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"God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."—1 PETER v. 5.

By "the proud," in this passage, the Apostle Peter meant the supercilious, the haughty, the presumptuous and arrogant: those persons who are possessed of inordinate self-esteem, and an unreasonable conceit of their own excellences either of body or mind.

And of all the feelings which influence, pervert, and debase poor human nature, none perhaps is more despicable than such pride. It is always the mark of a little mind, and the sure evidence of the absence of any true merit.

But, as despicable as it is, yet it has prevailed very extensively among God Almighty's creatures. It is a daring and brazen-faced sin: it even entered the sacred precincts of heaven, blasted the heart and reputation of an archangel, and changed him into a fiend of hell. Like a loathsome serpent, it wormed its way into the garden of Eden, nipped the fairest flowers of the creative hand, and blasted the bloom and beauty of the earthly paradise. And ever since that day, my brethren, its deformed face is at times to be seen in almost every place and in every position of life. Sometimes it even desecrates the pulpit consecrated to the ministry of the pure gospel of the Son of God; and is seen, with oiled hair, white cravat, and antic jestures, whis-

pering, elocutionizing, and laboring through a sort of moral essay, about as much like the pure and simple gospel of Jesus Christ as the bombastic ravings of a maniac are like the sublime and celestial strains of the Prophet Isaiah.

It comes into the prayer-meeting, exhibits itself in a haughty and arrogant demeanor, and approaches the sacred altar with picked words, rounded syllables, and flights of fancy. It sits in the sanctuary, so cased in fashion and worldly pomp, that the pointed arrows of divine truth cannot penetrate deep enough to wound the heart or cause a single tear to flow. It struts the streets in brocades, is deaf to the calls of charity, and looks with contempt on every thing less gaudy than itself. In short, my hearers, it blinds the minds, poisons the hearts, and makes fools of men and women.

Persons who are much under the influence of this sin think of nothing but themselves, and imagine that all the world is thinking of them too: they suppose that they are the subjects of every conversation, and fancy that every wheel that moves in society has some relation to themselves.

Such is the sin on which rests the withering curse of the Almighty; such are the characters which Peter affirms that God resists.

And Peter is not the only witness to this truth, but his brother apostle, James, testifies in the very same language: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." There is no sin in the holy Bible more universally condemned than that of pride. Solomon declares that "pride goeth before destruction;" that "man's pride shall bring him low:" Isaiah declares "He shall bring down their pride:" Jeremiah says, "My heart shall weep for your pride;" and Daniel, "Those that walk in pride, He is able to abase;" whilst all the writers of the New Testament unite with Peter and James in denouncing this God-condemned sin.

Not only so, my friends, but there is no one sin which the Almighty seems more determined to punish than this. The examples of his displeasure have been most strikingly exhibited. Look at Jeroboam, when, lifted up by pride, he dared to make two golden calves and set them up as idols to be worshipped by Israel, and with daring and presumptuous pride even stretched out his hand against the messenger of God; but the punishment of the Omnipotent fell upon him, and his arm withered up, like a dried branch, at his side. Behold that courtier in gaudy apparel, redolent with honors and royal favors: his heart is swollen almost to bursting. That is proud Haman. See how he stands before the king, and, with self-approving smile, thinks, "Whom would the king delight to do honor more than myself!" But God punished his pride. See him as he humbly walks the streets, leading the horse of the man he hates, and compelled to shout in honor of Mordecai the Jew. Yea, see him as he hangs from the high gallows, a convulsed, distorted, and haggard corpse. That is proud Haman! that is the man who gloated in his pride, boasted of his own dignity, and looked down with contempt and malice upon the poor Jew who sat at the king's gate. But God resisted him—God punished him for his sins: his blasting judgment fell upon the proud reptile. Remember King Herod, when, with imperial pomposity, he sat in the midst of his people, his eye rolling round with presumptuous self-esteem, and his heart bloated with pride. He speaks, and hear the impious shout: "It is the voice of God," they cry, "and not the

voice of man!" The proud and impious monarch gives not to God the honor: he affects to be God himself, and imagines he shakes the spheres and is himself divine. But Jehovah resists him: he laughs him to scorn: punishment falls upon him. The death-worm creeps into his body, and another and still another; and ere the shades of night have mantled the earth, the proud simpleton is eaten up by reptiles. Will you have another example of God's punishment of the proud? Then, behold Nebuchadnezzar, the proud King of Babylon! His crown is on his head, glittering with diamonds, his person is wrapped in scarlet robes, shining with gorgeous flowers of gold and sparkling brilliants: he proudly walks through his mighty city, saying, "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?" But look out there in the field: what creeping thing is that? That creature is a man. Ah! can it be a man? Why, its hair has grown "like eagles' feathers, and its nails like birds' claws:" it "walks on all-fours like a beast, and eats grass like an ox." Nevertheless, it is a man. That is the proud monarch who said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" The curse of Omnipotence rested on him: he is driven out from men: God resisted the proud fool, and he associates with the brutes. Thus God humbleth the proud, thus he abaseth the mighty.

I might, my hearers, give you many other instances, from modern as well as ancient history, of like character; but these are sufficient to teach us the lesson of the text, if we would but learn it, that "God resisteth the proud." Yea, my brethren, not only does he resist and punish them in life, but his withering curse shall rest upon them in death.

Look at that poor, emaciated remnant of humanity, lying on his death-bed: his cheeks pallid, his eyes, deep-sunk in their sockets, faintly glimmer with despair; his wasted muscles tremble with the last agony. That miserable sufferer was once a proud, rich man; that withered form was once dressed in gaudy apparel; that sunken and quivering eye once glanced with hot pride and contempt on the common herd; that feebly-throbbing heart once gloated on its large possessions: broad fields and mighty heaps of shining ore once belonged to him. But now, what taunt-

ing spectres rise up, and, passing by, dash a barbed arrow into his quivering heart! There goes the ghost of a poor beggar! It stops a moment, gazes upon the wretched, dying mortal, and says: "I asked only the crumbs that fell from your richly-loaded table, and was refused. Alas, poor mortal!" Here comes the widow and the orphan. For a moment their wan countenances and mournful eyes rest upon him—their plaintive voices thrill through his heart: "We lived in the wretched cabin near by your princely mansion; we struggled hard with penury and want; but you were too proud to notice us, or lend the helping hand. Now thou art as poor and more wretched than we." But there stands the form of the faithful minister of Jesus! With calm melancholy, he too gazes on the dying worm, and says: "Alas, poor mortal! I warned you of the end of your inordinate pride; I informed you that its end was destruction; I told you that 'God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.' But your heart was too proud to yield, and now it must break." But, worst of all, here comes a bevy of flatterers, once obsequious and ready to cry, "It is the voice of a god!" but now, with grinning scorn, exclaim: "Ah, and hast thou too come to this? O, how fallen!" Broad fields shake their rich fruits in his face, and mockingly say, "No longer yours!" His golden treasures sparkle before him, and reiterate, "No longer yours!" whilst eternal truth thunders in his ears, "Lost, lost! ruined, ruined!" "God resisteth the proud!"

Do you see that once lovely, but now wasted and faded form? She was once clothed with flowers, silks, and jewels: she once thought herself the "admired of all admirers." That woman-heart once ebullated with all the pride of Lucifer. She trod the earth beneath her as unworthy of her touch. But God resisted her; and that proud head must soon rest upon the rugged gravel stone, and that delicate person be embraced in the clammy arms of its mother-earth. The scenes of her proud triumphs in the ball-room, in the social circle, and even in the congregations of God's sanctuary, are sitting before her dying eyes, as a rapidly-passing panorama, never to return again. The soft and well-remembered tones of a mother's voice are whispering in the dying

ear the oft-repeated lessons against her unwonted pride and self-esteem; whilst conscience and revelation, with a voice shrill as the bugle's note, echo back to the heart, "Pride goes before destruction: God resisteth the proud!"

Do you see yonder ghastly, grinning, imbecile countenance? That was once a proud coxcomb. True, he had not much to be proud of but his feathers; but, like the popinjay, he strutted o'er the earth, proud even of them. But God's judgment has overtaken the fop: the powder has fallen from his curled locks, his gaudy feathers are clipped off, and all around is a blank, except the burning words, "Ruin, ruin! God resisteth the proud!"

Truly, my hearers, the curse of the Eternal rests upon the proud in death, and will follow them to the judgment-seat. From the great white throne, it will thunder the anathema: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels!" And the indignant flashes of the All-seeing eye, like a storm of flames, will sweep them down into the bottomless pit; where, under the fangs of the worm that never dies, their blistered tongues will repeat for ever, "God resisteth the proud!"

Now, let me apply this part of my subject. Are there any proud ones here to-day? If so, I warn you that "God resisteth the proud." And of what are you proud? Is it of your wealth? How much of this green earth belongs to you? Take the map of the world and point out your domain. Can you do it? No, you cannot see it. Perhaps a few houses and lots in the city, and a few thousand acres of land. Compare your possessions with the boundaries of this State, with the United States, with America, with the world—yea, with the countless worlds which sparkle in the infinite dominions of Almighty God: why, Sir, you are worth comparatively nothing! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to be proud of so little! And even in this little, you have only a life-time estate: soon death will rob you of all. Then, of what are you proud? Is it of your popularity? It is only a glittering shell—a wreath of fading flowers. Is it of your good looks, of that broad chest and those brawny limbs? They shall moulder into dust, and worms shall feed upon them.

Is it of your wisdom—your mighty intellect? How much do you know? Can you tell me how the sprig of grass grows? Can you inform me where dwells the spirit in this body of mine? Will you explain the link of connection which causes this hand to move in obedience to the will? Can you tell me from whence cometh and whither goeth the breeze that fans your locks?—the mighty storm which uproots the forest oak and unsettles the mountain rock? No, you cannot do it; and yet you are proud of your wisdom. You think you know better than God does what is best for you, and thus you refuse to repent and believe his word. Then, of what are you proud? Is it of your fine dress? There is no bridge built from earth to heaven wide enough for pride to cross over in her hoops, and silks, and flounces. No; it is a "strait and narrow way." Are you proud of that sparkling eye, those rosy cheeks and coral lips? They shall dim and pale in death, and the slimy worms shall feed upon them. Ah, friends! you have nothing at all to be proud of before God, and, out of Christ, you are miserable, loathsome characters in his sight. Proud man! proud woman! you cannot be saved in your pride: you might as well attempt to cross the broad Atlantic in a paper-boat. It is as true as that there is a God in heaven that you must humble yourself, or lift up your eyes in hell.

I am not here this morning to amuse your ears with a beautiful dissertation on philosophy, or an eloquent essay on morality. No; if I had no other commission than these, I would have stayed away. I am here, under the All-seeing eye of God, and under his command, to warn you against the soul-destroying sin of pride. I feel my responsibility; and would to God that I had thoughts that could stir your consciences and words which would burn upon your hearts! I would that I had a voice like the clarion's note, that I might make it echo through every street of this city, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble!"

We will now examine the other branch of our subject.

Humility, my hearers, is a jewel which shines brighter in the eyes of the King of Heaven than diamond of the first water, and

is esteemed by him of more value than virgin gold. It is a jewel of heaven, and one of the brightest which adorns the white-robed angel who bows at the throne of the great I AM. Christ our Saviour brought it from heaven to earth, and hallowed it in his own person, "having humbled himself, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

This is the virtue which best adorns the Christian character. "Should any one ask me," said St. Augustin, "concerning the Christian religion and the people of it, I would answer that the first and second and third things therein, and all, is humility." This is the first lesson that the Christian learns in the school of Christ, and is the source of contentment and solid peace of mind. If he hears that any one hath reviled him, he is ready to say, with the philosopher, "Had he known me better, he would have said worse things of me than that." Humility gives a pliancy to his mind which saves it, by yielding to a force it cannot resist, like the weak and bending reed that weathers out the storm which fells the tall and sturdy oak.

This is the virtue which God delights to honor. In the evening of the day on which Sir Eardly Wilmot received the appointment of Chief-Justice, his son, a youth of seventeen years, followed him to his bedside. "Now," said he, "my son, I will tell you a secret worth your knowing and remembering. The elevation I have met with in life, and especially this last, has not been owing to my superior merit or abilities, but to my humility—to my not having set myself up above others, and to my uniform endeavors to pass through life void of offence to God and man." Truly, "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Abdalonimus was of the royal family of Sidon, but was content to live in obscurity, and to get his subsistence by cultivating a garden. Alexander the Great found the good man at work, and desirous of learning from him how he bore the hardships of poverty, asked him the question. "These hands," said he, "have supplied my necessities. I have had nothing, and I have wanted nothing." He was exalted to the throne of Sidon.

David was an humble shepherd boy, and, with crook in hand, followed his flocks in the

green pastures. But God sought him out in his humility, gave him victory over Philistia's champion, and exalted him to the royal throne of Judah.

The poor Publican humbled himself before God, and prayed, not so much as even lifting up his eyes towards heaven, but "he went down to his house justified," and with peace and gladness in his heart.

The Centurion, though a man in authority, humbled himself before Jesus, and had his servant healed. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

Let us reflect, my brethren, on the character, the value of this gift divine. It is grace. Grace is love, favor. The grace of God is the favor, the love of God. Ah! what mind can imagine this grace—what tongue can describe this love? Where will you find a rule to measure it? where the scales large enough to weigh and tell its value? It is higher than the heights above, and deeper than the depths beneath: it is light, it is life—eternal life: it is joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. Look there! do you see that weeping mourner bowed at the altar of prayer? Do you see his tears and hear his groans? He has humbled himself before his God. Look again. O, what a change! Joy lights his countenance, and glory fills his soul. He no longer groans in fear and agony. True, the tears still trickle down his cheeks; but they are tears of gladness, and whilst they fall, he sings:

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear."

Behold yonder weary pilgrim: his limbs are scarred by many battles. He has met the king's enemies, and has come off more than conqueror. He has defeated Apollyon, escaped the mighty hand of giant Despair, left Doubting Castle far behind, has gotten safely through the Enchanted Ground, and has entered the flowery land of Beulah, where are heard the songs of birds and the voice of the turtle. But still the deep river of Death lies between him and the golden gates of the Celestial City. He must breast the deep blue wave, he must pass the fearful ordeal, before he arrives at home. But is he afraid? Does his cheek blanch? do his knees smite together? Ah

no! Love lights his eye, grace nerves his limbs with strength divine, joy fills his soul, and he enters singing:

"Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God."

Go with me for a moment into yonder log-cabin. What a scene of misery and poverty is here! Where is the furniture of the house? There is none here. Yes, here is a broken chair, there is an old pine box, and in yonder corner is something like a bed. Ah! around it are bowing three weeping children, and on the rags and straw lies a wasted female form. O, speak to her—she is dying! Poor sufferer, are you not afraid to die? See, there is brightness in her eye! It is the light of hope. She is about to speak! Listen: "The grace of God is sufficient for me." But, saint of God, can you bear to leave these little orphans in this wicked world? "Yes; for He has promised to be a father to them, and I can trust His word." Happy widow! thrice happy child of grace! "His rod and his staff shall comfort thee through the dark valley of the shadow of death;" for,

"Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Ah, friends! I entreat you to humble yourselves, that you may be exalted. Now, even now, bow your proud hearts in His presence. Do you ask me, why in such haste? I answer, because you are in imminent danger. The eternal fire of hell is beneath: you are standing upon a single plank, and that a rotten one. The sword of Death is suspended over your head; turn whichever way you will, still it is there. You are hanging by a solitary rope, and the strands are breaking. Do you ask me why I am so earnest? I answer, because I love your souls. I want to save you, and honor my Master. I want you to become recipients of his glorious grace: I want to see you clothed in humility, and in your right mind. Proud man! proud woman! do you say, time enough yet? Perhaps even whilst I am speaking, God Almighty has called the archangel to him, and is saying: "Gabriel, unsheathe thy sword: yonder proud sinner is

hearing, but refuses to humble himself. Go, Gabriel, and clip his thread of life. No, no: stop, Gabriel, stop a while. Let me tell him of the beauties of heaven. Perhaps he will yet yield and fall in love.

“O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.”

O sinner! are you not ready to say with me:

“When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.”

SWISS LAKES.

THE largest of these is Lake Lemman, or the Lake of Geneva. It is about forty-seven miles in length, measuring it as nearly as possible in a straight line. Pen and pencil have often been employed in portraying its scenery, but neither has sufficed to do justice to its charms. The western end by Geneva, and the opposite end by Vevay, are very different; each, however, possessing an aspect of peculiar interest. The old city of Geneva washing its foot in the clear blue waters, and the gently sloping banks as the lake widens towards the east, and the numerous villas and gardens which speckle and variegates the shores, and the far-distant view of Mont Blanc and the whole of the majestic range of neighboring mountains which you catch to the south, are objects which, when seen on a clear sunny day, more than realize the poetic dreams created beforehand by description. Vevay partly touching the water-side and partly perched on a hill, with the castle of Chillon not far off, and the amphitheatre of

mountains rising rather abruptly from the edge of the lake, and shutting in the scene, form a fine contrast to what is seen at the other end. But it is only the contrast which obtains between one form of beauty and another. The boats scudding over the lake in full sail, or slowly plied by oars, or resting quietly in their own shadow, filled perhaps with gayly-dressed peasants, or rich market stores of fruits and vegetables, add very greatly to the effect of the general picture. Persons of intelligence while traversing this region will remember certain names with which the shores are associated. The forms of Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Gibbon, and Byron, will come before the imagination; but though the genius of these men will give interest to the spots where they trod, the perversion of that genius, the frightful employment of it on the side of infidelity and vice, will throw a dark moral shadow over their homes and haunts—the only thing which there is on Lake Lemman, judging by our own experience, to diminish the rich deep pleasure of a visit. The Lake of Constance, forty-four miles in length, is next to Lemman in point of size, but far inferior in point of scenery, though its shores, generally flat and tame, are not without some picturesque points. Neufchâtel comes next in reference to extent, being twenty-five miles long; and though, like Constance, it can never vie with some of its sisters in this land of lakes, yet “the glorious view of the Alps from the heights of the Jura above the town must appear magnificent; and should the sky be clear, and the traveller's temper even, the objects around will assume a different aspect, and Neufchâtel, with its picturesque old castle, its numerous white country-houses, its vine-clad hills, and its blue expanse of lake, will be pronounced beautiful.” The lake of the four cantons is about the same length as Neufchâtel, but its form is very different; the latter being straight, the former bent into four branches like the arms of a star-fish, the arm to the east being greatly lengthened out and angularly bent in the direction of Altorf. What Ullswater is to Windermere, the lake of the Waldstatter is to Neufchâtel, and more—for no Cumberland scenery can match the glories of Switzerland, especially in this locality. We give the

preference to the Waldstatter over all the other lakes. The view from Luzern across the blue waters, taking in the Righi and Pilatus, and the magnificent ranges of many-colored mountains tipped with snow; and then the connected views as the traveller in a boat passes from one headland to another, and looks down the beautiful creeks or inlets which successively open—while the shores become more precipitous, till towards the east end they shoot up from the water's edge in steep acclivities—are wonderfully enchanting: the first so soothing, the second so heart-stirring. The associations of the latter are in harmony. Hereabouts is the Tell region, approaching toward Altorf, the scene of the apple-shooting: there lies, on the right, the green slope of Rutli, the trysting-place of all the Swiss patriots, at the foot of a lofty mountain: there stands on the left the little chapel, among clustering rocks and trees, which was built in commemoration of Tell's escape from Gessler. But our space forbids us to enlarge, and we must hastily notice the other lakes. Zurich is twenty-four miles long, and a truly pleasant region it is, calm and cheerful as gently sloping banks and busy villages can make it. The smaller lakes are Thun, Brienz, Zug, Biemme, and Morat. The last has little to recommend it: the fourth, anywhere but in Switzerland, would be noticeable for beauty. The first three even there have claims on the traveller's admiration.

And now, in closing this sketch of nature as seen in Switzerland, one feels the truth of the sentiment expressed by Arnold when in Italy: "Truly may one feel, with Von Canitz, that if the glory of God's perishable works be so great, what must be the glory of the imperishable—what infinitely more of Him who is the Author of both? And if I feel thrilling through me the sense of this outward beauty, innocent indeed, yet necessarily unconscious, what is the sense one ought to have of moral beauty, of God, the Holy Spirit's creation, of humbleness and truth, self-devotion and love! Much more beautiful, because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colors of kind, and wise, and holy thoughts and words and actions; more truly beautiful is one hour of old Mrs. Price's (an old woman in the almshouses at Rugby) patient waiting

for the Lord's time, and her cheerful and kind interest in us all, as if she owed us any thing, than this glorious valley of the Velinus; for this will pass away, and that will not pass away. But that is not the great point: believe with Aristotle that this should abide, and that should perish: still there is in the moral beauty an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have. His living and conscious ministers and servants are, it is permitted us to say, the temples of which the light is God himself." And if these thoughts apply to the experience and manifestation of piety in the heart, how much more do they apply to that truth—that divine, and blessed, and glorious truth which paints the colors of holy thought, and which God employs as the means of building up the spiritual temple of his presence on earth! Inspired truth must be placed by us above all the scenery of nature. It has majesty more majestic than the mountain, strength more enduring than Mont Blanc, purity whiter than the snow, brightness more piercing than the sunlit waters, and beauty sweeter far than the Alpine rose. Let this thought be our companion in every ramble amidst natural scenery; and while we enjoy the lesser, let us not lose the benefit of the greater gift. Let reflections, gathered from God's book, blend with the observation of God's work; and let us rise from the adoring love of God in creation, to the filial and trustful love of God in Christ.—*Sketches of Switzerland: Historical and Descriptive.*

SUCCESS IN SOCIETY.—The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion: all his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there, finds in every turn of the conversation equally lucky occasions for the introduction of what he has to say. The favorites of society, and what it calls "whole souls," are able men, and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company, contented and contenting.—*R. W. Emerson.*

MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA.

SURELY all who love the cause of missions will be glad to hear from our good brother Priest and his interesting lady. Though the letter was not designed for publication, the brother will excuse us when he recurs to the interest which others feel in his welfare. In addition to our Chinese correspondents, brother Priest has kindly promised to write frequently for *The Visitor from Africa*.

Bark Hermitage, near lat. 6° N., long. 11° W.,
Atlantic Ocean, Nov. 27, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER JONES:—I feel sure, from the kind attention you gave me to make my short stay in your city agreeable and comfortable, that you would be glad to know something of our journeyings since we left your house. First, let me say, as I shall write but little or nothing that would be of any general interest, this letter is commenced only that *you* may know we have not forgotten your kindness and love. When we get to our future home, I shall try to write something for *The Parlor Visitor*.

We went direct from Nashville to Mrs. P.'s mother's, in Ohio; and meeting a letter there from brother Taylor advising us to proceed directly to New York, we only made the short stay of five days with her mother, from whom she had been separated (teaching in the South) two years.

We arrived at the city of New York the 3d of August, where we had to remain more than six weeks; yet our stay in the city was quite pleasant, as there were several of our Southern brethren there. Brother Bayliss, your co-laborer, and brother Waller, of Montgomery, Ala., were very kind to us.

On the 18th of September, about ten o'clock A.M., we were ordered to be ready by twelve o'clock to go aboard. Brother Cason went out to look for brother Bayliss, but did not find him. Brother Waller and brother Baker, formerly of your city, with several of the brethren of New York, went down to the boat with us; and brethren Baker and F. T. Smith, of New York, accompanied us out to the bark. There, in our little and new ocean-home, we all knelt down together, while brother Baker commended us to the protection

of Him who hears the young ravens when they cry. After they left us, a brother Sawyer, of Kentucky, came out to see us. For all these marks of kindness we feel very grateful.

The tow-boat carried us out of East River off Long Island a little way, where we lay at anchor till morning. When our usual hour for prayer was nearing on, I asked permission of Captain Roberts to have worship in our cabin. He replied, "O, certainly: I am quite fond of singing!"

Early next morning, the anchors were raised, sails all set, and, under a pleasant breeze, we were soon at sea. One month and ten days had passed, when we saw two the most southerly of Cape Verde Islands. But as they were some forty miles off, they appeared more like dark clouds almost buried in the distance than land. Two days more, and it will be a month since we saw them.

Long, indeed, has been our way; but now all are in anxious expectation of seeing land. Yesterday, we crossed the "Tide Ripple," all along the margin of which we saw scum, trash, Portuguese men-of-war, and countless schools of very small fish. We have caught a great many dolphin, a very nice fish to eat, usually about eighteen inches long; one sperm porpoise, nine feet long; one shark, three feet long. We have seen a great many vessels: the "sons of the ocean" are far more numerous than I had thought, and equally as far more generous-hearted. Three vessels have "spoke us," as they call it. Last Sabbath, we saw an American bark that had met with an unfortunate wind. Her foretop-gallant, and both the fore and main royal sails had been carried away. Truly hath the Psalmist said: "They that go down to the sea in ships; that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

How good the Lord has been to us! O, how we should magnify his name for all his mercies and love! for to his love there is no end.

We have had two or three wind-squalls, which I thought very severe. But our little bark, as if she had mind and discretion, would successfully ride each rolling sea, and "lie to the wind," as the well-skilled sea-bird. Ah me! when we get to Africa, I shall

be satisfied to ~~live~~, labor, and ~~die~~ there, nor see any more the "wonders of the deep!"

Brother Jones, I cannot, I dare not, pray for ease and comfort: this is not our heritage in this versatible world of sin and deception. The great burden of my prayer must be, that the good Lord will make us his servants on earth, and give us the Holy Spirit to lead us in the way of duty and usefulness.—Thermometer, 83°.

Nov. 28. Since writing the above, we have caught a fish, of about sixty pounds, called an albicore: it is very palatable; also, a porpoise, of two hundred pounds. They kill the porpoise for its blubber, which makes very nice oil. Two schools of porpoise came bounding and blowing, like a gang of wild hogs, to play around the bow of the vessel. There must have been five hundred in each school. We see hundreds of flying-fish.

The captain told us last night that we would see land to-morrow, if the breeze continued as it was then and had been for twenty-four hours. But soon after night, a land-squall met us, and stopped our breeze; so we were becalmed about twelve hours. We have had contrary winds during the whole voyage, excepting about eight days.

It has been ten weeks and one day since we came aboard at New York, and Mrs. P. has been sea-sick all the time; but during the last week she has been a great deal better. All the rest are well: in fact, we feel now that *all* are well. I shall not close this till I meet with an opportunity to send it.—Thermometer, 84°.

Dec. 2. Last Saturday, I was up on deck at four A.M., and, as soon as it was light, I went up on one of the masts, and saw two small hills on the African continent. At eleven o'clock, we were so near land we could see the tops of trees from deck. I shall leave our feelings for you to imagine; for 'twere useless for me to offer more. Only remember that for seventy-two days we had gazed out upon the heaving bosom of this great ocean. When we were about twelve miles off the coast, we saw the natives coming in their canoes, bounding over the swelling surge almost with the speed of the mountain deer. They say they can go twelve miles an hour. Some of them have no clothes at all, while

none of them have more than a handkerchief or small cloth about their hips.

Sabbath morning, we "let go the anchor" about five o'clock, some six miles off Fish Town. It was not long till there were some two or three hundred natives around and aboard of our bark. Our vessel did not stop to trade—only to hire some Krau men: so, by two o'clock, we had our sails set again. We passed along down the coast, off Cape Palmas six or eight miles. We saw the missionary buildings. It did "look good" to behold, upon a foreign shore, the house of the Lord! One canoe came out to us. The head man of it said the missionary, Mr. Payne, sent him out to know if we had any message for him. We sent out some journals and papers, and Captain Roberts wrote a note for Mr. Payne.—Thermometer, 84°.

Dec. 6. We are now lying at anchor off Secondee, an insignificant Dutch fort. See Elmina off to the N. E. some twenty miles. But we are becalmed, so that we have had to let go the anchor three times within the last twenty-four hours, to keep off of a long reef of rocks. 'Tis fearfully sublime to see the breakers and hear their heavy roar. The face of the country, all down from Cape Palmas, (when we have been in sight of land,) is beautifully broken. It reminds me much of old Wilson county in your State. We have had a few ~~eccoa~~-nuts, plantains, bananas, and oranges, from shore. Last night, while at anchor, we caught thirty-two little fish, which resemble our perch: so we had nice fish for breakfast.—Thermometer, 85°.

Dec. 7. We let go the anchor at eight o'clock last night, off Elmina two miles. This morning, the whole face of the waters was covered with fishing-canoes; but after nine o'clock, there was scarcely one canoe to be seen. This morning, far above the breakers' roar, we heard several volleys of artillery from the Fort. This is a Dutch town. They have a strong castle and fort. The natives do not appear as intelligent here as along the Krau coast. Their dress and fashions are much the same; only these appear to be the poorer class, at this place and Cape Coast.

At anchor off Elmina. No time to write. Mrs. P.'s love to you and family.—Farewell!

R. W. PRIEST.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

The following lines appeared originally, we believe, in an Irish newspaper, about twenty-seven years ago. We know not the name of the author, but deem them worthy of a place here, on account of their affecting simplicity and the truly devout spirit that breathes throughout.

O! CRADLE me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your soft, white breast;
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
That I fain would see again.

And smile, as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep, as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast to sleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee;
And I lived in a land, where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory, eternally shine;
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested us under a bough:
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

My tears and fears she quiled, mamma,
And she led me far away:
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright:
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering, around me I gazed, and gazed;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed—
All glorious in that land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babes to me:
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they gloried that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the shining throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And saw, as I roamed the regions of peace,
The spirits that came from this world of distress;
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they know no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead, a short time ago?
O! you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
And your heart was so sore, you wished it would
break;
But you loved—and you aye sobbed on.

But, O! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms unknown to care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when
she died;
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that silly old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door;
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sat on papa's old chair,
While the rain dropped down from his thin gray hair,
And, fast as the big tear of speechless care,
Ran down from his glazing eye.

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flashed through each trembling eye,
As he told how he went to the baron's strong hold,
Saying, "O, let me in, for the night is so cold!"
But the rich man cried, "Go, sleep in the world,
For we shield no beggars here!"

Well! he was in glory, too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be:
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white;
And no seraph there had a crown more bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing; for I ~~ain~~ would sleep, mamma,
 And dream, as I dreamed before:
 For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
 While my soul in the kingdom of life was a guest;
 And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the
 blest
 Can love this world no more!

THREAD AND FIBRE GILDING.

THE introduction into England of a new manufacture, and one for which an extensive market may be reasonably calculated upon, is a subject of national importance, and one which cannot fail of being regarded with marked interest, particularly in this locality. The practice of mingling gold threads in garments is known to be very ancient. Allusions to this custom frequently occur in the Old Testament Scriptures. In the book of Exodus, for instance, there is a description of the garments of the priests: "And they did beat gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the scarlet, and in the fine linen, with cunning work." The mode of gilding silk and other fibres, which prevails extensively in India, has occupied the close attention of Mr. Bennoch, of the firm of Bennoch, Twentymen & Rigg, Piccadilly, and in Wood street, London, for some time past; and finding the process hitherto pursued to be exceedingly tedious and expensive, he has patented a mode of accomplishing the object with a degree of beauty, in a manner so rapid and economical as to render it easy to supply the natives of India with those fabrics far more cheaply than they can manufacture them. A few months ago, a paper was read upon the subject, by Mr. Bennoch, before the Society of Arts, from which some interesting facts may be gleaned. Referring to India, Mr. Bennoch states that the city of Paithun, situated on the river Godavery, is famed for its manufactures in gold and silver tissues; namely, *pugrees*, or turbans, *doputtas*, or long shawls, and *sarees*, or women's robes. The highest qualities of these several productions are sent to the courts of Gwalior, Baroda, and Hyderabad. The long shawls which are thrown over the shoulders of the native princes on all occasions of state

ceremonial frequently cost as much as 3000 rupees (£300) each. The weft is composed of very fine cotton thread, generally scarlet and green, the warp being of silk of a similar color. The process of wire-drawing in India and in London stands in strong contrast; the wire for gold lace being drawn in London through perforated ruby dies. In London, 500 ounces of metal could be drawn into wire while ten are drawn at Paithun. In London, it can be drawn 2000 or even 3000 yards to the ounce, while in Paithun they stop short of 1000 or 1200 yards. In London, the manufacturer depends upon mechanical ingenuity, which enables comparative children to execute a very large proportion of the work; while in India, age and great experience are essential to the production of a marketable commodity.

The following gives some idea of the new plan, in which the processes of wire-drawing and flattening, and then wrapping it round the fibre, are entirely dispensed with:

For many years, chemists had attempted every known method of gilding, in the hope of discovering some process by which silk, or other fibre, could be gilded without supplying such immense labor, before a thread with a covering of gold can be used with facility in the loom, and woven into cloth, but they always failed. In France, where scientific research is liberally promoted by the government, a large reward was offered for a successful plan, but no man ever had the opportunity or satisfaction of claiming it. The difficulties of the first stage were soon overcome, and gold was compelled to attach itself to the surface of the thread. Here a new difficulty arose: the thread, being completely soaked, was long in drying, and when dried had lost its lustre; while the foundation on which the gold rested was so soft and flimsy that to burnish it was impossible. They only produced a gold thread which had not the effect of gold, and was therefore useless. Among the several investigators was Mr. Albert Hock, who, failing to find in chemistry the principle by which fibres could be gilded, succeeded by means of a simple mechanical contrivance. In the first place, it is essential that the silk used should be of a superior quality, free from knotty nibs and rough

places. The gum must be boiled out of the silk, and the silk tinged to the shade of a light orange. The bobbins containing the silk are placed on a wire, on which they revolve when gently pulled. The end of the thread is passed over a wire, and then under a roller, which works in a trough containing a glutinous but transparent liquid. It then passes over a reel attached to an endless screw, or threaded spindle, so arranged that it lays on a brass cylinder the thread of silk as close as cords are wound round the handle of a whip, without overlapping, until the cylinder is completely covered with the silk, when the thread is broken. The length of the skein of thread depends, therefore, upon the size of the cylinder and the fineness of the thread; but the cylinder cannot be increased beyond a certain size, and that size must not be larger than can be spanned by a single leaf of gold. The cylinder being covered with silk in a gummy state, the book with the gold leaf is opened, and laid on the palm of the hand: the machine—something like a turning-lathe—is moved: the edge of the leaf is made to touch the gummed silk, and it is quickly drawn round, covering the silk. This is repeated until the entire surface of the silk on the roller is covered with gold leaf. A piece of cloth or washed leather is fastened on a slip of wood, something like a razor-strop. The roller is turned round, and the strop pressed firmly upon the leaf, which not only presses the leaf closer to the silk, but separates the leaf between each of the windings of the finest thread; and so one side of the finest thread is gilded. It is thus apparent that if gold and green, or any other color, is desired in combination with gold, it is only necessary, first, to dye the thread the color required, and then, by gilding one side, the combination wished is secured. To gild the entire thread, the half-gilded thread is wound on to another roller. The gilded side of the silk thread necessarily winds next to the brass on the second roller, leaving the ungilded part of the thread exposed and ready to be treated in the same manner as before described; and so the process is completed. It is then wound on to reels of the usual size, and permitted to dry thoroughly. After this it is reeled on boards, or, as the French call

them, *planchettes*, and is ready for the market. The color is very beautiful, being the natural color of the gold leaf. The great advantage of this over every other thread is its lightness and perfect flexibility, for it can be wound and woven wherever any other thread can be wound or woven. As regards cost, it is, size for size, considerably dearer than the ordinary gold thread; but as it measures a much greater length for the weight, it virtually becomes, for weaving purposes, very much cheaper.

There is a considerable demand for the new material in France, and the consumption is steadily increasing. The field is one which the English manufacturers may find it to their interest to cultivate, as ultimately a very extensive commerce may be developed. Speaking in round numbers, there are in India 150,000,000 of people, every one of whom, whether man, woman, or child, must, on ceremonial occasions, wear what has gold or tinsel of some kind as a portion of it; yet our manufacturers, while they ship abundance of material not wanted, and thus often glut the markets, without inquiring what the people need, have not, so far, produced even the first specimen of these higher class of articles. Another matter of great importance, in an economical point of view, is, that by not supplying such fabrics from this country, the balance of trade has gone against England, and nearly £10,000,000 in silver have been shipped to India and China, during the present year, to make up the balance. The chairman of the East India Company asserted that if every native purchased a shilling's worth of such articles during the year, a sum of £7,500,000 of these goods would be sold, and the balance of trade with India more than restored. Until now the manufacturers have had no fair chance of competing with the natives, the metal was generally so hard and inflexible for any ordinary power-loom to work it. Now they have a material that can be used with the same facility as other threads.—*English Journal*.

NEVER defend an error because you once thought it to be truth.

GOD'S BOOK FOR MAN'S INTELLECT.

The imagination of man will find its aliment. If high things and pure things are not within its reach, it will condescend to things of low estate. If it is not restrained, it will run riot: if it is not elevated by what is holy, it will be corrupted and debauched by what is base.

Here, as in every thing else that is rational and right, God's transcendent Word comes in with its ministrations to man's necessities. It feeds the imagination with the loftiest sublimities, with the purest and noblest conceptions of the beautiful. Let him who would expand, and elevate, and invigorate his imagination to the highest degree, go not to the creations of human fancy, to the drama of Greece, to the oratory of Rome, or to the romances of German genius. Let him turn away from the Iliad and the Æneid, from King Lear and Othello. Let him nurture his soul where John Milton fed before he gave existence to the immortal poem of Paradise. Let him contemplate those scenes which inspired a Bunyan to his matchless allegory, and taught Jeremy Taylor his hearse-like melodies. Let him listen to the lyre of David, and the rapt sublimities of Isaiah. Let him give ear to the mystic utterances of Habakkuk, and gaze on the gorgeous panoramas of the Apocalypse. Let him open his soul to that "oldest choral melody, the book of Job, so like the summer midnight with its seas and stars."

Here is enough to stimulate the most torpid soul, enough to task the most aspiring intellect, enough to gratify the most fastidious taste, enough to satisfy the cravings of all created mind, whether human or angelic. Go to the Bible, ye who yearn for the beautiful and the ennobling, unmingled with the degrading and the poisonous! Spend your nightly studies on the Word of God, man of taste, and lover of the lovely! Nowhere else will your intellectual hungerings be so fully satisfied. "While the King sitteth at his table, his spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. His plants are an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams out of Lebanon."

HOME-SICKNESS.

WHERE I am, the halls are gilded,
Stored with pictures bright and rare;
Strains of deep, melodious music
Float upon the perfumed air:
Nothing stirs the dreary silence
Saves the melancholy sea,
Near the poor and humble cottage
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the sun is shining,
And the purple windows glow,
Till their rich armorial shadows
Stain the marble floor below:
Faded autumn leaves are trembling
On the withered jasmine tree
Creeping round the little casement,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the days are passing
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
Song and joy and starry pleasures
Crown the happy, smiling hours:
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,
Time with weary wings must flee,
Marked by pain, and toil, and sorrow,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the great and noble
Tell me of renown and fame,
And the red wine sparkles highest
To do honor to my name:
Far away, a place is vacant,
By an humble hearth, for me—
Dying embers dimly show it—
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, are glorious dreamings,
Science, genius, art divine,
And the great minds whom all honor
Interchange their thoughts with mine:
A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, wearying for me,
Far away where tears are falling,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, all think me happy;
For so well I play my part,
None can guess, who smile around me,
How far distant is my heart:
Far away, in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
Where the treasures of my life are,
Where I fain would be!

Household Words.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

A CORRESPONDENT in Philadelphia of a New York paper gives the following sketch of life in the Quaker City:

"House rents in our city are singularly cheap in contrast with the same in New York. For two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, we get as good a dwelling, with all the improvements of the day, as in New York or Brooklyn would bring six hundred dollars; while for a hundred and fifty we get better houses than I have ever seen in your city for four hundred. Gas is \$2 50 per thousand feet; in summer, \$2. Servants' wages are higher than in New York. Any sort of an Irish girl receives seven dollars per month, while many families are obliged to pay that sum and give their washing out besides. There are more negro servants than Germans, and more Germans than Irish. The former, however, are almost invariably thievish to a degree. It is not unusual for them to have grand parties, the refreshments for which are contributed by the guests, who steal from their mistresses whatever they think appropriate to the occasion. Many of them, however, are splendid servants, and are animated with a constitutional love of neatness for which Hibernia might be searched in vain. They are extremely kind to children; and except their propensity to pilfer, are free from fault."

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day,
Then we shall sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past:
Within the heart's still chambers
The guests will gather fast.

The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore.
They may be stern and sombre,
They may be young and fair;
But the heart will have its chambers,
The guests shall gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters?
Who then shall be our guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not, 'midst the silence,
In accents soft and low,
Then hear familiar voices,
And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old?
Till the mists of that still chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold?
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day?

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

BY ELIZA COOK.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee:
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim:
The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, "Hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes or tires;
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than "Father, hallowed be Thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The rapture of the idol one,
Who laughs to see the clear, round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore,
The Moslem prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore,
And end in "Hallowed be Thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
These precious words comprise it still:
We trace them to the blooming mead;
We hear them in the flowing rill;
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing is the same—
The strains may differ, but the theme
Is "Father, hallowed be Thy name!"

FEMALE NOVEL READERS.

AN exchange has the following article, which is worthy of a wide perusal. It directs attention to an alarming social evil, needing correction. Many girls, of really fine intellects, are throwing away all hope of a vigorous mental culture by an insatiable craving for fictitious works. These works, which issue from the press, countless as the frogs of Egypt, are destitute, for the most part, of imagination and good taste, and have no power to invigorate the mind or improve the heart. The next generation of American women may furnish robust minds and characters; but the prospect is a dreary one, when one thinks of the unsubstantial food which is the only aliment of many.

It is said that four-fifths of the novel reading in this country, at the present time, is achieved by ladies. So true is this, that publishers cater almost exclusively for the female taste in the selection of works for issue. The consequence is, that the market is flooded with high-wrought pictures of high life for one class of these lady readers, and high-wrought pictures of low life for another class; while the staple article—the article which finds its way into the best of families—is surcharged and sanctified by a sickly and slender religious sentiment that is hardly less enervating than the story which forms its vehicle. Now, this is not very complimentary to the ladies, we admit; but we are not to blame for the fact, and certainly take no delight in stating it. There is a fact, however, connected with the matter which is slightly complimentary to them, or their natures. They show signs of a surfeit, and those books are beginning to be a drug in the market. This fact will serve, we hope, as a warning to publishers against ministering to an unhealthy appetite and a low standard of taste. They have brought literature into disrepute, by dissipating rather than cherishing a healthy literary appetite; and it will take many months to recover fairly from the degeneration. Now, if they will take as much pains to crowd before the public good books as they have inferior ones, they will sooner or later regain their ground.

There is something in the position of Ame-

rican women which exposes them peculiarly to the influences of an unworthy literature. They partake of the national restlessness of mind: they are all readers, and there is a very large class, especially in cities, who have nothing to do but read. This lack of regular pursuits unfits them for any thing but light reading. They have not the habit of application, time hangs heavy on their hands, and they simply seek for that kind of reading which can be pursued with the slightest outlay of effort. They cannot subsist on this kind of intellectual aliment long at a time; but they live on it long enough to insure several monster editions, and to stimulate production to a sickening surfeit. There is another class, larger, perhaps, than this—a class living in the country—intelligent country girls and women, who, leading a tame, and to them a tasteless life, grasp eagerly at such literary excitements as are pressed to their taste, and so learn to live in an artificial atmosphere while moving among their daily detail of duties. There is still another class, scattered everywhere—religious women, who wish for amusement, and who, while condemning novels generally, will swallow a story eagerly, if it only be peppered with pious lessons and salted with a moral.

American women should be something more than mere story-swallowers. They have reversed the order of things—elevated novel reading to a pursuit. Novels, though an important department of literature, do not form the highest or most important department. They are, or should be, incidental and subsidiary; and when history, biography, natural philosophy, and criticism, have fed the mind, and built up within it sound views of life, a true comprehension of the relation of events, and an insight into human character, the choice of novels, for relaxation or study, will fall upon altogether a different class from that upon which we have animadverted. These stilted and silly fictions have no charms for a healthy mind, and are cast aside as the most unsatisfactory chaff.

DARE to be singular, when you see all around you to be wrong.

THE MARTYR BOY.

In the year 1554, soon after the accession of Mary "the Bloody" to the throne of England, there lived in London a lad, named William Hunter, about nineteen years of age, an apprentice to a silk-weaver. His soul had been illumined by Divine grace during the controversies of the preceding reign, and he had learned to abhor the falsities of the Papal Church.

When the edict requiring the people to attend mass was published in the name of the bigoted Queen, William's master ordered him to comply, and to go with him to the church. But the boy replied that he dared not, for he believed that it would be a sin against God for him to countenance such idolatries. And the master drove him from his house.

William walked to the home of his father at Bruntwood, and was kindly received, for his parents loved the boy, feared God, and abhorred Popery.

He sat one day at the door of his father's cottage, poring over a well-worn copy of Tyn-dale's Bible, which his father had labored long to purchase, and his soul was feeding with joyous relish upon its precious truths, when a priest passed by the door. William, absorbed, did not observe him until he softly approached, looked over his shoulder, and saw the hated volume. The boy started and closed the book. But it was too late. The priest uttered never a word, but scowled portentously, and walked on.

That night William Hunter was thrust into a dungeon. The next day, he was taken before Master Justice Brown, who questioned him closely concerning his faith. William would not lie, nor would he conceal what he believed. He confessed that he was in heart and soul a Protestant, and that he dared not in conscience attend the mass. He was sent back to his dungeon. His pious father and mother visited him, and encouraged him to persevere in his good confession, even to death.

"I am glad, my son," said his mother, "that God has given me such a child, who can find it in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake."

"Mother," he replied, "for the little pain I shall suffer, which is but a short space,

Christ hath promised me a crown of joy. May you not be glad of that, mother?"

Then they all kneeled together upon the hard floor of the cell, and prayed that his strength might not fail; that his faith might be victorious.

His parents, as far as they were permitted, supplied his wants and ministered to his comfort. A few of the faithful came to see him, and encouraged him to hold out fearlessly to the end, and prayed to God with and for him. Others of his acquaintance came and urged him to recant his opinions, to profess or pretend submission to the priests, and not to provoke them to deal more harshly with him. But William, in his turn, exhorted them to come out from the abomination of Popish superstition and idolatry. The priests, too, expostulated with him, and promised and threatened, but all to no purpose: he would not abandon his faith in Jesus as a sufficient and only Saviour.

In a few days he was tried, and condemned to be burned to death as a heretic. They took him back to his dungeon, and, after long communion with God in prayer, he lay down and slept. He dreamed that the stake was set, and the fagots piled around it, at a place that had been familiar to his boyhood, at the Archery Butts, in the suburbs of the town, and that he stood beside it prepared to die. And there came to him, in his dream, a robed priest, and offered him life if he would recant and become a faithful son of the Papal Church. But he thought that he was impelled to bid him away as a false prophet, and to exhort the people to beware of being seduced by such false doctrines.

He awoke from his dream encouraged and strengthened, believing that grace would aid him to do in reality as he had done in vision.

With the morning dawn, the Sheriff came and bade him prepare for the burning. And when his father had gone, the Sheriff's son approached him, and threw his arms around his neck, and wept. "William," said he, "do not be afraid of these men with their bows and bills, who have come to take you to the stake."

"I thank God," said William, "I am not afraid, for I have cast my count what it will cost me already."

As he passed cheerfully out of the prison, he met his father. The tears were streaming down his face; and all the old man could utter, amid his choking sobs, was: "God be with thee, William, my son: God be with thee, my son."

And William answered: "God be with thee, dear father! Be of good comfort, for I hope we shall soon meet again, where we shall be happy."

So they led him to the place where the stake was prepared, and he kneeled upon a fagot and read aloud from the Bible the fifty-first Psalm. As he read the words, "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit: a contrite and a broken heart thou wilt not despise," William Tyrell, of the Bratches, interrupted him and said: "Thou liest—thou readest false: the words are, an humble spirit." "Nay, but the translation saith, a contrite spirit." "The translation is false," quoth Mr. Tyrell: "ye translate books as ye list yourselves, ye heretics." "Well, there is no great difference in the words," said William, and continued his reading.

Then came the Sheriff and said to him: "Here is a letter from the Queen, offering thee life if thou wilt yet recant."

"No!" said William, "God help me: I cannot recant."

The executioner passed a chain round his body, and fastened him to the stake.

"Good people, pray for me," said William.

"Pray for thee!" said a priest: "I had as soon pray for a dog."

"Well, you have that which you have sought for: I pray God it be not laid to your charge at the last day! I forgive you."

"Ah!" said the priest, "I ask no forgiveness from you."

"Well, if God forgive you not, my blood will be required at your hands."

And then the lad raised his eyes to heaven and prayed, "Son of God, shine upon me!" And as he spake, the sun, over which a dark cloud had floated, suddenly burst as from a veil, and beautifully illumined his countenance.

Then came the priest, whom he had seen in his dream, with a book in his hand to urge him to recant. But the boy, whose soul was nerved to the endurance of martyrdom, waved

him away, saying: "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of these men, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest ye be partakers of their plagues."

"Then," said the priest, "as thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." But William answered: "Nay, thou false prophet, I shall reign with Jesus in heaven."

And while a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "God have mercy on his soul," and many voices responded, "Amen, amen," they kindled the fire, and the brave Christian boy prayed, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" his head fell into the smothering smoke, and his soul fled to the loving embrace of the Redeemer, who had purchased it with his own blood.

Young disciples of Jesus! has not the Saviour done as much for your salvation as for that of this youthful martyr? Ought you not to love him as much? Do you think you could die rather than deny the faith of Christ? Are you striving to live so as to honor him and to evince the fervency of your love for him? Is not apostasy of life even more guilty and ungrateful than apostasy from dread of death?

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

"AND I was contriving what kind of a fib I should tell him!"

This expression it was my fortune, or misfortune, to overhear, while passing along one of the public promenades of a neighboring city. It was uttered by one of two fashionably-dressed young women who were passing me at the moment, and whose appearance would, in the estimation of the world, be esteemed beautiful, interesting, and intelligent. The thoughtless *abandon* with which the expression seemed to be uttered, gave a painful impression of the character and heart of the speaker.

These words were, of course, all that I knew, or wished to know, of the connection of the discourse. But they were, at once, the history of a heart perverted by education or corrupted by evil associations, or inherently unprincipled and base. Surely, thought I, that young woman could not have been the subject of a pious mother's prayers and affections; and, if she have brothers, are they not

vicious and degraded? Her father may be rich, and she may be an heiress, and occupy a high rank in society, and be esteemed for her position and influence; but she is, in the strictest sense, a woman without integrity! Not only does her example justify the unfavorable inferences suggested respecting her friends and teachers, but the ministers of vice point triumphantly to such an one to justify their slanders against the sex. "False and fair and deceiving," as applied to woman, is their cant and their song; and here is one who seems to answer their description. It is the exception, doubtless, but would that it were the only one!

But I cannot follow the painful developments of this species of education; for the very history of vice may be contagious in propagating the evil. I would rather content myself with inculcating a purer example, while the incident mentioned is made a sufficient illustration of the baseness of falsehood.

And who was to be made the victim of this deception, so deliberately planned? Was it a father whose commands had been violated? a brother whose confidence had been betrayed? a friend who had wasted attentions on a heartless prude?

I could not suppose that one standing in the position of the conjugal relation was to be the victim, without presuming its author to be depraved beyond the reach of hope! And were it a teacher, I should exclaim, How little does the thoughtless girl reflect on the prize she is paying for a momentary success—in the formation of habits that, sooner or later, will leave her without respect and without character! For, however the world may practice and laugh at deception, it seeks only for integrity as the jewel of its confidence.

We like to contemplate the graces of female beauty, where life, and hope, and smiles, are the drapery of a mind at peace, and a heart endowed with goodness. But let falsehood be suspected, and the angel-form seems vile. We loathe the wreath and tresses that deck the brow of shame.

If falsehood seems thus vile to those who practice it, and in the eye of man, how doth it appear when God beholds it? This is the question. Truth is the light around his throne; and naught but truth can enter heaven. False-

hood may have its triumph for a day, but all its gains are wasted in an hour, and with them fade its authors. Those who love and make a lie are classed with all the vile who sit and weep without the gates.

AN AFFECTING ILLUSTRATION.

THE Rev. Thomas A. Toller, of Kettering, the contemporary and friend of the celebrated Andrew Fuller, of the same place, was one of the most effective preachers of his day. "Often," says Robert Hall, "have I seen a whole congregation melted under him like wax before the sun: my own feelings, on more than one occasion, have approached to an overpowering agitation." His power of illustrating a subject was his distinguishing faculty. His illustrations were drawn from the most familiar scenes of his life; and after he became a father, not unfrequently from the incidents which attach to that relation. The following, reported by a friend who heard the discourse, is given as an example. Its text was from Isaiah xxviii. 5: "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me."

"I think," said he, "I can convey the meaning of this passage, so that every one may understand it, by what took place in my own family within these few days. One of my own children had committed a fault for which I thought it my duty to chastise him. I called him to me, explained to him the evil of what he had done, and told him how grieved I was that I must punish him for it. He heard me in silence, and then rushed into my arms, and burst into tears. I could sooner have cut off my arm than have struck him for his fault: he had taken hold of my strength, and he had made peace with me."

What could more strikingly exhibit the case, as between the true penitent and his offended Maker? God, as if with reluctance and grief, has declared his determination to punish; but sincere sorrow for sin, wrought in the heart by the revelation of his mercy in Christ, takes hold of his strength, disarms him as it were of his power to strike the blow, inclines him to forgive, and thus brings about between him and the sinner a state of reconciliation and peace.

THE BROKEN SPRING.

"WHAT is the matter, sister? something has disturbed you," said Mr. A., as he found his sister angrily remonstrating with her little boy, who stood like a young culprit before her.

"Yes, I am angry and hurt with Charley: I believe he has carelessly thrown down my watch, which I desired him never to touch, and he stoutly denies it. Go away, Sir, and when I ask you again, let me find that you have determined to tell the truth;" and away flew the little delinquent, most happy to make his escape.

"He is getting a naughty boy," said his mother: "I cannot imagine where he has learned that dreadful habit of lying."

"It seems that he disobeyed you by touching the watch, and is afraid you will punish him for having injured it?"

"Yes, and instantly denies all knowledge of it, that he may escape; but I shall punish him for the falsehood, if he persist in it. And really, if you knew how carefully I have kept him from all risk of contamination through associating with other children, you would wonder how he could imagine any thing so abominable as a falsehood."

"No, I should not, sister. Has it not occurred to you that he may inherit such an imagination?"

"Inherit it, brother!" exclaimed the lady, with a look of indignant astonishment. "Pray, from whom can he inherit any thing so disgraceful? His father's character is truth and honor itself, and I believe his mother abhors deceit with all her heart."

"I beg your pardon, dear sister: I did not mean to insinuate any thing disrespectful of either of you."

"Well, I know you have some very odd notions, brother; still, I should be thankful if you could advise me how to correct my child. Of course, every thing will depend on his education, which we are endeavoring to conduct on the most approved plans. I must content myself with hoping that when his mind expands with knowledge, and his reasoning powers are developed, he will rise above these degrading propensities; and learn to love only what is noble and true. But,

brother, do look at the watch for me: it does not go."

"I fear it is seriously injured," said Mr. A.: "yes, indeed, the main-spring is broken."

"Is it really? How very provoking! and there is no watchmaker in this out-of-the-way village of yours to repair it."

"Can you not do it yourself?"

"Do it myself, brother! what can you mean?"

"Only that I know you are very clever and persevering, my dear Alice, and have attempted more impracticable things than mending a watch."

"And you like to laugh at me; but I am not disposed to attempt the watch; so think again."

"Well, there is Smithson: suppose we let him look at it."

"Smithson, the blacksmith! Do you think I would let him touch the delicate machinery of a watch?"

"He is a very respectable man, and a very clever blacksmith, however lightly you may estimate his skill. You should have seen the neat, and quick, and skilful manner in which he shod my horse yesterday."

"Why, brother, excuse me, but really I never heard you talk such nonsense before. Does it follow that a man who can shoe a horse well can mend a watch?"

"If you despise such an inference, I cannot help it; but still the resources of our village are not exhausted. We have a very clever doctor, who can set a broken limb and reduce a dislocation as skilfully as any man, and his fingers are certainly more delicate than the blacksmith's: let us take your pretty little watch to him."

"You are insufferably provoking, brother; but as I have just sense enough to know that only a person who understands how to make a watch can mend one, and that a new spring must replace the broken one, I must wait an opportunity to send it to town, and get it properly done."

"I think that is the right decision, under the circumstances; and as I purpose going myself next week, I shall be happy to take it for you."

"Thank you, my good brother: you are getting reasonable again. But, pray, tell me

why you talked about sending it to the blacksmith and the doctor? you do not usually indulge in nonsense."

"I have heard you talk with equal wisdom upon a much more important subject, sister; and I thought your watch furnished me with an apt illustration. It has been injured, it will not go, and no one can repair it who does not know how to make it."

"True; but what you are thinking about I cannot imagine."

"I am thinking of a scene that occurred one evening, sister—a singular scene of affecting interest and importance—which I think throws some light upon the conduct you deplore in your dear child."

"Indeed! I should like to hear an account of it."

"It was in a lovely garden: a Voice was heard calling to the owner of it, in familiar terms and well-known accents, 'Adam, where art thou?' but the usual joyous response was gone. There had been a grievous fall. The once perfect machinery of the heart, that beat in time and tune to all the will of Him who made it, stood still: the spring was broken."

"What has this to do with Charley's conduct? I thought you were going to tell me something that concerned him."

"And it does concern him, dear Alice. The nature he inherits from fallen Adam is corrupt, and you know 'a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.' Disobedience and lying are the natural fruits of the natural heart, and I am never astonished to discover them. It is written that every imagination of the natural heart is 'only evil continually,' and that as soon as they be born they go astray, telling lies. That holy communion with a holy God, which would have preserved a sanctifying influence over conduct, was broken up by the first man's disobedience, and all his offspring lie dead to God in trespasses and sins."

"Brother, look there," and Alice pointed to his own little infant, that lay sleeping on its mother's knee: "do you mean to say that the unconscious infant, the very emblem of innocence and peace, falls within such a description?"

"I do, sister: the sleep may be the emblem, but not the child. She is by nature sinful,

and nothing but the mercy of God can save her from the sinner's doom."

"Dreadful indeed, brother! It would make me wretched to believe that everybody I see is a sinful, lost creature."

"But your wretchedness would not alter the fact. God has said it, experience proves it, and only those who believe it are the real benefactors of mankind."

"I believe there is an immensity of wickedness in the world, from evil associations, ignorance, and such like causes, and therefore I gladly encourage every effort to educate, to enlighten, and to elevate the mind."

"Precisely like sending your watch to the blacksmith to mend when the spring is broken, and no clumsy patchwork can set it right again."

"Then, do you anticipate no benefit from education, brother? Are all the efforts of philosophy, all the achievements of science, unimportant upon society?"

"Philosophy and science can no more mend the ruined heart of man than the doctor or the blacksmith could mend your watch. They may alter the position of the works, but can never make them act in harmony with the mind and will of God. What you call 'education' may, indeed, hang mock ornaments around the neck of society, but it cannot produce one true jewel for the heavenly diadem."

"But if we are all inevitably possessed of this nature that you talk of, it is useless to try to do good, and my poor Charles tells me a lie because he cannot help it."

"Ah! take heed, my dear sister, of making excuses for sin. I took you to the Word of God to find the origin of sin, but not an excuse for it. There is enough of right conscience left in every intelligent creature to convict him when he does wrong, and to render him inexcusable for persevering in it. Charles knows full well that it is wrong to utter a falsehood, and he deserves to be punished for it; but though the punishment may make him fear to repeat the offence, it will not make him love truth."

"Then, what can be done, brother? for, according to your theory, no one ever does a right thing from a right motive."

"That is the point, Alice, to which I wished to lead you—the source of motives, the spring

of action. A new spring must be supplied, and nothing else can be of any use in the desperate case of immortal sinners. You see all your efforts fail to eradicate sin in your child; and pardon me, dear sister, if I probe deeper still, and add that, if you deal honestly with your own heart, you will find it equally unmanageable."

"I am not perfect, certainly, any more than others; but I would not do any thing that I imagine would be displeasing to God, or injurious to man."

"But, dear Alice, let me beg you to consider and compare yourself with the only true standard: not your imagination, but God's Word, must decide between right and wrong."

"Ah! but here come in those bigoted ideas of so many religious people, who interpret the Scriptures by their own narrow prejudices. I may not gather from God's Word the same meaning as you have done; and I am not disposed to condemn the millions who cannot read with my eyes, nor believe with my faith."

"Sister, the 'binding' and the 'loosing'—the sin that condemns and the sin that is forgiven—the faith that saves and the unbelief that damns—are not left to your judgment or mine to decide about. A clear and simple proclamation has been made by God himself, who knew how hard a thing it is to make a proud heart humble and contrite. He has given a law which he created man able to keep, and he still maintains it, that we may compare ourselves with it, see how deep our fall has been, and cast ourselves entirely upon Him whose life was the only perfect compliance ever made with it, and whose death is the only atonement acceptable for the breaking of it. Tell your little Charles of his sinful heart, of the God who, nevertheless, 'so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son' for it; tell of that Saviour who died for him; that believing in Jesus is the way to be saved, to be happy, and to be good; that God the Holy Spirit gives faith, creates a new heart, puts a new spring, and makes children; and men, and women, love to speak truth instead of falsehood. Do this, and you use the only means on which a promise of success and blessing rests. You send the complex

machinery, which sin has damaged, to the only artificer who can redeem, renew, reset it. 'Without faith, it is impossible to please God.' No work is acceptable in his sight which springs from any other root. The paroxysms of a pricked conscience, the efforts of sentimental philanthropy, the superstitious rounds of devout observances, may satisfy man with himself for a-time, but they cannot stand the scrutiny of Divine justice, nor reach the deep source of sin."

"Then you allow nothing to ignorance, nothing to sincerity. You are content to believe that millions perish though they are ignorant of God, though they are sincere in error?"

"Alice, I read from the pen of the inspired apostle of Jesus, that 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;' that Jesus himself declared, 'Wide is the gate and broad the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat;' and 'strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' There will be no excuse for you and me if we choose the broad rather than the narrow way; no excuse for us if we neglect to teach our children what God has said about both. And I am persuaded that the secret motive which prompts the Satanic liberalism which would smooth a way for heathen ignorance, and sincere idolatry or unbelief, into the kingdom of God, is just a hope that we also might get in without laying down our sins, our pride, our self-conceit, at God's own appointed 'door.' Nay, nay, Alice! the humbling truth must be told—the new spring must be had, or we cannot see the kingdom of God. Your arguments may sound kind and charitable in the flattered ear of self-love, but they offend the heart that trusts in God's Word, and has learned there his true character of holy love. To learn that glorious lesson, we must look to the cross of Christ. There we behold how he loved us; there we see the hatefulness of sin; there we feel the need of a new nature; there we begin the infant lisping that penetrate a Father's ear, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me;' there alone is self surrendered, and the rebel's flag cast down. O! try, dear sister, to teach your precious child these truths, and you aim

at the root of the lie that distresses you, and the disobedience that causes the lie to be invented. Now, I will get your watch mended. Think whether you will carry to the mercy-seat of Him who made it, that other little piece of machinery, which, whether you will or not, must beat through eternal ages either in sin and sorrow, or in holiness and joy."

THE FIRESIDE SCHOOL.

DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

THERE is much said and much written on the subject of education. It is important; and too much cannot be said or written about it, provided the thing itself be not lost sight of in the agitation respecting it. It is just possible, however, that men may occupy the time in discussing plans which ought to be given to the erection of the building; or, what is more to the point, the attention of parents may be absorbed by this, that, and the other magnificent scheme, to the exclusion of the delightful duties of home. Home! *That* word is poetry. Sometimes beautiful as the flowers of Eden, and sometimes repulsive as the horrors of a dungeon; sometimes an ode, harmonious as "the music of the spheres," and sometimes a fearful tragedy; sometimes "the vestibule of heaven," and sometimes the frowning portal of hell; but it is poetry still. What a happy place home might be in almost every case! It is not dependent on wealth; for "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith;" and "better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It is not dependent on position in society; for "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly;" and "it is better to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud." It depends entirely on the state of mind of the head of the family, and of his partner in life. Wealth and position may both be possessed, and yet the home be a scene of anger, trouble, turmoil, recrimination, and mutual hatred. Those who would make home happy, must have home in their own hearts, the elements of true peace within—the breast that sympathizes with all that is beautiful, and good, and true. Cow-

per's "Poor Cottager," we vouch for it, had a happy home. The "Brilliant Frenchman" had a home, too; but—give me that of the cottager. I love the picture, and must quote it from my loved bard of Olney. I owe Cowper much. He was the poet of my boyhood; and, though I have read other poets in different languages since, Cowper is near my elbow still.

"The path to bliss abounds with many a snare—
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him, if you please. Voltaire?—the same.)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died.
The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew:
An infidel in health, but what when sick?
O, then a text would touch him to the quick!
View him at Paris in his last career:
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And smothered in 't at last, is praised to death.
Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content, though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light:
She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent,) she renders much:
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward:
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers."

Success to every wise plan of education; but if the schoolmaster has to contend against the influences of home, his task is terrible. It is very easy for parents to complain of schoolmasters—to say that their children are not getting on, are getting very little good, and all that sort of thing. How can they, if the seeds of the school are choked by the pernicious influence of the fireside, or if the admonitions of the teacher are counteracted by the dispositions of the father or mother? How can a vessel get on with adverse currents and ever-changing winds? How can a young mind improve, however good the *doctrine* it is

taught by the master, if it be poisoned by the *practice* it sees in the father? And parents also err, if they suppose that mere teaching at home, without the exhibition of corresponding habits, will meet the precept, "Train up a child." Think of the absurdity of a vicious parent lecturing his child on the beauties of virtue; of a wrathful man inculcating meekness upon his son; or of a prayerless father commanding his offspring to pray! The motive-power with children is not so much what their parents say, as what they do. "Example is better than precept," is a trite saying, but it is both true and important; and if parents would attend to its significance, they would have happier homes and better families. It is true that parents cannot "change the heart" of their offspring, but they have it in their power to illustrate truth and goodness in their own lives, which He who can effect that change may condescend to use as means to that end. There are many facts illustrative of the influence of example.

Mr. Innes, in his work on "Domestic Religion," mentions a fact strikingly illustrative of the power of religious example. A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he was nearly betrayed into the snares of infidelity; "but," he added, "there was one argument in favor of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

When Lord Peterborough lodged for a season with Fenelon, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue, that he exclaimed at parting: "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself!"

"Well," said a mother, one day, weeping, her daughter being about to make a public profession of religion by going to the Lord's table: "I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures, while I never look into them—to see her retire and seek God, while I never pray—to see her going to the Lord's table, while his death is nothing to me!" "Ah!" said she to the minister, who called in to inform her of her daughter's intention, "I know she is right and I am wrong. I have seen her firm under reproach, and patient under pro-

vocation, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When, in her illness, she was looking for dissolution, heaven stood in her eye. O that I were ^{as} fit to die! I ought to have taught her, but I am sure she has taught me. How can I bear to see her joining the Church of God, and leaving me behind—perhaps for ever!"

Some years ago, a young man of respectable appearance, who was employed as the agent of a benevolent society, was introduced to me by letter from the secretary of that society. This gentleman, being a good man and a personal friend, told me, in confidence, that the mind of the bearer was in a state of transition from infidelity to a belief of the truth, and that I might take an opportunity of gliding from things indifferent to those of highest moment, and thus be the instrument of lasting good to his mind. I accordingly invited the agent to breakfast on the following day. After the transaction of official business, we began to talk of the current topics of the day, among which the words politics, socialism, sectarianism, and the church, might have been heard. Having reached this region, and thinking the time arrived for the introduction of something personal, I said: "These conflicting opinions have at least one good result: they compel men to think for themselves: they drive a man upon his individuality, and urge him to obey the sadly neglected precept, 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"They ought, perhaps, to have that effect," he replied; "but I apprehend there is a strong reluctance to search the Scriptures, and that many talk about them who are very ignorant of their meaning, and what they say, therefore, is of very little consequence."

"One error always begets another," I remarked; "and the error of ignorance respecting the sacred books is sure to launch him who speaks about them in folly; but you will observe that this sword cuts both ways; for, whilst the unenlightened friend of the Bible, who fancies himself conversant with its contents, may utter very ludicrous things in its name, its unenlightened enemy can only expose himself to contempt by railing against that of which he knows nothing. Ignorant faith, though it is to be lamented, can never be contemptible; but ignorant skepticism, de-

nouncing that which it does not understand, can only expose itself to the scorn of every honest mind."

My guest colored slightly at this remark, and there was that momentary fixedness of the countenance which indicates the action of memory; after which, he said: "It strikes me that there is some importance in the distinction you make between the two kinds of ignorance, but I confess I do not exactly see it."

"The distinction is just this," I replied: "the believer assumes a positive, that is, that God *has* spoken; the infidel assumes a negative, that is, God has *not* spoken. The former may know very little about systems, creeds, and classes, or about ecclesiastical and general history—he may be, in a word, what is called an ignorant man; yet the direct tendency of the positive which he believes is to regulate his conduct, to improve his character, and to make him a virtuous citizen, a good husband, and a good father. He may say things which the educated or the fashionable may deem rude or ludicrous; but the doctrine he believes is so sublime in itself, and so beneficial to man, that he can never be the subject of contempt. On the other hand, the man who has assumed the negative, and goes about to prove that God has not spoken, while he is ignorant of the insurmountable difficulties that lie in his way, in the shape of the evidences of Christianity, the tremendous consequences that would ensue to society without a God, like a ship driven from her moorings in the midst of a hurricane on a tempestuous sea, cannot by any ingenuity save himself from well-deserved contempt."

"I thank you, Sir," he said; "and may I ask whether you are of opinion that those who write and lecture against the Bible are in general ignorant of its meaning?"

"Most certainly I am; and that opinion is founded upon unquestionable evidence. Nor do I limit myself by your implied deduction, that generally they are ignorant of that which they denounce; but I say emphatically, they are all, to a man, except they be hypocrites, thus grossly ignorant."

"Hypocrites?" he asked with surprise: "how can that be?"

"O, I see how it is," I answered, smiling:

"you have fallen into the common notion, that hypocrites are only to be found amongst us poor Christians. But that is only one of the thousand charges under which we must be content to lie until the hidden things of darkness are brought to light. But I will undertake to find you hypocrites 'thick as autumnal leaves' in the world; men who pretend to be what they are not; poor men who pretend that they are rich; vulgar men who pretend that they are related to noble families; ignorant men who pretend that they are educated; and men who, with a contemptible daring, pretend that they are skeptics, while all the time they are wretched in heart, because they believe that the book against which they launch their harmless thunderbolts is really inspired."

"It is so," he cried, starting to his feet: "it is so! and I know it *personally*."

He then related such parts of his history as bore upon the subject under discussion; and, in answer to my question respecting the circumstances which led to his secession from his recent skeptical confederates, he continued thus: "Sir, the recollections of childhood were the means, in the hands of the long-suffering One, in snatching me from the precipice over which I was hastening. Blessed with devout and truly religious parents, whose value, alas! I knew not until it was too late to gladden their hearts by evidences that I felt the importance of their teaching and example, I left them, to use a common phrase, to seek my fortune in the world, and gradually forgot, or tried to forget, their invaluable lessons, until I was nearly sucked into the vortex from which there is no escape. But again and again, after the fearful dissipation of the night, would their mild image rise to my vision to rebuke me. Their tones of heartfelt kindness would fall upon my ears; and, above all, their religious consistency, the beautiful harmony between their profession and practice, would exhibit itself to my memory, so as to convince me that there is a supernatural power in the religion which they undoubtedly both believed and loved. Never can I forget the un murmuring spirit of my father, and the gentle assiduity of my mother to soothe him, amidst the cares and troubles of life. He was full of hope, even when every thing seemed

to oppose his temporal interests. He used to say to my mother: 'My dear, it is all right: have patience: our Father knows best: he would not have spoiled children, and therefore he does not give us every toy we wish for: there is no such thing as chance in the creed of the true Christian: it is all right: let us in every thing give thanks.' Often did I wish to know the secret of that man's happiness. My wish, after a mad career, is, I trust, nearly realized, through Divine mercy; and I believe I may say emphatically, this restoration and prospective happiness are solely owing, as a means, to what I may call 'the FIRESIDE SCHOOL.'"

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

AWAY to the Alps!

For the hunters are there,
To rouse the chamois.

In his rock-vaulted lair,
From valley to mountain,
See! swiftly they go—
As the ball from the rifle,
The shaft from the bow!

Nor chasms, nor glaciers,
Their firmness dismay:

Undaunted, they leap
Like young leopards at play;
And the dash of the torrent
Sounds welcome and dear,
As the voice of the friend
To the wanderer's ear!

They reckon not the music
Of hound or of horn;
The neigh of the courser,
The gladness of morn,
The blasts of the tempest
Their dark sinews brace;
And the wilder the danger,
The sweeter the chase.
With spirits as strong
As their footsteps are light,
On—onward they speed,
In the joy of their might:
Till eye gathers round them,
And silent and deep—
The bleak snow their pillow—
The wild hunters sleep.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

THE physician has great opportunities of gaining the affections of his patients. Few persons have risen from a sick-bed through the skill and attention of a physician without becoming strongly attached to him. Few persons have greater means of influence than the physician.

Physicians ought to be beloved for Christ's sake: they ought to be able to minister to the wants of the soul as well as to heal the diseases of the body. They ought to be devoted Christians.

Confidence in the integrity of his physician prepares the patient to be benefited by the treatment employed. Confidence in the integrity and skill of the physician adds greatly to the physician's curative power. The body is affected by the mind, and in many cases faith and confidence are necessary to render remedies effective. A truly Christian character is adapted to secure confidence. The enemy of religion has confidence in a consistent, devoted Christian. Of two persons possessing the same amount of medical knowledge, the one who is a true Christian will be the most successful practitioner; that is, will be the most particular in the treatment of diseases.

The pious physician has peculiar opportunities for doing good. Sickness often awakens the conscience, and an awakened conscience sometimes occasions sickness. The physician who is wise to win souls can detect the workings of conscience, and deal with them according to the directions of the Great Physician. In many cases, he may blend the religious with the physical in his practice, and thus promote, at the same time, the health of the body and of the soul.

He is often called to attend upon those who are appointed to die. He soon finds that medical skill cannot save them from death. From no other lips but his can they learn that eternity is just before them. No other person can so well teach them how to prepare for death. His knowledge of the state of their bodies and of their minds, his ready access to them, and the confidence they have in him, render him a far better spiritual adviser than the minister. How many souls now lost might

A FOE to God cannot be a true friend to man.

have been saved had the physicians who attended them during life's closing scenes been pious men, lovers of the souls of men, followers of Christ.

The pious physician can pray for his patients. His prayers may secure blessings to their bodies and their souls. God's blessing can render effective remedies which would otherwise fail. God's blessing may render successful his efforts to save their souls. God's blessing is given in answer to prayer.

Physicians, as a body, should be made the subjects of prayer by the Church. Were the members of the medical profession religious men, that profession would be scarcely less useful than that of the ministry. At home and abroad, they would be fellow-laborers with the ambassadors of Christ; and, by the united labors of the two professions, the cause would make rapid progress.

Our medical schools should be made the subjects of especial prayer. There are annually gathered in them hundreds of young men whose influence will be potent in many a family, and that influence ought to be consecrated to Christ. May the time speedily come when every physician shall be a representative of Him who went about doing good to the bodies and the souls of men!—*New York Observer.*

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

Few persons are sufficiently aware of the power of gentleness. It is slow in working, but infallible in its results. It makes no noise: it neither invites attention nor provokes resistance; but it is God's great law, in the moral as in the natural world, for accomplishing great results. The progressive dawn of day, the flow of the tide, the lapse of time, the changes of the seasons—these are carried on by slow and imperceptible degrees, yet their progress and issue none can mistake or resist. Equally certain and surprising are the triumphs of gentleness. It assumes nothing, yet it can disarm the stoutest opposition: it yields, but yielding is the element of its strength: it endures, but in this warfare victory is not gained by doing, but by suffering.

TO THE RAINBOW.

BY CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art:

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When, o'er the green, undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young, thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

—
BY A. A. WATTS.
—

LET others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fireside!

My own Fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own, my own Fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine:
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide:
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou, my own Fireside!

O may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be—
Let joy or grief my fate betide—
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own, my own Fireside!

Those who are intended for any eminent services for God are always emptied of self, and led to see their unfitness: then they trust simply on God's wisdom and power, and he gets all the glory.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

THE general view of the city from the Mount of Olives is mentioned more or less by all travellers as that from which they derive their most distinct and abiding impressions of Jerusalem.

The summit of the Mount of Olives is about half a mile east from the city, which it completely overlooks—every considerable edifice and almost every house being distinctly visible. The city seen from this point appears to be a regular inclined plane, sloping gently and uniformly from west to east, or towards the observer, and indented by a slight depression or shallow vale, running nearly through the centre, in the same direction. The south-east corner of the quadrangle—for that may be assumed as the figure formed by the rocks—that which is nearest the observer, is occupied by the mosque of Omar and its extensive and beautiful grounds. This is Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's temple; and the ground embraced in the sacred enclosure, which conforms to that of the ancient temple, occupies about an eighth of the whole modern city. It is covered with green sward, and planted sparingly with olive, cypress, and other trees; and it is certainly the most handsome feature of the town, whether we have reference to the splendid structures, or to the beautiful lawn spread around them.

The south-west quarter, embracing that part of Mount Zion which is within the modern town, is, to a great extent, occupied by the Armenian convent, an enormous edifice, which is the only conspicuous object in this neighborhood. The north-west is largely occupied by the Latin convent, another very extensive establishment. About midway between these two convents is the castle, or citadel, close to the Bethlehem gate. The north-east quarter of Jerusalem is but partially built upon; and it has more the aspect of a rambling agricultural village than that of a crowded city. The vacant spots here are green, with gardens and olive trees. There is another large vacant tract along the southern wall, and west of the Haram, also covered with verdure. Near the centre of the city, also, appear two or three green spots, which are small gardens. The church of the Holy

Sepulchre is the only conspicuous edifice in this vicinity, and its domes are striking objects. There are no other buildings which, either from their size or beauty, are likely to engage the attention. Eight or ten minarets mark the position of so many mosques in different parts of the town, but they are only noticed because of their elevation above the surrounding edifices. Upon the same principle, the eye rests for a moment upon a great number of low domes, which form the roofs of the principal dwellings, and relieve the heavy uniformity of the flat plastered roofs which cover the greater mass of more humble habitations. Many ruinous piles and a thousand disgusting objects are concealed, or disguised, by the distance. Many inequalities of surface, which exist to so great an extent that there is not a level street of any length in Jerusalem, are also unperceived.

From the same commanding point of view, a few olive and fig trees are seen in the lower part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and scattered over the side of Olivet from its base to the summit. They are sprinkled yet more sparingly on the southern side of the city on Mount Zion and Ophel. North of Jerusalem the olive plantations appear more numerous as well as thriving, and thus offer a grateful contrast to the sunburnt fields and bare rocks which predominate in this landscape. The region west of the city appears to be destitute of trees. Fields of stunted wheat are also seen on all sides of the town.

Jerusalem, as viewed from the Mount of Olives, is a plain, inclining gently and equally to the east. Once enter its gates, however, and it is found to be full of inequalities which nature or time has produced. Houses are built upon mountains of rubbish, which are probably twenty, thirty, or fifty feet above the natural level; and the streets are constructed with the same disregard to convenience, with this difference, that some slight attention is paid to the possibility of carrying off surplus water.

The latter are, without exception, narrow, seldom exceeding eight or ten feet in breadth. The houses often meet, and in some instances a building occupies both sides of the street, which runs under a succession of arches barely high enough to permit an equestrian to pass

under them. A canopy of old mats, or of planks, is suspended over the principal streets when not arched. This custom had its origin, no doubt, in the heat of the climate, which is very intense in summer; but it gives a gloomy aspect to all the most thronged and lively parts of the city. These covered ways are often pervaded by currents of air when a perfect calm prevails in other places. The principal streets of Jerusalem run nearly at right angles to each other. Very few, if any of them, bear names among the native population. They are badly paved, being merely laid irregularly with raised stones, with a deep square channel, for beasts of burden, in the middle; but the steepness of the ground contributes to keep them cleaner than in most Oriental cities.

The houses of Jerusalem are substantially built of the limestone of which the whole of this part of Palestine is composed; not usually hewn, but broken into regular forms, and making a solid wall of very respectable appearance. For the most part there are no windows next to the street, and the few which exist for the purposes of light or ventilation are completely masked by casements and lattice-work. The apartments receive their light from the open courts within. The ground-plot is usually surrounded by a high enclosure, commonly forming the walls of the house only, but sometimes embracing a small garden and some vacant ground. The rain-water which falls upon the pavement is carefully conducted, by means of gutters, into cisterns, where it is preserved for domestic uses.

Stone is employed in building, for all the purposes to which it can possibly be applied, and Jerusalem is hardly more exposed to accidents by fire than a quarry or subterranean cavern. The floors, stairs, etc., are of stone, and the ceiling is usually formed by a coat of plaster laid upon the stones, which at the same time form the roof and the vaulted top of the room. Doors, sashes, and a few other appurtenances, are all that can usually be afforded of a material so expensive as wood. The little timber which is used is mostly brought from Mount Lebanon, as in the time of Solomon. A rough, crooked stick of the fig tree, or some gnarled, twisted planks made of the olive—the growth of Palestine—are

occasionally seen. A large number of houses in Jerusalem are in a dilapidated and ruinous state. Nobody seems to make repairs so long as his dwelling does not absolutely refuse him shelter and safety. If one room tumble about his ears, he removes into another, and permits rubbish and vermin to accumulate as they will in the deserted halls. Tottering staircases are propped to prevent their fall; and when the edifice becomes untenable, the occupant seeks another a little less ruinous, leaving the wreck to a smaller or more wretched family, or, more probably, to a goatherd and his flock. Habitations which have a very respectable appearance from the street, are often found, upon entering them, to be little better than heaps of ruins.

Nothing of this would be suspected from the general appearance of the city as seen from the various commanding points without the walls, nor from any thing that meets the eye in the streets. Few towns in the East offer a more imposing spectacle to the view of the approaching stranger. He is struck with the height and massiveness of the walls, which are kept in perfect repair, and naturally produce a favorable opinion of the health and comfort which they are designed to protect. Upon entering the gates, he is apt, after all that has been published about the solitude that reigns in the streets, to be surprised at meeting large numbers of people in the chief thoroughfares, almost without exception decently clad. A longer and more intimate acquaintance with Jerusalem, however, does not fail to correct this too favorable impression, and demonstrate the existence and general prevalence of the poverty and even wretchedness which must result in every country from oppression, from the absence of trade, and from the utter stagnation of all branches of industry. Considerable activity is displayed in the bazaars, which are supplied scantily—like those of other Eastern towns—with provisions, tobacco, coarse cottons, and other articles of prime necessity. Much business is still done in beads, crosses, and other sacred trinkets, which are purchased to a vast amount by the pilgrims who annually throng the holy city. The support, and even the existence, of the considerable population of Jerusalem depend upon this transient patronage—a cir-

cumstance to which a great part of the prevailing poverty and degradation is justly ascribed. The worthless articles employed in this pitiful trade are, almost without exception, brought from other places, especially Hebron and Bethlehem—the former celebrated for its baubles of glass, the latter chiefly for rosaries, crucifixes, and other toys made of mother-of-pearl, olive wood, black stones from the Dead Sea, etc. These are eagerly bought up by the ignorant pilgrims, sprinkled with holy water by the priests, or consecrated by some other religious mummery, and carried off in triumph and worn as ornaments to charm away disease and misfortune, and probably to be buried with the deluded enthusiast in his coffin, as a sure passport to eternal blessedness. With the exception of some establishments for soap-making, a tannery, and a very few weavers of coarse cottons, there do not appear to be any manufactures properly belonging to the place. Agriculture is almost equally wretched, and can only give employment to a few hundred people. The masses really seem to be without any regular employment. A considerable number, especially of the Jews, professedly live on charity. Many Christian pilgrims annually find their way hither on similar resources, and the approaches to the holy places are thronged with beggars, who, in piteous tones, demand alms in the name of Christ and the blessed Virgin. The general condition of the population is that of abject poverty. A few Turkish officials, ecclesiastical, civil, and military; some remains of the old Mohammedan aristocracy, once powerful and rich, but now much impoverished and nearly extinct; together with a few tradesmen in easy circumstances, form almost the only exceptions to the prevailing indigence. There is not a single broker among the whole population, and not the smallest sum can be obtained on the best bills of exchange short of Jaffa or Beirut.

The number of the inhabitants of Jerusalem has been variously estimated by different travellers, some making it as high as 30,000, and others as low as 12,000.

If God and conscience approve, it matters but little who may condemn.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF SLAVERY.

THE following communication from a highly respected pastor in Georgia, son of the late Hon. William H. Crawford, is an explicit and courteous answer to certain inquiries made by us a few weeks since of Christians in the South. We are glad to receive and to publish such a communication, and to commend its spirit to the admiration of our readers. If its statements and opinions fail to modify their views of slavery, they will regard it as a fresh illustration of the importance of a freer interchange of views among conservative Christian men, of the North and South, with respect to the momentous interests involved in the institution of slavery.—Ed. *New York Examiner*.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have read in your paper of the 20th inst. the "Inquiry of Southern Christians." I regret that the position which you have felt it your duty to take on certain political questions has probably reduced the number of your Southern readers. As I, however, am on the list of those who are still left, I feel a spirit urging me to answer your inquiry. I can do it promptly and decidedly; and the answer which I shall give will, I doubt not, meet the hearty concurrence of "Southern Christians" generally.

The "principles" involved in your inquiry you state thus: "These are, first, the denial of the claim of the negro to be considered a man; and, second, the affirmation of the policy and justice of reviving the African slave-trade." You go on to ask: "Are you ready to defend the Bible, and affirm the essential manhood and brotherhood of the negro, as against the politicians? Are you prepared to defend the gospel morality against those who openly avow the design to revive that accursed traffic, which civilized nations, with one accord, have ranked with poisoning wells (and murdering prisoners in time of war)?"

I assure you, gentlemen, or brethren, (if you will permit me to call you so,) that, as a Southern Baptist minister, I have no desire, and Southern Christians have no desire, "to evade these issues." Defend the Bible? Ay, if God gives us grace, we will defend it. We are ready now to avow ourselves. Indeed,

upon the first of your issues our position was taken long ago: it is known by all men who know any thing about us. The second question, of reviving the African slave-trade, has been so recently agitated, and by so small a number, that there are thousands among us who do not even know that so monstrous a proposition has been suggested. And among the readers of the few journals that have advocated it, I doubt not, a very large majority condemn it.

If, as you say, a movement was set on foot in Charleston "to promulgate" the first of these two doctrines, from Charleston also came the ablest refutation of "the science, falsely so called," which degrades the negro from manhood. If Agassiz in the North gives his sanction to Nott and Gliddon, Bachman in the South confutes their theory.

We, Baptists of the South, have no hesitation in avowing our belief that God "hath made of one blood all nations." We maintain, whether against "politicians" or infidels, philosophers or fanatics, that the negro is A MAN. Because we believe this, we preach the gospel to the negro at home; and we send the missionary to Africa to preach to him there. We witness the effect of a preached gospel in the conversion of the negro; and when converted, the negro is as gladly welcomed into our churches, as a *brother*, as if he were of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. Not more than a mile from where I now write, stands an humble building erected for the worship of God. Among the people who worship there, more than a hundred negroes were baptized during last year. The church now numbers two hundred and eighty-five members, of whom two hundred and twenty-eight are colored. By invitation of the pastor, I preached there Sunday before last. Two-thirds of the congregation were negroes; and as I proclaimed the truth, "Ye are bought with a price," their streaming eyes witnessed that there was a common tie of brotherhood felt and recognized between the preacher and the people, without regard to color. Not many months ago, it was my privilege, as pastor of a Baptist church, to preside in conference, when two women presented themselves as candidates for admission. They took seats on the same bench. One was a lady of

wealth, intelligence, and high social position; the other, a negro servant. They related their experiences. No difference could be perceived in the cordiality of the vote by which they were received. The next morning, I baptized them both in the same running stream. We then repaired to the church. In the beginning of the service, in the presence of an unusually large congregation, the newly-baptized took a stand together in front of the pulpit, and were addressed by the pastor in the same words of warning, exhortation, encouragement, and confidence. Then, while we sang a hymn, all the members of the church, white and colored, bond and free, came forward and gave the right hand of fellowship to the new sisters. Among them, servants gave the hand to their mistress; yet was not that mistress (well though we knew her future zeal and usefulness) more sincerely welcomed as a sister in the church than the humble servant who stood by her side.

In the same paper which contains the inquiry I am answering, there is another article, "Then and Now," in which you recall the fact that eleven years ago "the acting Board at Boston had declined to appoint slaveholding missionaries." It is to many of us in the South a sad reminiscence. Our Northern brethren declared, so far as their power extended, that slaveholders should not preach the gospel. The principle by which a slaveholding missionary was refused an appointment in Georgia and in Burmah would have silenced Drs. Richard Fuller and W. T. Brantly. I mention these brethren, not because they are more faithful and earnest than others, but because they are better known to you. God, who, we trust, has called us to this ministry, permits us to preach to the negro as a man and brother; and the Minutes of our Association, (Georgia Baptist,) now before me, show a membership of 4532 colored to 2796 whites. Whether this result is owing to the manner of preaching prevalent among us, as your correspondent "B." supposes, or to the fact of God's having an elect people among us, as your other correspondent, "J. G. S." avers, I will not decide; but we do thank God that he calls us to the work which is thus instrumental in saving the soul of the

poor slave. Can we engage in this work without believing in our very heart that the negro is a man—without affirming the essential manhood and brotherhood of the negro? Here, in the South, among Southern Christians, are the negro's best friends; and eternity will declare the fact.

It was my privilege, two months ago, to attend the meeting of our Western Baptist Association. The claims of our colored population for religious instruction were presented in a strong and able report. Many brethren, ministers and not ministers, discussed the subject, and every one felt deeply, saw clearly, and expressed strongly, the obligation to give the negroes religious instruction. One minister especially, a man of wealth, with a pathos which I have seldom seen equalled, avowed his determination to devote himself to this service. Deeply, truly does he feel the essential brotherhood of the negro.

In regard to your second question, little need be said. The revival of the African slave-trade will never be sanctioned by Southern Christians, nor by the Southern people. The horrors of that trade are as keenly felt by us as by you. The name of Wilberforce is as truly honored by us as by you. The Africans are among us, but we have no desire to import more. We have slaves among us, brought here by no act of ours, or of our fathers; but we have no wish to enslave a single freeman—no matter what his color, or where his birthplace. Ultraists at the South are as far from being reliable exponents of public sentiment as ultraists at the North. There are fanatics of Slavery, as intensely mad as the fanatics of Abolitionism. But rest assured that neither Southern Christians, nor the Southern people, will sanction the revival of the African slave-trade. We are ready for the issue on this subject, whenever it shall be made.

That extreme opinions prevail among many in the North and in the South, is undeniably true; and it is a matter of regret that the extreme men in both sections strengthen each other; for violence on one side begets corresponding violence on the other, and in the tumult, reason, wisdom, and justice are unheard. Thinking men among us especially regret that the bitterness of factionists in the

North has driven the South to measures of defence that are both unsound in principle and unwise in practice.

One of these measures, unwisely resorted to by most of the Southern States, is the law which forbids teaching negroes to read. This law is, in many cases, a nullity in fact, but it should be removed from our statute-book, which it disgraces. Senator Toombs, in his Boston lecture, condemns it, and other eminent men throughout the South coincide with him in its condemnation.

The injudicious and unauthorized interference of Northern men with slavery in the Southern States has done great injury to the negro. All that the true friends of the colored race in the South ask of the people of the Northern States is, "*Laissez nous faire*," (Let us alone.) We—not you—are responsible to God for our treatment of the Africans whom your fathers brought here and sold to our fathers. A wrong was then done which is badly atoned for by measures which prompt to oppression on the one hand, and to insurrection and murder on the other.

I have written more than I intended, and have touched upon topics not anticipated when I began. My desire, above all things, is for a return of that harmony which animated our fathers when they formed our national compact, and of that Christian love which brought Mercer into union with Cone, and Lincoln, and Sharp. Shall that harmony and love ever return? My only trust is this: The Lord reigneth!

N. M. C.

PENFIELD, Geo., Nov., 1856.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

Just before he died, and after his recovery was despaired of, one of his physicians approached his bedside, and asked how he found himself. "I feel like the jackdaw on the church-steeple," was the strange reply. The physician withdrew sadly from the bedside to another part of the room, where some members of the family were standing together, and, shaking his head, confessed his apprehensions that the brain of the dying statesman was affected—that the stately oak was

perishing at the top. He could see no method in the answer which the question had received. One of the ladies present, who knew Mr. Webster better, did not believe his mind was wandering; and, quietly stepping to his bedside, asked him what he meant by saying he felt "like the jackdaw on the church-steeple!" "Why, Cowper—Cowper's delightful translation of one of Vincent Bourne's little poems, entitled 'The Jackdaw.'" We annex a copy of the verses, which some of our readers may have forgotten, or never read, that they may perceive the perfect fitness and point of the reply.

THE JACKDAW.

There is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up, your brain begins to swim;
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him:
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the race-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
Of future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No: not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout—
Church, army, physic, law—
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw!

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

FORGIVENESS is rarely perfect except in the breasts of those who have suffered.

NOVEL-READING: ITS EXTENT AND INFLUENCE.

BY W. W. E.

"Pernicious fiction, unlike holy truth,
Ensnares, beguiles, misleads our rising youth:
It issues forth like floods from shore to shore:
Let truth arrest it, and its reign is o'er."

The advantages of judicious reading can hardly be overstated. Through books, one may become the pupil of the philosophers, statesmen, and masters of art of all ages. By the same means, he can visit every part of the world, commune with every scene of nature, and make the acquaintance of every person of learning, place, or power, now in the world. He can find in the library the learning of all schools and universities: he can by books become learned, great, happy, and useful.

But the perils of reading are almost equal to its promise. The race fell by the indiscriminate pursuit of knowledge, and its degradation is perpetuated by the same unsanctified and misdirected pursuit. In repudiating any portion of general literature, or cautioning against its unwary use, we should not reject books merely for their name, but from their qualities. Though as an order of literature fiction is most to be dreaded, it is not merely because it is fictitious; for the allegory, the fable, the parable, and the drama are also fiction. But there is a class of fictitious writings denominated novels, having so many common features, aims, elements, and tendencies, as to fall under a general judgment. In 1849, it was estimated that 5500 different novels were offered for sale in this country: so that if a man should read a volume a week of this class of writings, it would require a hundred years to peruse the catalogue of a single year. A single publishing-house in Europe is said to have expended one hundred thousand dollars in one year in advertising only three books, and the most exceptionable of this class.

"It appears from The Edinburgh Review that the total number of immoral publications issued is 29,000,000 annually, being more than all the publications of the different religious societies and the seventy religious

magazines. The present circulation in London itself of deeply immoral publications amounts to 4,000,000 weekly; and in one large manufacturing town alone, the weekly issue of an impious blasphemous paper exceeds 23,000: the editor and proprietor of the paper both deny the existence of a God!"

It would seem that the greatest instrument of popular influence in the universe is wielded by the direct agencies of vice and wickedness in catering to the basest passions, to an extent even greater than it is applied to the direct service of pure morality and religion. When we consider how congenial to such a seeding of evil is the soil of depraved human nature, how alarming is the fact of such a shameless prostitution of the press! Millions of minds are thus excited to crime, laws are converted into ropes of sand, legislation is made pointless and vain, and all the wild beasts of society have their savage natures stirred up to go abroad "seeking whom they may devour."

Well do we remember the sporting prints which we met on the line of the railroads in England, indicating that the pernicious seed is scattered broadcast over the land, and is counteracting all the better influences of a moral and religious literature. The fond hopes of parents are thus dashed when they are hardly conscious whence comes the influence by which their children are corrupted. Is it right for the laws to tolerate such prints? Do we not need an organized movement to turn away poison from the mind as well as the lips? Is alcohol a greater crime-producer than vicious prints? It is time that this subject were taken in hand with an earnestness unknown to our former experience. The young are thus excited to crime, and when the deed is done, they are punished; in utter defiance of the prudential adage, that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

Millions are annually spent upon the manufacture and circulation of novels, and millions of aimless and thoughtless youth are fascinated over their pages in every part of the world, many of them foregoing the hours of labor, and others the hours of repose, in the infatuation.

The general tendency of novels is to foster intellectual imbecility. As their object is en-

tainment, they impose no task on the mental faculties which might impair the sense of delicious repose, or automaton action. The judgment and memory are not addressed or called into exercise. There is required no reasoning or investigating, no combining or creating. Their votary follows with breathless interest the hero, rejoicing in hope, trembling in apprehension, with curiosity strained to its highest tension and most feverish excitement. But what is effected by all this mental commotion? Nothing can be learned, nothing purposed, nothing done. "The excitement has burned itself out, and nothing remains of the great illumination but smoking wicks, the droppings of tallow candles, and a pervading offensive odor."

The excitement from novel-reading grows by that which it feeds upon, like the appetite for ardent spirits. It seems to debauch the intellect of some almost as obviously as the cup; and its exhilaration is turned to no higher account for intellectual improvement and the acquisition of knowledge than the hallucination of the inebriate. Followed to a great extent without compelling attention to understand a subject, or of reasoning to judge of arguments, or of memory to lay up information, it disaffects toward all vigorous mental exertion, and induces a desultory habit of mind, and an incapacity to pursue a train of thought without some morbid excitement to stimulate the enfeebled intellect. Novels have reduced millions of noble minds to mere intellectual weakness, and busied them about the base of the hill of science, culling flowers or loitering in indolent ease, till the day was too far spent, or the ambition to attempt the sublime ascent was repressed. They are the toys of grown-up children, and perpetuate the aimless life and intellectual vagrancy of childhood.

Novel-reading also debauches the affections. They are called into intense action without an object, and the abortion perverts their aims and exhausts their energy. Their treasures of sympathy are the forces of nature for use in relieving the actual sorrows of the world and advancing its happiness. But these fountains are drawn off on imaginary occasions: these forces are expended in sham conflicts, leaving no relief for real want, no

encouragement for real virtue. The novel-reader enjoys exciting experience without exciting action or occasions; the exhilaration of hope without the necessity of endeavor; the voluptuousness of sorrow without the reality of misery; the excitement of terror without the existence of danger; the luxury of sympathy without the necessity of giving assistance; the tenderness of pity without contact with the squalidness of want; and the sublimity of heroism without the reality of self-denial. The sacred sympathies are thus trifled with, mocked, profaned. The heart is seared against real want—the fountains of charity are dried up. The bread of the poor, the sympathy of the afflicted, the succor of the tempted, are taken from them insidiously by an arch-impostor, a hypocritical conjuror.

These untimely excitements, like hothouses, display prematurely the blossoms of sentiment and feeling, and they are blighted by untimely frosts of the world and artificial disappointments. Those who are oftenest melted by the play, or weep most profusely over the misfortunes of a hero of the novel, are the last in real services of charity. It was said of Sterne, (the great master of sentimental fiction,) with little less of justice than severity, "He prefers whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother!"

There is a similar perversion of sensibilities in all inveterate novel-readers. Sentimentality supersedes well-balanced and practical benevolence. The heart becomes calloused by familiarity with suffering without proportionate and present opportunity of relieving it. Their tears are all shed in the theatre and over the novel. While they weep with the heroine of a tale, they may neglect to pay the hard-earned pittance to their washerwoman; beat down the poor mechanic with the most exacting parsimony; insult the solicitor of charity who asks a dollar for the poor; laugh at the fanaticism of missions to the heathen; and avoid the sick-room or funeral, lest the sensibilities should be stirred in natural sorrow. Says Dugald Stewart: "An habitual attention to exhibitions of fictitious distress is not merely useless to the character, but positively hurtful. It is in every view calculated to check our moral improvement." The author of the History of

Enthusiasm says of such persons: "The reality of woe is the very circumstance that paralyzes sympathy, and the eyes that can pour forth floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the romance or the drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness that enables the subject of it to pass through the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy."

OUR EARTHLY FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

The following lines were found in the coat-pocket belonging to a young man, soon after his death, which was occasioned by that fell scourge, consumption.

Is it wrong to wish to see them,
Who were dear to us on earth,
Who have gone to heavenly mansions,
Who surround a brighter hearth?

Is it wrong to mourn their absence
From the parted household band?
Should we check the sigh of sadness,
Though they're in a better land?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them
Yet upon the blessed shore,
And with songs of joy to greet them,
When this toil of life is o'er?

Is it wrong to think them dearer
Than the many of the blest,
Who to us on earth are strangers?
Must we love them like the rest?

I've a mother up in heaven,
And, O! tell me, if ye will,
Will that mother know her children?
Will she recollect them still?

Can she look down from those windows,
To this dark and distant shore?
Will she know when I am coming?
Will she meet me at the door?

Will she clasp me to her bosom,
In her ecstasy of joy?
Will she ever be my mother?
Shall I ever be her boy?

And, thou loved one, who didst leave us
In the morning of thy bloom—
Dearest sister, shall I meet thee
When I go beyond the tomb?

Shall I see thy lovely features?
Shall I hear thy pleasant words,
Sounding o'er my spirit's heartstrings
Like the melody of birds?

And I think me of another—
Of a darling little one—
Who went up among the angels
Ere his life had scarce begun.

O! I long once more to see him,
And to fold him in my arms,
As I did when he was with us,
With his thousand budding charms!

Ah! 'tis true the soul must suffer,
And be bound with anguish down,
Ere 'tis fitted for its dwelling,
Ere 'tis ready for its crown.

But, O Jesus! blessed Jesus!
Thou art loved without alloy!
Thou wilt meet us, thou wilt bless us,
Thou wilt give us perfect joy!

—*National Era.*

CONTRASTS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

How beautiful is sunshine
That follows after rain!
How pleasant are the dreams of ease
When purchased by a pain!
How sweet when true love quarrels
To make it up again!

How merry is the streamlet
That has a rock to leap!
How blessed is the daily toil
That brings refreshing sleep!
Then prithee, Love, a quarrel,
But neither long nor deep.

How dull would be the morning
Had night not gone before!
How tame would be the summer days
Were't not for winter hoar!
And were our life all pleasure,
Delight would be no more!

After the dark, the dawning—
After the cool, the heat—
After the rain, the buds of spring—
After the sour, the sweet;
And after all thy chiding,
Behold me at thy feet!

HUGH MILLER.

In addition to what we published in our last number on the death of this distinguished man, our readers will allow us to adopt the following article of brother Clark's.

Mr. Miller was born in 1802, at Cromarty, a small seaport on the east coast of Scotland. He was educated in what he calls "one of John Knox's strongholds of the Reformation, in the little thatched house at the foot of Castle Hill, which gave merchants to the exchange, ministers to the church, physicians to the faculty, professors to colleges, and members to parliament." He might have added, "liberty and independence to the people." After receiving his measure of education in this unpretending institution, at the age of nineteen, with a heavy heart, he set out to make his first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, or, as he expresses it, "to toil every day in order that he might eat, and to eat every day in order that he might be enabled to toil;" not an inviting prospect to one who feels, as he evidently did, that he is born to a higher destiny. From wandering at pleasure among rocks and woods, from reading curious books when he could get them, and, when he could not, from gleaning old traditionary stories among the aged men and women of this romantic little town, he passes to an acquaintance with the picks, and drills, and hammers, and wedges, and levers of a quarry. Yet here, uninviting as the prospect was at the outset, he spent the next fifteen years of his life. At the commencement of his career as a workman among rocks, he was a slim, loose-jointed boy, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake: at the close, he had settled down into the compact form and the sober realities of well-developed manhood.

It was while thus employed that he prepared his first-work for the press; and it was while pursuing his labors as a stone-mason that he made those discoveries, down in the great charnel-house of the old world, which have shed so much light on the geological history of our globe, and have given him an imperishable fame.

In 1836, a bank was established in Cromarty, and he received the appointment of accountant or cashier, and during the next five years he was employed in keeping ledgers and discounting bills.

But the House of Lords, in 1842, and especially the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham, decided that the Presbytery, for refusing to assist in the ordination of a candidate, presented by a wealthy non-resident patron, but offensive to the church itself, were liable to an action for damages. This decision alarmed the fears of all who loved the Kirk, (and who in Scotland does not?) It called forth from the pen of Mr. Miller a letter addressed to Lord Brougham, in which he reviewed with great ability and elegance the opinions expressed by his Lordship. This communication attracted the attention of the Free Church party, and at the close of the contest, the author, who had already been transferred from a school-room to a quarry, and from the quarry to a bank, was once more transferred from the bank to an editorial sanctum, which last position he occupied at the time of his lamented death, December 23, 1856.

As a journalist, Mr. Miller more than met the expectations of his friends. He presided over the columns of *The Witness*, the organ of the Free (or Evangelical) Church, the thirteen years preceding his death, and raised the paper to the first rank among the religious periodicals of Scotland. To prepare editorial matter for such a journal, and at such a crisis in the history of the body, relying upon it for a defence of its motives and principles, was no ordinary task. This, however, was only a part, and by far the lightest part, of his intellectual labors.

During the same years, he also prepared and published elaborate treatises upon some of the most difficult, and at the same time the most important, scientific questions of the age. While in logical arrangement and rigid analysis these productions have no superiors, in all the excellences and beauties of style they have no equals. They have effected a revolution in the opinions of the most experienced geologists, and have attracted multitudes to the study of this infant but gigantic science. The last sheets of another volume, discussing what is just now *the* question in

this department of knowledge, passed from under his hand only a few days before his decease. This is now in press, and will be issued under the significant title of "The Testimony of Stones." He had also been for several years collecting the materials for a Geological History of Scotland.

Besides these volumes of science, he published others designed for instruction and amusement combined, namely: "The Scenes and Legends of Scotland," not surpassed in power of description, nor equalled in moral influence, by any of the Waverley series; "First Impressions of England and its People," or England seen geologically, socially, economically, religiously, and even poetically, by the sharp and critical eye of a Scotch Presbyterian and scholar; and, finally, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," or an autobiography of his education.

Nor were his labors limited even here. He delivered lectures before various bodies on miscellaneous subjects, but of very great value, and even entered the lists against the most accomplished historian of the present age in defence of the departed but honored dead of Scotland and Scotland's Kirk.

With a masculine frame and robust health, he moved on in his herculean labors, without apparent fear or the most remote apprehension of any injurious consequences to himself. His brain, at first and for a long time excited by the invigorating and enchanting field of truth ever widening before him, then heated by the intensity of its own action, and then, alas! hopelessly exhausted and incurably diseased, had passed far beyond the point of recovery before he even suspected himself in danger. At times, within a few days of his death, like a strained and almost broken bow, it had none of its natural force, none of its wonted elasticity. The arrow fell to the ground far short of its mark.

His mind, too, like his body, well developed and matured, came forth, through many years, as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiced as a strong man to run a race. His imagination, unfolded amidst the wild and magnificent scenery of Cromarty, and inspired by the endless legends of that legendary land, worked long and nobly. It came to his aid and enabled him to set most vividly before his

readers, not only the Sutors which guarded the entrance to the harbor of his native town, and "vessel after vessel passing towards the opening, through spray and tempest, like the inhabitants of an invaded country hurrying to the gateway of some impregnable fortress," not only "the snow-streaked and cloud-capped Ben-Nevis," but the smallest fossil "turned up in a newly-discovered bed, or brought to view by a single stroke of the hammer."

To such a mind, aided by such an imagination, there is no pleasure so great as that of thinking. This is its element: this is its treasure, its wealth. To be suddenly overwhelmed, then, in the moment of its greatest power and highest aspiration, with the dreadful conviction that the possession of this power is about to cease, and the sceptre of intellect to pass from our hands, never to be restored, is a calamity not easy to be borne. This, the most painful of all convictions, rushed suddenly upon the mind of Hugh Miller, and hence his tragic end.

ONE PECULIARITY OF THE OLD BAPTIST PREACHERS.

This leads me to refer to a peculiarity which has until lately distinguished our preachers. They aimed at the immediate conversion of men. The Baptists of the time of Charles II. were so peculiar in this respect, that they considered their practice of sufficient importance for insertion in their Confession of Faith. Thus the London Confession, article xxv., asserts: "The preaching of the gospel to the conversion of sinners is absolutely free, no way requiring, as absolutely necessary, any qualifications, preparations, or terrors of the law, but only and alone the naked soul, a sinner and ungodly, to receive Christ crucified, dead and buried and risen again, who is made a Prince and a Saviour for such sinners as through the gospel shall be brought to believe on him."—(*Hansard Knollys Society's Publications*, p. 37, of Baptist Confessions.)

From the manner in which our ministers entered upon their work, it is evident that it must have been the prominent object of their lives to convert men to God. They did not enter the ministry as a learned and respecta-

ble profession, as a place of literary leisure, as an introduction to a professorship, or presidency of a college, or to a secretaryship or agency of a society, but because they believed that they were called to the work of turning men to God. Nothing but just such a conviction would have drawn them aside from their previous pursuits. Hence they labored directly for this object. The great doctrines which they preached were the depravity and moral helplessness of man, his just condemnation under the holy law of God, the way of salvation by repentance and faith on the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; and these were always followed by earnest entreaties to their hearers to flee from the wrath to come. They preached with the hope that at every sermon some one would submit himself to Christ; and unless this result followed their labors, they felt that they had labored in vain. They had little to do with the "public mind," "the benefits which Christianity confers on our civil institutions," or with any of the common means so frequently resorted to to render the gospel of Christ respectable. There were perishing sinners before them. They held in their hands the sovereign remedy for the fatal disease which was consigning them to destruction. They held up the disease and the remedy, and besought men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. They were generally not ashamed. Though held in low esteem by the learned and the wealthy, they were wise in turning men to righteousness.

In their preaching to Christians there was, I think, another peculiarity. They were remarkable for what was called experimental preaching. They told much of the exercises of the human soul under the influence of the truth of the gospel. The feelings of a sinner while under the convicting power of the truth; the various subterfuges to which he resorted when aware of his danger; the successive applications of truth by which he was driven out of all of them; the despair of the soul when it found itself wholly without a refuge; its final submission to God, and simple reliance on Christ; the joys of the new birth, and the earnestness of the soul to introduce others to the happiness which it has now for the first time experienced; the trials of the soul when

it found itself an object of reproach and persecution among those whom it loved best; the process of sanctification; the devices of Satan to lead us into sin; the mode in which the attacks of the adversary may be resisted; the danger of backsliding, with its evidences, and means of recovery from it; the dealings of God with the soul in bereavement and disappointments; the hidings of his face in order to confirm and strengthen it in holy unwavering trust in him; the comforts of religion in sickness, poverty, persecution, and death; the nearness of Christ to the soul when all earthly aid was withdrawn;—these were some of the staple subjects on which our experimental preachers loved to expatiate. They were obliged to look into their own hearts and the hearts of others for subjects, and these were the subjects they found there. They looked into the Bible, and there they saw all this in abundance. They found a response, when they presented these truths, in every devout soul. Christians, when face thus answered to face, were drawn very near to each other. They conversed on these subjects whenever they met. They even used a term to distinguish real Christians from formalists, founded on the consciousness of these exercises. Thus it was very common to hear a devout man designated as an "experienced person," or an "experienced Christian," by way of distinction from a mere professor or formalist. The mode in which preaching was designated was derived from these ideas. Men did not speak of a sermon as an intellectual effort, a splendid performance, a beautifully written discourse; but they said that their souls had been fed by it, they had derived food for many days, they had treasured up the truth for months, they had been delivered from the snare into which they were nearly fallen, they were quickened to new Christian effort. These remarks show the tendency of the class of preachers which seems now to be passing away.—*Principles and Practice of Baptists.*

Now!—The apostles had no to-morrow in their contemplations: they never thought of any such thing. The gates of hell and the doors of heaven were at all times full in view.

OUT OF FASHION.

OUT of fashion! These are, in the world's estimation, words of awful import. Like the wand of an enchanter, they can with one touch divest of all its excellency and beauty that upon which the eyes of thousands have been fixed in admiration; transmuting it into something that is for the future to be avoided and despised; banishing it from the ethereal regions of taste into worse than Australian deserts, the antipodes of all that is elegant and pleasing. These seem strong expressions; but the influence of this magical decree, extending to things which I had, in my ignorance, once supposed beyond its sphere, was on one occasion forcibly presented to my mind.

I was walking with two ladies in a beautiful garden, where flowers of all kinds and colors bloomed around, and every breath of air was "redolent of sweets." My companions were professed florists; and, though not myself possessed of much knowledge on the subject, I listened with pleasure to their dissertations on points connected with it, and examined the blossoms selected for observation. Here the fuchsia hung her graceful bells, and beds were radiant with the gorgeous hues of blue, scarlet, and purple verbenas. But it would be in vain to enter on a description of that fair scene, where

"The finished garden to the view
Its vistas opened; and its alleys green
Snatched through the verdant maze the hurried eye,
Distracted wandering."

When my fair associates grew tired of their floral examination, we turned from the gay parterre down a shady shrubbery walk. Here, in a comparatively neglected border, some magnificent hollyhocks reared their tall pyramidal forms, thickly covered with blossoms, whose hues, for richness and variety, might rival any of the more delicate flowers which we had been admiring. They attracted the attention of one of the ladies, who uttered, in passing, a note indicative of admiration: "They are very fine." To which the other, who was the owner of the garden, replied: "But do not you know that hollyhocks are now entirely *out of fashion*?"

"So they are," answered her friend, evidently somewhat ashamed of having been de-

tected in admiring what was under the malediction of a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and moving quickly away from the object of *taboo*.

I had now, for the first time, discovered that the influence of the despotic legislator, fashion, extended to the inanimate things of creation. I was already aware of its being exercised over the fine arts, occasionally sentencing them to temporary banishment from society, and recalling them at will. This lesson had been taught me some time before, by hearing a young lady say, in reply to a remark about a newly published poem: "I seldom look at poetry now—it is *out of fashion*;" and by hearing another devoted subject to the same ruling power exclaim: "My sister has a fine taste for music, but never plays now—it is *out of fashion*."

These incidents really occurred, and have not been invented for the purpose of illustrating my subject, which I mention as some may doubt that beings endued with reason could be guilty of the absurdity which they exemplify.

These things, however apparently trifling, led my mind into a train of serious reflections on the probable consequences of this great subserviency to public opinion in trifling matters; and its influence on the character, especially of the young, seems to me important enough to merit consideration.

Now, while I should be far from deprecating every change simply because it was new, and while I would never judge the discoveries of modern days in the spirit of those who would rather be wrong with antiquity than right with innovation, I own that such instances as I have just recorded appear to me too characteristic of the present times, and indicative of a dangerous deficiency in the useful habit of exercising the right of private judgment in trifles, naturally leading to a dereliction of it in matters of importance.

If freedom of thought be the sacred inalienable prerogative of human nature, bestowed upon us by our Creator, is it not evident that we must exercise it to become what we were originally intended for, and to fulfil our high destiny, not only as the children of time, but of eternity? When we surrender our mental powers to be moulded by

others, and tamely condescend to think by proxy even about trifles, we are training our minds for that kind of passive subjection which may lead us to embrace error in matters of vital importance. And here perhaps it may be well to observe, that in making these remarks I would by no means be understood to condemn teachableness of disposition, or candor in investigating the opinions of others—qualities perfectly consistent with independence of thought and judgment. I am ready to acknowledge that the influence of fashion in such matters as the preference of a fuchsia for a hollyhock is not in itself likely to affect the interests of society; but I would assert that the mental stagnation arising from the habitual surrender of our minds upon such trifling occasions, is of evil tendency, and leads to our doing the same in things of importance.

Cultivate, then, I say again to my readers, the habit of manly reflection and mental decision.

MINIATURES.

THE art of miniature-painting by a cheap process, as invented by Daguerre, opened a new field to enterprise, which was promptly entered. Soon after the announcement of the discovery, "galleries" were opened in almost every street, and any amateur might hang up his sign with fair promise of success. A careful calculation shows that but a short time ago there were one hundred and fifty daguerreotype rooms in the city, employing, on an average, five persons; but now, by the introduction of new processes, not easily attainable, many of the old operators are irretrievably ruined. The finer texture and subdued coloring of the plateglass ambrotype led to the relinquishment of the metallic plate, so that the unnatural glare of the latter was avoided, the effect produced being more like that of a fine engraving; nor is the image reversed, as in the daguerreotype. Another advantage is, that the impression is taken instantaneously, so that the features are not disturbed by fatigue or impatience. The photograph is another process much in use, which approaches more to the old style of miniature-painting, the pencil being employed to a con-

siderable extent, though the lineament and general expression are conveyed by optical apparatus, as in the ambrotype, except that paper is substituted for plateglass. So completely have these new processes superseded the old, that one of the largest operators, who formerly took fourteen or sixteen daguerreotype likenesses per day, now scarcely averages two a week; yet the business has so increased as to require the constant service of twenty-five men, and some of the artists receive as high as fifty dollars per week. It is seldom that so complete and so sudden a revulsion occurs in any branch of business. There are five principal dealers in the materials required in the practice of these arts, and their joint sales per annum amount to about \$1,500,000.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

ANOVE—below—where'er I gaze,

Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew:
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind
That turns the ocean-wave to foam;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find
When summer airs around me roam:
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself; for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks its splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car:
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain-tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold:
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thy hands have fashioned to adorn:
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here!"

SOWING IN TEARS.

STRAIGHT and still the baby lies,
No more smiling in his eyes,
Neither tears nor wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done:
He has need of neither one—
Only I must weep alone.

Tiny fingers, all too slight,
Hold within their grasping tight
Waxen berries scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain
I have held them close—in vain:
Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast,
By no suffering distressed,
Here they lie in marble rest.

They shall ne'er unfolded be,
Never more in agony
Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never! O, the hopeless sound
To my heart, so closely wound
All his little being round!

I forget the shining crown,
Glad exchange for cross laid down,
Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know
I am very full of woe—
And I want my baby so!

Selfish heart, that thou shouldst prove
So unworthy of the love
Which thine idol doth remove!

Blinded eyes, that cannot see,
Past the present misery,
Joy and comfort full and free!

O my Father, loving Lord!
I'm ashamed at my own word:
Strength and patience me afford.

I will yield me to thy will;
Now thy purposes fulfil:
Only help me to be still.

Though my mother-heart shall ache,
I believe that, for thy sake,
It shall not entirely break.

And I know I yet shall own,
For my seeds of sorrow sown,
Sheaves of joy around thy throne!

HOME LIFE.

THERE are three words of simple form, but of thrilling interest to the human race: these words are *wife*, *home*, and *mother*. The first word, gentle lady, calls up the hour of thine espousal, the joyous moment when thou gavest thy hand to him who already possessed thy heart, and linked thy fortune and thy fate henceforth with his. I see thee now, with flushed cheek, throbbing yet hopeful heart, as the man of God utters the words: "I pronounce thee husband and wife; and what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Mother is there, and father is there, brothers and sisters are there, and all goes "merry as a marriage-bell." All kiss thee, and wish thee success in the struggle of life, as thy young husband, the lawyer, minister, teacher, or farmer, turns his steps toward the distant West, or sits down beneath the shadow of the parental tree, to work and wait "the portion of goods that falleth to him."

And now thou art a wife—"settled down," as the world has it, with a thousand new thoughts, necessities, and cares crowding upon thy head, heart, and hands. Thou hast realized thy many day-dreams; and the word wife is to thee the gathering of a thousand rills of hopes and fears into a fountain of living reality. Thou wast made to love and be loved; and happy art thou, if thou hast for a husband the man of thy choice, and thy "course of true love has run smooth."

But, gentle lady, thou art only starting in the course; just buckling on the armor for the contest—a contest with the toils, discouragements, and vexations of life. Now for a home. "Home, sweet home—there is no place like home!" as sang Howard Payne, an American, and afterward heard the ballad-singers in the streets of London chant his own sweet song, while he himself was a homeless, penniless, comfortless wanderer. But what is a good home? Does it consist of tapestry, carpets, boudoirs, damask and lace curtains, and all the elegances and splendors of a fashionable residence? It may—it often does consist with all these. But are these necessary to make a home? We think not. Is it, on the other hand, a cheerless, poverty-stricken place, where want and contention reign su-

preme? Is it not rather in any and in every place where an affectionate wife, a kind and faithful husband, devoted and obedient children, mingle their sympathies and efforts to create and perpetuate the best affections of our nature, and adding to all human loves that of Divine love, which smooths life's rough path, and points to an eternal reunion in heaven? A home then may be found in the Tuileries, under the shadow of an empire, or in a log-hut in the far West, with all the inconveniences of frontier-life.

Said a young mechanic the other day: "I'm going West, to get a farm and a wife, and settle down. A poor man can't support a family here. I am going where I can have a good home, be independent and comfortable, even without all the fine things. I have been there, and know all about it." "Go," we said, "and God bless you!" And we thought of the thousands of young men who throng our streets, and spend their leisure hours in idle amusements or in vicious resorts: how much better for them would it be to follow such an example! How many hearts of fond parents, now wrung with anguish at the premature ruin of the sons they had loved and cherished, would be gladdened by the manly virtues and noble destiny of so worthy an ambition, and the moral elevation to which such a course might lead!—*Mother's Journal.*

FEMALE DRESS.

It is true that very many thousands of dollars are annually spent for trifles to adorn the bonnets and dresses of Christian ladies. But I do think that the gentlemen are quite as much to be blamed as the ladies for this sinful extravagance. Just as long as they countenance this display of ribbons and laces, and make presents of fifteen hundred dollar shawls, with bonnets and mantles to match, to their wives and daughters, just so long will they be worn. Why, a lady, unless richly attired, is scarcely noticed in a fashionable city store, and the very merchants and clerks you sympathize so deeply with, are far more attentive to a lady in frounces and feathers than to one more plainly dressed. Any one who is in the habit of travelling in our cars,

steamboats, and omnibuses, cannot fail to observe the attention paid to ladies in such apparel. Seldom do you see a gentleman assist a plainly-dressed lady in or out of the cars, offer her a shady seat, or any little favor, so highly appreciated when unattended by husband or father. And even in the house of God this very thing is seen. An acquaintance of the writer, a lady of great wealth and respectability, but who has the moral courage to dress in a plainer garb than many of her associates with far less means, went into a church in New York, and occupied a vacant seat: soon after, a gentleman member came in alone, seeing the lady, and supposing her poor, (which one would consider a criminal offence in New York.) called the sexton, and ordered her out of his pew. A country minister's wife, visiting the city, anxious to see some of the handsome "up-town" churches of her own denomination, entered one, and seating herself, was endeavoring to prepare herself for the solemn service of the morning, when the sexton came and asked if she was acquainted with the owner of the pew, pointing to the silver-plate. She was not, and consequently obliged to leave. This was repeated twice, before the poor woman could be accommodated an hour in that rich church. Now, if these ladies had been clothed with goodly raiment instead of a meek spirit, they would have remained undisturbed in their Father's house. If the good husbands and young men of our country do not like being "robbed," let them treat ladies as rational, accountable beings, and, instead of judging them by their outward appearance, let the qualities of their *mind* and *heart* be the test of their worth.—*Southern Observer.*

DEBTS.—It not unfrequently happens that people contract debts without any prospect of ever being able to pay them; and it is sometimes the case that they who have the ability are unwilling to discharge their liabilities, and by their unjustifiable neglect cause serious inconvenience to those to whom they are indebted. For professing Christians to do thus, is a reproach upon the power and purity of the Christian religion.

Editor's Drawer.

"LANDMARKER," OR OPEN-COMMUNIONIST.

It cannot have been otherwise than painful, mortifying in the extreme to many honest hearts, to have witnessed the efforts which some, who evidently seek to become leaders, are making to frighten Baptists into the belief that primitive principles must be abandoned, and Baptists become "Landmarkers," or open-unionists. Nor is this course more disgusting than the efforts of the same persons to distort the teachings, or hold up as inconsistent, the plain, honest views of consistent brethren. These things, viewed from our stand-point, in contrast with past history, present the actors in an unenviable light; would it were otherwise! While, however, these Fourth-of-July temperaments shall continue to agitate these and such like unprofitable questions, and while the leaders perhaps "shall withdraw," we sincerely trust Baptist churches will suffer but little loss of piety, and that the peace secured by their exit will richly compensate for the loss of talent.

We receive many letters in reference to these things—these "apples of discord"—in reference to the unhappy divisions among Baptists; and were we to answer all, through *The Visitor* or otherwise, we should have but little time to devote to other duties.

Brother H. B. Williams—after an enclosure for which we thank him—says: "One request I have to make of you, namely: Prove that a man can preach who has never been baptized nor authorized to administer the ordinances; and that preaching and administering the ordinances are two things.

"I make the request because I believe you can do it. . . . I am told I must be 'Landmarker,' or open-unionist. I am not willing to be either."

Be neither, my brother. Truth as well as duty and fidelity to Christ require neither of you; but each alike demands, as we conceive, that you be a Baptist, not in name only—one having "the form of godliness without the power"—but that you be such a Christian as finds delightful communion and fellowship in a well-organized Baptist church; and in being such, you will usually be regarded an opposer of all these schisms and isms. When you go into them, you will probably feel that you are leaving your Christianity behind.

In regard to proof of the first proposition, we may say, we endeavored in the preceding number of this magazine to show that, in the direct providence of Jehovah, the "gospel was preached to Abraham," and by faith received; and yet we find no mention made of baptism or a baptizer at that day. We presume the most ultra "Resetters," or their nearest of kin, the "Reformers," will not contend that Abraham was baptized. We endeavored to show that the Saviour of mankind sent Paul the apostle to preach the gospel. And Paul himself expressly says, "Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the gospel."

We endeavored to show that, however arrogant or dictatorial men may become in regard to preaching authority, the Spirit, whose authority most Christians recognize, has for ever settled this question: "Let him that heareth, say, Come!"

In reference to the second part of the proposition, to which the brother desires we shall make proof, it is so clearly self-evident that it does seem to us unworthy the multiplication of words.

Since writing the article referred to, we have seen one from Dr. Jeter, published in *The Tennessee Baptist*. By the way, we have sometimes seen inferior articles commended to the readers of that paper. The following

extract will be read with interest by every lover of the truth:

"In all discussions, it is of the first importance that the points in debate be clearly and concisely stated. The subject proposed for examination seems to me to involve two entirely distinct questions: First. Is it wrong to encourage unbaptized persons to give religious instruction? Secondly. Is it expedient to encourage such persons to do it? The phrase 'pulpit communion,' introduced by some writers into the discussion, tends, in my view, most unnecessarily to mislead and bewilder the reader. What does it mean? If it has been defined, I have not seen the definition. The reader, knowing that certain conditions are prerequisite to communion at the Lord's table, naturally looks for similar terms of the so-called 'pulpit communion.' I repudiate the phrase, as not only unscriptural and useless, but as confusing the subject. Having stated what I conceive to be the questions properly embraced in the matter before us, I will now proceed to their succinct discussion.

"First. *Is it wrong to encourage unbaptized believers to give religious instruction?*

"It would be needless to attempt to prove to the readers of a *Baptist* periodical that a believer may be unbaptized. It is a distinctive principle of the Baptist denomination that only a believer is qualified to receive Christian baptism. Of necessity, a period, longer or shorter, must elapse, in every case, between the act of believing, and the act of baptism. This period may be indefinitely protracted by physical inability, obstacles interposed by misguided friends, unsettled or erroneous views concerning the nature or obligation of the ordinance, and various other causes. The believer may furnish decisive evidence of his piety, intelligence, and fitness for communicating religious instruction. He may be animated by a fervent desire to make known to others the treasures which he has found. The love of the Saviour, burning in his heart and beaming in his countenance, may seek to find utterance in invitations, entreaties, and warnings. May he indulge this longing of his heart, which grace has inspired? May he teach a Sunday-school class?

Winning the members of the class to the service of Christ, may he address the assembled school, teachers and pupils, on the subject of salvation? Proving himself to be an efficient advocate of Christianity, may he proclaim the gospel from the pulpit? Does he sin in giving religious instruction? Where there is no law there is no transgression. What law of Christ forbids him to teach the way of life? From what principle of Christianity can this prohibition be legitimately inferred? From what act or expression of Christ, or his apostles, or other inspired teachers, can this restriction be fairly derived? Those who seek for specific authority in the case, misconceive, in my view, the genius of Christianity. The gospel inspires the believer with the earnest desire to do good and to glorify Christ. To spread the knowledge and kingdom of Christ is the end for which he is preserved on earth. (Matt. v. 16.) But the methods by which this end is to be promoted depend on his abilities, and on his diversified and constantly varying circumstances. If he has an opportunity to do good—to save a soul from death—before he is baptized, let him do it: God will not condemn him. Christ will reward him, and angels will rejoice in his labors. But if it is not wrong for an unbaptized believer to give religious instruction, then I sin not in encouraging him in the work—in private, in the Sunday-school, in the lecture-room, or in the pulpit.

"I can perceive but one reply to the above reasoning; and that is plausible, but not solid. It may be affirmed that there is no law forbidding the baptism of infants any more than the preaching of unbaptized believers. I answer: The cases are not parallel. Baptism is a positive institution. It derives its whole authority from the will of the Lawgiver. It can be acceptable to him only when performed in precise accordance with his directions. To administer, therefore, a rite in his name which he has not commanded is will-worship, and offensive in his sight. But to make known the gospel to those who are ignorant of it is a moral duty. This duty springs clearly from the law of love. How can we love those from whom we withhold the treasures of salvation? Every man's conscience must approve of the course of the

lepers of Samaria, who, coming to the Syrian camp, found it deserted and filled with spoils, and said: 'We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now, therefore, come, that we may go and tell it to the king's household.' No law but that of benevolence required them to reveal the treasures which they had found; yet, had they concealed the tidings of deliverance and plenty from the afflicted inhabitants of Samaria, their conduct would have subjected them to universal execration. But the believer has found richer treasures than those of the Syrian camp—treasures of redeeming grace—and shall he conceal them until he has an opportunity of being baptized, or until he satisfies his perplexed mind as to the nature and obligation of the ordinance? Certainly not. The same law which bound the lepers to proclaim the deliverance of Samaria binds him to publish the sweeter tidings of deliverance from sin.

"But should any person insist that we must have specific scriptural authority for the preaching of unbaptized believers, I can only say that it is found in the chapter and verse which authorizes him to read a book or tract written by a Pedobaptist. If an unbaptized person is not authorized to give religious instruction by the tongue, he is not authorized to do it by the pen: if it is wrong to encourage him to speak for Christ, it is wrong to encourage him to write for Christ. The objector, to be consistent, must purge his library of all religious Pedobaptist works; ay, and strike out of all Baptist works quotations from unbaptized authors.

"Secondly. *Is it expedient to encourage unbaptized persons to give religious instruction?*

"Though I have stated the question in this general form, I design merely to discuss the expediency of inviting evangelical Pedobaptist ministers to an occasional occupation of our pulpits. Union among the followers of Christ is better than discord; and we should labor to promote it just so far as we can without a sacrifice of principle. We are Baptists: our principles are peculiar, and we are bound on all proper occasions, and in all proper ways, to maintain and propagate them. But we are Christians as well as Baptists; and in our

contests with the disciplined and mighty hosts of infidelity, it is not wise to condemn our Pedobaptist allies. We embrace the distinctive principles of Protestantism; and should hail with delight the cooperation of evangelical Christian denominations in our efforts to oppose the progress of Romanism, the mystery of iniquity. I do, I trust, sincerely rejoice in the intelligence, piety, and usefulness of Pedobaptist denominations. By giving them credit for their excellences, and uniting with them as far as we can, without abandoning our principles, we conciliate them, and incline them to accord to our peculiar views a more attentive and candid consideration. Our views are sufficiently unpopular: let us not seek to render them more so by an exclusiveness not demanded for their support. Now, I sacrifice no principle by inviting a Pedobaptist minister to occupy my pulpit. I do not sanction, nor am I understood as sanctioning, his peculiar sentiments. Everybody who feels the slightest interest in the subject knows distinctly the points on which I differ from him, and the fierceness with which I maintain my own views. I recognize him as a Presbyterian, Methodist, or Episcopalian minister, as the case may be, and as holding certain fundamental principles of Christianity, in regard to which we agree, and which it is tacitly implied he will enforce in my pulpit. No man understands me, or can understand me, as endorsing his baptism, his ordination, the polity of his Church, or even the soundness of his doctrinal views, except what is implied in the admission that the denomination to which he belongs is, on the whole, evangelical. I sanction his teaching only so far as I approve it; and I give this sanction under circumstances which preclude the possibility of misconception. In inviting a Pedobaptist to my pulpit, I follow the prompting of my own heart, violate no law of Christ, no principle of Christianity, and no needful rule of Church polity; injure no man's spiritual interests, and mislead no one who does not desire a pretext for going astray.

"The question under discussion may be viewed in different aspects. I would not invite a minister to the pulpit because he is a Pedobaptist. If, however, he belongs to an evangelical denomination, and I know of no

objection to him personally, I will invite him to my pulpit, whenever courtesy or the prospect of usefulness may seem to require it. To the ministers of anti-evangelical denominations I cannot extend this courtesy; for the reason that I deem their ministry, on the whole, pernicious. In Virginia, the Baptists at all their general meetings occupy the houses of worship of the orthodox Christian denominations; and always extend to them at their general meetings the same favor. And I have never known the slightest evil to spring from the courtesy; but, on the other hand, it has resulted in the increase of Christian hospitality, and pleasing fraternal intercourse."

ADDITIONAL "LIGHT!"

DR. W. P. JONES.

DEAR BROTHER:—In the February number of *The Parlor Visitor* we noticed an article from Dr. Eaton, our President, stating that the "Old Landmark" doctrine would not be taught in the Theological Department in this college; to which you have replied in a long article, expressing great fears that it will be done, and that perhaps some of us will be changed from our previous views. Now, permit us to say to you, that there is no need of your fears on this subject, for we are all already "Old Landmarkers," and have been ever since we have been Baptists. We had this doctrine instilled into us by our parents, and, above that, by the New Testament. And the wonder is, that all Baptists holding to the distinctive doctrines they do, are not of the same faith. As some of your readers may be of the same sentiment with yourself, and may want "more light," you will do us the favor to insert this in *The Parlor Visitor*; but should you not see proper to do so, you will please hand it to the editor of *The Tennessee Baptist*, and oblige

Your brethren in Christ,

N. A. BAILEY,	C. W. JAY,
J. G. McCALL,	ISAAC REED,
S. E. BROOKS,	R. P. EVATT,
T. J. AMIS,	J. J. GREER,
H. L. N. WILLIAMS,	W. H. WALLACE,
N. D. RENFROE,	W. M. HOWELL,
WM. T. USSERY,	H. S. ARCHERS.

P. S.—The above article was not written at the instigation of any one besides ourselves. Brother Pendleton was absent when it was written. We add this postscript that you may not think he requested us to do so.

The above article, received to-day, (23d February,) shows clearly the condition of things in Union University. *Baptists* will now know what to do. J.

NOTICES OF THE PARLOR VISITOR, &c.

THOUGH from private letters, we feel but little inclination to apologize, except to the authors, for the following extracts. If it were necessary to add to strong language, weight of personal character, we might mention the fact that the first is from a talented lady of Indiana, whose father and brothers were among the most distinguished ministers of the Baptist denomination in Kentucky.

The second is from a cultivated gentleman, a thorough Baptist, and father-in-law of a distinguished Governor of one of the Southern States.

The third is from a President of a Baptist college in Louisiana.

The fourth is from a Counsellor in Dublin.

"I am much pleased with the last change in *The Visitor*. I find it much better adapted to my wants than before. I refer particularly to its enlargement. I am not one of those who think that a periodical, to be adapted to the wants of a family, must contain something to suit every capacity forming that social compact.

"It is around the social hearth that a taste for reading is formed; and to form a correct taste, we must have good material. If parents would read to and for their children while young nothing but what was strictly proper to be read, they would never in after life have the trouble of correcting in them an improper taste for reading. I am of opinion that there is too much effort on the part of journalists of the present day to adapt their work to the *taste* rather than to the *wants* of the multitude. Hence we see in some of our *standard* journals, the 'Family Department,' the 'Child's Department,' etc. And we have

spread before us, month after month, some brilliant story to interest and suit the taste of young persons, who prefer this style of writing. Many splendid writers communicate their thoughts in this form to the world, and feed a taste that they acknowledge themselves to be a *bad one*.

"I hope you will continue to consider the ladies 'a portion of the human family,' and a very *respectable portion* too, if you please. And, in behalf of the ladies, I think I can say, we would think it but a poor banquet to be treated alone to 'dewdrops, daisies, moonshine, and sunbeams!' We would prefer a feast of something more substantial both to mind and soul, not excluding the heart.

"Many thanks to brother B. for his article on the Church: it was just what we wanted here. There are several other articles which I would like to mention, but time forbids."

"I like the spirit of *The Visitor*. I think if our whole denomination could be imbued with a similar spirit of kindness and love, we would be better prepared to appreciate 'whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report;' and by adding to our faith godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity, we would be enabled to exert an influence in the world that could not be gainsaid by our enemies, and one that would justly entitle us as a religious denomination to a corresponding weight and elevated standing in the community, always accorded to truth and correct principles. Let us cultivate that zeal that is in accordance with knowledge: not that fiery, ardent feeling that prompted even the disciples to wish fire called down from heaven to destroy their opposers. The rebuke the Saviour gave them on that occasion should be an admonition to all: 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' How prevalent is that same kind of ignorance in our own day! How many controversialists of the present time might here read a salutary lesson!—particularly those who 'compass sea and land' to make proselytes. Would not their time be better spent in preaching Christ and him crucified, and imparting the gospel of salvation to a dying, ruined world? May the great Head of the Church overrule all events to the furtherance of the gospel

and the prosperity of Zion! And may your efforts be abundantly blessed to the advancement of knowledge and the establishment of truth! and may harmony and peace prevail, and brotherly love cement us!"

"I have read with great interest your rejoinder to Rev. Mr. Carnes. His 'critical acumen' discovered in the poem of young Reynolds, written in 1800, an imitation of Byron and Keats, and who were then in their baby-clothes. Reynolds died in 1805, at the house of his friend and relative the Duke of Buckingham, being then seeking a more genial climate in the south of France.

'Optics keen he hath, I ween,
Who sees what is not to be seen!'

"I send a recent letter from Counsellor Lubé, who appreciates highly your literary enterprise. I have endeavored to widen its circulation by calling public attention to it in an article of the — Baptist, which will appear to-morrow. To this I have been prompted, as well by the intrinsic merits of your periodical, as by my friendship for you individually."

"We were much pleased with the magazine you were good enough to forward. It appears admirably well got up, and of course must have a large circulation. I was glad to see the beautiful and pathetic poetry of Nugent Reynolds adorning its pages. It is quite a *bijou*—the whole well introduced. The introduction was written by a master-hand."

In addition to the foregoing, *The Southern Baptist* at Charleston says: "The *Parlor Visitor*, published monthly at Nashville, is an approved family magazine, and is worthy of a leading place in our Christian family literature."

The *Illinois Baptist* says: "The *Parlor Visitor* for February is quite a treat. This magazine should be taken by every family. We know of nothing superior to it in literary taste or execution. Some people suppose editors will, of course, notice favorably every magazine or book sent them: we will never say more than we believe conscientiously to be true. We heartily wish all our readers would take *The Parlor Visitor*."

The Baptist Watchman, The Biblical Recorder, and others, have recently spoken most favorably of The Visitor. And we believe most of the ladies who regard themselves "a portion of the human family," and have read the work, approve it heartily. We cannot of course at present enumerate their praises and well-wishes. One, however, at Sweet Water, Tennessee, says: "It has been truly a pleasant Visitor to me." Another at Mount City says: "I expect to take The Visitor as long as I live. I think it entitled to the patronage of every Baptist."

We know that our labor is not in vain. And while we do not ask remuneration for services in editing and publishing the work, have we not a right to expect that our greatly increased expenses shall be met by a corresponding increase of effort on the part of the friends of the enterprise?

If each person now taking the magazine would procure *one* other subscriber, and forward us the name with the money, we should at once be rid of pecuniary trouble and enabled to furnish The Visitor greatly improved. How many will do it?

EXPLANATORY NOTICE.

LET US BE UNDERSTOOD.—In the January number, we sent accounts to all those indebted for the last year, or the last volume; and also to those whose subscriptions expired with the reception of the December number.

To those indebted for the past year, accounts were filled up as here:

Mr. _____	To BAYLISS & JONES,	Dr.
To subscription to the Parlor Visitor,		
From No. 1, vol. 5, to No. 1, vol. 7.....		\$1 00
To subscription from No. 1, vol. 7, to No. 1, vol. 9,		
(advance payment).....		2 00

Those who have paid such accounts are now credited upon our books until the first of next year. We hope they will notice this fact. Those also who have sent us the *advance payment*, (\$2,) are credited as above. Let none imagine their accounts to have been receipts. Accompanying each account was announced the future terms of The Visitor, and the fact that we wanted subscribers to *correct known errors and pay up*. A few have

heeded our appeal: a large proportion have not. We are thus explicit because many misunderstood their accounts; and some, supposing they were charged two or three dollars up to January, 1857, became offended; whereas, up to that time, *no one* was charged more than one dollar. To stir up the minds of all indebted either for this or last year, we insert here the accompaniment of each account, as sent out:

"Terms:—\$2 in advance; \$2 50 in six months; \$3 at the end of the year.

"We need money, and have sent you a statement of your account for The Parlor Visitor. If you owe us, please send us the money by return mail. If the character of the work has been such as to meet your approval, we solicit a continuation of your patronage, and an advanced payment for the year to come. With past experience and present facilities, we hope to be able to make The Visitor one of the most desirable magazines in the South. Please correct all errors. Get us a few subscribers, send us the money for yourself and others, and oblige," etc., etc.

As many of those accounts may have been lost before the magazine reached subscribers, we very respectfully request each one knowing him or herself indebted, to forward the money "immediately, if not sooner!"

VERY unexpectedly to us, we were compelled to send out the last number without an engraving. We had ordered supplies for three months in advance; but owing, as we suppose, to the detention of mails incident to the cold weather, the order was not received in New York early enough to secure them. We hope for better things in future.

HAVE WE ANY MORE SUCH?—About five hundred of those who subscribed for the first volume of The Parlor Visitor have never paid for it, and probably a great majority never will. They took the periodical more than a year, delayed paying until their names were erased, and not one of them has paid within a year. Doubtless, they are very "clever" people, but "clever" people "had ought to" pay their "honest debts." When desiring a discontinuance, "clever" people ought to order the magazine to be discontinued at the end of the time for which they have paid, and not delay the matter until they receive two, three, or four numbers of another volume. Besides being morally wrong, such a course involves trouble and loss to publishers.