of Christian duties, and every cunning device employed to extract money from the people. And certainly not without success. Large sums are annually contributed by members of that communion which are not again disbursed for the relief of the needy, nor for objects of general utility or benevolence, but are absorbed by the Church, to increase its own wealth and power, or mainly applied to purely sectarian uses; while their suffering poor are left to be cared for by others, or to perish."

In this passage we learn that the great mass of paupers and felons are of foreign birth and chiefly Roman Catholics; that seventy-five out of every hundred of the beneficiaries of this Society are Roman Catholics, and not *one* dollar out of a hundred of its funds is contributed by the members of that community!

We feel justified in reiterating these astounding truths, and pressing them home upon the conscience and the judgment of our fellow-citizens. It is well known that Popery and pauperism go hand in hand the world over; that in Ireland and continental Europe you may often know that you have entered a Roman Catholic province by the increase of beggars besetting your path. But it is an appalling fact that here in this country and this city the burden of the mighty mass of Popish pauperism is turned over upon the charity of Protestants, while that Church refuses to lift a finger to aid in the great work.

A few weeks ago a fair was held at the Crystal Palace in this city by the Roman Catholic ladies of the various churches, and the net proceeds of the same were about $35,000, or a sum more than two-thirds of the entire annual receipts of the Society for the Poor. This fact proves that there is wealth in the Romish community here, and when it is wanted for an Orphan Asylum under *Romish care*, the money can be coaxed out by thousands. But when it is wanted to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, even of the same Church, who are perishing in the cellars and garrets of the city, this task must be imposed upon the Protestants, whose charity is more Christ-like, and is freely extended to all the destitute of whatever sect or name.

These truths are as honorable to Protestants as they are disgraceful to Romanists. We will not withhold our alms from the destitute because they are not of our religious faith, but we will expose that selfishness and inhumanity of the Romanist which shuts up all its bowels of compassion toward even its own people so long as the tax and the task can be imposed on the Protestant community.

In the same report, it is shown that the number of paupers is decreasing in Ireland and increasing in New York. This is the natural and necessary result of the transportation of paupers from that country to this. But it becomes the statesman as well as the philanthropist to look this fact fairly in the face, and see to what we are tending, when the religion of the Pope is imported without any tariff, with the pauperism that always comes with it.—*New York Observer.*

## INFIDELITY UNDER THE SKIRTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Atheism is waxing very old, but it is not likely soon to vanish away. It is getting ashamed of its former name, but still it does its old works. Like many other gross offenders, when it goes to a new place it takes up an *alias*. It is essentially anti-God, but it would not do to call itself by that name. Still its old nature is there. At one time, it takes the name of Science; and then it banishes God from all the works of his hand. At another, it calls itself Philanthropy; then it is prepared to do whatever the Devil wishes done. Again, it baptizes itself Christianity; and having, like the thieves of old, got possession of the temple, it rules out all Divine worship, sets aside all Divine teachings, writes out its own dogmas as the supreme law, and introduces Pantheism, Paganism, or some mongrel system of senseless, lifeless forms, thus rendering as atheistic as possible the minds of its devotees.

It meets with much more favor, and does much more mischief, than it would but for the allowance which the public mind gives to the assumption that there might be a sort of semi-Christianity, which is good as far as it goes. We forget that there is no consistent medium between the gospel scheme as presented by the apostles and downright infidelity. The New Testament teaches us to reject, as at war with the gospel, every pretended gospel which does not present the way of salvation taught by the apostles. The mongrel system, the half-gospel, which the Judaizers taught to the Galatians, was about as near to the apostles' doctrine as what is now taught by many sects claiming the name of Christian. Yet, in reference to this semi-Christianity, Paul said once and again: "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be accursed."

In strict truth, and in the sight of God who searches hearts, there are in relation to the gospel of God but two sorts of men—believers and unbelievers. And in the day of judgment it will appear so to all the world. Now there are many sects and parties, both within and without the range of evangelical doctrine. But then we shall see only two sorts of men—believers and unbelievers of the gospel of God.

God has spoken the word which man may not alter or modify. The scheme of grace which comes to us by holy men, who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, comes with the impress of as much Divine authority as if it had been spoken by an audible voice from heaven, or given by angel tongues amid the thunders of the burning mount. And men have no right to vary or alter this God-given scheme of salvation, to fit it to the conceits of the learned, or the experience of the unlearned. Taken as God has given it, it is the power of God unto salvation. But when warped and twisted, added and subtracted to suit the carnal mind, its whole force and purpose are brought to naught. The gospel is a compact and harmonious whole. And he who alters it in a single point, must alter the whole—must, if he will be consistent, give up the whole system of truth, and put in its place a whole system of lies—or a system of principles subversive of the gospel as a whole.

For illustration, suppose one begins by denying this single truth, the vicarious sacrifice of Christ: logical consistency compels him at once to set aside the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the proper work of the Spirit, and, indeed, every cardinal truth. The removal of a single stone from an arch destroys the arch. He who denies a single truth of the gospel scheme, if he will be consistent, must deny the whole. And no error is held in connection with saving truth, but by an inconsistency of him who holds it.

Therefore, every false scheme of religion must be regarded, not only as the gospel a little warped, but as the gospel set aside—a scheme framed in opposition to the gospel, to justify and foster the corruptions of the human heart. And if this be so, we must look with no favor on the many anti-evangelical schemes that use the Christian name as a means of more speedily exterminating Christianity. We have now little of nominal infidelity in the world. Satan would be a fool to give infidel names to the schemes that are doing his work, when Christian names are in so much better repute. Probably there never was a time when infidelity was more broadly

active than at the present day. While there is a wide and effectual door open for the spread of the gospel, there are many adversaries. But these adversaries, like Sanballat and Tobiah, attempt their work by compromises and false professions of zeal for God.

The most unblushing Pantheism, that is Atheism, washes its hands of infidelity, and affects to be called Christianity, in its higher and purer forms. The Socinian scheme, that takes away, not one, but all the doctrines of grace, and substitutes a way of salvation by works, also claims to be the Christianity of the more learned and refined—the same dressed to the taste of a more enlightened age. In more or less sympathy with one or the other of these two classes, is a great number of practical Nothingarians, who hold no connection with any Christian body—who pay no deference to Christian ordinances. They live in disregard of the Sabbath, which has ever been a sign between God and his people, and a mark of distinction between Christianity and practical infidelity. Their views of the inspiration and Divine authority of the Scriptures range through all varieties, except that they are far enough from a practical acknowledgment of the supreme authority of the written Word of God in matters of belief. Yet most or all of these would repel the name of infidels and the suggestion that they are opposed to Christianity.

Here is a matter in relation to which the mind of the Christian public needs a better discrimination. Christianity should not be compromised away, by practical concessions of its name, to those who, by rejecting its vital parts, destroy the whole. It needs to be settled more deeply in the public judgment, that a half of the Gospel is no Gospel, a half of Christianity is no Christianity. The position of corrupters of the truth, and of those who reject one after another of the doctrines of Christ, needs to come under more of public scrutiny. It is a subject to be analyzed and studied, till the line is more clearly drawn between those who receive and those who, under false pretences of friendship, oppose the Gospel of Christ.—*Christian Treasury.*

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THE greatest slave is he whom passion rules.

## THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY A. A. WATTS.

My sweet one, my sweet one,
The tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart,
And heard thy feeble cries;
For I thought of all that I had borne,
As I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow,
My first-born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope,
To years of grief and pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world
Flashed o'er my boding brain:
I thought of friends grown worse than cold,
Of persecuting foes;
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these
Must mar thy youth's repose.

I gazed upon thy quiet face,
Half blinded by my tears,
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before,
Came brightening on my fears:
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone
Mid the clouds of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light
When midnight skies are round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one,
Thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee
Can fever me no more;
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes
That blossomed at thy birth,
They too have fled, to prove how frail
Are cherished things of earth!

'Tis true that thou wast young, my child,
But though brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age
Of agony and woe;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life,
Thy cheek began to fade,
And my heart had scarce thy welcome breathed,
Ere my hopes were wrapped in shade.

O! the child, in its hours of health and bloom,
That is dear as thou wast then,
Grows far more prized, more fondly loved,
In sickness and in pain;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe,
When every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul
For all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms,
We watched thee, day by day,
Pale like the second bow of heaven,
As gently waste away;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears
We dared not breathe aloud,
Sat hand in hand, in speechless grief,
To wait death's coming cloud.

It came at length—o'er thy bright blue eye
The film was gathering fast,
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow,
The deepest and the last:
In thicker gushes strove thy breath—
We raised thy drooping head—
A moment more—the final pang—
And thou wast of the dead!

Thy gentle mother turned away,
To hide her face from me,
And murmured low of Heaven's behests,
And bliss attained by thee:
She would have chid me that I mourned
A doom so blest as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth
In tears as wild as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest,
And from thine infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair—
Our only solace now:
Then placed around thy beauteous corse
Flowers not more fair and sweet—
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands,
And jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours,
As fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek,
The sunshine of thy brow—
They never can replace the bud
Our early fondness nursed:
They may be lovely and beloved,
But not like thee—the first!

The first! How many a memory bright
That one sweet word can bring,
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died,
In life's delightful spring;
Of fervid feelings passed away—
Those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unseared
By such a world as this.

My sweet one, my sweet one,
My fairest and my first!
When I think of what thou mightst have been,
My heart is like to burst;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom
Their soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried,
When I turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls
And takes the stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life,
Except thy mortal birth—
God bade thee early taste the spring
For which so many thirst,
And bliss, eternal bliss, is thine,
My fairest and my first!

## I'M GROWING OLD.

The following beautiful stanzas first appeared in The Andover Advertiser, and were written, as we happen to know, by a lady of New York city. However it may be with the frail physical frame, the heart, we are sure, that gushes out in these lines, can never "grow old."—*Exchange.*

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams.

I cannot *see* the change that comes
With such an even pace:
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown turned to gray.

I know these eyes to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I:
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young, and pure, and beautiful,
And felt that so shall I.

Then, what if I am growing old?
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see beyond those gorgeous clouds
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun—God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing;
And my heart leaps to join the throng,
To praise the heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they go,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young, I called them mine:
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when heaven's bright gate is passed,
They'll know from every other
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

O, I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

## EFFICIENCY OF YOUTH AND AGE IN MINISTERS.

A MATTER of common experience is given in Baxter's autobiography, wherein he says:

"When I was young, I was more vigorous, affectionate, and fervent in preaching, conference, and prayer, than ordinarily I can be now. My style was more extemporary and lax; but by the advantage of affection, and a very familiar, moving voice and utterance, my preaching then did more affect the auditory than in many of the last years before I gave over preaching. But yet, what I delivered was much more raw, and had more passages that would not bear the trial of accurate judgments, and my discourses had both less substance and less judgment than of late."

It is well worth the while to bring into a comparison the respective advantages of youth and age in preachers; for it is plain that each has advantages not had by the other. Most effective preachers, after having passed through both periods, would probably say of themselves essentially what Baxter has here said. And perhaps most have been immediately instrumental of more conversions in the first half than in the last half of their ministry. And yet probably the real fruitfulness of their ministry, on the whole, has been the greater in the latter half. Those characteristics of youth, which Baxter describes of himself in his earlier ministry, are better adapted to an immediate instrumentality in the conversion of men, while the fruits of riper experience and a better furnished mind subserve a broader instrumentality for ultimate good. The young ministers, coming into a field where gospel instruction has been long sustained, and where the way has been prepared by a former ministry, and where the Church, built up under a former ministry, is ready for efficient coöperations, finds that the fervors of his youth are just adapted to give him a hold upon existing susceptibilities, and bring to result in conversion the work that had been previously done. It is in this way that the blossoms of one's ministry appear in the spring, while the fruit multiplies itself as age and experience advance.

Edwards was comparatively a young man when his labors were blessed to such great results in revivals of religion. But the works which he produced in maturer age have been honored as sources of instruction to all succeeding generations. Through these, he has doubtless been instrumental, directly or remotely, of a hundredfold, yea, a thousandfold more of good, than he was in his preaching in revivals. In this respect, his experience corresponded with Baxter's.

Nor does this rule apply alone to those whose labors produce their fruit through the press. The faithful pastor who spends his life with the same people, as he passes through the different stages of life, will ordinarily experience something of the same. His younger ministry may be seen to produce more imme-

diate results in hopeful conversions. And yet, estimating his work in all respects, it will be seen (if his relations to his people remain what they should be) that the usefulness of his ministry, and his whole influence for good, are advancing with advancing years. Every year, he is spreading out his roots, and throwing abroad the branches of his influence, where they did not extend before. And the silent influence of the man of age is effecting more than both his tongue and pen did in the commencement of his work.

And though converts may seem to be less numerous, yet, considering all things that go to make up the thrift of the Church, there is more of real advance. The sanctification of the people of God, the order and purity of the Church, the growth of the whole people in Christian knowledge, the preparation of the public mind for future conversions, the embodying of an influence to resist error and carry forward the Christian work in all its branches—all these more effectually advance under a ministry of ripe experience.

God, in his spiritual providence, has wisely ordered it, that there shall be alternations of youth and age, succeeding each other in the ministry of the Churches, as in human life. Were the same Church to employ ministers only in their youth, or only in their maturity, there would be a loss. After an aged minister has done his work on a particular field, it is well that he should be succeeded by one, like Baxter in his youth, who shall cause to spring up the many seeds which his predecessor has sown. And after a minister has used the advantages which his youth has given him on a given field, there is need on the same field of the qualities which he acquires by maturer knowledge and experience. Hence it is true in the ministry that youth cannot say to age, "I have no need of thee;" nor can age say to youth, "I have nó need of thee." God has an appropriate work for both.—*Puritan Recorder.*

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He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, and none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

## THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

There is much clamor in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said, that "in contentions for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman *as woman* be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a helpmeet," said the Voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No: a *helpmeet*, such as was fitting for man to desire and for woman to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its sacred shrine, its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its turrets? Need she be again tempted by pride, or curiosity, or glozing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep "footprints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extensive—the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the "moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation?" Have we not power enough in all realms of sorrow and

suffering—over all forms of ignorance and want—amid all ministrations of love, from the cradle-dream to the sepulchre?

So, let us be content and diligent; aye, grateful and joyful, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

## A SWEDISH TALE.

[Translated from the German of Hegel.]

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years and more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride, and said to her:

"On Saint Lucia's Day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and we will build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and without thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their bans in the church for the second time before Saint Lucia's Day, pronounced the words, "If, now, any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," Death was at hand. The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window, and said good morning—but never returned to bid her good evening. He never came back from the mine; and all in vain she embroidered for him on that very morning a black cravat with a red border, for the wedding-day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile, time passed on: the Seven Years' war was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the French Revolution and the long war began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen: the husbandman sowed and reaped, the miller ground and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops. As the miners of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after Saint John's Day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron-vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered, so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances, had been long dead: no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell any thing of his misfortune, till she came who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned. Gray and shrivelled, she came to the place hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom; when, more in joyful ecstacy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered her composure, she exclaimed: "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time, he went under the earth and never returned." All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years, her youthful love awoke again. But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she, finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding-day, and not the day of his burial. As they laid him in the grave in the churchyard, she said: "Sleep well now, for a few days in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again." As she was going away, she looked back once more and said: "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."

## GEORGE STEPHENSON,

### THE FATHER OF RAILWAYS.

The early life of George Stephenson affords a singular contrast to his subsequent history. Born in a small cottage, in the village of Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, near Newcastle, (England,) the son of a colliery workman, he had early to labor for his share of the household bread. Heavy were the demands upon him. As soon as he was able to do any thing, we find him at plough, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," even when "too young to stride across the furrow." Then we see him picking bats and dross from the coal-heaps, at twopence a day, when he was so young that he often hid himself when the overseer passed, lest he should be thought too little to earn his wages. Shortly after he entered his teens, he worked as brakesman on a tramway, and subsequently became stoker to an engine on an estate of Lord Ravensworth, often having to rise to his duties at one and two o'clock in the morning, and work till a late hour at night. Thankful in the receipt of a wage of a shilling a day, he declared that he was "a man for life" when this amount was doubled.

He was still a stoker—but a thoughtful and observant one. And when, at length, an opportunity was afforded of displaying his abilities in some repairs which were required in the machine he tended, he clearly showed the native ingenuity which dwelt beneath his rough exterior. Yet his circumstances were far from cheering. In the year 1800, the scourge of war, with famine in its wake, was raging over Europe. Wages were low and food was dear, while the militia or the press-gang imperilled the occupation of the artisan; and we find George Stephenson seriously contemplating emigration to the New World, as a more fitting field for his labors. With a keen and painful recollection of the embarrassments of that period, he afterwards remarked to one who was well acquainted with him: "You know the road from my house at Killingworth, to such a spot. When I left home and came down that road, I wept, for I knew not where my lot would be cast."

As his prospects somewhat improved, he gave up the thought of emigration, and when he reached the age of twenty-two, he married. In 1803, his only child, Robert, was born. With his increasing duties, the father became, if possible, more industrious. He tried his hand at all kinds of work, and while he availed himself of every opportunity of personal improvement, he cut out clothes for the pitmen, taught the pitmen's wives, and made shoes for his poorer relatives.

Meanwhile, his powers of invention and contrivance had developed themselves in various ways, and had brought with them what may be fairly designated a local celebrity. So decided was his ability, and so great was the confidence Lord Ravensworth and the Killingsworth owners had in him, that they supplied him with money to make a locomotive, and, in the month of July, 1814, it was tried on a tramway. "Yes," said Stephenson himself, in a speech which he delivered at the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway, in June, 1844—"Yes, Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would intrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made thirty-two years ago. I said to my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand. In this respect, great perfection has been reached, and, in consequence, a very high velocity has been attained. In what has been done under my management, the merit is only in part my own. I have been most ably assisted and seconded by my son. In the earlier period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that he should not labor under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbors' clocks and watches at night, after my daily labor was done; and thus I procured the means of educating my son. He became my assistant and my companion. He got an appointment as under-reviewer, and at night we worked together at our engineering. I got leave to go to Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington; and after that I went to Liverpool, to plan a line to Manchester. I there pledged myself

to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The Directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to Parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I would put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour; but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions, the witness-box of a Parliamentary Committee. I could not find words to satisfy either the Committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad."

Strange as these statements may now appear, it was literally true that he was regarded as "of unsound mind." With this opinion of the engineer, many of the shareholders sympathized. They became alarmed at the "mad" scheme of the "Watt run wild;" and "in order," says a recent writer, "to prevent his no less mad steam-engines from being let loose upon their cherished horse-trot railway project, they got two 'eminent engineers' to act as commissioners of lunacy, and to report. The 'eminent engineers' accordingly investigated the subject, and, in 'a very able document,' proved most clearly that Mr. Stephenson's project was practically and commercially inexpedient."

But to return to Stephenson's simple and beautiful narrative: "I put up," he continued, "with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased, improvements were made; and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon."

Mr. Stephenson's connection with the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to which reference has already been made, brought him into the front rank of the engineers of his day. He became an extensive locomotive manufacturer at Newcastle, a railway contractor, and a great colliery and ironwork owner, particularly at Clay Cross. It is recorded of him that, in reply to the inquiry of a lady, he said, in review of his past career: "Why, madam, they used to call me George Stephenson: I am now called George Stephenson, Esquire, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And, further, let me say, that I have dined with princes, peers, and commoners, with persons of all classes, from the humblest to the highest. I have dined off a red-herring, when seated in a hedge-bottom, and I have gone through the meanest drudgery. I have seen mankind in all its phases; and the conclusion I have arrived at is this, that if we were all stripped, there is not much difference." Mr. Stephenson died August, 1848.—*Appleton's Railway Guide.*

## NEW YORK AND NEW YORKERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Western paper writes as follows, after a sojourn in this great Babel city:

"You can't make haste slowly in New York. I defy the most slow-going Hollander to keep his accustomed gait in Broadway. The universal hurry is infectious. You get into the crowd, and, ere you are yourself aware of it, are stepping out with as rapid strides as the veriest Gothamite of them all. New York is a big place, and a slow man could never get through it. The New Yorker is an atom in a very large and crowded world, and he makes haste to act his part in the life-play. He gets up like a man who has overslept himself, and devours his breakfast and newspaper with a rapidity which in any one else would certainly cause mental as well as physical dyspepsia. He drinks, smokes, bargains in a hurry. He bids you welcome with a heartiness which surprises you, and in the next moment turns from you with a hasty forgetfulness which annoys you. He talks to half a dozen people at once, and does a week's business in a day. The day's labor over, he tears fiercely past you on his way to lecture, concert, or theatre; and, after fidgeting restlessly through the evening's amusement, hurries home to his bed, to crowd who knows how many dreams into the few hours reluctantly devoted to slumber."

## THE ARITHMETIC OF TIME.

THERE is something very insidious in the lapse of time. When you pass the frontiers of a new country, they stop you at once and demand your passport. They look to see whence you have come and whither you are going; and every thing reminds you of the transition. The dress of the people is peculiar: their language is strange. The streets and houses, the conveyances, the style of every thing is new. And often the features of the landscape are foreign. Unwonted crops grow in the fields, and unfamiliar trees stand in the hedgerows, and quaint and unaccountable creatures flit over your head or hurry across your path. And at any given moment you have only to look up, in order to remember, "This is no more my native land: this is no longer the country in which I woke up yesterday."

But, marked and conspicuous as is our progress in *space*, we recognize no such decided transitions in our progress through *time*. When you pass the frontiers of a new year, there is no one there with authority to demand your passport: no one who forcibly arrests you, and asks, Whence comest thou? or, Whither art thou going? Art thou bound for the better country, and hast thou a safe conduct in the name of the Lord of the land? But you just pass on—'54, '55, '56—and every year repeats, *We* demand no passport: be sure you can show it at the journey's end, for it is certain to be needed there. And as nothing stops you at the border, so in the new year itself there is nothing distinguishable from the year that went before. The sun rises and the sun sets. Your friends are about you all the same. You ply your business or amusements just as you did before, and all things continue as they were. And it is the same with the more signal epochs. The infant passes on to childhood, and the child to youth, and the youth to manhood, and the man to old age, and he can hardly tell when or how he crossed the boundary. On our globes and maps we have lines to mark the parallels of distance; but these lines are only on the map. Crossing the equator or the tropic, you see no score in the water, no line in the sky to mark it; and the vessel gives no lurch, no alarum sounds from the welkin, no call is emitted from the deep, and it is only the man of skill, the pilot or the captain, with his eye on the signs of heaven, who can tell that an event has happened, and that a definite portion of the voyage is completed. And so far, our life is like a voyage on the open sea, every day repeating its predecessor—the same watery plain around and the same blue dome above—each so like the other that you might fancy the charmed ship was standing still. But it is not so. The watery plain of to-day is far in advance of the plain of yesterday, and the blue dome of to-day may be very like its predecessors, but it is fashioned from quite another sky. . . .

O, dear friends! it is time to be numbering the days. It is time to apply your hearts unto wisdom. It is time to read—time to listen for the great hereafter. It is time to take up that blessed book with which at the outset God graciously furnished you, and make sure of that excellent knowledge, without which you cannot see his face in peace. It is time to be seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is time to be done with trifles: time to break away from silly or ensnaring company, and give yourselves resolutely to the one thing needful.

> "When you can read your title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> You 'll bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe your weeping eyes."

When you can say, "I know whom I have believed"—when you can aver, "I am persuaded that Christ is able to keep that which I have committed unto him"—when you have found in the blood of Jesus a cleansing from all your sin, and in his merits your own title to glory—a wondrous relief will come over your spirit, and you will have no forebodings about the end of the voyage. When we announce, as now we announce, that we are crossing another parallel, the intelligence will cause you no perturbation. And should you wake up at midnight and hear the hurrying steps and novel voices which bespeak the vessel come to port, you may calmly rise and make ready, for your friend is *there*, and your title is *here*. The Gospel you believe, and the Saviour you know.—*Selected.*

## ΛΑΜΠΑΣ ΑΡΕΤΗΣ ΦΑΟΓΜΟΣ ΔΟΞΗΣ.

### "THE LAMP OF VIRTUE IS THE TORCH OF GLORY."

BY MOSES.

If there be one subject in the universe which, in preference to all others, deserves our undivided attention and impartial investigation, as relating not only to the present but also to the future and eternal welfare of mankind, it is virtuous conduct; or one truth which demands universal credence, and of which the men of all past ages seem to have been utterly ignorant, it is that virtue is the torch which lights up the pathway leading to true honor and glory.

History assures us that from the earliest period of man's existence among those nations of the earth who have attained to any considerable degree of civilization and enlightenment, and especially wherever "the star of Liberty" has appeared, adorned with magnificent lustre, and dispelling from the minds of her devoted sons the vice, superstition, ignorance, and degradation in which they have been entrammelled by the shackles of despotism, many illustrious personages have played their part upon the stage of action, distinguished for their resolute zeal in behalf of virtue. And although they have evinced, both by words and actions, that they were actuated by noble and generous motives, yet, instead of being honored with the grateful acknowledgments and approbation of all, and that renown which they justly merited being awarded to them by a people for whose temporal or spiritual welfare they have endured a life of arduous toil and earnest solicitude, they have, most generally, incurred their ingratitude and envy, drawn upon themselves the severest censure, been deprived of the legal rights and immunities of citizenship by banishment from their native land, and been afflicted by the most cruel tortures, and have even suffered death by the hands of their own countrymen, on account of some freak of fancy or unwarrantable presumption of their persecutors that their minds were fraught with evil designs against them personally or the commonwealth.

But however general this rule may have been—that they who have manifested a zealous regard for justice and virtue, at all times and under all circumstances in life, and have proved themselves benefactors of mankind, have been persecuted and disgraced by banishment or imprisonment by those whose prosperity they labored to promote, and from whom they naturally expected a more noble reward—and however degenerate and ungrateful our world has always been, yet, wherever, in any age, moral laws and virtuous principles have gained the ascendency in the minds of an intelligent and unprejudiced community over those of vice and superstition, the greatest honor and glory have been ascribed to those who have spent their lives in promulgating and acting out these ennobling and life-renovating maxims.

"Man is formed for action;" and for this purpose there are interwoven in his constitution powers, principles, feelings, and affections, which have a reference to his improvement in virtue, and which excite him to promote the happiness of others. These powers and active principles, like the intellectual, are susceptible of vast improvement, by attention, by exercise, by trials and difficulties, and by an expansion of the intellectual views. Such are filial and fraternal affection, fortitude, temperance, justice, gratitude, generosity, love of friends and country, philanthropy, and universal benevolence.

When we behold men animated by noble sentiments, exhibiting sublime virtues, and performing illustrious actions; displaying generosity and benevolence in seasons of calamity, and tranquillity and fortitude in the midst of difficulties and dangers; desiring riches only for the sake of distributing them among the needy; estimating places of power and worldly honor only for the purpose of assisting in the suppression of vice, rewarding virtue, and promoting the general interests of their country; enduring poverty and distress with a noble heroism, in order to benefit others; suffering injuries and affronts with patience and serenity; stifling resentment when they have it in their power to inflict vengeance; showing kindness and generosity toward enemies and slanderers; restraining irritable passions and licentious desires in the midst of the strongest temptations; submitting to pain and disgrace in

order to increase the happiness of friends and relatives, and to stimulate them to a just appreciation of virtuous principles; and "sacrificing repose, honor, wealth, and even life itself, for the good of their country, or for advancing the best interests of the human race"—when we behold men, I repeat, exhibiting manly virtues and maintaining philanthropic sentiments like these, we perceive features of the human mind which mark its dignity and grandeur, and which indicate that its possessor has attained the highest degree of usefulness, and is worthy of the most distinguished honors.

Many striking examples might be cited of men who have in both ancient and modern times exhibited such dignified and inestimable virtues in their daily deportment, which would demonstrate the vigor, expansion, and sublimity of a mind free from the contamination of vice, and devoted to the practice of moral excellences. Even in the annals of the pagan world, we read of a Regulus, exposing himself to the most cruel torments and to death itself rather than suffer his veracity to be impeached or his fidelity to his country to be called in question; of a Phocion, who exposed himself to the fury of an enraged assembly by publicly reproaching the vices and endeavoring to promote the best interests of his countrymen; and gave it as his last command to his son, when he was going to execution, that he "should forget how ill the Athenians had treated his father;" and of Damon and Pythias, who were knit together in the bonds of a friendship which all the terrors of an ignominious death could not dissolve.

But of all the characters of the heathen world illustrious for virtue, Aristides appears to stand in the foremost rank. "An extraordinary greatness of soul," says Rollin, "made him superior to every passion. Interest, pleasure, ambition, resentment, jealousy, were alike extinguished in him by the love of virtue and his country. The merit of others, instead of offending him, became his own by the approbation he gave it. He rendered the government of the Athenians amiable to their allies by his mildness, goodness, justice, and humanity. The disinterestedness he showed in the management of the public treasury, and the love of poverty which he carried almost to an excess, are virtues so far superior to the general practice of our boasted age of moral, political, and intellectual attainments, that they scarcely seem credible to us. His conduct and principles were always uniform, steadfast in the pursuit of whatever he thought just, and incapable of the least falsehood, or shadow of flattery, disguise, or fraud, even in jest. He had such a control over his passions that he uniformly sacrificed his private interests and his private resentments to the good of the public." For which reason, though there were some who envied his honorable position, and by artifice procured his banishment for a while from Athens, yet the sentiments and sympathies of the people generally were manifestly in his behalf. And in fine, his equity and integrity gained for him the glorious appellation of "The Just." He was considered worthy of imitation; and unfading honors and lasting renown will ever be his due. Such virtues reflect a dignity and grandeur on every mind in which they reside: the attainment of which clearly indicates that man is not the creature of circumstances, but that he must be the architect of his own fortune, and is capable of rising superior to mere circumstances. Hence, he is instructed to seek and to recognize in every condition in life that happiness which is to be found alone in the practice of virtue, in which consist the true moral obligations of man.

The noblest examples, however, of exalted virtue are to be found among those who have enlisted themselves in the cause of Christianity—in every period of which era, similar characters have arisen, to demonstrate the power of virtue, and to bless mankind. Our own age and country have produced numerous philanthropic individuals who have shone as lights in the moral world, and have acted as benefactors to the human race.

Who, that is in the least acquainted with the annals of benevolence, has a soul so destitute of the ordinary sensibilities of man's nature, as not to be aroused by the pleasing emotions of gratitude and admiration on hearing the names of illustrious personages mentioned: such, for instance, as Alfred, Penn, Bernard, Sharpe, and a host of others, "whose exertions in the cause of liberty, in promot-

ing the education of the young, in alleviating the distresses of the poor, in ameliorating the condition of the prisoner," and in "promulgating the immutable laws of moral rectitude," will ever be felt as blessings conferred on mankind, and will doubtless be held in lasting remembrance by a virtuous and grateful posterity.

But among all the philanthropic characters of the past or present age, the labors of the late Wm. Howard stand preeminent. "This distinguished individual, from a principle of pure benevolence, devoted the greater part of his life to active beneficence and to the alleviation of human wretchedness in every country where he travelled—diving into the depth of dungeons, and exposing himself to the infected atmosphere of hospitals and jails, in order to improve the condition of the unfortunate, and to allay the sufferings of the mournful prisoner. In prosecuting this labor of love, he travelled three times through France, four times through Germany, five times through Holland, twice through Italy," and, moreover, through all the other kingdoms and empires of Europe, "surveying the haunts of misery, and distributing benefits to mankind wherever he appeared."

Such characters afford powerful demonstrations of the sublimity of virtue, of the activity of the human mind, and of its capacity for contributing to the happiness of fellow-intelligences to an almost unlimited extent. "The minds of some of these worthy individuals were inspired with such a noble ardor in the cause of universal benevolence, that nothing but insurmountable physical obstructions prevented them from making the tour of the world, and imparting favors to men of all nations, kindreds, and tongues:" for which reason, "every age and every generation of men, rising superior to the perverseness of envy, have bestowed upon them that palm of merit which they still retain unwithered, and seem likely to retain,

'While streams shall flow, or lofty trees shall bloom;'"

and their names, invested with the imperishable mantle of honor, will descend to the latest generations, untarnished by the vile tongue of the slanderer, or the reproaches of the vicious misanthropist.

The lap of liberty is the cradle of virtue. We have already intimated that wherever a people have drunk into the stream and tasted of the sweets that flow from the perennial fount of liberty, and the humane goddess, Justice, arrayed in the gorgeous robes of innocence and simplicity, sways unlimited dominion, while dispensing to her zealous devotees the freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, and extending to all who will partake of her bounty a liberal and impartial hand, laden with the rich treasures which she has ever in store for the noble sons of liberty, there virtue, insinuating itself, as it were, into the minds and affections of a truth-loving community, and fortifying them against the insidious attacks and debasing influences of vice, enlists its most efficient advocates, and contributes its greatest benefits to men; and there, also, we find the greatest number of individuals whose names will ever be held sacred, and whose illustrious deeds will be registered in the national archives, or engraven upon the tablets of memory, and reserved for the imitation and esteem of subsequent generations. The correctness of this assertion will be readily admitted by every one who will carefully compare the past histories of other countries with those of the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, in which the character and achievements of many virtuous individuals are portrayed in the most glowing colors. But where, either in ancient or modern times, has there a nation existed who could boast of a greater proportion of great and good men than are to be found recorded in the short history of our own glorious republic?

We have not, in our allusions to illustrious characters, referred to those who are noted for their proficiency in military prowess or other heroic virtues; such, for instance, as characterized the actions of Alexander the Great, Cæsar, or Napoleon Bonaparte, whose chief delight it was to hasten their fellow-beings to an untimely grave, to devastate whole empires, and to overflow the world with oceans of human blood; but rather, to such as preferred the more humane and noble virtues, inculcated into their minds by the principles of morality and justice, by means of which alone they believed that enmity and

vice could be banished from the earth, and the whole world be bound together in one vast community of friends and brethren.

Then, if we would become great and useful, and exert a good influence in the world, and would have our names "with gems and golden lustre rich emblazed" upon our nation's heart, or enrolled upon the pages of history, in order that nations yet unborn might rise up and call us blessed, let the motto, "Λαμπας Αρετης Φλογμος Δοξης," be indelibly impressed upon our minds—let "Virtue, the Torch of Glory," characterize our every action; and then, at the hour of dissolution, when the soul is ready to take its flight from this earth-born tenement to God who gave it—and the body is shortly to be consigned to the cold and silent tomb—we can look back with pleasure upon a life well spent, and, in the language of another, we will be enabled confidently to exclaim:

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum."

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"From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Mild Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud and fetters clank,
To caves bestrewed with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan,
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,—
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth:
Profuse of toil and prodigal of health,
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life.
Onward he moves! disease and death retire;
And murmuring demons hate him and admire."

—DARWIN.

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND!

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My times are in Thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On Him rely,
Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand!
Pale poverty, or wealth,
Corroding care, or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath, or Winter's snows,
Sickness, or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best—I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand!
Should friendship pure illume,
And strew my path with fairest flowers;
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a Friend,
Till time shall end,
Unchangeably the same: in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand!
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee: this only pray,
That, by thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou comest to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ, my Friend!
If He is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstacy.

My times are in Thy hand!
To Thee I can intrust
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand:
Awaking from the dust,
Beholding Thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all thy saints to spend Eternity!

To spend Eternity
In Heaven's unclouded light—
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free—
Beholding and resembling Thee—
O, too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear!
Haste! haste! my Lord! and soon transport me there!

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Be energetic about any honest employment that Providence throws in your way.

## WANDERING WISHES.

On a fine day, when the sun threw its unclouded splendors over a whole neighborhood, did you never form a wish that your place could be transferred to some distant and more beautiful part of the landscape? Did the idea never rise in your fancy, that the people who sport on yon sunny bank are happier than yourself; that you would like to be buried in that distant grove, and forget, for a while, in silence and in solitude, the distractions of the world; that you would like to repose by yon beautiful rivulet, and soothe every anxiety of your heart by the gentleness of its murmurs; that you would like to transport yourself to the distance of miles, and there enjoy the peace which resides in some sweet and sheltered concealment? In a word, was there no sweet aspiration of the soul for another place than what you actually occupied? Instead of resting in the quiet enjoyment of your present situation, did not your wishes wander abroad and around you, and were you not ready to exclaim with the Psalmist in the text: "O that I had the wings of a dove; for I would fly to yonder mountain and be at rest!"

But what is of most importance to be observed is, that even when you have reached the mountains, rest is as far from you as ever. As you get nearer the wished-for spot, the fairy enchantments in which distance had arrayed it gradually disappear: when you at last arrive at your object, the illusion is entirely dissipated, and you are grieved to find that you have carried the same principle of restlessness and discontent along with you.

The same is true of that *moral landscape*, which wide and distant survey of human life presents to the eye of the mind. We see and feel all the disadvantages of our own situation; but the principle of deception begins to operate as soon as we cast our eyes abroad, where the vacancies of an imperfect experience are filled up by the lovely and beatific forms of a doating imagination. All this is the effect of *distance*. We overlook the minuter causes of inconvenience and disappointment which exist and operate everywhere, and taking in only the broad and softened outlines of the object, consign to fancy the task of filling them up with its finest coloring.

Am I unlearned? I feel the disgrace of ignorance, and sigh for the name and the distinction of philosophy. Do I stand upon a literary eminence? I feel the vexations of rivalship, and could almost renounce the splendors of my dear-bought reputation for the peace and shelter which insignificance bestows. Am I poor? I riot in fancy upon the gratifications of luxury, and think how great I would be if invested with all the consequence of wealth and of patronage. Am I rich? I sicken at the deceitful splendor which surrounds me, and am at times tempted to think that I would have been happier far if born to an humbler station—if I had been trained to the peace and innocence of poverty. Am I immersed in business? I repine at the fatigues of employment, and envy the lot of those who have every hour at their disposal, and can spend all their time in the sweet relaxations of amusement and society. Am I exempted from the necessity of exertion? I feel the corroding anxieties of indolence, and attempt in vain to escape that weariness and disgust which useful and regular occupation can alone save me from. Am I single? I feel the dreariness of solitude, and my fancy warms at the conception of a dear and domestic circle. Am I embroiled in the cares of a family? I am tormented with the perverseness or ingratitude of those around me; and sigh, in all the bitterness of repentance, over the rash and irrecoverable step by which I have renounced for ever the charms of independence.

Here we detect the grand principle of human ambition. Always dissatisfied with his present condition, man looks round him and above him for something better—for some office or business which has fewer perplexities, and is more congenial to his taste. Who is there that does not, every day of his life, join in the aspiration of the Psalmist, "O that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" But, in truth, there is no resting-place under the sun. Give me that office, says the politician, and I will be perfectly satisfied. Let me count so many thousands, says the avaricious man, and I ask no more. Grant me that one object of desire, sighs the man of pleasure, and who will may take the rest. Well, the office is gained; the

thousands are lodged safely in a strong vault; desire is changed into fruition; and all the parties concerned still look forward to other acquisitions with more uneasiness than ever.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

## TRUE NOBILITY.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown:
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then:
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men—
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills:
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame:
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same—
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right:
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression, with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

## THE DYING STRANGER.

While sojourning for a time in a far distant city, I heard one day of a young American who was lying very ill, and who would probably never be able to reach his native land. I called to see him, and found a young man emaciated by disease, and enfeebled, not only in body but in mind, by a long protracted illness, from which he had been suffering chiefly among strangers. It was evident that his days were numbered, and that they were few, but he soon expressed to me the chief earthly desire that reigned in his heart, which was, that he might be spared to see his friends once more. I found that with some of them I had in former years been well acquainted; but when I spoke of them, he was so overcome that he covered his face with the bedclothes and wept long and bitterly. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he gave me something of his history.

He was a native of the city of New York, where he had studied for the medical profession, and had commenced practice with very flattering prospects of success. A career of usefulness was opening before him, which he anticipated with great eagerness. But scarcely had he entered upon professional life before a severe chronic disease seized upon him, and marked him for its victim. He struggled long against it, though with little fear of its proving fatal, and at length he determined to try the effect of a change of climate and of travel. He left his home with little or no apprehension but that he should return to it again, and went forth alone. When I first met him, he had been wandering in quest of health for more than a year, but it had proved a fruitless search. Growing weaker and weaker from month to month, he at length set his face homeward, directing all his thoughts and his remaining energies to reaching his friends once more. This he told me was the only earthly desire that he continued to cherish, to receive again his mother's embrace, and to breathe his last in her arms.

Without destroying this hope, which seemed essential to sustain the feeble spark of life that remained, I directed his thoughts to a better home, where he might enjoy a more blessed reunion with kindred and friends, and

I found that in regard to this his mind was at rest. His work of preparation was made. He had for several years been a member of a Presbyterian church in his native city, and he was no stranger to the thoughts of death or to the means of preparation; but with it all, in his weakness, the thoughts of home frequently overcame him, and he wept like a child.

I visited him frequently, and found him from time to time alternating between his fondly-cherished desire of reaching his kindred in his native land, and the thoughts of another and a better country, where he was most likely first to meet them. Gradually as his body failed, his mental and spiritual vigor returned under the influence of Christian communion, until he was enabled to say with resignation and perfect calmness, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done," as he did one day after I had expressed to him a candid opinion of his case. It was deeply affecting to see him resign this earthly hope in the brighter glory of the heavenly.

In one of my visits, I commenced reading to him the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, when he interrupted the reading by repeating from memory a large part of the chapter, expressing at the same time the joy which this portion of Scripture had given him, and added that this masterly and unanswerable argument for the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting had been a favorite portion of God's Word with him, and his familiarity with it proved that his words were sincere. I had never seen it received with greater delight, or a higher appreciation of its grandeur and beauty, than by this youth who was so soon to lay aside the body.

One day he sent for me, requesting me to come at once to his room. I found him very weak; and he said his physician had just informed him that he had but a few days to live. With this announcement had revived all his tender thoughts of home, and he wished me to make one more effort to enable him to fulfil his desire. I named a day not far distant when a steamer was to sail, and promised that if he were able he should be taken to it, being well convinced that ere the day arrived he would have crossed another flood and reached another shore. The same vessel afterwards bore away his remains.

He then said he had one more request to make. It was more than a year since he had left his native land. He had been travelling in great weakness through Roman Catholic countries, and during the greater part of that time he had not even heard a prayer from Protestant lips other than his own. The privileges of Christian communion that he had lately enjoyed he highly prized, and he had been greatly comforted by them, but he felt that if he could once more enjoy "the communion of the body and the blood of Christ," he should be still more strengthened for the scenes before him. It was long since he had enjoyed that privilege; and while he placed no superstitious reliance upon it, he did regard it with deep interest and desire as the means of strengthening his faith and preparing him to walk through the dark valley toward the country where such ordinances will no longer be needed.

I could not deny his request, and made arrangements for the service. I gathered together a number of Christian friends who were sojourning in the same city, among them an elder in the Presbyterian church, and we met in an upper room, in circumstances not unlike those in which the Lord's Supper was first celebrated. Never before nor since has any celebration of the ordinance appeared to me so solemn and impressive as that which we observed just on the confines of the heavenly world. All things seemed to be in harmony with the sacred occasion. It was a calm, beautiful evening in early spring. The sun of a Southern sky was near its setting, and its last rays of golden light appeared as if they came from heaven itself. The Sun of Righteousness did shine into that chamber. The distant roar of a strange city was all that reminded us of this world. The little group of Christ's followers was gathered around the bed of the dying stranger. He lay with his hands clasped and his eyes closed, as if he wished nothing to interrupt his communion with heaven. By his side upon the table was placed at his request a large daguerreotype of his mother, a silent witness, almost a real partaker in the services. As I read from the words of Christ the history of that sacrament which was designed to show forth his death for the strength and comfort of his followers

until he should come again to receive the last of his people to himself, every eye was filled with tears and every heart melted by the touching character and the circumstances of the service. The one for whose special benefit it was observed was calmest of all. At times I almost thought his spirit had actually passed into the skies. This link between the first and second coming of Christ, of which it was said, "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come," was drawing him very near to the Saviour.

I left his room and retired to my lodgings. Before morning, I received a last request to visit the stranger. He was passing through the flood. He was wandering in mind, and the thoughts of home and of heaven were mingled as he spoke now of one and now of the other without distinction. But they were the same to him. Heaven was his home, and he was soon to be there. I remained with him until he had reached it, and then returned to my own room to communicate to his friends the sad but joyful particulars of such a closing scene as it is seldom our privilege to witness.

We are all pilgrims and strangers on the earth. When the end of our journey shall come, may it find us as well prepared, and may we as calmly and with as sincere and humble trust fall asleep in Jesus.—*New York Observer.*

## THE LITTLE SIN.

"Mamma," said Lucy Grant, one evening, to her mother, "will you tell me what is a little sin?"

"My child, no sin could be little, though some may be greater than others. But what makes you ask that question?"

"Mamma, I was playing after school to-day with Jane and Ellen, and Robert Hamilton. The master walked across the yard, and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and a pencil came out and rolled away, but he did not observe it. When he was gone, Robert ran after it, saying, 'O, what a capital pencil! just the very thing I was in want of!' I said, 'Robert, it is the master's, not yours: you must not keep it; that would be a great sin.' 'O,' he replied, 'the master can get plenty more, and it is only a penny pencil: it will be but a little sin.' Mamma, was Robert right?"

"Lucy, what reason have we to hope that God will pardon any of our sins?"

"Because Jesus died."

"Is there any sin too great to be forgiven for Jesus' sake?"

"No, mamma."

"But may we not ask God to pardon our small sins in some other way?"

Lucy thought for a minute; but she answered, "No, I do not think there is any other."

"Certainly not. Well, my love, can we think any sin a little thing, if Christ must have died that it might be forgiven?

"But now I shall tell you a story. Some years ago, before you were born, papa and I lived in an old house, quite near the sea. There was a low wall at the foot of the garden, where we used often to sit, and admire the pure waves coming in below, and the pretty vessels sailing past. One lovely summer evening, we were sitting there; all was calm: the clear water reflected the red sunset clouds of the sky and the white sails of the ships. Just then we saw a man and a boy preparing to set out in a fishing-boat, from a little pier at a short distance from our garden. The air was so still we could hear them speak. The boy looked down in the boat, and said, 'Father, the water is coming in.' 'O,' said the man, 'there is a small leak; but never mind, it will do us no harm: it would not be good in a storm, but' (looking at the sky) 'there is no fear to-night; so come along.' So they hoisted the sail, and we heard them singing merrily as they moved slowly out to sea.

"The sun had quite set, and the darkness was coming on, before we went into the house. In a short time we felt that there was a change in the weather. The wind began to rise, and whistled through the passages, making the doors and windows shake, and soon we heard the noise of the waves dashing up against the garden-wall. We were quite safe and comfortable, but our thoughts turned anxiously to the many ships

and boats we had seen so lately on the quiet waters. Then we thought we heard cries from the sea, and, between the large waves, the sound of a bell, as if some one were in great distress. We could not rest at home, and we went down to the shore. The people of the village were all running about, the women sobbing and screaming, the men calling for the life-boat. We could see, in the darkness, a feeble light, glimmering out at sea, and again the bell rung violently. Then the light disappeared, and we did not hear the bell again; but cries for help seemed to come on the wind. By this time the life-boat was ready, and four strong men jumped into it, and made for the place where the light had last been seen. O, how eagerly we looked, and listened, and watched for their return! God was very merciful, and they were not too late. They found the man and boy we had watched in the evening, still clinging to the mast; but their boat had gone down. And what had sunk the boat? Just the small leak. Do you think it appeared small to them then, that dreary night, when the winds and waves were rising round them, and the water getting deeper and deeper at their feet?

"And so learn, my dear child, never to call any sin a little thing. Remember how great it will look on a sick or dying bed, and how much greater when we stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Remember how the apostle says, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil;' and pray for the new heart and tender conscience which will shrink from the first beginnings of temptation."—*Chris. Guardian.*

## THE ALBATROSS.

BY REV. H. T. CHEEVER.

The albatross has often served poor Jack a good turn for food when his larder has run low, or when he has been cast upon some desolate sea-bird island; and many anonymous anecdotes are told in the forecastle respecting it. But the most remarkable I have ever heard, bordering indeed upon the marvellous and incredible, if not itself a providential miracle, is the following, contained for substance in a letter from an officer in the eighty-third regiment of the English army to his friends in Montreal. While the division to which the writer belonged was on its way to the Orient, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Maddened at the punishment, the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in the sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept on astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamed of looking for it before. During the delay incident on lowering a boat, and while the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatross, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who, in the agonies of the death-struggle, seized it and held it firm in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel.

Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, places its authenticity beyond a doubt. But for the assistance thus afforded, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down, all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who, after this, should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatross: what eye could see safety under such circumstances? or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate Faith and Hope, and teach us never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, *there may be an albatross at hand*, with a commission to save us from Him of whom it is said: "As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also, he will deliver it, and passing over, he will preserve it."

There is another lesson taught me by this

most majestic and beautiful of birds, for which I think I am a wiser man than before. We observe that when captured and set at liberty in the ship, it can never of itself rise from the even surface of the deck, though outwardly unconstrained and free; but we must toss the noble bird overboard, or lift him quite clear of the ship's rail, before he can use his glorious pinions and mount aloft into the air. Then he will stretch those ample wings, and sail away through space in the very poetry of motion, as if the elastic element of air and the bird were one, making the gazer wonder and fairly long to be taking the same aërial flight.

Even so is it sometimes with the Christian. He is brought by Providence into straits and perplexities, whence he cannot rise and extricate himself alone, where the wings of faith and love seem to be of no avail to him, until a friendly hand lifts him up and throws him out upon the deep, where he must say with Peter, "Lord, save; I perish!" Then at once he loses despair: he surmounts the difficulty: he breaks his prison: he mounts up as on eagles' wings: now the pinions of faith and love nobly sustain him, and bear him away aloft; and he wonders at the nightmare of doubt and fear that kept him from using them before. He is ashamed of the wrong thoughts of God that had begun to gather and darken in his mind. He sees that God was infinitely wise and good in appointing the discipline to which he has been subjected, and he flies all the higher and better for it in holiness now. Like the Ancient Mariner, who has served us for illustration once before,

> "He goes like one that hath been stunned,
> And is of sense forlorn:
> A better and a wiser man
> He 'll rise to-morrow morn."

## THE THEORY OF THE EYES.

In the last number of The Quarterly Review is a curious paper on physiognomy. We give the writer's interpretation of the color of the eyes: "Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of a delicate, refined, or effeminate nature; light blue, and much more, gray eyes, in the hardy and active. Greenish eyes have generally the same meaning as the gray. Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous, and profound." As a commentary on the reviewer's text, we may add that Shakspeare had hazel eyes, Swift blue eyes, (azure as the heavens,) Milton, Scott, and Byron, gray eyes.

## GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

[Translated from the German.]

Forsake me not, my God!
  Thou God of my salvation!
Give me thy light, to be
  My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
  Seeking she knows not what:
O, lead her to thyself—
  My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
  Take not thy Spirit from me;
And suffer not the might
  Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
  The children he begot:
My Father, pity me—
  My God! forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
  Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me,
  In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
  Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me—
  My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
  Uphold me in my going;
That evermore I may
  Please thee in all well-doing.
And that thy will, O Lord,
  May never be forgot,
In all my works and ways,
  My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
  I would be thine for ever:
Confirm me mightily
  In every right endeavor.
And when my hour is come,
  Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul!
  My God, forsake me not!

## "GOD'S WIFE."

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

'Twas bitter cold:
Above, the ragged clouds went drifting by,
And snow came sifting down: the fitful gust
Howled round the corners of the city's streets
With its forsaken wail. Slow, one by one,
The first few lamps glint on the icy air;
And here and there a chance pedestrian,
Who hied him homeward, woke dull, hollow moans
From the deserted pavement.

With light step
A lady passed along. Warm, costly furs,
And robes of silken sheen, enwrapped the form
Whose grace they could not hide; and regally
Rich jewels glittered on one ungloved hand,
Whose rare "white wonder" pressing on her heart
She seemed to have forgotten. Her pure brow,
Turned upward, like a lily to the sun,
Caught now and then a snow-flake, which, in love
With its sweet resting-place, forgot to fall,
And straight became a diamond-drop—fit mate,
And emblem of the jewel-thoughts within!
Through lashes coming downward like the dark,
Her soft eye sparkled as the evening star,
And ever and anon a sunny smile
Broke o'er the curving lips, like vermeil light
That ripples o'er a rose. How well it told
That she was hasting HOME: her heart had gone
Before her there: 'twas it that smiled upon
Her fairy children in their warm retreat,
And sent its light into her lovely face.
She heard them shout to greet her, heard them call
The sweet name "Mother!" Stretching forth her hand,
She strove to clasp them.

Wherefore does she start,
And shudder, and recoil? See what her hand,
That fair white hand, has touched! A mass
Of rags!—upon the pavement shivering stands
A little beggar child. The bitter winds
Pierce through her small attenuated frame,
Her bare and frozen feet meet icy stones,
Her lips are blue and bloodless, and the pinched
And pallid features shrink as if to hide
Within her tangled hair. Her hands are crossed
Meekly upon her bosom; but her eyes,
Those wild, black eyes, with all their troubled deeps
Of starless darkness, hold their steady gaze
Fixed on the lighted window of a shop,
And shriek their starving cry—"Bread, bread!"

The warm blood rushed up to the lady's brow,
Then back upon her heart. O! what if e'er
*Her* children thus should stand! Softly she took
The little lone one's hand, and led her in,
And filled her lap with bread, then led her forth;
And farther on she bought the new warm shawl,
And thick, bright dress, and clad the tiny feet:
Then bade the wanderer, tearfully, to seek
Her mother and her home. The little one,
Pausing a moment, took the lady's hand,
So soft, so white, so glittering with gems,
And turned it o'er upon her purpled palms,
As wondering at its beauty: then, as though
A strange thought struck her heart, she glanced from it
Up to the beaming eye and angel-brow,
And while the glad tears gushed into her eyes,
And joyful recognition glowed in every line
Of her wan face, she whispered breathlessly,
*"Are you God's wife?"*

The "Lamb's wife"—so we often call the Church—
The Church perchance may not be like to Him,
Lowly and meek, and "given much to prayer:"
Then can she be His "bride?" The veiled nun
We call the "Bride of Christ," when from the world
She turns away, to waste the energies
And bloom of life which God himself hath given,
In aimless solitude. We well may doubt
Her claims when He has given us the law
Of "labor for the right." But they who heal
The wounded heart, who comfort those that mourn,
Who clothe the naked, who defend the weak,
Who succor the distressed, who feed the poor,
Who give with willing hands, and tearful eyes,
Of what the Lord has given them, may claim
Blest union with the high and Holy One,
Who said to his disciples, "If ye love
Me, feed my lambs!"

## THE SNOWDRIFTS.

As fast the snowy shower fell noiseless
O'er the hard and frozen ground,
And shrouded every pine and fir tree
With an ermine mantle round—
My little cherub boy was sporting
On the carpet at my feet,
With the light music of his prattle
Chiming in my ear so sweet.

But I called him from his gambols,
Bade him let his playthings lie,
That he might see the soft winged strangers
Floating downward from the sky.
And as we stood beside the window,
He upon the cushioned chair,
He kissed a welcome to the snow flakes,
With his tiny hand so fair.

And often gazed he through the window,
When high-heaped the snow-drifts lay,
And tried to tell me how they glistened,
In his little childish way.
Yet often longed I for the spring-time
With its verdure fresh and fair,
And for the golden days of summer,
Flowery fields and perfumed air.

For many pleasant scenes I fancied:
Saw with all a parent's joy,
Along the walks and green grass sporting,
The darling image of my boy.
But when the snow-drifts all had vanished,
And the spring-time fresh appeared,
O, instead of joy came sorrow,
Crushed were all the hopes I reared.

And on this golden day of summer,
With its soft and perfumed air,
Again I stand beside the window,
Close beside a vacant chair.
I see the walks—the trees and verdure
Bowing to the breezes mild;
But O! my heart is sad and lonely—
Where is now my cherub child?

I listen, but no footsteps patter—
Gone the playthings from the floor:
All is silent; for *his* prattle
Ne'er will chime its music more.
For when again the snow-shower falling,
Yonder walks with down shall pave,
The glistening snow-drifts then will gather
O'er my little cherub's grave!

## MORALITY OF DIVORCES.

Speaking one day of the early Romans, Mr. Webster said he could almost believe every thing related by historians of their extraordinary virtues, public and domestic, when he dwelt upon the fact that, though their laws authorized divorce, yet for the first five hundred years no individual ever availed himself of such a license! "It was the domestic training," he said; "it was the mother who made a Publicola, a Camillus and Coriolanus. Women, protected by the inviolability of the nuptial bond, were invested with a dignity that gave authority to instruction, and made the domestic hearth the nursery of heroes. Public virtue," he said, "fell with private morality. Under imperial Rome, divorces were sought for and obtained upon the most frivolous pretext, and all domestic confidence was destroyed. The inevitable consequence was the loss of all public morality. Men who had been false to their private obligations would not be true to their public duties. Cæsar divorced his wife, and betrayed his country. The sanctity of the nuptial bond is, in my opinion, one of the principal, if not the chief cause of the superior refinement, freedom, and prosperity enjoyed at the present time by Christian nations."

## THE STORMY NIGHT.

Now the wild winds are abroad,
Ocean, earth, alike are awed;
Gathering clouds portentous frown,
Rain and hail are rushing down,
Darkness adding to the night,
Quenching what remained of light.
As the tempest's furious sweep
Agitates the boiling deep,
Anxious vigils seamen keep:
Care may well their hearts assail,
Little can their skill avail—
Death is riding on the blast,
And this hour may be their last.

True; and in the calmest night,
Or the broadest blaze of light
Kindling up the brightest day,
In the house, or by the way,
At some unexpected hour,
*We* may fall beneath his power.
Ever spread the fowler's snare,
His fell arm knows not to spare,
And his toils are everywhere.
Sometimes, in the night and storm,
We conceive his dreadful form,
But forget he may as soon
Strike the fatal blow at noon.

Gracious God, whose power presides
O'er the winds and o'er the tides,
Thine is both the sea and land;
In the hollow of thy hand
Ocean lies, with all its waves:
'Tis thine arm that kills or saves.
Death to thee is subject made:
Not a sparrow low is laid,
Not a fragile flower shall fade,
Nor a blade of grass be broken,
Till thy will the word hath spoken.
Let thy fear our footsteps guide,
Nothing need we fear beside.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The life of Edgar Poe is among the saddest in all literary history, and great lessons may be learned from it. He was descended from parents, one of whom at least, his mother, had a good deal of wild blood, as it is termed, in her veins, which was not likely to be sobered down by the profession she adopted, namely, that of an actress, of which she was fond. She does not seem to have been a woman of much intellect, but rather of vivacity and general attractiveness. David Poe, her husband, was a lawyer; but when he married, he gave up his prospects in that direction to join his wife. They "played" together, as it is called, in various theatres in America until they died. Such, then, was the parentage of the poet; and it is worthy of record, as elucidating many parts of his mind and character. For no man, perhaps, ever partook more of the nature of his parents: their very being seemed to be stamped upon his: he was a sort of Janus reflex of them both. He inherited his wonderful analytical power, his lawyer-like observation of minute details, his faculty of unravelling the most knotty difficulties, as well as his wiry strength, from his father; and he had all his mother's gayety and love of excitement. He had an individuality of his own, however: was imaginative, and delighted to dwell upon dark and mystic themes. There are touches in his poetry of great pathos; and a wild aërial music gushes out of it which takes the heart captive with an indescribable pleasure.

We need not speak here of the "Raven"—so well known now to most readers—in proof of Poe's originality, and consequent individuality. What his parents possessed he possessed, and, besides this, genius, and that too of a very high order. What he wanted most was strength of will, and a good guide and monitor. But the very occupation of his parents in a great measure prevented the possibility of guidance; inasmuch as a life of dissipation and theatrical bustle and excitement are incompatible with family discipline. This was Poe's misfortune, and very sorrowfully did he suffer for it. For although he was but five years old when he was taken under the guardianship of an excellent merchant, Mr. Thomas Allan, who indeed adopted him as his son, still the red seed of the wild life had been sown, and finding a soil adapted to its growth, it grew long and silently, until it was matured into one of the saddest harvests ever cut down by criminality and death.

In 1816—he was born 1811, at Baltimore—he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allan to England, and visited some of the most beautiful scenery, which does not appear to have made much impression on him, if we may judge from his writings; for although he was subsequently sent to school at Stoke Newington for four or five years, and must have enjoyed many delightful rambles, and have felt many sweet influences of nature in connection therewith, we do not find any allusion—at least we have seen none—to English rural scenery, tradition, or pastimes in his books. At Stoke Newington he was under the tutorship of a clergyman who did all in his power to instruct and elevate his mind; but on his return to the States, when he entered the University of Charlottesville, he forgot all his good lessons, and his kind old teacher, and the admonitions of his fond guardian; and the wild nature of the man burst out in all its power, and hurried him on from dissipation to dissipation, and infamy to infamy. It is but fair to say, although it is little in extenuation, that the general manners of the university were at that time loose and depraved. Poe, however, must have been a giant of iniquity—a sort of chivalrous champion, if we may use such an expression, in the cause of the Devil—setting all laws and morals at defiance; for even his companions were shocked at his procedure; and so bad and notorious did he become at last that he was expelled the university.

It is strange enough that, in spite of these shocking habits, so destructive to the intellect as well as to the moral nature, Poe maintained the first rank of scholarship throughout. He seems to have emulated the career of Crichton, who was posted upon the gates of Padua as a "monster of erudition, whom, if any one sought, he might find at the tavern." He was noted, like Crichton, for his gymnastic feats, his fencing, swimming, as well as for his conversational and declamatory powers. It is related of him that he once swam from Richmond to Warwick, "seven miles and a

half, against a tide running probably from two to three miles an hour." We doubt, from large experience in this fine art and exercise, the truth of this statement; but it makes a line in the poet's biography, and so we put it down here. It will serve at least to show that he had an extensive fame for performances of this kind amongst his cotemporaries.

Covered with debt and infamy, he applied to Mr. Allan for money, drew upon him, and when at last he could get no more from his generous friend, he wrote an abusive letter to him, and left America with the intention of joining the Greeks against the Turks. The dissipation to be found in the capitals of Europe, however, held him back, and his drinking and gambling habits strangled his infant ideas of liberty and glory in the cradle. He found his way to St. Petersburg; but his first and last adventure there was a drunken riot, from the consequences of which he had to be rescued by the American minister.

The unhappy man returned once more to the States, and sought Mr. Allan, who was willing to receive him again into favor, notwithstanding his wickedness and ingratitude. He accordingly, at Poe's request, got him a scholarship in the military academy, where, abandoning for a time his former habits, and attending to his studies, he became a general favorite. The red seed, however, was still growing, though unseen, and soon waved its harvest ears in the broad light again, like a sea of fire—a horrible, consuming sea, a sea of desolation and death, hurrying the soul onward, as it were, into a more fiery sea and everlasting ruin. Ten months after his appointment he was cashiered. Like the Bourbons and the Stuarts, he could not learn lessons from history and experience. He seems to have been under the dreadful enchantment of an evil spirit, who took delight in showing him the pleasant domain of virtue and the regal empire of intellect only to hurl him back again into sloughs of vice and degradation, amidst the howling of vampires, the shrieks of mandrakes, and the orgies of devils. Intemperance was his master-passion—that sin which may be termed the fierce, implacable enemy of God and the godlike, and does indeed so pollute the Divine image in man that wherever it obtains there can be no religion, no truth, no peace, no hope—nothing but a world of despair, peopled, as it were, by gibbering apes in the form and fashion of men. And what was poor Poe, with all his learning and genius, but one of these apes?—a man without heart or principle, who might have been equal to the highest offices of state or scholarship, had he devoted himself to virtuous courses instead of to vice and intemperance. Mr. Allan, however, did not abandon him yet, but received him at his estate at Richmond, and promised to treat him as a son, if he would only mend his ways. Shortly after, Mr. Allan married a Miss Paterson, and Poe was mean and ungrateful enough to ridicule the lady, as some say; although others give a still more discreditable version of the affair, and say that he added the crime of insult to ridicule. Upon this he was turned out of doors, and his good guardian died not long after, leaving three children to share his estate. Poe was disinherited, as he deserved.

He subsequently published a volume of poems at Baltimore, which attracted much attention, and he wrote many pieces for the journals of that city, but soon found that he could not live by his pen; so he tried to live by the sword, and enlisted as a private soldier. He was recognized by some officers who had previously known him at the military academy, and they kindly tried, without his knowledge, to get him a commission; but just as they were on the point of success, his evil genius prevailed again, and he deserted the ranks, and fled no one knew whither.

He next appeared as a competitor for two prizes offered by The Baltimore Saturday Visitor, and won them by his good writing, because, as the wise adjudicators said, he was "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." Good friends followed this success. He was introduced by the publisher to a gentleman who saw him well clad and made decent to appear in respectable society. For he was at this juncture "thin and pale even to ghastliness: his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling." Through the efforts of these new friends, he

obtained the editorship of a magazine at Richmond, but soon fell into his ancient habits, and, getting drunk for a week, lost his situation. The proprietor of the magazine, who was a worthy man, was reconciled to him again, however, on his promise of amendment, and wrote so affectionate and judicious a letter on the occasion that one would have thought it must have affected him for good. But all was of no use. Again he fell, and in 1837 quitted his employer. He was married, too, at this time to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who is reputed to have been both a beautiful and amiable girl; and now he had to suffer the pain of finding that she also must want, through his excesses and follies. It is said he loved his wife, and perhaps he did; but he took a strange way of showing it. After visiting Baltimore and New York in search of literary employment, we find him settled in Philadelphia in the year 1838, editing a magazine, which was started by Mr. Burton, a literary amateur of that city, and a kind-hearted, high-principled, and honorable man, who, like Mr. Allan, was a true friend to Poe, and did all in his power to save him from those terrible vices to which he knew he was addicted. As usual, during the first few weeks of his new employment, he was steady and assiduous in the performance of its duties; thought himself entitled to say that he had conquered "the seductive and dangerous besetment" of drink, that he was a "model of temperance," etc.; but, alas! the summer glory of that year had scarcely vanished, ere his glory vanished also, and again he relapsed into intemperance and horrid vice. The magazine was neglected, and Poe was dismissed. By this time, however, he had gained a considerable reputation in the chief cities of the Union, both as a prose writer and a poet, and it became a matter of deep regret with all his friends that a man of so much talent should so recklessly throw himself away. Mr. Burton was anxious to reclaim him if possible; and agreed to receive him once more as his editor upon the old conditions, urging him to be less caustic and severe in his criticisms upon the writings of his brother authors, and telling him that he would rather lose his money than wantonly inflict injury upon the feelings of honorable men. Poe was too apt, in his morbid moods, to indulge in bitter sarcasms, and use the pen with a slashing hand, "because," as he said, "this manner of writing was successful with the mob." Mr. Burton replied, "I am truly much less anxious to make a monthly sensation than I am upon the point of fairness." An admirable rebuke!

And now will it be credited that, after Poe had been thus kindly reinstated in his office, he shortly after took advantage of Mr. B.'s absence in the country to start a new magazine; obtaining "transcripts of his employer's subscription and account-books, to be used in a scheme for supplanting him?" So it was, however, and when Mr. B. returned, he found Poe drunk in a tavern: not a line of copy had been sent to the printer's, nor could he get his manuscripts back. All he did get was insult. In short, the only period of Poe's life which was at all creditable, was that during which he was connected with Graham's Magazine. His Penn project was a failure, as it deserved to be; and he now wrote for Graham "some of his finest pieces and most trenchant criticisms," and challenged attention by his papers entitled "Autography," and those on cryptology and cyphers. After a year and a half of brilliant and active literary life, he once more sunk into the dread and fiery abyss in which he was destined at last to perish. Miserable and most unhappy man! whom no kindness could touch, no experience teach wisdom. And yet when he was sober, he was quiet and gentlemanly in his manners and deportment. His little cottage home on the outskirts of Philadelphia was marked by elegance and a refined taste; and his mother-in-law loved him, and never forsook him. There was a strange fascination about him: it was drink that blotted truth and love and honor out of his heart. His whole life was a disease, although a self-inflicted one; and it would have been a mercy to him could he have been treated as an insane person, and put under moral restraint.

He went to New York in 1844, and was received with more honor than he deserved by the literary men of that capital. His fame had gone before him, and he added to it by many brilliant productions in the New York magazines. He attained the climax of his re-

putation as a writer by the publication of the "Raven," the history of which, in its idea and structure, he has recorded in one of his essays. It is a wierd and wonderful poem, full of high mystic imagination and a strange melody. His habits, however, soon destroyed his prospects; and as he became more dissipated, so also he became more depraved. Once he borrowed fifty dollars of a lady of South Carolina, distinguished for her literary abilities, and when asked to return them, or give an acknowledgment of the loan, so that she might show it to her husband, he basely denied the debt; and only confessed to it through the cowardly fear of chastisement by her brother.

In 1846, Poe was living at Fordham, some miles from New York, in a state of great destitution. His wife was dying; and he and his mother-in-law were attending her last days. When his miseries were known in New York—which they shortly were through the newspapers—money came rapidly in: too late, however, to rejoice the heart of that beautiful and unhappy wife, for she was dead before the first relief came. And then there was for a time silence and sorrow and bitterness and contrition in the house; and mother and husband both yearned with unspeakable yearnings to have their loved one back again. But the Omnipotent had spoken, and his minister had executed, and the curtain of eternity had dropped its starry folds down between them all for ever.

He subsequently returned to New York, in difficulties still; and his dear old mother-in-law never forsook him, as we said, but devoted her whole life to him: selling odd poems for him where they could be sold, and when she had no poems, and there was no food in the house, *begging* for him! N. P. Willis has written a very touching account of this loving woman's devotion to her son: never, in all her applications, "amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of trust in his genius and good intentions."

In 1848, Poe delivered a lecture at the Society Library, New York, on the cosmogony of the universe, which was afterwards published under the title of "Eureka," a prose poem. It was a fine effort, and full of power—a new theory of nature.

About this time, he became acquainted by accident with one of the most beautiful women in New England: she was highly gifted also, and adorned with many virtues. Poe might have married this lady, and every thing was arranged to this end. A friend congratulated him on his prospects. "I am not going to be married," he said: "I shall not marry." He left New York, determined to break off the engagement; went to the lady's house drunk, on the eve which ought to have been the bridal-eve, and conducted himself with such brutal violence that he was ejected by the police. And thus ended that chapter.

Shortly after, he joined the temperance society in Richmond, and commenced lecturing in various towns. During his travels, he fell in with a lady whom he had known in his youth, and engaged to marry her. At Baltimore, however, where he was, on his way to Philadelphia, to fulfil his engagement, he met with some old companions, and drank himself into a fever which put an end to his life. It was on a beautiful Sabbath evening in October, in the calm and beautiful twilight, when people were worshipping God in his holy places and hearing the message of his love, that Poe's rebellious spirit took its flight for doom.

There is no space here to make a *resumé* of his character and life; but surely it is full of sorrow and warning to all. May God help us to profit by the terrible example which he presents, and preserve us from those degrading habits of drinking and dissipation which sooner or later destroy both body and soul!—*Leisure Hour*.

## THE WAY TO HEALTH.

WALKER, in his "Original," lays down the following rules for attaining high health:—"First, study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation, or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper; endeavor to look at the bright side of things; keep down, as much as possible, the unruly

passions; discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear, without repining, the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakspeare, 'make ill digestion;' and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unseasonable questions; and I advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable, and cheerful, and amusing."

## DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.

The arrival of the last steamer from Europe (Jan. 12) brings the sad and melancholy intelligence that Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist and talented writer, is no more. His death, which has happened suddenly and under painful circumstances, will be almost as deeply mourned throughout this country as it has already been over the length and breadth of his own. From The Presbyterian, we take the following notice:

In the death of Hugh Miller, Scotland has lost a bright ornament; and Britain cannot lay her hand upon one of her living sons who, all things considered, is his equal. His rich, versatile, vigorous, massive mind, made him a monarch among men. His rapid rise from an obscure origin, and from the humble toils of daily labor to the highest position amongst the scientific men of his country and of the world, has scarcely a parallel in history. The story of his earlier life is told in a most interesting manner in his work, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." He was, perhaps, better known in this country by his "Footprints of the Creator," the triumphant and masterly reply to the "Vestiges of Creation," than by any of his other works. To the Free Church of Scotland, whose principles he has so faithfully and ably advocated and defended as editor of The Edinburgh Witness, his loss will be a severe blow. The manner of his death adds to the painfulness of the event. The following account of the circumstances, which are somewhat mysterious, is from the Scotch correspondent of The Presbyterian.

"I have just heard of the death, under very melancholy circumstances, of Mr. Hugh Miller, the editor of The Edinburgh Witness. In my last, I mentioned that he had not been able of late to do much in connection with that journal. Though still acting as consulting editor in particular emergencies, the direct work of the paper was entirely in the hands of others. This was owing partly to his state of health, which has been for a long time far from good, and partly to his being engaged on a new work, which is, I believe, almost ready for the press.

"The manner of his death was as follows: We have in this country of late been kept in a state of great anxiety by the daring and often successful attempts of burglars (ticket-of-leave men) to break into our houses. The police finding themselves unable to insure the safety of householders, many parties are in the habit of sleeping with revolvers under their pillows. Mr. Miller was one of this class. His museum had on one occasion been broken into, and the fear of a recurrence of such an attempt, acting upon a mind rendered painfully sensitive and nervous by overwork, produced a chronic state of anxiety which manifested itself in frequent attacks of nightmare and somnambulism. The night before last (the 23d) he appears to have been affected in this way. Disturbed by some noises, which he probably fancied to proceed from thieves, he rose from bed, laid hold of his revolver, and went into an adjoining apartment. How the sad accident happened none can tell. The report was not heard by any inmate of the house; but next morning his body was found with a ball through the heart.

"You may imagine the gloom which this event will cast over, I may say, the whole Scottish people. There were few men whom we all named so proudly and affectionately as

Hugh Miller; and there were few whose heart beat in such perfect sympathy with all that was truly noble in the Scottish character.

"The Free Church has suffered a serious blow in the death of this its most accomplished literary representative; and the cause of science has received as deep an injury by the removal of one who, by the largeness of his capacity and the splendor of his style, was so admirably fitted at once to increase the amount of our knowledge, and to render it popularly interesting and intelligible."

The newspaper accounts state that the evening before his death he was to deliver a lecture on "The Mosaic Creation." He had prepared the lecture, but the state of his health prevented his delivering it, and it was read in his absence by a friend. In the course of the day, Mr. Miller saw his medical adviser, to whom he complained of headache, brought on by the want of refreshing sleep. Following the directions he received, he took a warm bath and retired to rest.

Mr. Miller was the son of a Cromarty sailor. After a childhood not the most bright and joyous, but in which he already gave indications of the genius which has since shone with such splendor, he chose the occupation of a common stone-quarrier, and wrought at it fifteen years. But in working the stone, he was erecting for himself a pedestal of fame. His quick and penetrating mind read the lessons inscribed by a Divine hand on the rocks, and having interpreted them to the world, he was no longer the humble quarrier, but the renowned man of science. His first publications were in the provincial newspapers. "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" was his first work. The "Old Red Sandstone" is his chief geological publication. Within a few weeks a little work, made up of articles from The Witness, has appeared from his pen, defending Scotland against the historian Macaulay. His piety and extraordinary abilities, together with his warm espousal of the Free Church cause at the Disruption, led to his appointment as editor of their organ, when The Witness was established. The productions of his pen at once gave that journal a high rank. Long will it probably be before Scotland can fill the chasm made by the death of Hugh Miller.

## DEATH OF DR. HARRIS, OF ENGLAND.

Death is fast mowing down some of the brightest and most gifted sons of Great Britain. Whilst the Free Church of Scotland is mourning over the death of its best man, the English Independents are also called to lament the death of one of their greatest lights. The London papers bring the following:

"The Congregational denomination in Great Britain has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of New College, St. John's Wood, which he had presided over with distinguished success from its establishment. His death was the more unexpected that his sun was yet in its full meridian, and there was the prospect of long years of usefulness before him here, when his Master required his services in another province of his kingdom. It is for those he has left behind to bow and to adore. Dr. Harris was of very humble extraction, and began life with little beyond the most ordinary elements of education—a disadvantage which only the most indefatigable industry enabled him at last to overcome. How complete and brilliant was his triumph, his subsequent career sufficiently shows. We remember the sensation produced on the first appearance of his prize essay, 'Mammon,' the grasp which it took upon the public mind, and the impression produced by its vivid delineations and its solemn appeals. To that work we are warranted in attributing much of the higher standard of Christian liberality which has ever since been maintained. And among its services this was not the least, that it introduced to public notice another work of the author, 'The Great Teacher,' which had till then been almost unnoticed, and which, though less adapted for popular reading, is admitted to surpass the prize essay in grasp and profundity of thought."

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Right actions for the future are the best explanations or apologies for wrong ones in the past: the best evidence of regret for them that we can offer, or the world receive. —*Edwards.*

## CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

LITTLE progress would have been made in the science of astronomy had men only gazed on the stars in their glorious confusion, like the shepherds on the plains of Chaldea of old. Impressions might have been received regarding their vastness and their crowding number, but nothing would have been defined: as a science, astronomy would never have been known. It was the careful study of star by star that gave order to the science, founded on the order which reigns among the spheres; and so originated a department of knowledge whose objects fatigue the very imagination—man's feeble powers toil after it in vain.

And the same would be true of the work of the Spirit of God. Did we look to it only in the aggregate, without considering its departments and details, all would be confusion: if there were light, it would be light to dazzle rather than to guide. To comprehend this noble subject aright, we should descend into some details connected with the all-decisive work of the Spirit of God in the heart and life of man.

The first look that we can take of man after the light of the Bible has been concentrated upon him, shows him to us as a moral wreck. He has lofty powers, but they are bowed to the dust as the servants or the slaves of the body. Gross darkness broods over the understanding—the heart is estranged from the chief good. Even conscience is biased and distorted, while the appetites have vaulted into the throne of reason; and that wondrous microcosm, the soul of man, thus stands before us a degraded and an abject thing. The question, then, arises, How is this evil to be remedied? How is this confusion to be reduced to order, and how are harmony and beauty to reign again, where their place has been usurped by deformity and discord? That is the work of the Spirit of God; and in accomplishing these results, his first work is to convince the soul of sin. It has continued till now unconscious of its real disorder. It has either cried, "Peace, peace, when there was no peace," or, if troubled and unhappy, it could not understand the reason, or would not be persuaded by man that sin was the root and origin of its woe. The soul was wearing a convict's dress, and yet tried to persuade itself that it was a seemly robe. It was chafed by the fetters of a spiritual bondage, and yet it dreamed that it was free. It realized the fable of the burning dress which Deijanira gave to Hercules: the soul wore such a robe, and it was wasted, scorched, consumed.

In this condition, conscience sometimes remonstrated, but its voice was soon hushed, for natural conscience was too powerless to reclaim. It might persuade man to whitewash the sepulchre, or to disguise what galled him; but natural conscience could not cure the evil, nay, it was often warped and biased: it perhaps became seared as with a hot iron, and not seldom left the sinner undisturbed to sin with a high hand. Even it learned to put sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet.

Nor was this state of things remedied by all the appliances which affection could employ, or all the power which authority could wield. Providential blessings—frowning trials—shattered hopes—coming death—all—all might be vain to rouse the infatuated soul to think. It was true, as often quoted, that

> "Parents first season: then schoolmasters
> Deliver us to laws: they send us bound
> To rules of reason—holy messengers—
> Pulpits and Sundays—sorrow dogging sin—
> Afflictions sorted—anguish of all sizes—
> Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in—
> Bibles laid open—millions of surprises—
> Blessings beforehand—ties of gratefulness—
> The sound of glory ringing in our ears—
> Without, our shame—within, our consciences—
> Angels and grace—eternal hopes and fears—
> Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
> One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away."

All this might be—all this might surround the soul, and seem to rouse it to goodness, or fence it off from sin; yet all this man could recklessly disregard or resolutely overleap. The "cunning bosom-sin" would snap the whole, as Samson snapped the withes; and the result, perhaps, would be more determined ungodliness, because the passions and propensities of the soul had for a time been pent up and kept in a condition of restraint. Man, in spite of all these, heaps upon himself a crushing weight of guilt: his efforts are self-paralyzed, and he is left at last in the vain delusion that to be the slave of sin is to be free indeed. If the supposition be true, that

only ten millions of the existing generation are converted to God, or one in ninety, O how many millions in nominal Christendom verify the description now given!

But we recur to the question, How is the evil to be remedied? Since all human appliances fail, how is man to be roused, made rational, self-loving, or taught that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom? There is a youth hastening to drink up iniquity, as the ox drinketh water. His mother's heart is breaking, and his father's prayers are accumulating like dark, portentous clouds of wrath above him. How is he to be rescued and reclaimed? There is an old man waxing feeble exceedingly, yet he grasps or hugs the world, and his embrace is close in proportion as the time draws nigh when he must abandon all. How is he to be touched and transformed? One answer tallies to all such questions. The Spirit of God must convince of sin, must show that sinner, young or old, what he is—what God is—what the abominable thing is; and only then is reason restored to its throne, or conscience replaced in its legitimate position. The sinner, young or old, must be led to Sinai to hear its thunders—to Calvary, to hear of its holiness, and justice, and truth, irradiated all by its love. Then, awakened by the Spirit to *think*, to feel, to reason aright, that soul will never more find rest, till it find it at the foot of the cross, from the Prince of Peace who was crucified there. The Spirit who thus quickens and enlightens leads now to the Word of God, hitherto neglected and despised. It is seen to be as full of truths, all condemnatory of sin, as the midnight sky is full of stars; and becoming thus like-minded with God, hope may begin to be cherished that that soul is not far from the kingdom. It is at least dislodged from that resting-place which seemed the grave of the spirit of man.

We have wandered amid the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and marvelled at the entireness of their overthrow. The dilapidated forum, the dismantled temple, the crushed or broken pillar, the dislocated arch, the mutilated statue, the entombed riches—all that voluptuousness could suggest to the sensual, and luxury minister to the sated, are there in mingled confusion—a chaos in marble, in mosaics, and other works of taste. Now, what power of man could restore these to their former state? What ingenuity could rebuild these ruins, and refit them as they were before? Though difficult, such an achievement might be accomplished. What wealth and taste and power could do, wealth and taste and power, human ingenuity or human muscles, could do again. But what human power shall refit the ruined soul—shall restore harmony between the Divine mind and man's, and lift the distempered and deranged creature up to fellowship and sympathy with the Holy One again? Only the creative power which called him into existence can accomplish that result; and till it be accomplished, man is a wreck, a ruined and a self-destroyed being. The most solemn circumstances, the most startling appeals, are insufficient to rouse—they can all be trampled under foot. See, for example, the high-priest of the Jews on the great day of atonement within the holy of holies. He stands where none but he may stand and live. He is alone with God, confronted with the visible glory, and in a position where it might appear rash even for the heart to beat. And how does he approach? Seven times he sprinkles blood upon the mercy-seat; that is, seven times he seeks mercy through atoning blood: seven times he confesses that he is a sinner, and deserves to die: seven times he tells by the most significant symbol, that without shedding of blood there is no hope and no happiness for him; and seven times does he point to the blood which cleanses from all sin, which brings the sinner nigh unto the holy God again. It were difficult to conjecture all the crowding feelings of a devout high-priest on that solemn spot and day; but we know from history that there is enough in man's heart to carry him untouched, unawed, and unimpressed through all that was awful there. There were high-priests who could stand there alone with God, and yet God might not be in all their thoughts: there were high-priests who could seven times pour out the typical blood of atonement, and yet never feel the need of it: seven times they could confess that they deserved to die, and yet the confession was only a mockery and a form. It is not a gorgeous ritual—it is not a magnificent

ceremony—it is the Spirit of God alone who can impress man with eternal realities, or lift him from his deep degradation.

It is not to be concealed, however, that many have gone as far as we have now described, and yet have not been saved. For example, many, when the Holy Spirit convinces them of sin, strive to throw off great sins. They forsake what irritates and vexes the conscience. As their light is greater than before, they cannot walk so openly in sin. But it is only *some sins*, not *sin as sin*, that they abandon. The root remains untouched though the branches be lopped off. There has as yet been no radical change in the soul. All is nature still—nature a little purified, a little quickened and elevated, but not transformed. The soul is still hovering over what has been called "the abysmal sleep of death."

Here, therefore, conviction of sin branches off in two directions. First, some draw back to the broad road. They had only diverged from it for a season, without an entire abandonment; and they often bound back with a relish and an eagerness proportioned to their former temporary restraint. They become as much the children of hell as before. They are not seldom found among the ranks of persecutors. None so determined as they in enjoying the pleasures of sin; none more bent on hindering those who would enter by the strait gate; and none more hopeless, because of the high hand with which they sometimes hasten to do evil.

But, on the other hand, the conviction of sin may ripen into a blessed conversion. Instead of grieving and quenching the Spirit, some yield to his holy movements, and, along diverse channels, are led to the peace of God which passeth all understanding. Old things pass away: the image of God is restored to the soul: it is made one spirit with the Lord: a brand is plucked from the burning: another is added to the multitude whom no man can number. The man, thus converted by the Spirit of God, is taken from the fearful pit and from the miry clay; his feet are set upon a rock; his going is established, and a new song put into his mouth, even praise unto our God.

And the effects of this are very beautiful to the spiritual eye. When Cuvier, the great naturalist, began some of his researches among the bones furnished by the quarries of Paris, he says: "I found myself as if placed in a charnel-house, surrounded by mutilated fragments of many hundred skeletons of more than twenty kinds of animals, piled confusedly around me. The task assigned me was to restore them all to their original position. At the voice of comparative anatomy, every bone and fragment of a bone resumed its place. I cannot find words to express the pleasure I experienced in seeing, as I discovered one character, how all the consequences which I predicted from it were successively confirmed. The feet were found in accordance with the characters announced by the teeth; the teeth in harmony with those indicated beforehand by the feet: the bones of the legs and thighs, and every connecting portion of the extremities, were found set together precisely as I had arranged them before my conjectures were verified by the discovery of the parts entire: in short, each species was, as it were, reconstructed from a single one of its component elements."

Now, something of the same kind takes place in the reconstruction of the soul, by the mighty power of the New-Creator. Symmetry is restored among the different parts. The understanding, once captivated or filled with every thing but God, now delights to know his ways. The will, formerly so restive and rebellious, now begins to desire to be what God would have us; and though the convert must often say, "How to perform that which I would do, I find not," yet the bent of the will is toward the Holy One: the believer would say with all his heart, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." And then the heart, once so averse to God that God himself speaks of it as enmity against him, finds true delight in communion with him. It is happy when he is felt to be near: it is lonely and feels deserted if his countenance be hid but for a little.

Perhaps we cannot better describe the effects of conversion than by saying that for the first time it makes man truly rational: never till that takes place does the mind reason soundly, or go to right conclusions regarding God, eternity, and the soul. It was

for the smile and the favor of man that the unconverted soul lived—God was disregarded; and could that be deemed rational? It was for the brief span of human life and life's concerns that the unconverted soul struggled, and pined, and endured—eternity and heaven were utterly out of mind; and, O! could that be regarded as rational? But all is rectified when the soul is converted. Reason becomes paramount; God gets the supreme place; and the soul understands why Solomon so often speaks of the wicked as fools—why he says in one place, "Fools make a mock at sin;" at another, "It is as a sport to a fool to do mischief;" in a third, "Fools despise wisdom and instruction;" and in a hundred, that they are fools who err from the ways of God. A fool and a wicked person are, in Solomon's portions of Scripture, generally convertible terms. The highest reason prompts to think as God thinks, to judge as God judges, and to weigh all for time and eternity in the balance of the sanctuary; and these are the manifested results of the converting grace of the Holy Spirit. In brief, man becomes then a partaker of the Divine nature. The wisdom, the righteousness, the holiness, the freedom of the Supreme, are shared by the converted man through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Care should be taken, however, lest this great and decisive truth of conversion—the new birth, or effectual calling—be lifted into undue importance. It is beyond all question radical, vital, and indispensable. Withal, however, it is only the commencement of our spiritual being. To suppose that we may relax our efforts, because we hope we are converted, is like taking a step backwards, in the direction of spiritual death. The grace which is then planted in the soul is not to remain dormant; nay, it is to grow, and to bear fruit in abundance to the glory of the Great Husbandman. The whole tone of the Word of God tells of growth, progress, consolidation, perfection. "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord;" "We are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end"—these are the words of Eternal Wisdom; and he is wise indeed who is thus like-minded with God, who is pressing into the kingdom, who is going on to perfection, and satisfied to the full with nothing till he shall be presented unto God without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. That is the true believer's spirit—that is the genuine evidence of true conversion. The supine and the careless continue drooping, pining, and unblessed; the soul which presses onward and upward, will find its happiness grow and augment at every heavenward step.

The history of the Church is full of the beautiful effects of conversion. The Almighty Spirit has found a youth drinking up iniquity, as the ox drinketh water: seeking pleasure in sin, and trying to hug the phantoms of time, as if they could make him glad. It is Augustine, crushing his mother's heart, but not able to crush her faith in God. He is snatched from the pile which his own hand had reared, and where he was about to be self-consumed for ever. The same Omnipotent One sees another—it is the son of the miner at Eisleben—struggling to appease an earnest conscience amid the drudgery and the drivelling of a monkish cell. He guides the wretched man to the Lord our righteousness, and there light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. The same Holy One, whose unction is almighty, sees another noble though ruined soul fighting against Omnipotence, wise with the wisdom and skilled with the science of earth, but less than a babe in the science of heaven. Him, also, that Spirit impresses. The truth is lodged in the soul, and another prisoner is set free, another mighty man—it is Thomas Chalmers—stands forth among the champions of the truth. He receives gifts from God, and showers them in rich and lovely profusion upon thousands of his own generation, and other thousands yet unborn. What hath God wrought? is the question of many a heart.

Nor should it be concealed that the life of man often takes its whole tone and character from the peculiar character of his conversion. Were his views of sin then superficial, and scarcely different from those of the world? Did he hasten to grasp at peace and consolation without ever studying the true cause of sorrow? Then he will most probably continue to hover close upon the margin between the world and the Church of God. He will never disturb the world by any vigorous pro-

test against its sin and folly; nay, he may be found from time to time sipping its insipidities, and looking with at least a half-wistful eye at its pleasures. He will never be a reformer even on the most microscopic scale. But was the transition from spiritual death to spiritual life made amid circumstances which opened up the hatefulness of sin, as offensive to God and ruinous to man? Was it studied amid the lurid light of Sinai, as well as the mellow radiance of Calvary? Then lowly lies that soul. It walks tenderly with God. The life is one long protest against sin—one long struggle with it. Almighty grace is leant upon; and that is the man whose presence will awe the very godless. Even they will take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.—*Christian Treasury.*

## TEACHING CHILDREN RHYMES.

Some one, in urging upon parents the duty of teaching their children spiritual songs and hymns, very appropriately remarks that "there is a chord in every human soul which is touched by poetry:" hence the magical power of ballads, national songs, and religious hymns. Listen to the snatches of popular ditties which you hear in the street from passers-by, after you have gone to bed, and you will own that metre and music have avenues to human souls, and, consequently, that they should be largely employed in religion. There is reason to believe that versified truth has peculiar force upon the common mind, as it is certain that it affords aid to the memory. Luther and the other reformers felt this, and hence arose the wonderfully rich collection of hymns in the German language, to which there is, perhaps, nothing comparable on earth. To this stock Luther himself contributed much. He was aided by Hans Sachs, the poetical shoemaker. In a later period came Paul Gerhardt, the greatest hymn-writer of Germany, if not of the world. Wherever there are pious Germans, you find them with their beloved hymn-books; and, from frequent use, they generally know great numbers of these hymns by heart. It is an error to confine children to the learning of children's hymns, because when they become older these will have lost much of their fitness. Why should we not fill our children's minds with the choicest evangelical hymns in the language? These they will remember after we are dead and gone. They should not merely be learned once and then left for others, but repeated again and again, and sung over, in order to fix them in the memory, and to lay a basis for lasting associations. The old words and the old tune come back to us with indescribable tenderness. Let the pious mother, when causing her boy to learn some sacred song, say to herself, "Perhaps, years hence, my son will remember the saving truth of this hymn, as having been taught by his mother."—*Home Journal.*

## ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

BY MOORE.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays,
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

# Literary Notices.

## THE BOOK OF JOB.

We are indebted for a copy of this work to the Secretary of Revision Association; and for the following review, to a Kentucky lady. How many Tennessee ladies are watching with such anxious solicitude the labors of the Bible Union? How many so highly appreciate those labors?

The Book of Job. A Translation from the Original Hebrew on the Basis of the Common and Earlier English Versions. With an Introduction and Explanatory Notes for the English reader. For the American Bible Union. By Thomas J. Conant, D. D., Professor of Sacred Literature in Rochester Theological Seminary. (Price, 75 cents.)

A copy of this work has been placed in our hands by James Edmunds, Cor. Sec'y of Bible Revision Association, Louisville, Ky. We can but echo what has been so eloquently and discriminately said in its praise. It is doubtless one of the greatest achievements of the age.

To present truth in the clearest, fairest light; to employ language which, like clear water, renders visible the golden sands of thought below, especially where that thought is a Divine communication upon the proper appreciation and reception of which depends man's future destiny—surely such a work may be denominated great.

Turning to the introduction, you are brought into the presence of four men, "venerable in years and character, princes and sages of their tribes; one suddenly brought from the height of worldly happiness, rich, honored, surrounded by a numerous and prosperous family, to find himself poor, childless, the prey of a loathsome and incurable disease, an object of contempt and insult to the meanest outcasts of society; the others, friends on a visit of condolence, who, according to their view of the government of God, are led to assume his guilt as the cause of his sufferings, and, therefore, strive to induce him to acknowledge and repent of his wickedness, and to justify his righteous Judge. Job, on the other hand, conscious of his rectitude, denies their inferences in regard to himself, and condemns the standpoint from which they judge of men as false and untenable." But I forbear to quote; rather let me urge every person who has had before him the great problem of God's government, and vainly attempted to solve it, to carefully read this masterly production, this discriminating analysis of the grandest poem of ancient or modern times. Then, let him turn to the poem itself, which, under the hand of the translator, is like a painting of one of the old masters from which has been removed the dust of ages; and, before the sublime creation standing forth in its pristine glory, he cannot but bow and adore its Divine author.

Doubtless, however, many, on comparing revised passages with the common version, will be ready to undervalue or think lightly of the change.

It is said that a person on entering the studio of an artist friend, and having the results of many extra touches pointed out to him, exclaimed: "These are but trifles!" The artist replied: "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." May not the same be said in reply to those who look only at parts of this great work and pronounce them trifles? To be fully appreciated, it must be surveyed, like a piece of sculpture, as a whole.

Allow me to attempt to point out some of those delicate and scarcely appreciated touches which together go to make this revised poem a masterpiece. The following I would name

as specimens wherein greater clearness has been secured:

| COMMON VERSION. | REVISED VERSION. |
|---|---|
| And that he would shew thee the secrets of wisdom, that *they are* double to that which is! | And would show thee the secrets of wisdom, how manifold is understanding. |
| Now therefore be content, look upon me; for *it is* evident unto you if I lie. | And now, consent to look upon me; for I will not speak falsely to your face. |
| Return, I pray you, let it not be iniquity; yea, return again, my righteousness *is* in it. | Return I pray; let there be no wrong; yea return; I yet have a righteous cause. |
| but what doth your arguing reprove? | but what does your upbraiding prove? |
| Do ye imagine to reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, *which are* as wind? | Do ye intend to censure words, when the words of the despairing are as wind? |
| *Is* not *this* thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope, and the uprightness of thy ways? | Is not thy fear thy confidence? thy hope, it is the uprightness of thy ways. |

And surely one with a "nice ear" cannot but acknowledge the greater "harmony"—speaking rhetorically—in the revised passages following:

| | |
|---|---|
| For my sighing cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters. | For with my food comes my sighing; and my moans are poured forth as water. |
| But he saveth the poor from the sword, from their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty. | So he rescues the victim from their mouth, and the needy from the hand of the strong. |
| And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle *shall be* in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shall not sin. | So shalt thou know, that thy tent is in peace, and shalt visit thy pastures, and miss nothing. |
| They are destroyed from morning to evening; they perish for ever, without any regarding it. | From morning to evening they are destroyed, so that, unheeded, they perish for ever. |
| *Is* there not an appointed time to man upon earth? | Has not man a term of warfare on the earth? |
| thine eyes *are* upon me, and I *am* not. | thine eyes will seek me, but I shall not be. |
| I loathe *it*; I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days *are* vanity. | I waste away; I shall not always live; cease from me; for my days are a vapor. |
| To set up on high those that be low; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety. | He sets the humble on high, and the mourning are raised to prosperity. |
| He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. | In six troubles, he will deliver thee; yea in seven there shall no evil befall thee. |
| Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. | Thou shalt come to the grave in hoary age, as the sheaf is gathered in, in its season. |
| Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak, and let come on me what will. | Keep silence before me, that I now may speak; and let come upon me what will. |
| If my land cries out against me, or that the furrows thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: | If my land cries out against me, and all its furrows weep; if I have eaten its fruits without pay, and made its tenants sigh out their breath: |
| Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. | Let thorns come forth, in place of wheat, and weeds in place of barley. |
| I will speak that I may be refreshed. | I will speak and be relieved. |
| Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto men. | Let me not regard the person of man; nor will I give flattery to a man. |
| For I know not how to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away. | For I know not how to flatter: speedily would my Maker take me away. |
| What time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place. | At the time they are poured off, they fail; when it is hot, they are consumed from their place. |
| The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing, and perish. | The caravans, along their way, turn aside; they go up into the wastes, and perish. |
| Then should I yet have comfort; yea, I would harden myself in sorrow: let him not spare; for I have not concealed the words of the Holy One. | For it should still be my solace, yea, I would exult in pain that spares not, that I have not denied the words of the Holy One. |
| My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, *and* as the stream of brooks they pass away. | My brethren are deceitful, like the brook, as the channel of brooks that pass away. |

But I need not accumulate passages; for those who seek them, similar specimens are to be found upon every page of the poem.

Now and then, you meet passages where the sense seems changed; for instance, the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Yea, ye overwhelm the fatherless, | Ye would even cast lots for the orphan, |
| Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die. | Then said his wife to him, Dost thou still hold fast thy integrity? Bless God, and die. |
| And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. | And after this my skin is destroyed, and without my flesh, shall I see God. |

The following extracts from a notice of this work, taken from The Louisville Journal, will give to such as have not seen the book a more thorough knowledge of the magnitude of the enterprise:

"A nobler contribution to the advancement of the biblical student has rarely ever been made. Dr. Conant has vindicated his right to be considered one of the first of living Oriental scholars and one of the ablest of biblical critics in an age that teems with scholars and critics of the highest eminence. There has

probably never been a time when biblical literature excited such universal interest as at the present period. An earnest, widespread, and all-pervading desire for biblical knowledge seems to have seized all lands in which such studies have freedom, and a host of scholars in Germany, Russia, England, and America, such as the world has rarely ever possessed, are responding to the general desire for a more perfect knowledge of the written revelation which God has made to man. The theological inertia which has for ages reigned over the received Hebrew and Greek texts seems now to be thoroughly broken up, and it is not unsafe to affirm that more has been done for the critical examination and thorough purification of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament and of the Greek of the New, in the past twenty-five years, than in many preceding centuries. Rödiger, of Halle, the successor of Neander, is justly ranked at the head of the Oriental scholarship of Europe, and the Hebrew text which he prepares for the American Bible Union is justly regarded as one of the purest and most authoritative known. In the Theological Academies of this country where Hebrew is taught, the text of Job prepared by Dr. Rödiger is sought after as the best text of that ancient, and, in many respects, noblest of poems. Tregelles, of London, is probably the greatest living light on the Greek text of the New Testament. The labors of all the great scholars, from Erasmus, running down the stream of time in such names as those of Beza, Hammond, Mill, Calamy, Bentley, Bengel, Wetstein, Benson, Porson, Michaelis, the Bishop of Peterborough, Semler, Griesbach, Scholze, Lachman, and Tischendorf, culminate in the great work which Tregelles is preparing for the press, specimens of which have already been given to the public. No one who has studied that invaluable work of Tregelles, 'An Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament, with Remarks on its Revision upon Critical Principles,' can fail to feel an earnest desire for that greater work on which he is engaged, entitled 'The Greek New Testament, edited from ancient authorities, with the various readings of the ancient MSS. of the ancient versions, and of the earlier ecclesiastical writers (to Eusebius inclusive.) Together with the Latin version of Jerome, from the Codex Amiantinus of the sixth century.' And while these fruitful labors are blessing the earth, all other departments of research and learning that bear upon the main principle of making the Bible clear, full, free, and pure as it was given by the pen of inspiration, are engaged with intense activity in contributing their full quota to the general result. The age of progress, in order to be prolific of good, should feel in all its motor forces the vitalizing power of the word of the living God; and for attaining a knowledge of what that word is, and whether what passes for it is really the voice of inspiration, no sacrifice of labor, time, or money that may be necessary should be considered too great.

"But we turn now to the labors of Dr. Conant on the book of Job. We have them before us, in the beautiful and splendid typography of the Bible Union, in three forms, each a quarto. In the first, we have in parallel columns the Hebrew text, the text of the authorized version, and the revised text; and in the second, we have the revised text with marginal readings, and a mass of the most remarkable information in the way of notes that we have ever seen. Indeed, many great libraries might be searched in vain for the useful and vital information contained in these notes. In the third form, we have simply the revised text with marginal readings, without notes.

"The first of these forms is in great demand among scholars and theological students on account of the pure and accurate Hebrew text. In addition to this, the philological notes of Dr. Conant have never been surpassed in this or any other country. Under the rule of the Bible Union, each reviser is bound to give his authorities and reasons for every departure from the text of King James's version. This rule has already given birth to a mass of biblical criticism in this country that cannot fail to be of immense service to the progress of studies of the Bible.

"But it is to the second form of Dr. Conant's labors on the book of Job to which we desire to call the attention of our readers. While the scholar displays his masterly skill in the revision of the text, the instructor lends his high gifts to a thorough understanding of

every thing contained in this ancient book, probably the oldest poem of the earth. We have read all the great masters who have attempted to elucidate the book of Job—and it has commanded the services of many of the best minds that have flourished among men—and we feel that it is no disparagement to Bishop Lowth, Ilgen, Mede, Turner, and Good, to say that Dr. Conant's notes and introduction to Job outweigh in value every thing of the kind that has appeared on the subject. The introduction is one of the most eloquent, instructive, and useful essays on sacred criticism that is to be found in the whole range of biblical literature, and we should rejoice to see it in the hands, not only of every lover of the Bible, but of every one that delights in scoffing at that book. Infidelity has never given birth to such an expression of mental power. The first section of this introduction treats of the inspiration and Divine authority of the book; 2d, of what is taught in Job; 3d, subject of the book and mode of treating it; 4th, doctrine of the book; 5th, the truth of the whole book; 6th, a vindication of the historical character of the personages and events of the book; 7th, inquiry into the country and age of Job and his friends, the ancestry of Job; 8th, the writer of the book; 9th, the position of the book of Job in the inspired literature of the Church. These various topics are carried along in a clear, full, vigorous, pure stream of eloquence and beauty, which shows that, while Dr. Conant has made himself one of the chiefs of Oriental literature in its various languages and dialects, he has not been inattentive to the mastery of a terse, vigorous, intelligible, comprehensive, and forcible English style. The singular wealth of his English is conspicuous in every part of his revision, and his thorough scholarship, displayed in transferring the inspired ideas of the Hebrew into English, has commanded the warm approbation of the highest biblical authorities in Europe and America. Jewish and Gentile scholarship have alike joined in the strongest commendation of Dr. Conant's revision; and we question whether any thing of the kind ever commanded such praise as has been awarded to this work, from such supreme authorities in learning as have borne testimony to the thoroughness, excellence, and fidelity of portions of this revision of Job.

"We are tempted to make a quotation from the introduction to this work, but we are embarrassed by the riches in making a selection. The following is perhaps as fair an example of the whole as we can find. After speaking of the general character of the inspired records, Dr. Conant thus displays the special traits of the inspired literature of Job: 'The book of Job stands at the head of the poetical portions of the Old Testament, in respect to unity of conception and sustained dignity, beauty, and power of execution. The sublime religious lessons which it is designed to teach take form in a dramatic poem whose strains of tragic grandeur and elegiac tenderness, its magnificent pictures of nature, and perpetually varied graces of imagery and expression, claim for it a place among the brightest gems of literature. The inexhaustible richness of poetic material must impress every attentive reader. All along the main track of thought, the virgin soil throws up unnumbered flowers to delight and prolong the way. Such, in chapter vi. for example, is the illustration of hollow friendship, loud in prosperity but failing at the hour of need, by the image of the disappointed caravan, seeking water along the course of an exhausted torrent and perishing in the wastes. Such is the vision of Eliphaz in the fourth chapter, and the sweet pastoral touches in the conclusion of the fifth. Such, in chap. xxxviii. 14, is the elegant figure of the signet-clay.'

[Here follow biblical extracts as specimens of the revision.]

"But we are aware of the fact that specimens of parts of a work of excellence give but a faint idea of its merits as a whole. The diligent reader should possess himself of a thorough acquaintance with this masterpiece of biblical scholarship, and study the accompanying notes. The scholar will rejoice in the philological authorities with which Dr. Conant undertakes to sustain his deviation from King James's version; and they are the only proper judges of the fidelity with which Dr. Conant has performed his undertaking. But the revised text with English notes is for the masses of readers, and they will rejoice to find that, in this revised text and in the

notes, an attempt has been made to bring to the home of their understanding all the lights that the learning of the world has thrown upon this grandest of all poems, the book of Job. We rejoice in every attempt thus to instil into the popular mind the glowing beauties and powers of the word of the living God. The vitalities of biblical learning should not be locked up in the libraries of scholars, nor monopolized by the learned. They should fill the popular heart and mind with all their energizing forces, and bring universal humanity to that nearness to God which consists in thoroughly comprehending, appreciating, and doing all that is taught in his eternal truth. At no period has there been a more universal reverence for the word of God than at this time; at no former period has there been a more earnest yearning on the part of the people after every thing that can facilitate a perfect understanding of all that God has said to man. Tregelles well remarks that 'dogmatic discussions (of deep and real importance in themselves) once occupied the minds of theologians; thus textual criticism was neglected, or even shunned by those who ought to have cultivated it, as intimately connected with true reverence for God's inspired and holy word.' A brighter day has dawned upon the scholarship of this age, and the masses of the people will be gainers by these new and noble impulses of Christian scholarship.

"We have dwelt upon the merits of Dr. Conant's labors upon the book of Job, in the English notes, because we think they are in the highest degree creditable to American scholarship. These labors have won the highest approbation of the leading scholars of Europe and America; and Europe has as yet produced nothing on the book of Job that can be compared with this part of the American work. We sincerely rejoice that, while our country is taking the lead of all the world in many of the departments of civilization, she is, in the noblest of all—sacred literature—honorably earning the highest renown, based on the greatest success.

"Those who may be desirous of obtaining either or all of the three forms of Dr. Conant's Revision of Job may do so by ordering them at the rooms of the Revision Association. They can be sent by mail to any part of the country."

# Editor's Drawer.

## IS THIS LIGHT?

THE following article from President Eaton was designed for the January number of this magazine, but was not received early enough to appear. We now publish it with pleasure; not, however, because we regard it eminently luminous or at all satisfactory, but because we esteem its author, and he requests its publication.

DEAR BROTHER JONES:—I observed in the last number of The Visitor a short paragraph from your pen, in which you say that "Baptists want light" in regard to what is to be taught in the Theological Department of Union University. For the satisfaction of those individuals to whom you refer, permit me to state briefly what I understand to be the design of this Department.

It is to afford to young men preparing themselves for the work of the gospel ministry the best facilities for understanding and expounding the revealed will of God. And in doing this, the most approved standard works will be used. We shall aim to render them capable of reading critically the Scriptures in the languages in which they were originally written: we shall endeavor to make them acquainted with the history of God's dealings with his people from the time the canon of Scripture was closed to the present: we shall try to bring before their minds the best aids in obtaining a clear understanding of all the doctrines of revealed religion; and, at the same time, to cultivate in them the habit of independent thought in all their investigations, and impress upon them the feeling of responsibility to God in the formation of their opinions in respect to his truth. We hope to be able to teach them, both by precept and example, "to seek for those things

which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another."

In regard to "Old Landmarkism," I presume no effort will be made to influence the minds of students either way. It is one of those questions in regard to which men of equal ability and equal piety may honestly differ; and, as it affects no vital interest, each may be left to form his own conclusions. For myself, I am not an "Old Landmark" man either in principle or in practice. But while I claim for myself the right to invite into my pulpit any man whom I believe capable of instructing and edifying the congregation of which I have the charge, I am willing to grant to others the same privilege which I claim for myself. When a church calls a minister to become her pastor, she delegates to him the power to control the instruction which shall be given from her pulpit, and he becomes responsible to the church for that instruction, so long as that relation exists between them. Each pulpit is independent of every other pulpit; and if I cannot allow any other minister to say to me, "You must not invite into your pulpit those whom you believe would preach to the edification of your charge," the same principle would forbid me to say to him, "You *must* invite those whom I regard as competent, but whom you do not so regard." I will not proscribe him because he judges differently from myself in this matter; and if he has the true spirit of his Master, I am sure he will not proscribe me.

J. H. EATON.

Murfreesboro', Dec. 19, 1856.

Brother E. (wide of the mark) asks permission to state, for the satisfaction of those to whom we referred, what he understands to be "the object of this Department." This he surely knew was not an answer to our inquiry. Does the brother entertain the belief that his brethren are so transcendently ignorant as not to understand the object of a Theological Department? Surely not. Many, however, from the habitual use which editors make of the pronoun "we," and from brother E.'s frequent use of it here, might well rejoice in the belief that he indeed is to be the teacher of Theology; or, at least, an assistant. And yet we are led to suppose he does not so much as sustain the relation of an adjunct to this Department.

If the trustees ever seriously, collectively, and for the honor of God, created a Theological Department in Union University, it is much to be regretted that brother E. was not made the Professor. Then, and reasonably, he, when speaking of the rising ministry, might have said: "We hope to be able to teach them, both by precept and example, 'to seek for those things which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another.'"

He is ordinarily a man of peace. But who else than brother E. entertains such comfortable assurance under the existing order of things? And he, even he, for the realization of this hope, must "look aloft" to Him who "calleth those things which be not as though they were;" and thus, like one of old, he may "against hope believe in hope." But in any event, and to say the least, it is unfortunate that all the trustees were not notified and called together to consider, first, the propriety of establishing the Department, and, secondly, to confer together with reference to a suitable man to train and discipline the minds of young Baptist ministers in the South. A board, whether of trustees or directors, is an assembly—a council convened for business; and individual members may not rightfully do those things which legally constituted assemblies are authorized to do. There may have been, and no doubt was, a quorum present; but it would have been respectful, and only respectful, to the trustees who are Baptists, and the Baptist denomination, to have solicited a full attendance upon the occasions referred to.

In regard to "Old Landmarkism," brother E. *presumes* "no effort will be made to influence the minds of students either way."

There are three presumptions in law, and brother E. does not tell us which of these he ventures upon as expressive of his idea. If it be but a light or probable presumption, then any one else may by presuming approximate the truth as nearly as he. And I presume Old Landmarkism will be taught; and I give as evidence, the fact that the Professor was teaching it broadcast when called to become a teacher in Union University. And this circumstantial evidence would be regarded by the expounders of English law as a violent or strong presumption, and very nearly approaching positive proof.

"Next to positive proof," says Blackstone, "circumstantial evidence, or the doctrine of *presumptions*, must take place; for when the fact cannot be demonstratively evinced, that which comes nearest to the proof of the fact is the proof of such circumstances as either necessarily or usually attend such facts. These are called *presumptions*. Violent presumption is many times equal to full proof." We leave it with brother E., as an LL.D., to

determine whether in point of law, as applicable to presumptive evidence, our view as to what will be taught in the Theological chair is not correct. And if ours be correct, his of course is not.

But suppose our conclusions incorrect and brother E. right, and that "no effort will be made to influence the minds of students either way:" is not this an unfortunate position? If Old Landmark reset occupies the right ground, and Baptists are a "half-hearted," "half-principled" people, those just entering the ministry ought to be informed of these facts; or if no other than Baptists are preachers of the gospel, we should not shrink from communicating the fact to our young ministers. If Baptists must have nothing to do with other denominations religiously, our young ministers ought to be so instructed.

But if, on the other hand, "Old Landmark, reset," be simply a humbug, promotive of personal consideration, at the hazard of discord and division among the churches, should this not be known also? If old-fashioned Baptists are not still to be taunted by *young American Resetters* with such opprobrious epithets as "half-hearted," etc., will you not see to it, my brother, that young ministers shall at least go where they can be taught good manners?

If there be aught of the primitive spirit of independence remaining among Baptists, it does seem to us that, forgetting "landmark" landmarkers, and all other such perversities, they will yet prefer, to all things else, such training as shall prepare young ministers to go forth sowing the good seed; bearing witness with prophets and apostles that not by Landmarks, but through faith in a crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour, we have forgiveness of sins and access to a Heavenly Father.

And as in the dispensation of God the gospel was preached unto Abraham; as Christ the Son sent Paul the apostle not to baptize but to preach the gospel; and as the third person in the Trinity, the Spirit, permits all who hear to proclaim the welcome invitation, we pray you have us excused from sustaining young ministers at such institutions as may prefer for teachers men who virtually ridicule such faith. And we beseech parents, blessed with children called of God and the churches to preach the unsearchable riches of truth, to select for their training, institutions and men sound in the faith which without hesitancy will faithfully and prayerfully influence their minds in the good and the right way.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God reveals to our lost race a way of escape from the torments of an endless hell. The danger is imminent, but the remedy infinitely more potent than the rod of Moses. Once a suffering people were commanded to *look* and *live:* now we by *faith* receive greater relief and a more enduring life.

A sin-atoning sacrifice has been made by the Word, and the Word, which was made flesh and dwelt among men, is now to be preached for the healing of the people, and not alone by an arrogant or titled few; *for all who hear may preach.* The area of gospel grace is not circumscribed by the limits of the official ministry or the Church-membership. Jesus, the "Spirit, and the Bride, say come, and *let him that heareth say come,* and let him that is athirst come." Such are some of the Heaven-appointed means for bringing the world under the influence of the gospel. We rejoice in contemplation of the ample provision; and feel a strange thrill of horror, a feeling of unutterable astonishment, when we see men set apart by the churches quarrelling with each other as to the Divine right to point an erring brother the way to Christ, to heaven, and to happiness. It is to be regretted that the Spirit and the Bride are not sufficiently authoritative with some men.

How it is that any one entertaining brother E.'s views can see that the question of Old Landmark as now presented "affects no vital interest," is vastly beyond my comprehension. Preaching, hearing, receiving, and believing the gospel, upon which depends the eternal salvation of millions, are matters of the most vital interest known to mortal man. They are the interests which brought Christ from heaven and to death. And if the preaching of the gospel is to be restricted to the lines of the Resetters, then, as there is no other way than that revealed in the gospel, salvation, of necessity, becomes proportionably restricted. But this view may have been regarded as one step toward reconciling Baptists—these "half-

hearted" folks—to the recent action of the trustees in reference to a teacher of Theology in *their* University. How is it that a portion of the trustees have elected, and brother E. is coöperating with, one in the chair of Theology who, prior to his selection, had announced in book form, and repeatedly through the papers, his new-fangled theology? Had the president and trustees not seen his oft-recurring publications setting forth his convictions in regard to Old Landmark? And had they not seen, in connection therewith, the idea that whenever our Associations or Conventions choose to adopt a course in which he cannot acquiesce—when they choose to differ with him, or, forsooth, to do as they have hitherto done—he shall withdraw? Had they not seen all these things and more? How will these brethren act in Associations and Conventions to come? How would they have others act? And how, if looking to men, do they so confidently hope for peace? Will the next Convention demonstrate the power of dictation, prophecy, and threats? or, will somebody withdraw?

But that to which we most object in the communication of brother E. is in reality the stepping-stone to Landmark Theology. His sympathies and arguments, whether intentionally or not, have, to our view, an evident inclination thitherward. That sort of dictation and personal preëminence which he sets up for the clergy has been peculiarly characteristic of those who have preceded him in the defence and espousal of "these new notions," and are clearly such as Baptists have not endured. He says: "When a church calls a minister to become her pastor, she delegates to him the power to control the instruction which shall be given from her pulpit, and he becomes responsible to the church for that instruction so long as that relation exists between them." We have sometimes heard the records of a church with reference to the call of ministers, but never heard of a reference to, or record of, such delegated power; nor have we ever heard of a church holding her pastor responsible for the instruction given in his absence. One of us, brother E., very greatly misapprehends the pastoral relation; and as you have so often sustained this relation, it may seem somewhat irreverent for me to question for a moment the correctness of your position. I do it, nevertheless, and fearlessly. Baptists, my brother, have not been thus priest-ridden, nor will be, until it shall be shown, as it never has been, that the Christian ministry is a priesthood. Establish this, and pastors may possibly be permitted to *control instruction*. Until then, we imagine churches will not often delegate or permit their pastors to usurp the powers you claim. All powers not expressly delegated are retained. The pastor is called, not that he may select teachers for the congregation calling him, but is himself to teach, to feed the flock, visit his congregation, administer the ordinances, and, in conjunction with *other members*, to rule and govern the church. His power is only declarative—is ministerial, and not in anywise of a priestly character. A Christian church does not approach God through or by her pastor, but through Christ, the Head of the Church. Pastoral dictation is therefore unwarrantable presumption. We know, if you please, for thus believing, we should be subjected to the anathemas of the Church of Rome, but surely shall not incur the censure of intelligent Baptists—men who for salvation or daily access to God look neither to pope, priest, nor bishop. Ministers at this day ought to know, and do know, that they are not the only mediums of spiritual communication between earth and heaven, but that every individual child of grace and heir of heaven is as much a king and priest to God as his pastor, and equally with him bound to glorify God in his body and spirit.

After all, this thing of preaching the gospel, like many other things, is comparative. For example: One may be said to be learned, and yet not be so wise as other people; another may be said to have money, and not have as much as some others. In one locality a man would be regarded rich who owns ten thousand dollars' worth of property, and in another it requires two or three hundred thousand to constitute riches. So, the good news is preached by such as testify to the Divine character and mission of the Son of God.

"The law and the prophets were until John; since that time, the kingdom of God

is preached." And yet most certainly John did not himself understand the mystery of redemption. While he preached the gospel, there was more in kind which he did not preach. Nor do we suppose it was comprehended by any until Christ was crucified and had risen again. Baptists, we sincerely believe, preach the entire gospel more *perfectly* than all other people on the whole earth; but we cannot therefore say others do not preach the gospel.

Brother E., we believe, has charge of several churches at this time. Suppose, in addition to these, and while yet a member of the Murfreesboro' Church, he were elected and should become pastor of the First Baptist Church in Nashville: he, as a church-member, would be subject to the rule and government of the church in Murfreesboro, responsible to that church and no other: at the same time, according to his view, he "controls the instruction," not which he gives alone, but "which shall be given" here, and is in nowise responsible to the congregation he is instructing. Not only so, but suppose him, when once elected, holding over year after year, for twenty years: would he not for that length of time become the arbiter of the faith, and destiny, and courtesy of the church? and all this, too, while not so much as entitled to commune or vote with the church, except through special courtesy. Such relation would not suit freemen both by nature and grace.

If ministers by Divine authority hold the keys of the kingdom, they may with more propriety claim the right to "*control the instruction which shall be given*"—control the pulpit, and open or shut the church. The pulpit is an integral part of the house, the whole of which belongs to the church; and he who without express grant arrogantly assumes control of the pulpit, may, with equal propriety, control any other portion or all of the house. Where is the democracy of such congregations?

If the people of God be indeed freemen, constituting a "holy priesthood," where is higher authority this side of heaven? and who shall dictate to them, or claim "the power to control the instruction which shall be given" in their own house, from their own pulpit?

Perhaps from the fact that clergymen are expected to offer intercessory prayer, Baptists sometimes learn to feel prelatical; but it would be difficult to prove that preachers more than others either do or should "pray one for another."

They are in fact not to control the churches, but the churches are to control them. They are not ordained to lord it over God's heritage, nor has God granted them any "peculiar or exclusive access to his throne." He has not constituted them "mediators between himself and their fellow-men," and is not confined in the dispensations of his grace to the functions of the pastoral office. And yet these men are the most highly honored instruments of God. "They are his *pastors*, to seek that which is lost, to strengthen the diseased, to heal the sick, to bring back again that which was driven away. They are his *stewards*, 'faithful and wise,' to dispense the inexhaustible provisions of his house to his ransomed family. They are his *watchmen*, to warn the slumbering city of impending danger; his *laborers*, to tend the harvest and gather it into his garners: his *ambassadors*, to negotiate a peace with a revolted race: his *master-builders*, to carry forward with living stones the temple of the Lord, until at length the top-stone shall be laid, with shoutings of, 'Grace, grace unto it!'" J.

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ERRATUM.—In the notice of Dr. Kane's book in the last number, page 325, second column, line 22 from bottom, it is made to say that Dr. Kane set out "with a party of only *seventy*." It should have been *seventeen*. Let the reader turn to the page and mark the correction.

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WE owe our subscribers an apology for the delay of the January number. It was printed as early as we anticipated, but our accommodating clerk, Colonel Eakin, was sick, and the work was thus unexpectedly delayed in the mailing-office eight or ten days.

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A GOOD CHANCE.—Those who within a month will send us two or more new subscribers, with the advance payment, shall have the preceding volume of The Visitor without charge. How many postmasters and present subscribers will do this?