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COMMEMORATIVE SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF A
MISSIONARY TO INDIA, LATELY DECEASED.

BY M. M. E.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE, FAMILY, ETC.

"We are *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear—
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth,
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band:
Some, like a night-flash, passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day:
The quiet graveyard—some lie there,
And cruel ocean has his share:
We are *not* all here!"

MRS. JANE G. ALLEN was born in Granville, Washington county, N. Y., in the year 1810. She was the second of a family of nine children.

Her father, Samuel Egerts, interrupted in a collegiate course of studies, was for several years devoted to public life. He attained military distinction; and at the same time being a leading member of the Baptist Church, was active in its devotional meetings and in its general discipline.

As illustrating the religious spirit which pervaded his public career, an aged minister has recently mentioned an incident which occurred while he was associated with Mr. E. in military life.

After passing the exciting scenes and duties of inspecting his brigade, while sounds of mirth and revelry were heard on every hand, Mr. E. asked his friend to walk with him to

a neighboring grove. After delightful religious converse, they enjoyed together a memorable season of prayer.

In 1826, Mr. E. emigrated with his numerous family to Michigan, then deemed almost the limit of the "far West."

In Mount Clemens, where there was no church, and no one known as a professing Christian, he established and superintended a Sabbath-school, and held social religious meetings.

In the mysterious providence of God, after a few months' residence in the new home to which he had brought his rising family, he was cut off in the prime of his life—forty-two years of age.

The following is an extract of an address delivered over his grave by one of the citizens, himself not a professing Christian. It shows the estimate put upon Mr. E.'s character:

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

..... "It is not alone that the bereaved widow should mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate companion, or the orphans that of a tender and indulgent parent. We too have cause to sympathize and mourn with them the heavy loss our little community has sustained in the sudden dissolution of our deceased and much-regretted fellow-citizen. There are a number here who can testify with me to the remark that our community has sustained a great loss in the death

of our departed friend; for, during the short period he was permitted to remain among us, much salutary instruction was received through his pious labors. Ever watchful, and with ardent zeal, he labored to implant in the tender bosoms of our young and rising families the important advantages of early piety.

“Such goodly offices belonged to him, for he himself lived as a Christian, taught as a Christian, and died the triumphant death of a Christian.

“But a few days since, and he moved erect among us; and on a recent and truly melancholy event, he addressed most of those now present on the subject of that death which he has since been called to realize. In his fervent and pious zeal, he offered up his supplications to that throne of grace to which we must all look for salvation, in behalf of his fellow-mortals; but, alas! to-day he is no more. His soul has fled its earthly habitation; and who that knew him can doubt that it has winged its way to another house not made by hands but eternal in the heavens, where he will receive the promised reward of the faithful, a crown of life beaming with righteousness and glory!”

Her mother, though not blessed with actively religious parents, was the subject of early impressions and convictions regarding the worth of the soul.

While yet in her youth, she turned from the pleasures of the world, and sought higher joys among the people of God.

By her faithfulness in personal converse, she was instrumental in the conversion of Mr. E., her future companion in life's pilgrimage; and during the remaining period of his life, she was to him truly a Christian helpmeet.

But when, in a strange land, far from kindred and friends, and surrounded by her weeping children, she was called to yield the father, the husband, the eye of faith became for a time dim; and as she knelt beside the dying-couch, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her tearless eye raised toward heaven, her heart swelled with emotions too big for utterance, and she bowed her head in speechless agony.

In after years, when in their native State her sons and daughters, most of them having professed religion, were preparing themselves by study for future fields of usefulness, the stricken one was enabled to discern, throughout all the paths she had been led, a Heavenly Father's hand.

During the first years of her widowhood, Mrs. E. resided near the shores of Lake Ontario, in a town eminently in need of the light diffused by the “Christian life;” and brightly did that light shine.

Within her humble home, each Sabbath were the children gathered for Bible instruction; and often some thoughtless man or woman paused, and perhaps dropped a tear, as the pious widow entreated them to turn and attend to the interests of the soul.

As illustrating her tender regard for the cause of religion, we give the following: An ungodly man was her neighbor. For the salvation of his soul she had prayed, and, perhaps, held converse with him. The chief support of the widow and her little ones, her cow, trespassed upon the field of her neighbor. Being a man of ungoverned temper, he in this instance vented it upon the poor animal, and broke her leg. Sympathy was aroused for the wronged woman, and she was urged to prosecute the offender; but, still desiring the soul's salvation, she refused to do any thing which might harden him. “Better,” she said, “suffer wrong than do wrong.”

Thus did she pass several years, striving to imitate the Saviour; and all who knew her testified that in spirit she was like Him “who went about doing good.” Her distinguishing virtue or grace was humility. This was ever manifested by self-sacrifice. She most truly exemplified the precept: “Let each esteem other better than himself.”

The following, written by her youngest daughter while absent from home, a short time previous to her own death, is but the expression of all her children:

“O, how strong is the tie which binds together the hearts of mother and daughter! and how deep my love for her who gave me birth, reared me with such tender care, and has ever, from my first remembrance, been giving me religious instruction.

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"Often when she prayed to God for her dear children, would she gently lay her hand upon my head, and entreat that he would early bring me into his fold. When her bosom heaved with deep emotion, I feared her heart would break, and would softly wipe the tears from her eyes, whispering, 'Do n't cry so, mother.' How little then could I realize her feelings, as with sobs and streaming eyes she supplicated at the throne. With gratitude, I now realize that few girls have such a mother as mine."

The Angel of the Lord has not yet called this aged Christian from earth to heaven. She still lives to add another proof that beauty may adorn the "Christian life" even down to its close. Though verging upon life's winter, the soft haze of its Indian summer is around her: all is subdued and mildly beautiful. With childlike confidence and submission, she awaits the message of her Lord.

The eldest brother of Mrs. A., at the period of his father's death a thoughtless, wicked youth of eighteen, not long after that event became an earnest and devoted Christian. His first pastor thus writes of him: "His dedication of himself to God was unreserved and entire. His religious enjoyments were calm, steady, and influential. At that early period, he was remarkable for unflinching decision, stern integrity, and sound piety."

Feeling it his duty to publish the "glad tidings," he entered an institution preparatory to engaging in the gospel ministry. There he soon became distinguished and beloved, both for his talents and piety. He travelled six miles every Sabbath to teach a Sunday-school in a destitute neighborhood, where his labors were much blessed.

As to the success of his first ministerial labors, one of his members thus writes: "His congregations were full, and the people listened attentively to his message. His sermons were short, instructive, and interesting. His influence was savory upon all; and when he came to leave, it seemed like pulling the most tender and sensitive fibres of the soul."

After laboring for several years in two or three villages of the interior of New York, he accepted a call from the New Market Street Church, Philadelphia; and here we cannot forbear transcribing the following from his

intimate friend, Rev. J. Lansing Burrows, now of Richmond, Virginia:

"He was a good man and a devoted minister of Christ. I have never known one more intensely solicitous to be useful to his flock. He studied closely, and visited much: indeed, he seemed to live but for one object—to promote the interests and secure the increase of his church. During the brief period of his pastorate, which continued but fifteen months, some fifty or sixty were added to the church by baptism. As much as any minister I know, he deserves the inscription on his tomb, 'He hath done what he could.'"

In the spring of 1843, notwithstanding the protestations of numerous friends, he determined to leave the city for the country, as being more conducive to his health and congenial with his former habits of life, and accepted a call from the church in Hartford, Washington county, N. Y. Here, with over five hundred members and a community of enterprise and intelligence, a wide and interesting field of usefulness was opened before him.

He immediately projected a plan for remodelling their house of worship, which, by assiduous perseverance, he moved the people to carry out; thus moulding the ancient chapel into a beauty and style surpassed by none in the country. This house, however, in its beautified state, was to him like Canaan to Moses; for, during the first summer of his sojourn in Hartford, a casualty befell him which resulted in his last illness.

He partially recovered, however, so that he sat in his chair and preached stately, until the last Sabbath in December.

Here ended his bright but short public career: it was his no longer to do, but now to suffer the will of God. Nearly three years of wearisome days and almost restless nights were appointed unto him. There were periods when his disease seemed abating, and then his mind would grasp texts of Scripture and plan sermons, tracing out trains of thought with great clearness and vivacity, while his whole soul seemed beaming from his countenance and eye. There were other times when he appeared to be near his end, and then his mind was remarkably clear and happy. At one of these seasons, he remarked: "I have

a strong desire to go; for I fear I never shall get where Jordan will seem narrower, or heaven nearer." These seasons were, however, only a few short intervals in a dark and tedious period of uniform suffering and great nervous excitability.

From all his sufferings, he rested in a sweet and peaceful sleep in Jesus on the 26th of August, 1846.

He had chosen as his funeral text, "The gift of God is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ." On announcing this passage, he added, with his accustomed aptness, "O, how rich, how entire, how perfect the gift!"

"His image and prominent traits of character will long live in the minds and hearts of those who knew him. He was tall, and of a commanding appearance. His thought was deep, and strikingly original. He had a peculiar love for analogy—a field to which his mind was well adapted, and where he succeeded with remarkable aptness and power. His emotions were strong and tender, and his appeals to the mind and heart were at once arousing and convincing, producing not only feeling, but also thought and solemn reflection."

A classmate thus writes: "One of the most striking traits of his character, which I often observed and admired as the true cause of his success, was his humility in estimating himself, coupled with much charity towards others. I never knew a man so deeply conscious of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and at the same time so charitable towards the wrongdoer: from such 'bearing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things,' that thus he might win them to virtue and to God."

A second brother of Mrs. A. also at an early age entered the ministry, and is now pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky. A third also studied in view of the same high calling, but on account of failing health did not pursue it, and is now in the far West. Another is a resident of Michigan, and the youngest, of New York city. Of her two surviving sisters, one is a resident of Wisconsin, and the other of Louisville, Ky.

Her youngest sister, at the age of twenty, suddenly died of disease of the heart. The

manner of her death was touching. She sat, as usual, engaged in domestic employment, when, feeling a faintness steal over her, or perhaps a presentiment of death's approach, she rose, and proceeding towards her mother, raised and clasped her hands heavenward, and, without a struggle, she was gone. Happy one! her friends doubt not that, when the silver cord was loosed, the freed spirit was permitted to hear from the Saviour's own voice the words afterwards chosen as the funeral text: "Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid."

Last on this family-roll of the dead was entered, January 27, 1857, the name of the subject of our following sketches.

Thirty years ago, this pilgrim-family, whose record we have traced, were pursuing together the journey of life. Form after form has vanished, and voice after voice has been hushed, from our side. And now, scattered in different parts of the land, our shadows fall alone on the hillside of life. But though separated, the mystic chain of memory and affection still binds together both the living and the dead.

"We are all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view:
How lifelike, through the mists of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold—
They're round us as they were of old:
We are all here."

[To be continued.]

ONE OF THE VETERANS.—The Rev. Dr. Archibald Maclay, at a Sabbath-school meeting in New York recently, stated that he had been engaged in the cause of Sabbath-schools more than sixty years; that on becoming pastor of the Mulberry Street Baptist Church, now fifty-one years ago, he commenced the first school established in that city, and, as far as he has ascertained, the first in America. His two first teachers were Rev. Dr. Sommers, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Griffiths, both still living. We are told that not a clergyman is now living who was preaching in the city then.

LABOR AND RELIGION.

DURING a short excursion, we once had occasion to listen to a lecturer of the transcendental school, who expressed in a few brief sentences his idea of religion and labor. "All true labor," said he, "is holy. By it man fulfils his destiny. Every invention of art is an acceptable offering unto God; every sweep of the blacksmith's arm is an act of worship. All the elements of nature are at work: man works, and 'it is God who worketh in him to will and to do of his own good pleasure.'" We doubt not that many of our readers will be able to recognize, in the very phrasing of this eulogy on labor, the cant style of a certain school of philosophy which has grown up as an offshoot of Unitarianism. A sentiment of nature-worship underlies this exposition of doctrine—a sentiment which confounds all real moral distinction between good and evil. Nevertheless, the sentences were, to us, suggestive of some thoughts on the connection between labor and religion, as seen from the Christian point of view.

Labor is the lot of man on earth. His constitution impels him to it; his condition requires it. Without it he cannot exist; or, if he exist, he cannot be happy; for the laws of his being forbid that he should live like a snail or an oyster. He will be doing something, either good or evil. Even in Eden, man was active; but there, innocent and pure, his labor was a pleasure, not a drudgery. After the fall, he was not fit to be trusted with ease and leisure, and labor which tasked his powers was appointed for him as a necessary discipline.

When he rebelled, the earth became stubborn and refused him bread unless he would earn it by the sweat of his brow. Since that time, man, as a race, has been *forced* to labor. The wants of society, human art and experience, have led to those divisions of labor which increase that aggregate result which we call *wealth*. Some labor on the land, others on the sea; some chiefly with the body, others with the mind; and thus the nations of the world exhibit a scene of concerted activity. But this activity is a development and a trial of character. When guided only by man's natural impulses, it produces mischief; when

sanctified by Christianity, it produces good. Essential as is labor to human welfare, it cannot of itself secure happiness. In a nation, it depends on the moral principles which prevail whether its labor be to it an ultimate curse or a blessing. The empires of the past, which flourished amidst the storms of adversity, reeled and sunk under the abuses of prosperity. And in the case of every individual—whether it be of the farmer, who produces our food, or of the merchant, who conducts the exchanges between one class and another, or of the mechanic, who ministers to our comforts—it depends on the principle which rules in his heart whether the issue of all his business be to him good or evil, happiness or misery.

The truth of these remarks is brought clearly to view in one of the apt and striking proverbs of the Old Testament: "The labor of a righteous man tendeth to life; the fruit of the wicked to sin." Observation verifies this saying. It is evident, for instance, that a Christian man's labor strengthens right affections, but a worldly man's toil of life strengthens those affections which are wrong. And it is, as the Scripture says again, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he:" the affections which we habitually cherish determine our character and the moral issues of our actions. All affections, good or bad, are strengthened by exercise, and every man's daily activity is giving play and force to the one kind or the other, in accordance with the main end for which he labors. If he be a worldling, his course of action renders him more worldly; but if it be his chief aim to do God's will, if he identify his interests and fortunes with those of Christ's kingdom on the earth, then, if he be a merchant, every contract—if a lawyer, every plea—if a physician, every case—if a smith, every stroke of the hammer—if a farmer, every sweep of the sickle, will do its share towards strengthening right affections, just as surely as exertion will and must increase the keenness of the intellect or the power of the muscles.

Here lies open before us that broad theatre whereon we see displayed the opposing tendencies of men's labors and all their multifarious activities, as set forth in that pointed saying of Paul: "Unto the pure all things

are pure ; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled."

In what department of life may we not see this exemplified? Look at it, for instance, in the mart of commerce. We may observe two men who are neighbors, both engaged in the same branch of business, both diligent, enterprising, and honorable in their intercourse with their fellow-men, so that, in regard to their character and standing, society will recognize no difference between them. But then the eye of God may discern a difference which will separate them far apart in eternity. In that world of thought and feeling, of principle and passion within the soul, which he inspects with unerring accuracy, he may see that the one is ruled by avarice, that gold is the god of his idolatry, while the other is ruled by a supreme desire to do his Heavenly Father's will, and to make property the means of executing it; that the one finds his chief happiness in promoting his selfish interest, while the other identifies his own happiness with the welfare of humanity; that the labor of the one in the shop, the counting-room, or on the exchange, is daily strengthening the earthly affections of his heart, and making him their slave, while the labor of the other brings all the force of industrious habits to increase that love to God which lives in his bosom as the chief spring of his activity; and thus, that the labor of the one is ever forging those moral fetters which bind him fast to a world that perisheth, while the labor of the other gives wings to devotion, on which his spirit rises toward God, and works in him an increasing fitness for the employments and enjoyments of the heavenly state.

Undoubtedly, that ruling principle of the soul which distinguishes a Christian from another man will manifest itself in different modes, according to his age and condition. If he be regenerated when a child, this principle will show itself in regulating his affections, words, and conduct, in his filial and fraternal relations. If he be regenerated in the early dawn of manhood, it will guide him in selecting his profession, his companions, and in making out his plans of life. If he be regenerated at mature age, and amidst scenes of business, it will lead him to value

property less as an END and more as a means of promoting the great aims of true Christianity; to labor not merely for "a living," but to make his life a blessing to others; and then the scenes of business will become a field of exercise for the Christian virtues, and a school of discipline for a better state of existence.—*Christian Treasury.*

M Y M O T H E R .

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

My mother, 'tis a long and weary time
 Since last I looked upon thy sad, sweet face,
 And listened to the gentle spirit-tones
 Of thy dear voice of music. I was then
 A child, a bright haired child. The fearful thought,
 Which slowly fastened on my throbbing brain,
 That thou wast passing from this earth away,
 Was my young life's first sorrow. Through the long
 And solemn watches of that awful night
 Kind friends, who dearly loved us, gathered round
 Thy dying-couch; and in my agony,
 My childish agony, I shrieked to them
 To save thee, mother; but with streaming tears,
 And in the tones of holy sympathy,
 They told me thou wouldst die.

O! then I bowed
 My head to God, whose worship thy dear lips
 Had taught me, and to him with bursting heart
 I prayed that he would spare thee. And, as there
 I knelt, a holy calm, as if from Heaven,
 Came stealing o'er my spirit, and a voice,
 As 't were a melody from some soft star,
 Floated into my soul. It said that thou
 Must leave me, that thy home was in the sky,
 But that thou still wouldst love and guard thy child,
 And hover round him on thy angel-wings
 In all his wanderings here.

My mother, then
 I rose in more than childhood's strength, and watched
 The fading of thy life. Dear friends still hung
 Around thy pillow, but I saw them not.
 Wild lamentations and deep sobs were breathed
 From hearts of anguish, but I heard them not.
 A man of God poured forth his soul in prayer
 For thy soul's welfare, but I heard him not.
 I saw but thy wan cheek, thy parted lips,
 Thy half-closed eyes, so meek and calm beneath
 Their blue-veined lids, thy bright dishevelled locks,
 Thy pallid brow, damp with the dews of death,
 And the faint heaving of thy breast, that oft
 In happy hours had pillowed my young head
 To sweet and gentle slumber; and I heard

But the faint struggles of thy failing breath,
Thy stifling sighs, and the high, holy words
That seemed to fall like dewdrops on my soul
From out the blessed skies. All suddenly,
Thy blue eyes opened, and a moment looked
Upon thy child with one fixed, burning gaze,
In which the deep and hoarded love of years
Was all concentrated; a convulsive thrill
Shot through the fibres of thy wasted frame;
And death was there—ay, thou wast mine and death's.
And then my tears again gushed wildly forth,
But light from heaven broke through them with a soft
Prismatic glory, as I gazed above,
And saw thee mounting, like a new-made star,
Far up thy pathway in the heavens.

Long years,
Long years, my dear lost mother, have gone by
Since that wild hour. My childhood and my youth
Have passed away, and now my manhood's prime
Is fading like a vision, for my years
Far, far outnumber thine upon the earth,
This dark, cold exile of the gentle heart
From the bright home to which it longs to fly,
And be at rest for ever. I have seen
Much, much of joy and sorrow, I have felt
Life's storms and sunshine, but I ne'er have known
Such raptures as my full heart shared with thee
In childhood's fairy years. Now, time no more
Scatters fresh roses round my feet; his hand
Lets fall upon my path but pale, torn flowers,
Dead blossoms, that the genial dews of eve,
The morning sunlight and the noontide rains
Can ne'er revive again, for they are dust,
Ay, dust and ashes.

Even thine image now,
The image of the lovely form that shone
The starlight of my childhood, seems to fade
From memory's vision. 'Tis as some pale tint
Upon the twilight wave, a broken glimpse
Of something beautiful and dearly loved
In far gone years, a dim and tender dream,
That, like a faint bow on a darkened sky,
Lies on my clouded brain. But, O! thy voice,
Its tones can never perish in my soul.
It visits me amid the strife of men
In the dark city's solitude. It comes
Amid the silence of the midnight hour,
Upon my listening spirit like a strain
Of fairy music o'er the sea. And oft
When, at the eventide, amid a hush
Deep as the awful stillness of a dream,
I stray all lonely through the leafless woods,
And gaze upon the moon that seems to mourn
Her lonely lot in heaven, or on the trees,
That look like frowning Titans in the dim
And doubtful light, that unforgotten voice
Swells on my ears like the low, mournful tone
Imprisoned in the sea-shell, or the sound,

The melancholy sound, of dying gales
Panting upon the far-off tree-tops.

Yes,

My mother dear, though mountains, hills, and streams
Divide me from thy grave, where I so oft
In childhood laid my bosom on the turf
That covered thine, though the drear winter-storms
Long, long have cast o'er thee their spotless shrouds,
And night her pall, and though thy image sweet,
The one dear picture cherished through my life,
Grows dim and dimmer in my brain, thy voice
Is ever in my ear and in my heart,
To teach me love and gentleness and truth,
And warn me from the perils that surround
The path of pilgrims o'er this desert-earth.

N O G O D .

The following verses, by Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney,
were suggested by the words in the 14th Psalm of David:
"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"No God!—No God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound!
"No God!" astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the atheist-lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet on the crystal urn
Doth leap to grave his name:
How swells the deep and vengeful sea
Along his billowy track—
The red Vesuvius opens his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back!

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shades,
The bread-fruit bending to its lord
In yon far-island glades;
The winged seeds that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert-sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty!

THE MOTHER TO HER MISSIONARY
DAUGHTER.

The following beautiful poem we find in an English magazine, written by Mary Irving, and bearing date June, 1851. We doubt not that it will find amongst our readers many admirers.

My gentle-hearted child,
Look up into my eyes!
The very smile thy father smiled,
Departing for the skies,
Is kindling on thy lip—the smile of sacrifice!

A question quivers there,
Asked often and again,
Since it was whispered first in fear
Of being asked in vain—
A question quick to thrill a mother's heart with pain;

"My mother, may I go?"
O, in a mother's cup
Earth's wildest blessedness and woe
Are strangely mingled up!
That whisper poured in mine the saddest, bitterest
drop!

Thou—thou—the tenderest one—
The dearest to my heart
Of all that in its life had grown
Too closely—*thou* depart!
Thou bloom on heathen shores, frail blossom that
thou art!

I could not answer "Yes"—
I dared not answer "No."
Surges of selfish tenderness
O'erswept my spirit so,
I only felt the throb which said, "She must not go!"

Last night, I dreamed a dream,
When I had fallen asleep,
For very powerlessness my, dim
And aching eyes to keep
Awake through weary hours, to watch the stars and
weep.

I dreamed I was "a child—
A happy child again,"
Watching a garden in the wild,
Beside a lonesome lane,
Tending the frail sweet flowers through sun-hine and
through rain.

The "lily and the bell"—
The meek-eyed violet—
The tulip with its queenly swell—
The timid mignonette—
And fairer flowers a thousand were scattered at my
feet.

O, never flowers like those
Won aching eyes to see!
But there was one small budding rose
I loved most tenderly:
I know not why, 'twas dearest of all the flowers to
me!

There came a wandering boy,
In rags, and want, and woe;
Yet smiled he in a strange wild joy,
To see those buds, as though
He were a babe again, their fragrance cheered him
so!

"Give me a flower!" said he;
I gave a violet:
He turned his large eyes pleadingly—
"Give me another yet!
I have a mother"—and his cheeks with tears were
wet:

"I have a poor, sick mother,
Who sits and sadly sews;
Dearer to her than any other
Would be that little rose!
I know that it would wake one smile amid her woes!"

I bent me down to kiss
My darling bud: "O, no!
Take any other one but this—
I cannot let it go!
No breast shall wear the bud that I have cherished
so!"

Suddenly as I spoke,
The beggar-boy uprose—
A brighter ray than morning's broke
Around his royal brows:
His rags fell from a robe more white than winter's
snows!

I knew an angel's face—
I trembled at his feet:
He smiled a smile of gentlest grace,
And spoke in chiding sweet—
"My Master deems thy flower for his beloved meet!"

"Thy garden He hath sown
With buds from heavenly bowers;
Claims not the Giver well his own—
The fairest of thy flowers?
Give up thy rose, to smile where suffering counts the
hours!"

I woke—the moonbeam white
Upon my pillow lay:
The utter silence of the night
Took spirit voice to say,
"Thy Saviour seeks a blossom for a desert far away!"

O daughter! in that hour
 I lived the life of years;
 Until my spirit seemed to pour
 Its faithlessness and fears,
 Its weakness and its will, away in heart-wrung tears!

Draw closer to my heart!
 Smile on thy father's smile!
 Not yet—not yet—my own—we part!
 Yet—for a little while—

Then go!—Heaven guard my heart-flower on the
 lone Pacific isle!

GIVING UP A BAD BUSINESS.

WHEN Montgomery the poet was a young man, he edited a newspaper. The person whose business he bought out sold lottery-tickets, and Montgomery naturally fell into the same track. One large prize having been drawn at the office, it had the name of the "lucky office," and a great many came to buy there. All wanted to "try their luck also," and all expected to draw a prize. Those who came were generally, he found, of the poorer class, who brought their precious bits of gold and silver, birthday or wedding gifts, money saved from their children's thrift-pots, or money laid up against a rainy day.

"Yes," said the young man, "they come to buy *hope*, and I sell them *disappointment*." As this thought flashed on his mind, he saw what a miserable business it was; for it was long before the public mind saw its wickedness. And what did he do? "I will give it up," he said; and he never sold another ticket.

But lottery advertisements still appeared in his paper. They paid well, and he was struggling to get along. Then conscience asked this question: "While you have cut off the left hand of a profitable sin, are you not taking the wages of sin with your right?" It was a very troublesome question. At first he did not quite like to look it in the face. While he was thus disturbed, a friend came to him and said, "Give up your lottery advertising, and let us attack the accursed system in your paper."

"The advice," he says, "was hard to a person in my situation: conscience and money had a sharp fight, but the battle was not a drawn one. I never allowed another lottery advertisement in my columns." And his

paper was one of the first in England to expose the real nature of lotteries, which is only gambling on a large scale. Was he ever sorry for it? "Never did I for one moment repent the sacrifice," he tells us.—*Selected*.

ASAFETIDA.

THIS plant is found in the greatest abundance in the Persian provinces of Koorhassan and Laar, and thence extends on the one hand into the plains of Toorkistan, upon the Oxus, where it seems to have been met with by Sir Alexander Burnes, and on the other, stretches across from Beloochistan, through Candahar and other provinces of Afghanistan, to the eastern side of the valley of the Indus in Astore. Dr. Falconer did not meet with it in Cashmere. It is collected in the wild state and sent to Cabul and India, yielding a good profit to those who pick it, as it is used very generally throughout the East.

Although these fetid gums are now branded with all sorts of vile names for their offensive odor, yet they were in high repute among the ancients, asafoetida being reckoned one of the most agreeable seasonings for food, and highly esteemed for its medicinal uses, so that it was worth its weight in silver.

A stalk of the plant was sent to the Emperor Nero, and yearly to Apollo of Delphos, as more precious than the other productions of the earth, inasmuch that "he is worthy of silphium," passed into a proverb—silphium being one of the names by which it was formerly known. Even in the present day, the Persians and other Asiatics flavor their food with asafoetida, and term it the food of the gods. Tastes, we know, differ, for by some, garlic is highly esteemed, while others detest its flavor. Asafoetida ranks high in the *Materia Medica* of the Chinese physicians. It forms an important article of trade in the East. The vessels that carry it to the Chinese ports from Bombay are so imbued with the odor that they spoil most other goods.

The Norwegians use it with their native brandy as a cure for numerous ills; and many persons in our own country carry it about their persons to smell of it frequently as a preventive of epileptic fits.—*Scientific Amer.*

CHARMS.

GENTLE reader, there are such things as charms. Scarce any one nowadays believes in charms; but the writer of these few lines, a staid and sober man, firmly believes in their existence, and so perhaps will you, when you have read what he has to say.

In a certain village, which for our present purpose we shall call Cranthorp, there was an old house which, by common consent, had for many years been set down as haunted. It had a spacious garden, but no one cultivated it, and rank nettles and weeds occupied the place of the flowers and vegetables of former days: it had handsome rooms, but no footstep passed through them, and thick upon the windows and the walls lay the crusted dust: no one would have any thing to do with the place, and it would have caused general rejoicing through the town if "The Hermitage" had been pulled down and the garden ploughed up. There were few more superstitious places in England than Cranthorp, and perhaps the existence of this old house, in the midst of the town, helped in no small degree to keep its superstitions up. For years "The Hermitage" stood unoccupied, but at length the day arrived when it was to find a tenant.

The early spring was just beginning to dress the hedgerows in its tender green, and the chill had not quite passed from the April breeze, when there came to "The Spaniard," the best inn in Cranthorp, a little old man, who soon excited the curiosity of the whole town. In figure the stranger was naturally short, and looked still more so from a considerable stoop: he walked leaning somewhat heavily on a gold-headed stick, and his white hair fell down upon his coat, looking almost like driven snow. The stranger's luggage was inscribed with the name of "Ambrose," and all that the most diligent and persevering inquiry could make out about him was, that he had travelled post from London. There was no lack of trunks; there was no hesitation in paying his bill weekly; and so the host at "The Spaniard" was pleased enough with his guest. But in about a month he looked upon him with very different eyes: the stranger had been seen prowling about

"The Hermitage," and from that day forth he was eyed with suspicion. Whether this suspicion would have been disarmed or not in a little time, by the stranger's general good behavior, we cannot tell; for in the course of a few days he was guilty of an act which made the landlord of "The Spaniard" wish to get rid of him as quickly as he could.

The stranger purchased "The Hermitage!" Yes, knowingly and deliberately he went into the mansion by himself, for no one would go with him. He inspected the rooms; he even made his way up to the roof; he looked out through the dusty windows upon the panic-stricken inhabitants of the place, who had stopped on seeing a stranger enter the dreaded spot; he had bored into the soil of the garden with his gold-headed cane: all these things he had done, and if the gossip of the place were believed, he had gathered herbs in the garden for making charms; and he had paid for the premises with gold, which some fine morning would be found to be no more than withered leaves.

All Cranthorp was disturbed: the only one that was unmoved was Mr. Ambrose himself, who looked just as benevolent and humane after he had purchased "The Hermitage" as before. Space would fail if we were to attempt to chronicle the strange conduct of the Cranthorp people toward the now most mysterious stranger. The chambermaid and boots peeped through his key-hole at two o'clock in the morning, to see whether he were in his bed like an ordinary man, or performing incantations in the middle of the floor; little boys tumbled over each other in their haste to run out of his way when he appeared abroad: if he made a purchase, his money was looked upon with a suspicious eye, so that two or three times he asked if it were bad—all which would have been very unpleasant to most persons; but the gentleman pitied the ignorance of the people, and was content to wait, and live down their prejudices.

In course of time the mysterious stranger transferred his residence from "The Spaniard" to "The Hermitage," and several wagon-loads of furniture and books, together with an old woman, apparently a housekeeper, arrived from the metropolis. Now, if ever, there was a favorable opportunity of finding out exactly

where the stranger had lived ; but, greatly to the discomfiture of the Cranthorp public, all that the wagoners knew was, that they had fetched the luggage from a gloomy-looking street, the name of which they could not remember. It was unfortunate for Dr. Ambrose that his housekeeper should have that close union of nose and chin which from time immemorial has been a leading feature in the physiognomy of a witch ; and it was further unfortunate that the bystanders caught sight of several complicated brass instruments as they were being unpacked. Now at least there could be no mistake : these were the instruments of his diabolical art ; the old woman was a witch, in union with him in his incantations and charms ; and the black dog, that was tied to the last wagon, and now fondly licked his master's hand, was none other than the stranger's familiar spirit.

For a considerable time, Dr. Ambrose's house was closely watched. If a light were seen glimmering through any of the windows late at night, it was duly commented on the following day ; if the black dog were seen smelling for a rat amid the weeds of the garden, it was reported that the familiar spirit was searching for the herbs required by its master in his nightly incantations. The only thing that at all shook the popular belief about the stranger was the fact that every Sabbath he was seen in his place in church.

Weeks rolled on, and the white-haired old man became aware of the light in which he was looked upon. He would not perhaps from choice have wished to be such a terror to his neighbors, or to be so completely isolated from them ; but he continued quietly and cheerfully to pursue his own course, trusting to time to disabuse the inhabitants of Cranthorp of their silly thoughts.

As far as outward things were concerned, people were obliged to confess that there was nothing amiss : "The Hermitage" no longer looked the haunted place it appeared before ; the garden was now filled with wholesome vegetables and handsome flowers ; the Doctor's name figured for a very handsome sum in the charities of the neighborhood ; and he had never been detected in any overt act which could be considered a tampering with the evil one.

Thus matters stood when a very gay wedding took place in Cranthorp. The bride was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, and the bridegroom was the son of a widow lady who resided in the town. Both were "only children ;" and, as is too frequently the case, both had been indulged ; so they would therefore acknowledge few contradictions to their will. When these young people were engaged to be married, they seemed to have every thing that the heart of man could desire to make them happy : they were young and healthy, and rich and accomplished, and many were the enviers of their lot. In due time the wedding took place. The children of the Cranthorp school strewed flowers in their path, the church-bells rang out their merriest peals, and all went off as the most sanguine could have hoped.

There was only one drawback—the wizard, the witch, and the familiar spirit, were all at the wedding. Dr. Ambrose had not seen a country wedding for many years, while his housekeeper had never seen one at all. They were detected lurking in a back pew of the church, and the black dog ran across the churchyard as the wedding party went out. All who knew of the presence of these unlucky beings shook their heads and said, "Wait awhile, we'll see!"

The honeymoon passed away, and a newly-furnished house in Cranthorp received the bride and bridegroom on their return. Visits were exchanged, parties were given, and the whole place was kept quite alive for two or three months : at the end of that time, however, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Packton, for so they were called, became commonplace. In a few months more it began to be whispered about that the young couple were not as happy as might be wished, and Mrs. Packton became seriously ill. These unfortunate circumstances, of course, formed the staple of the little town's gossip for a considerable time, and at last it began to be commonly said that nothing else could have been expected. People did not always mention names, but they said to each other : "You remember *who* was at the wedding!" "You remember *what* crossed the churchyard!" These sayings of the Cranthorp people were not lost upon Mrs. Besom, young Mrs. Packton's god-

mother, and she determined, if possible, to get rid of the spell under which her godchild was placed. Mrs. Besom was herself a believer in witches and charms; and if by any means the spell which cursed the life of her godchild could be broken, such means must not be left untried.

The first grand point was, of course, to ascertain what her godchild's trouble was; but upon this the latter was entirely silent, and no persuasion could induce her to speak upon the subject. This fairly puzzled Mrs. Besom, and, after many vain attempts to discover the canker of her godchild's life, she took the desperate resolution of calling upon the wizard himself, and offering him any sum he might name for exorcising his victim.

Mrs. Besom was not the woman to go to sleep over a determination when it was once formed: a very short time, therefore, was allowed to intervene between her making this resolution and putting it in force; and one summer day, at noon, she knocked at the door of "The Hermitage." Noon was the hour Mrs. Besom chose, because she held that each hour from that to midnight the wizard's energies became stronger and stronger for all purposes of evil, and at that particular time his influences for good, if he wished to exercise them, had most power.

Seated in a large high-backed chair in the dreaded Hermitage, Mrs. Besom first requested that the black dog might be sent out of the room; and having thus, as she thought, by a master-stroke, deprived the enemy of a chief ally, she opened fire on Dr. Ambrose; and coming to the point at once, taxed him with having bewitched her godchild. "No! no! do not deny it," said the lady, as she heard the commencement of Dr. Ambrose's denial: "it is well known that you are at the bottom of it all, and you have succeeded only too well. Money is no object," said Mrs. Besom, drawing a pocket-book from its hiding-place: "undo what you have done, and you can have what you will."

Many were the protests which the white-haired old man made against being supposed to have the power of enchanting or of disenchanting; but Mrs. Besom would not leave till he had solemnly promised to do what he could for her godchild. What he could! Yes,

this promise was quite enough; "for assuredly," said she to herself, "he has the power." The next thing to be done was to get the enchanted woman into the sorcerer's presence; for Dr. Ambrose had declared that under no circumstances could he do any thing for her unless he saw her, and had an opportunity of putting some questions to her.

The difficulty was to induce Mrs. Packton to go to "The Hermitage," and perhaps she might never have gone, had it not been that her godmother, Mrs. Besom, now for the first time revealed to her the fact of the wizard and witch's presence at her wedding, and the still more solemn one, that the familiar spirit, in the form of the black dog, had been close at hand! So weakened was the young woman from illness, that all this took strong hold of her imagination, and at last she attributed all her sufferings to Dr. Ambrose and his wicked associates; and as a desperate remedy must be applied for a desperate disease, she consented to put herself in the hands of the much-dreaded man.

Meanwhile, the Doctor was sorely perplexed. He had given up practice, and sought for complete retirement in "The Hermitage;" and whether he wished or no, he found himself not only thought to be a wizard, but compelled to act as one. True, he had possessed no small skill in coping with the diseases of the body, and had met with success in some difficult mental cases also. If Mrs. Packton's case fell within the range of ordinary instrumentality, he was prepared to do what he could; but powers of sorcery he knew he did not possess. Dr. Ambrose had not been for many years an observer of life in vain, and he hoped, should Mrs. Packton ever really appear, to be able to discover whether there were any causes except physical ones that brought her to her present state.

A month passed away, during which time Mrs. Besom had been hard at work on the possessed woman every day; and at length, one day at noon, the source of all her anxiety presented herself before Dr. Ambrose at "The Hermitage." The kind-hearted old man was very much shocked at the appearance she presented: she seemed quite a different being from the young and handsome bride he had seen but a little while before. He begged her

to be seated, and seeing how exhausted she was, offered her a glass of wine and something to eat; but she would neither eat nor drink in his house: how did she know what might be in the cup or dish? A searching glance into his visitor's face soon showed the Doctor what was the true source of her trouble. The body might be affected—indeed, more or less it must be so; but there were lines in that face which were never traced by bodily suffering or disease. The Doctor believed that he had found a clew to the complaint.

"You are not happy," said the wizard.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Packton: "who told you so?"

"I have ways of knowing: you are not happy."

"No, I am not."

"And yet you ought to be: you have all that heart could wish."

"Not all."

"Why, you are young and rich, and have married the one you loved: what more of this world's things can you desire?"

A half-suppressed sigh from the enchanted woman, as the Doctor uttered the last few words, confirmed his convictions that all was not right in Mrs. Packton's domestic life. He knew that she was an only child, and that, therefore, in all human probability, she had been spoiled, been used to her own way, and not been subject to that self-discipline which is so essential to happiness. He was also aware that her husband was an only child also, and he had pretty nearly the same thoughts about him. "Selfishness," thought he, "is at the root of all this evil—a want of self-control—a want of moral principle. If I am to disenchant her, I must get out the demon of self."

"Young lady," said Dr. Ambrose, "I can give you some directions which will in all probability accomplish what you desire the most, and restore you to your accustomed health and happiness again. Two things only must you promise me. First, you must never use what I give you without first offering a mental prayer to God to bless you in the use of it; secondly, you must promise me, whether it succeed at first or not, to continue the use of it for two months; and I

may further add, that the strictest secrecy must be preserved. If you are willing to agree to these conditions, I am willing to do for you whatever lies in my power."

It seemed very strange to Mary Packton that the wizard should have said any thing about prayer to God; but she could not feel otherwise than pleased, for it was a kind of guaranty that the prescriptions of the enchanter could not be so desperately bad: so she agreed to the stipulations he had proposed.

Dr. Ambrose hereupon left the room, having intimated that he would be absent about half an hour. Half an hour was not long for a wizard to prepare such a powerful charm as the present case required; so Mary Packton sat patiently in the arm-chair. Once or twice she was disturbed and frightened by the appearance of the black dog on the window-sill; but her own thoughts occupied her so much that many imaginary fears were kept away. Yes, Mary Packton had many a bitter thought to occupy her mind. All her young dreams of wedded happiness had vanished: the man to whom she had bound herself for life had disappointed her, and was utterly changed from what he had been during their courtship and the first few weeks of their wedded life, and henceforth there remained for her nothing but years of anguish and distress. That would be a precious charm indeed which could restore her husband's love, and make him any thing like what he had been before.

While Mary Packton was absorbed in these reflections, the door opened, and Dr. Ambrose made his appearance. He had in his hands a small box, which was carefully papered up, and a letter, which contained the spell that was to operate with such wonderful effects. Putting them into his visitor's hands, he told her she would find full directions for their use when she arrived at home and opened both the paper and the box.

"Remember the conditions," said the Doctor. "Come again this day two months, if we are both alive. Farewell!" and before Mary Packton could thank him, or make any observation, he had left the room.

That evening Henry Packton was going out to see his mother, and so his wife determined

to take advantage of the opportunity to examine the paper and the box. Had they come to her under any ordinary circumstances, she would have opened them on her way home; but she was half frightened, and was rather glad to defer it for a while.

Evening came, and Henry Packton went out; and now for the opening of the charm! With trembling hands the young wife broke the large seal, and unfolded the long sheet of paper, which contained several lines of what appeared the most perfect nonsense. Over these she pored for a considerable time, and, from the disposition of the letters, she could not but think that they formed words, if only she could read them; but who was to supply the key? Then she opened the box, which was filled with diamond-shaped lozenges, and which contained also a slip of paper, which, to her great delight, was the key to the characters she had just been puzzling over in vain. It contained an alphabet, in two rows, and the directions simply were: "Substitute the bottom for the top, and, where there is an italic, the top for the bottom!" This she at once proceeded to do, and the following combination of letters produced the following result:

"Consider whether the blame which thou wouldst lay upon another, be not, to a great degree, chargeable upon thyself.

"Remember that others are imperfect, as well as thou.

"Consult another's happiness before thine own.

"Utter no word of unkindness; answer none.

"Give double love for double hate.

"Spend thy strength for God."

Had such good advice as this come to Mary Packton in more common guise, like many another, she might have rejected it; but she had promised the reputed wizard faithfully to abide by his directions, and she felt herself under an obligation to do so, whether she would or no. It was long before Henry Packton came home, and she had ample time to think over the lines which lay before her; and that thought was not without its good effects. As she pondered over the first sentence, and faithfully examined her past wedded life, she found that, short as it had been,

she had been sadly deficient in the duties of a wife; that she had been selfish and petulant and uneven in her temper; and her conscience told her that much of the misery she had endured was to be laid upon herself.

Then she passed on to the second, and she could not but own that she had foolishly expected perfection in her husband; that she thought he ought to bear with all her tempers, while she was not to bear any thing on her part; that, in point of fact, while claiming every allowance for herself, she was not willing to make any for him.

Then came the third head. What had Mary Packton been? Selfish, preëminently selfish. What did she give up for her husband? when did she put his wishes before her own? Alas! alas! the more the young wife thought, the more did she feel condemned—the more did she realize that she had only to thank herself for much she had endured. Nor was she guiltless on the fourth point either: she had often spoken to her husband most improperly, and had taunted him with not loving her, whenever he had denied her slightest wish.

"Give double love for double hate." What had she given? Ten hard words for every one that he had given her.

And as to the last sentence of Dr. Ambrose's list, how had she spent her time and strength? No doubt she had done a few stitches of needlework, and played a few of her favorite airs, and painted some little water-color sketches; but what else, except a few novels read, had she to show for her time? Nothing, absolutely nothing. As soon as her honeymoon was over, she was without a motive in life.

For two long months did Mary Packton battle with herself, and earnestly seek for higher strength than her own. Honestly and continuously did she endeavor to work out all the precepts she had received; and though at times she failed, still she recovered her ground again, and tried more earnestly than before. And wonderfully did the Doctor's charm act. When Henry Packton found that his wife did not scold him on every opportunity, but made allowances for him, and was gentle toward him, he kept from many a thing which he knew she did not like. In many instances he

perceived that his wife had evidently laid her own wishes aside, and cared for his; and, to her great delight, she found that he began in some degree to do the same. Most of the unkind words which had been heard in the young people's house had commenced with the mistress of it; but now they were kept back, and so quarrels were not begun; and when any came first from the husband, they were not answered, and so they ended soon. If Henry grieved her, Mary Packton, according to the directions of her charm, made fresh efforts to please him, although it cost her a sore struggle to keep down the old spirit of revenge. And lastly, according to her instructions from the Doctor, she occupied herself a good part of every day in some act of benevolence, either among her poor neighbors or at home. Thus passed the two months; and by the end of that time the charm had begun to work on Henry Packton as well as on his wife: cheerfulness once more came back to their dwelling, and it almost seemed as though the honeymoon had commenced afresh.

Space would fail us if we were to try to chronicle all the young wife's struggles, all her failures, and the minute particulars in which she had to work out the Doctor's charm. Suffice it to say, she succeeded at the last; and at the end of the two months reappeared before the Doctor with a very different face from that which she had when she came to consult him first.

"My dear young lady," said Dr. Ambrose, "do not thank me, but thank the One who has given you strength to fulfil scriptural precepts, and who has vouchsafed a blessing on your efforts. Considering how much both you and your husband, as only children, had been indulged, and knowing as much of human nature as I do, you need not be surprised that I guessed, with tolerable accuracy, the source of your trouble. One only reward I ask, and that is, that you will disabuse my worthy neighbors of the idea that I deal in witchcraft. I should like to live among them, and do them good in those diseases in the treatment of which I have passed my life; but I have no access to them, owing to the absurd notions which I find they entertain of me, of my housekeeper, and even of my poor dog."

"But tell me before I go," said Mary Packton, "what was the use of those diamond-shaped lozenges, which seemed certainly to have a wonderful effect?"

"When Athenadorus, the philosopher, went to take his leave of Augustus Cæsar, he left him this rule: 'O Cæsar, remember that when thou art angry, thou neither speakest nor doest aught till thou hast repeated over distinctly the Greek alphabet!' I took a hint," said Dr. Ambrose, "from him, and gave you those lozenges, with directions to let one melt in your mouth before you answered, when you were angry, to give you time for reflection, and for your passion to cool down. There is no harm, I hope, in such natural magic as that."

Gentle reader, if you will do as Mary Packton did, you may gain happiness for yourself, and diffuse it to others. If you will seek strength from above, as she did, however difficult the task of controlling self, you will succeed. Such charms as she used, it is almost impossible to resist.—*Leisure Hour.*

TACTICS FOR CHURCH GOERS.—The following on "Church Etiquette" is not much of an exaggeration of what sometimes happens, after services have begun, to the edification of the curious in the congregation, and for the comfort of the nerves of the pulpit:—"Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, half about face, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest passing to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right countermarch, and forming again in the line, up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when she sees that the coast is clear, completes her salute and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by angles from the rear, and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed."

ELISHA KENT KANE.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

O MOTHER EARTH, thy task is done
With him who slumbers here below!
From thy cold Arctic brow he won
A glory purer than thy snow.

Thy warmer bosom gently nursed
The dying hero: for his eye
The tropic Spring's full splendors burst—
"In vain!" a thousand voices cry.

"In vain! in vain!" The poet's art
Forsook me when the people cried:
Naught but the grief that fills my heart,
And memories of my friend, abide.

We parted in the midnight street,
Beneath a cold autumnal rain:
He wrung my hand, he stayed my feet
With "Friend, we shall not meet again!"

I laughed; I would not then believe:
He smiled—he left me—all was o'er.
How much for my poor laugh I'd give!—
How much to see him smile once more!

I know my lay bemoans the dead,
That sorrow is an humble thing,
That I should sing his praise instead,
And strike it on a higher string.

Let stronger minstrels raise their lay,
And follow where his fame has flown:
To the whole world belongs his praise,
His friendship was to me alone.

So close against my heart he lay
That I should make his glory dim,
And hear a bashful whisper say,
"I praise myself in praising him."

O gentle mother, following nigh
His long, long funeral march, resign
To me the right to lift this cry,
Parting a sorrow that is thine!

O father, mourning by his bier,
Forgive this song of little worth;
My eloquence is but a tear,
I cannot, would not rise from earth!

O stricken brothers, broken band—
The link that held the jewel lost—
I pray you, give me leave to stand
Amid you, from the sorrowing host.

We'll give his honors to the world,
We'll hark for echoes from afar:
Where'er our country's flag's unfurled
His name shall shine in every star.

We feel no fear that time will keep
Our hero's memory. Let us move
A little from the world to weep,
And for our portion keep his love.

AN EXQUISITE LYRIC.

BY MASSEY.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Sucked the green warmth of the sod.
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled:
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our bud of beauty grew:
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew.
Ay, nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light;
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.
If the wind of life they danced with glee,
And reddened as they whirled:
White, white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where wingèd hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud uncurled,
And dropped it the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our rose was but in blossom,
 Our life was but in spring,
 When down the solemn midnight
 We heard the spirits sing:
 "Another bud of infancy,
 With holy dews impearled;"
 And with their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
 Could leave a loss so large;
 Her little light such shadow fling
 From dawn to sunset's marge.
 In other springs our life may be
 In bannered bloom unfurled;
 But never, never match our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

DEATH OF WILLIAM COLGATE.

THIS truly good man died at his residence in New York, on the 25th March last, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Not only have Baptists lost a generous and liberal supporter, but Christians of every denomination will mourn the death of Deacon Colgate, as one whose sympathies and charities knew no sect or party in the hour of need. The following sketch of his life is furnished by The New York Observer, as compiled from the religious press of that city.

He was born in England, January 25, 1783, in Kent county, about five miles from Maidstone. His parents were descendants of a hardy race, kind-hearted, social, and generous, enjoying the respect and affection of a wide circle of friends. Robert Colgate, the father of the deceased, was the playfellow of William Pitt, and the attachment thence arising, proved of essential service to him in a subsequent crisis of his history. He was early married to Sarah Bowles, and began life on one of the farms of England. When William was only six years of age, the family moved to Shoreham, where six years more of his life were passed in aiding his father on the farm. During the war of our Revolution, Mr. Robert Colgate, who earnestly sympathized in the cause of the Colonies, kept before him daily a map of our country, following the march of our troops, anticipated our battle-fields, and, striking his hand upon the

map, would often say, "I hope the Americans will whip them out there." When the Colonies gained a victory, his joy knew no bounds. His political views were too republican for the court party in England, and his name was by the authorities placed at the head of a list of six hundred, who were to be dealt with unless the tone of their political sentiments should be moderated. It was at this crisis that Pitt evinced his attachment for the friend of his youth, by warning the latter of his danger, and suggested the propriety of his emigrating to America, where the institutions were more congenial to his own views, on which hint he immediately acted, and sailed for Baltimore in the spring of 1795.

On arriving in this country, the family settled on a farm in Hartford county, Maryland, the title to which proving defective they sustained a heavy loss, investing what remained in trade at Baltimore, which also proved unsuccessful. By these disasters and others that followed, the father was compelled to abandon all pursuits, and William became the chief support of the family, and though but seventeen years of age, proved himself equal to the crisis. He found his way to New York in 1804, where he refused the place of clerk in the principal chandlery of the city, saying, "I desire to learn the business: I want to work, and I desire a place where I can learn how." The owner of the establishment was so much pleased with his appearance that he gave him employment. His diligence and trustworthiness raised him to the position of principal business manager of the firm, and prepared him in 1806, when he was twenty-two years old, to lay the foundation of his house on Dutch street, one of the oldest, most lucrative, and honorable in our city. William Colgate has held on the even tenor of his way for fifty-one years; and, after practicing the most of the time a liberal and costly hospitality, after giving vast sums of money to various objects of benevolence, and after training a large family and giving them a start in business, which has made the most of them rich, and after the long-continued support rendered to members of his father's family, he now leaves a large fortune to his surviving sons and daughters. Till confined by his last sickness, he never ma-

terially relaxed his attention to business, but has furnished throughout a model of industry, application, and liberality. When he commenced business, he determined to give ten per cent. of his earnings to benevolent purposes, which rule he has sometimes exceeded, increasing his benefactions to twenty and even thirty per cent.

While he was a young man, during a serious illness, his mind became seriously impressed, the result of which was that he embraced a hope of salvation through the blood of the Saviour. On recovering from the illness, he wished to make a public profession of religion, and applied to the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D., whose ministry he had attended since coming to New York, for admission to his church. After consultation with his parents, who were Unitarian in their sentiments, and after an examination of the subject of infant baptism, he applied to the Rev. John Williams, pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, for baptism, intending, after he had been baptized, to connect himself with the church of Dr. Mason, to whose ministry he was greatly attached. Dr. Mason did not approve of the arrangement, and Mr. Colgate and one of his sisters were, in 1808, received into the First Baptist Church, then worshipping in Gold street, and of which the Rev. Dr. Parkinson was pastor. It was while a member of this church that his Bible was stolen, as he supposed, from his pew; and he thought that if men wanted Bibles so much as to take them without leave, means should be devised to circulate them free of expense. A Bible Society, the first organization of the kind in the city, if not in the country, was soon after formed, chiefly through his own agency, and of which he was elected Treasurer. He continued his membership in the First Church until 1812, when it was transferred to the Oliver Street Church, of which Mr. Williams was the faithful and beloved pastor. At the end of twenty-seven years, in 1839, during which time he had been appointed to the office of Deacon in the Oliver Street Church, and his name had become a household word in his denomination, he sought dismissal from the Church which he had served so long and so well, in order that he might identify himself with the forma-

tion and support of the Tabernacle Baptist Church.

It was his new religious position that led to his acquaintance with Miss Mary Gilbert, the lady whom he married, and by whose many virtues his home was rendered happy beyond that of most men. The natural ties which bound them together were cemented by kindred views, sympathies, and aspirations in the work of charity, the patience of hope, and the consolations of the Holy Spirit.

It was not alone in the churches of which he was a cheerful, and constant, and large burden-bearer, from the beginning, that the sterling excellences of Deacon Colgate's character were illustrated. Soon after he commenced business, he determined to devote one-tenth of his net income to objects of beneficence, and as he was eminently successful in business, and often doubled and trebled the per centage of his gifts, almost every form of Christian effort felt his influence, and especially such forms of effort as were closely allied to the diffusion of the gospel of Jesus Christ over the world. Hence the cause of Christian missions, of Bible circulation, and of ministerial education, had no more faithful friend than he. His counting-room, on Dutch street, was for more than a third of a century the head-quarters of that formidable army of men who believe that money is "coined" in New York faster than it can be used; and if some who called failed to receive as much of the surplus as they expected, they were sure of a courteous hearing, and a cordial welcome to his hospitable home. His beneficence was not limited to organized societies. Pastors, with inadequate salaries, young men struggling for an education, and the poor of his own city, were the objects of his continual care. He made no expensive holiday-gifts to his friends; but those who knew him well can testify that his holidays were devoted to personal visits and a generous distribution of money among the deserving poor. He was preëminently the poor man's friend, and was in the habit of attributing much of his prosperity to the fact that God had put it into his heart to relieve the miseries of poverty.

He took a warm interest in the organization of the American Bible Society in 1816. He united in the secession which formed the

American and Foreign Bible Society, (Baptist;) and in 1856, when the American and Foreign Bible Society refused to enter upon the revision of the English Bible, he gave his influence to the formation of the Bible Union, to which he adhered to the last.

Deacon Colgate was a close and prayerful student of the Scriptures. He trusted and confided in them as his guide, his refuge, his life; and the truths which were thus interwoven with his daily Christian experience, fertilized, purified, and elevated his piety, and were beyond computation while the shades of death were gathering about him. "Trust in the Lord," said he to his family shortly before he died, "and remember how death brings you face to face with the life you live. That blessed Bible! what should I have been without it, and what would it have been if Salvation had been left out of it! How good the Lord is, and how rich his service to a soul passing into his presence!" His last illness, though attended by almost insupportable bodily anguish, was a serene triumph of faith in the promises of God.

From 1808 to 1857, almost fifty years, Deacon Colgate lived "in the presence of his brethren;" and he has gone to the grave leaving behind him a reputation for mercantile honor, humble and persistent piety, and maturity of judgment, that will be among the freshest and most grateful recollections of those who knew his worth.

A METHODIST MODERATOR OF A BAPTIST MEETING.

It is known, or should be, to all our readers, that Elder S. Henderson, of The South-western Baptist, and Elder E. J. Hamill, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Tuskegee, Alabama, have had a pretty thorough discussion of Methodism. So courteously, however, was this discussion conducted, that both parties consented to its publication, and it is now being circulated in book form, and is, doubtless doing great good. Instead of stirring up wrathful and malicious feelings, it has brought Christians nearer together—brought them to think and act kindlier and more considerately toward each other than before.

The following introductory editorial from Brother Henderson, and letter from a Methodist minister, will be read with a smile, and long remembered by many who could neither in heart nor logic find a sufficient excuse for withholding from the penitent brother "fellowship with the Church," even though PEACE-MAKER (a Methodist) did interrogate and give him the right hand of fellowship.

The few unhallowed *individual* members of Baptist, Methodist, or other denominations, will still find it difficult by ridicule, derision, and falsehood, to alienate good men and women from an affectionate affinity for the image of Christ, so long as such men as Henderson, Peace-maker, and others of like character, are permitted to write or speak.

Brother Henderson says: The following communication, written by a Methodist brother whom we have known many years, presents the finest illustration of "ring-firing" we have yet seen. There is so much of good-nature, and withal such a lively and pleasant description of the incident related, that we have no doubt the reader will sympathize with us in the high degree of pleasure we have derived from its perusal. While we agree with the writer that the act "may not have been strictly legal," we have not the heart to say it should be declared "null and void." It is one of the few cases that we should be inclined to regard as more commendable in the *breach* than in the *observation*. We have a lively remembrance of the occasion to which our brother refers at "Flint Hill," when we first met him; and rejoice that, after so many years, we are permitted to renew our acquaintance. But here is the communication:

BROTHER HENDERSON: The following facts are offered for your columns, with the hope that they may promote the interest of our general Zion, and "provoke one another to love and to good works." I am, as you know, a Methodist preacher, and a member of the Alabama Conference; and I suppose no one who knows me doubts my loyalty to my Church, as I am found on the Methodist side of all issues joined with your Church; yet I do deplore any estrangement between us, and offer this that the breach may be narrowed.

Indeed, I like the motto of the Hard-shell Baptist preacher whom I heard say, that you could catch more flies with one spoonful of molasses than a quart of vinegar.

But to the facts. In the year 1852, I was invited by the Baptist Church in the town of J—, M. county, Ala., to deliver a lecture on Temperance, on Saturday, at three o'clock, the day of their Church-meeting. The pastor of the church, who lived some twenty miles distant, failed to come. Upon being requested to preach, I consented. God powerfully blessed the preacher and the Church. At the close of the services, it was suggested that this was Conference-day, and that business of importance claimed the attention of the Church, and hoped that I would act as Moderator. I took the seat, called the house to order, and asked the Clerk to read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved. We then proceeded to attend the business of the Conference, which was done in the usual way.

When as I thought we were about through, it was stated that delegates were either to be appointed or elected to some body to assemble shortly thereafter; and which was done in due form. Upon the question from the chair, "Is there any more business?" a grave old Deacon arose and said: "Brother Moderator, I don't know as there is; but there may be some one present who desires to join the Church. I therefore request that the door of the church be opened." Is it the wish of the church that the door be opened? I asked. An affirmative response was unanimous. Now, brother Henderson, wasn't I ring-fired? Think of it—a Methodist preacher taking members into a Baptist church! Well, there was only one chance for me to escape, and that was—no one will apply for admission. So, taking the key thus authentically given, I opened the door, and tendered the opportunity for any present to join who wished. A breathless silence ensued. At length a gentleman of intelligent face, with a countenance, as I thought, which bespoke unfeigned humility, arose, and, in subdued tones and faltering utterances, spake with measured pauses as follows: "Mr. Moderator, I was once an acceptable member of this church, and enjoyed religion and the confidence of my brethren; but in an evil hour, I was be-

trayed into sin—was dealt with and expelled. Not long since, while listening to you in the Methodist Church in this place, I was brought to see my miserable estate, and by unfeigned repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I have been forgiven; and now I ask to be restored to fellowship with the Church." I interrogated him in the hearing of the Church, until all were satisfied. I then said, Brethren, let us extend the right hand of fellowship; and striking up a sweet song of Zion, he was, according to the usage of the Baptist Church, received into her communion. Services then closed by prayer—benediction by the Moderator—the minutes signed by him and countersigned by the Clerk. I don't suppose it was strictly legal, but hope Heaven approves.

Yours, in bonds of Christian love,

PEACE-MAKER.

EVIDENCE OF INSANITY.

It is well known that by the laws of England the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of all such persons and property of such individuals as are said not to be of sound mind and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered a man to be brought before him against whom his heirs wished to take out statute of lunacy. He examined him and put various questions to him, to which he made the most pertinent answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with."

Toward the end of the examination, however, a little scrap of paper was put into his hands on which was written Ezekiel. This was enough for such a shrewd and able man as his Lordship. He took his cue. "What fine poetry," said the Chancellor, "is in Isaiah!"

"Very fine," replied the man, "especially when we read in the original Hebrew."

"And how well Jeremiah wrote!"

"Surely," said the man.

"What a genius too was Ezekiel!"

"Do you like him?" said the man: "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"

DECLARATION—WILLIAM AND MARY.

THE Declaration began by recapitulating the crimes and errors which had made a revolution necessary. James had invaded the province of the Legislature; had treated modest petitioning as a crime; had oppressed the Church by means of an illegal tribunal; had, without the consent of Parliament, levied taxes and maintained a standing army in time of peace; had violated the freedom of election, and perverted the course of justice. Proceedings which could lawfully be questioned only in Parliament had been made subjects of prosecution in the King's Bench. Partial and corrupt juries had been returned. Excessive bail had been required from prisoners; excessive fines had been imposed; barbarous and unusual punishments had been inflicted; the estates of accused persons had been granted away before conviction. He, by whose authority these things had been done, had abdicated the government. The Prince of Orange, whom God had made the glorious instrument of delivering the nation from superstition and tyranny, had invited the estates of the realm to meet and to take counsel together for the securing of religion, of law, and of freedom. The Lords and Commons, having deliberated, had resolved that they would first, after the example of their ancestors, assert the ancient rights and liberties of England. Therefore it was declared that the dispensing power, lately assumed and exercised, had no legal existence; that, without grant of Parliament, no money could be exacted by the sovereign from the subject; that, without consent of Parliament, no standing army could be kept up in time of peace. The right of subjects to petition, the right of electors to choose representatives freely, the right of Parliaments to freedom of debate, the right of the nation to a pure and merciful administration of justice according to the spirit of its own mild laws, were solemnly affirmed. All these things the Convention claimed, in the name of the whole nation, as the undoubted inheritance of Englishmen. Having thus vindicated the principles of the Constitution, the Lords and Commons, in the entire confidence that the deliverer would hold sacred the laws and liberties which he

had saved, resolved that William and Mary, prince and princess of Orange, should be declared king and queen of England for their joint and separate lives, and that, during their joint lives, the administration of the government should be in the prince alone. After them the crown was settled on the posterity of Mary, then on Anne and her posterity, and then on the posterity of William.

By this time the wind had ceased to blow from the west. On the eleventh of February, the ship in which the Princess of Orange had embarked lay off Margate, and, on the following morning, anchored at Greenwich. She was received with many signs of joy and affection; but her demeanor shocked the Tories, and was not thought faultless even by the Whigs. A young woman, placed, by a destiny as mournful and awful as that which brooded over the fabled houses of Labdacus and Pelops, in such a situation that she could not, without violating her duty to her God, her husband, and her country, refuse to take her seat on the throne from which her father had just been hurled, should have been sad, or at least serious. Mary was not merely in high, but in extravagant spirits. She entered Whitehall, it was asserted, with a girlish delight at being mistress of so fine a house, ran about the rooms, peeped into the closets, and examined the quilt of the state bed, without seeming to remember by whom those stately apartments had last been occupied. Burnet, who had till then thought her an angel in human form, could not, on this occasion, refrain from blaming her. He was the more astonished, because, when he took leave of her at the Hague, she had, though fully convinced that she was in the path of duty, been deeply dejected. To him, as to her spiritual guide, she afterwards explained her conduct. William had written to inform her that some of those who had tried to separate her interests from his still continued their machinations: they gave it out that she thought herself wronged; and if she wore a gloomy countenance, the report would be confirmed. He therefore entreated her to make her first appearance with an air of cheerfulness. Her heart, she said, was far indeed from cheerful; but she had done her best; and, as she was afraid of not sustaining well

a part which was uncongenial to her feelings, she had overacted it. Her deportment was the subject of reams of scurrility in prose and verse: it lowered her in the opinion of some whose esteem she valued; nor did the world know, till she was beyond the reach of praise and censure, that the conduct which had brought on her the reproach of levity and insensibility was really a signal instance of that perfect disinterestedness and self-devotion of which man seems to be incapable, but which is sometimes found in woman.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th of February, the court of Whitehall and all the neighboring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting-House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished by masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the southern door, on the right hand, a large number of peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons, with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The northern door opened, and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both Houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left, stood forth; and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed their highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the Clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the estates of the realm, requested the prince and princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. "We thankfully accept," he said, "what you have offered us." Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should

be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting-House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle-drums struck up; the trumpets pealed; and garter king-at-arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England; charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns; and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our Church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have, during the last sixty years, overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. Why that character was so peculiar is sufficiently obvious, and yet seems not to have been always understood either by eulogists or by censors.

The Continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the Middle Ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money had, during many generations, been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which

they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct, that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty, that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system, and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aged, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favorite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a succession of judicial decisions, similar to that which was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or at Naples; had our kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the farthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in foreign cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dented with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from ex-

treme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill-poised constitutions should we have set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half a century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

These calamities our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigor. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument, but they were to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no statute could be enacted, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up; that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign; that no tool of power could plead the royal command as a justification for violating any legal right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm. A realm of which these were the fundamental laws stood in no need of a new constitution.

But, though a new constitution was not needed, it was plain that changes were required. The misgovernment of the Stuarts, and the troubles which that misgovernment had produced, sufficiently proved that there was somewhere a defect in our polity, and that defect it was the duty of the Convention to discover and to amend.

Some questions of great moment were still open to dispute. Our Constitution had begun to exist in times when statesmen were not much accustomed to frame exact definitions. Anomalies, therefore, inconsistent with its principles and dangerous to its very exist-

ence, had sprung up almost imperceptibly, and, not having, during many years, caused any serious inconvenience, had gradually acquired the force of prescription. The remedy for these evils was to assert the rights of the people in such language as should terminate all controversy, and to declare that no precedent could justify any violation of those rights.

When this had been done, it would be impossible for our rulers to misunderstand the law; but, unless something more were done, it was by no means improbable that they might violate it. Unhappily, the Church had long taught the nation that hereditary monarchy, alone among our institutions, was divine and inviolable; that the right of the House of Commons to share in the legislative power was a right merely human, but that the right of the king to the obedience of his people was from above; that the Great Charter was a statute which might be repealed by those who had made it, but that the rule which called the princes of the blood-royal to the throne in order of succession was of celestial origin, and that any act of Parliament inconsistent with that rule was a nullity. It is evident that in a society in which such superstitions prevail, constitutional freedom must ever be insecure. A power which is regarded merely as the ordinance of man cannot be an efficient check on a power which is regarded as the ordinance of God. It is vain to hope that laws however excellent will permanently restrain a king who in his own opinion, and in that of a great part of his people, has an authority infinitely higher in kind than the authority which belongs to those laws. To deprive royalty of these mysterious attributes, and to establish the principle that kings reigned by a right in no respect differing from the right by which freeholders chose knights of the shire, or from the right by which judges granted writs of habeas corpus, was absolutely necessary to the security of our liberties.

Thus the Convention had two great duties to perform: the first was to clear the fundamental laws of the realm from ambiguity; the second was to eradicate from the minds both of the governors and of the governed, the false and pernicious notion that the royal

prerogative was something more sublime and holy than those fundamental laws. The former object was attained by the solemn recital and claim with which the Declaration of Right commences; the latter by the resolution which pronounced the throne vacant, and invited William and Mary to fill it.

The change seems small. Not a single flower of the crown was touched. Not a single new right was given to the people. The whole English law, substantive and adjective, was, in the judgment of all the greatest lawyers, of Holt and Treby, of Maynard and Somers, exactly the same after the Revolution as before it. Some controverted points had been decided according to the sense of the best jurists, and there had been a slight deviation from the ordinary course of succession. This was all; and this was enough.

As our revolution was a vindication of ancient rights, so it was conducted with strict attention to ancient formalities. In almost every word and act may be discerned a profound reverence for the past. The estates of the realm deliberated in the old halls and according to the old rules. Powle was conducted to his chair between the mover and seconder with the accustomed forms. The serjeant with his mace brought up the messengers of the Lords to the table of the Commons, and the three obeisances were duly made. The conference was held with all the antique ceremonial. On one side of the table, in the Painted Chamber, the managers of the Lords sat covered and robed in ermine and gold; the managers of the Commons stood bareheaded on the other side. The speeches present an almost ludicrous contrast to the revolutionary oratory of every other country. Both the English parties agreed in treating with solemn respect the ancient constitutional traditions of the state. The only question was, in what sense those traditions were to be understood. The assertors of liberty said not a word about the natural equality of men and the inalienable sovereignty of the people, about Harmodius or Timoleon, Brutus the elder or Brutus the younger. When they were told that, by the English law, the crown, at the moment of a demise, must descend to the next heir, they answered that, by the English law, a living man could have no heir.

When they were told that there was no precedent for declaring the throne vacant, they produced from among the records in the Tower a roll of parchment, near three hundred years old, on which, in quaint characters and barbarous Latin, it was recorded that the estates of the realm had declared vacant the throne of a perfidious and tyrannical Plantagenet. When at length the dispute had been accommodated, the new sovereigns were proclaimed with the old pageantry. All the fantastic pomp of heraldry was there, Clarencieux and Norroy, Portcullis and Rouge Dragon, the trumpets, the banners, the grotesque coats embroidered with lions and lilies. The title of King of France, assumed by the conqueror of Cressy, was not omitted in the royal style. To us who have lived in the year 1848, it may seem almost an abuse of terms to call a proceeding, conducted with so much deliberation, with so much sobriety, and with such minute attention to prescriptive etiquette, by the terrible name of revolution.

And yet this revolution, of all revolutions the least violent, has been, of all revolutions, the most beneficent. It finally decided the great question whether the popular element which had, ever since the age of Fitzwalter and De Montfort, been found in the English polity, should be destroyed by the monarchical element, or should be suffered to develop itself freely, and to become dominant. The strife between the two principles had been long, fierce, and doubtful. It had lasted through four reigns. It had produced seditions, impeachments, rebellions, battles, sieges, proscriptions, judicial massacres. Sometimes liberty, sometimes royalty, had seemed to be on the point of perishing. During many years one half of the energy of England had been employed in counteracting the other half. The executive power and the legislative power had, so effectually impeded each other that the state had been of no account in Europe. The king-at-arms, who proclaimed William and Mary before Whitehall Gate, did in truth announce that this great struggle was over; that there was entire union between the throne and the Parliament; that England, long dependent and degraded, was again a power of the first rank; that the ancient laws by which the prerogative was

bounded would thenceforth, be held as sacred as the prerogative itself, and would be followed out to all their consequences; that the executive administration would be conducted in conformity with the sense of the representatives of the nation; and that no reform which the two Houses should, after mature deliberation, propose, would be obstinately withstood by the sovereign. The Declaration of Right, though it made nothing law which had not been law before, contained the germ of the law which gave religious freedom to the Dissenter, of the law which secured the independence of the judges, of the law which limited the duration of Parliaments, of the law which placed the liberty of the press under the protection of juries, of the law which prohibited the slave-trade, of the law which abolished the sacramental test, of the law which relieved the Roman Catholics from civil disabilities, of the law which reformed the representative system, of every good law which has been passed during a hundred and sixty years, of every good law which may hereafter, in the course of ages, be found necessary to promote the public weal, and to satisfy the demands of public opinion.

The highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was our last revolution. Several generations have now passed away since any wise and patriotic Englishman has meditated resistance to the established government. In all honest and reflecting minds there is a conviction, daily strengthened by experience, that the means of effecting every improvement which the constitution requires may be found within the constitution itself.

Now, if ever, we ought to be able to appreciate the whole importance of the stand which was made by our forefathers against the house of Stuart. All around us the world is convulsed by the agonies of great nations. Governments which lately seemed likely to stand during ages have been on a sudden shaken and overthrown. The proudest capitals of Western Europe have streamed with civil blood. All evil passions, the thirst of gain and the thirst of vengeance, the antipathy of class to class, the antipathy of race to race, have broken loose from the control of divine and human laws. Fear and anxiety have

clouded the faces and depressed the hearts of millions. Trade has been suspended, and industry paralyzed. The rich have become poor, and the poor have become poorer. Doctrines hostile to all sciences, to all arts, to all industry, to all domestic charities—doctrines which, if carried into effect, would in thirty years undo all that thirty centuries have done for mankind, and would make the fairest provinces of France and Germany as savage as Congo or Patagonia, have been avowed from the tribune and defended by the sword. Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila and Alboin were enlightened and humane. The truest friends of the people have with deep sorrow owned that interests more precious than any political privileges were in jeopardy, and that it might be necessary to sacrifice even liberty in order to save civilization. Meanwhile in our island the regular course of government has never been for a day interrupted. The few bad men who longed for license and plunder have not had the courage to confront for one moment the strength of a loyal nation, rallied in firm array around a parental throne. And if it be asked what has made us to differ from others, the answer is, that we never lost what others are wildly and blindly seeking to regain. It is because we had a preserving revolution in the seventeenth century that we have not had a destroying revolution in the nineteenth. It is because we had freedom in the midst of servitude that we have order in the midst of anarchy. For the authority of law, for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes, our gratitude is due, under Him who raises and pulls down nations at his pleasure, to the Long Parliament, to the Convention, and to William of Orange.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

JOHN WESLEY used to say that thirty minutes was long enough for a good sermon, and too long for a poor one. Wesley knew what he was about well enough; and there are many sermonizers we know of who could profitably give heed to the above hint.

A SMILE AND A TEAR.

Two sisters met in fairy-land,
And took each other by the hand:
Their names were Smile and Tear.
Smile, looking up with sparkling eye,
Espied the earth just rolling by,
And said, "Let's wander there."

"We'll go and make it very glad:
Come, sister Tear, do n't look so sad;
Can you no joy impart?"
"Ah, sister Smile," the Tear replied,
"You little know the joy I hide,
When gushing from the heart."

At length, with sad and pitying eye,
Tear bade her fairy-land good-bye,
And so they took their flight.
They reached the earth at dawn of day,
And wandering through a forest gray,
A cottage came in sight.

A lady at the window sat:
Tear quickly dropped into her lap—
For one was yet away:
The sparkling bowl all night filled high,
He drank, and drained the dregs till dry;
How long did seem his stay!

Her infant gazed into her eye,
Then drew a long and deepened sigh,
As if her grief to trace.
The mother kissed its little cheek:
How pure, how innocent and meek,
The smile which lit its face!

A laughing cherub, rosy boy
Came bouncing in, all full of joy:
"O mother, father's come!
He's signed the pledge—the medal's here—
He'll drink no longer rum or beer,
But stay with us at home!"

That day the cottage hearth was glad,
For rum no longer made it sad;
The pledge had sealed it down!
Smile tried in vain to play her part,
Tear took possession of each heart—
Thrice happy was that home!

A widow ate her scanty fare,
All lonely, then breathed out a prayer.
The fierce winds whistled by:
No cheerful fire was in her grate,
Yet she toiled on, all cold, till late—
No tear was in her eye!

Bright morning came with frozen air,
 But God had heard the widow's prayer;
 A friendly hand was near,
 Who knew her wants, supplied them well.
 The widow's joy Smile could not tell—
 It gushed in every tear!

A maiden by the seaside lone,
 Sat watching for a lover gone:
 A little speck she spies—
 A sail—he comes—it nears, it nears!
 How poor are smiles, how rich are tears,
 To test such truthful ties!

Smile turned aside: "Ah, sister Tear,
 This world for me is far too drear,
 It loves you much the best.
 I only play upon the face,
 And dazzle for a little space;
 You dwell within the breast!"

The Sisters now each took their flight:
 Smile quickly soared up out of sight.
 Tear felt 't was hard to part:
 Poised on her wing, she gazed behind,
 Then threw her mantle on mankind,
 To cheer the broken heart!

FAMILY PRAYER AT EVENING.

THE evening hour, when the labors of the day are ended, and its cares may be laid aside, is the time in the day most favorable for serious reflection. The minds of the younger members of our families are then more likely to receive religious impressions than in the morning. Why, then, should the evening family prayer be omitted? We have observed, with regret, that many religious people attend family worship only in the morning.

Against the omission of it in the evening, there are the following objections:—1. It seems to indicate a want of love for the worship of God, and a disposition to neglect it, as far as one can without injury to his reputation as a Christian. 2. It deprives the Christian parent of a means of spiritual good to himself, which he much needs to keep him alive in religion. 3. It belittles religion in the estimation of children and domestics; making it seem as if it was not worth attending to from morning till night, and its duties might be neglected, if it is not quite convenient to attend to them. 4. It diminishes

the amount of religious instruction given in the family. 5. It leaves unimproved one of the best ordinary opportunities to impress religious truths upon the minds of children and youth.

Christian father, you and your family are soon to part. Your opportunities of usefulness to them will soon be past. They hasten to eternity. Now you can do their souls good—now you can, by example, precept, and prayer, impress upon them the importance of religion. Will you not do it daily in family worship at evening?

Have you no time? What are the hours given us for, but that we may spend them in doing what will be most useful? And cannot a few minutes each evening be spent more usefully in attending family worship than in any other way? Ten, or even five minutes for it, would be better than none. Is it difficult to secure the regular and orderly attendance of your family? Then its members are in danger of forming habits that will be injurious to them; and they need the regulating influence of evening family worship. That is a reason, not why you should neglect it, but why you especially should practice it.

HOW BIRDS ARE TREATED IN JAPAN.

THEY are never killed for sport, and little troughs are scooped out in the tombstones, which the priests fill every morning with fresh water for their drink. During the stay of Commodore Perry's ships, a number of officers started one day to go gunning. As soon as the Japanese saw the cruel murder of their birds, they went to the commodore, and begged him to put a stop to such conduct. There was no more bird-shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one condition of it was that the birds should always be protected.

Take care of the birds. That is what the farmers say we must do in this country. Unless we do, good-bye to fruit, for the insects will get the upper hand of us, and eat it up. Let the birdies live, and they will not only cheer us by their beauty and their songs, but destroy the insects and preserve our fruit.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer's day :

The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she gently put—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But all they said I well could hear;
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said:
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there:
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green tree's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven!"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"

"O, Mary, he's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
And mother dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more; but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in heaven.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY E. A. S.

My mother, when pale evening throws
Around thy cot her lingering ray,
Does memory, with her magic wand,
Restore to thee the loved who stray?

Since last thy gentle eyes met mine,
Deep-crushing grief has marked thy brow:
Alas! how sad and desolate
Must be thy quiet hearthstone now!

Of those who in bright childhood's hour
Lived in the sunlight of thy love,
How few are gathering round thee now
Their heart's deep gratitude to prove!

Thy love! its depth what heart can know?
I'll not repress the gushing tear
That from a bursting heart o'erflows,
A tribute to fond memory dear.

A mother's love! what other love
With this is worthy of compare?
'Tis pure as heaven's serenest blue,
And bright as evening glories are.

How vain the hope to find a love
But thine, so holy and so true!
Ah! sad the way without thy smiles,
Which, lonely wandering, I pursue.

But I'll away o'er hill and dell,
To press thee to my throbbing heart;
And in the cares that rest on thee
Will gladly bear an earnest part.

NASHVILLE, April, 1857.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

WE have of late intentionally avoided any reference to this eminently popular young man. His reputation is not only "in all the Churches" in his own country, but has crossed the waters, and the name of Spurgeon is to-day a household word throughout America. Truly, the young man has attained a dizzy eminence; and inasmuch as he is only man, we cannot but fear for him, while we most ardently hope, that whether his race shall be long or short—and it will probably be a short one—it may be finished with joy.

The following notice, taken originally from *The Southern Christian Advocate*, we cut from *The Louisiana Baptist*. It is said to have been written by Rev. Dr. Cross, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Charleston. We have supposed it as justly discriminative as any thing we have seen.

"In the evening, I went to Great New Park Street Chapel to hear Mr. Spurgeon. By previous arrangement with the sexton, I was there an hour before service, and found scores of people, women as well as men, though the weather was extremely disagreeable, standing about the door, waiting for admission. When the side-gate was unlocked for our party, there was a rush to effect an entrance. We were shown to a convenient seat, not far from the pulpit. Soon the pew-holders came thronging in, and all the seats were filled. Then the doors were thrown open to the crowd, and instantly every standing-place was occupied, and hundreds stood without, and many more returned to their homes. The building is not large, but the room is well economised, and it is said that there were two thousand people present. At the appointed moment, a short, fat, fresh, round-faced, good-natured looking youth entered the pulpit. The picture you have seen of him in America is no likeness—not better than a caricature. He gave out a psalm in a full, clear, powerful voice, more remarkable for volume than for melody. It was read well, and with much emphasis. A clerk, standing in a desk at the foot of the pulpit, announced the tune and led forth the music; when the whole congregation fell to, and sung as 'the

voice of many waters.' The reverend gentleman then read a short lesson from the New Testament, on which he commented at large, explaining every verse as he proceeded. It was the evangelical account of our Lord's Transfiguration; and the very first sentence of the exposition was a bold and unqualified enunciation of the Genevan dogma of unconditional election, built upon the statement that Jesus took three of his disciples 'up into a mountain apart, and was transfigured before them'—a very promising beginning: then came the prayer, which commenced with thanksgiving to God for his 'sovereign electing love before the foundation of the world,' and closed with a petition for 'the day when free grace shall set its foot upon the neck of free will.' The sermon was pre-faced with an apology which in the sequel was fully justified. The speaker said he had experienced a week of great personal anxiety; and since the morning service had been quite unwell; and though he had done his best in the way of preparation, he felt that it would be quite impossible for him to preach with his usual spirit and energy. His text was chosen from the account of the transfiguration: 'And they feared as they entered into the cloud.' Upon this basis he reared the following superstructure:

"I. Clouds and Communion commonly go together. It must be so—While God is what he is—While man is what he is—While the world is what it is—While communion is what it is.

"II. We are apt to fear the clouds which are necessary to our communion. The apostles feared—Because they saw too little, and yet they saw too much—Because they remembered too little, and yet they remembered too much—And so do we.

"III. The clouds which accompany our communion, and often constitute its medium, ought not to be feared—It is needless—It is useless—It is injurious—It is unreasonable.

"Sufficiently systematic, but somewhat fanciful, you will say. Yet there were passages in the discourse of uncommon force and beauty, though I was afterwards informed that it fell far short of his ordinary eloquence. One who was present remarked that the preacher himself appeared to be in a cloud; and so, per-

haps, he was; but ever and anon the lighting of his fancy played through its folds and fringed its skirts with fire; till at last, like the cloud that overhung the camp of Israel, it burst into a pyramid of flame, and gave out terrific thunder. After the decided and emphatic enunciation of his favorite dogma of unconditional election at the beginning, I was rather unprepared for his solemn and fervid appeal to those who knew nothing of communion with Christ, and feared not his second coming. The conclusion was exceedingly picturesque and dramatic, yet nothing seemed overwrought or extravagant. Nothing could exceed the force and emphasis of his denunciation, about the middle of the sermon, of the lukewarmness and inefficiency of the modern ministry, especially in the utterance of the following words: 'Well may we ask—the fathers, where are they? Where are your Luthers and Knoxes now? Where are your Whitefields and Wesleys? They are buried, and their mantles are buried with them! They have no successors!'

"Mr. Spurgeon's style is very unequal, passages otherwise of exquisite beauty being often disfigured by expressions common even to coarseness; as if the 'storied windows richly dight' in Westminster Abbey were patched with plain glass and putty, or the magnificent Victoria Tower of Westminster Palace finished out with a clumsy superstructure of brick and mud. His great excellences are his originality, simplicity, and directness; the fearless and earnest manner in which he states his views of truth; an exceedingly happy faculty of illustration; fidelity of application and fervor of appeal; with a powerful and well-managed voice, and an action at once easy, natural, and impressive. Into the province of logic, I judge, he seldom or never intrudes; nor ought he to; for most evidently, whatever he was made for, he was not made for a reasoner. With this exception, if, indeed, it be not deemed a capital defect, he has all the eloquence of superior oratory; and with his extraordinary dramatic power, I do not wonder that the common people follow him by thousands wherever he is to preach. No pulpit man but Whitefield and Edward Irving ever attracted such crowds in London. His chapel being found too small for the

audience, an immense hall has lately been engaged for him, where he holds forth on Sabbath mornings, for the present to eight or nine thousand hearers. They are admitted on tickets, at a shilling a piece; yet multitudes come who cannot even obtain a standing-place in the hall. The money thus collected, after paying current expenses, is to be applied to the building of a large tabernacle for his congregation. Recently, the young man married, and thousands flocked to witness the ceremony, and it is said there never was so large a concourse on any similar occasion in the metropolis. He is a man of great industry, energy, and zeal; and probably no minister in England does more work than he. He has religious service of some sort in his chapel every night of the week except Saturday, and a prayer-meeting often at sunrise. His pulpit indiscretions are those of a frank, simple, warm-hearted boy, (for he can scarcely float in a current without striking here and there against the shore, and grinding now and then among the rocks;) and if popular applause does not spoil him—and at present he appears to be truly pious—he is likely to be a very useful man. I had a pleasant interview with him in the vestry after service: found him cordial in feeling, and perfectly childlike in manner; and left him, I must say, with an improved opinion of his character as a man of God."

SELF-SACRIFICING LOVE.

THE Rev. J. G. Oncken, Baptist missionary at Hamburg, whose visit to this country is fresh in the recollections of many, visited, in October, a little band of Christians in Schleswig, Denmark, who have been long the subjects of persecution, not being able to meet for prayer but by stealth, and in momentary danger of being seized by the police. Although they are but forty-one in number, their united contributions to the mission in Germany, which they had been gathering for a year, amounted to two hundred and forty dollars, or about six dollars from each member of the church. Of this amount, forty dollars were contributed by the children of these poor people, thirty-one in number, who

had gathered it by bone and rag picking, or other humble and painful employments, such as turning peats for the farmers at the rate of a cent a thousand. How like was their spirit to that of the churches of Macedonia, of whom the Apostle says, "In a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

THE FROLIC IN PLANTING-TIME.

UPON a bleak winter day, I was travelling through a sparsely-inhabited county. A wretched log-cabin near the roadside attracted my attention. It stood in a small field of cleared land, surrounded for miles by the unbroken forest. There was sufficient tillable ground, if industriously cultivated, to yield a subsistence for a small family. But it was easy to perceive that the plough and hoe had not during the summer disturbed that soil. A rank growth of weeds, deadened by the frost, covered the ground. I reined in my horse, and repeated to myself the words of Solomon: "I went by the field of the slothful, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof."

There was no window in the hut, the space between two of the logs having been left unchinked in order to admit the light. The roof was dilapidated, the mud chimney was leaning out from its perpendicular, threatening soon to fall, the fences that enclosed the field were partially prostrated—all giving evidence of wretched poverty.

Impelled by desire to know something of the habits of a family living in such apparent misery, I alighted and entered the hovel. It was a filthy place. In one corner, on what seemed a pile of rags, lay a miserable-looking man—the husband and father—evidently sick unto death, and that sickness produced, as might at a glance be seen, by intemperance. A pale, sickly-looking wife, and four ragged, dirty children, composed the household.

Their history is soon told. He had neglected his little farm, spent his time in carousing and drunkenness, depending on his rifle to provide food in winter. Dissipation had produced disease. Death was at his bed-

side waiting the appointed moment, and his wife and little ones were suffering for want of food. After some conversation, in which these facts were elicited, I asked why he had not raised corn and potatoes in his clearing.

"Ah," said he, with Western frankness, and with the honesty of a dying man, "I was on a frolic all planting-time."

Alas, thought I, a striking emblem is this scene of the conduct and condition of multitudes, in relation to their spiritual interests. How many "frolic away their planting-time," without making any provision for the drear winter of eternity. Many, many, when they gaze upon death, wail with streaming eyes and bursting hearts, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

If any reader is living far from God, let me say, It is now your planting-time, and as you sow, so shall you reap. God, in the dispensation of his grace, now furnishes you every facility for securing your soul's eternal welfare. The Bible, your neglected Bible, is the infallible guide in the way of life. Sabbaths, your profaned Sabbaths, regularly interrupt the current of your worldly employments, to remind you of eternal verities. The house of God, by you unvisited, or visited unprofitably, opens its door to urge and encourage you in the path to heaven. Over the mercy-seat, erected in your unfrequented closet, the ear of Jehovah listens for your unoffered prayers. The affectionate entreaties and importunate prayers of pious kindred and friends, by you disregarded, are uttered to win and wean your hearts from earth. Conscience, your stifled and seared conscience, approves the claims and commands of God, and urges you to obedience. The cross, the despised cross, planted in your path, appeals to your grateful love by reminding you of the price paid for your redemption. The Holy Spirit, the grieved and insulted Spirit, still whispers an assurance of welcome to Jesus.

These are obstructions to your ruin, and facilities for your salvation. You may wisely use them, and live for ever. You may thoughtlessly neglect them, frolic away your planting-time, and be for ever lost!

Are you young? Youth is the planting-time. If it pass away and leave you unconverted, the probability is that you will be lost;

for mark and ponder this truth: few, comparatively very few, are regenerated after the spring of youth is gone.

Are you of mature age? The best portion of your planting-time is over. The probabilities of your salvation are greatly lessened with every passing year. Is not eternal life worth one instantaneous, earnest, agonizing effort? Make that effort.

Are you in old age, and impenitent? Alas, there is for you but a bare possibility of gaining heaven: There have been a very few instances of conversion in old age; yours will be another, if you now cast yourself upon the mercy and merits of the Redeemer.

How fearful the guilt, how insane the folly, how tremendous and irreparable the ruin of the man who, careless of his soul's interests, frolics away his planting-time!—*Anonymous.*

MORBID CRAVINGS.

THE New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, in alluding to some remarks of Dr. Dixon, of The Scalpel, touching the frightful practice which prevails among young ladies of eating chalk and slate pencils, and drinking vinegar to avoid gaining flesh, says, that in portions of Louisiana and Mississippi, and other States probably also, some of the children of both sexes are in the habit of eating rosin, pine bark, clay, salt, and other substances, to such an extent as not only to undermine their health, but in some instances to produce death. Girls two-thirds grown not unfrequently indulge in this morbid and unnatural habit. We knew a young man, eighteen years of age, who fell a victim to it. Its effects upon the system are deplorable. Growth is arrested; the blood is turned to water; color forsakes the cheeks; the bones become like gristle; the whole countenance assumes a pallid, deathlike appearance, the cause of which the practiced eye can at once detect. The effects upon the intellectual faculties are not less marked or terrible. The individual becomes listless and stolid, and sinks down into a lethargic state of almost hopeless imbecility and inanition.

This habit is not caused by any such mo-

tive as that mentioned above by The Scalpel, nor in any instance by want of food. Children in whom the habit has become fixed will sometimes leave the breakfast-table, and steal off in order to eat clay. One peculiarity of it is, that no one indulging in it will own it, unless forced to do so. A feeling of shame instinctively possesses such a one. The young man to whom we have referred acknowledged the habit only to the doctor, and upon his deathbed.

The cause of this strange propensity it is somewhat difficult to tell. In some instances it appears to be hereditary, like drunkenness and insanity. In almost every case where the mother was originally addicted to it, her children will also be. Some children, no doubt, fall into the habit because they see others indulging in it, in the same way as boys learn by example to smoke, drink, etc.

The Scalpel refers to the horrible effects upon young ladies of eating chalk, etc. What has it to say of the effects upon young ladies, and old ones too, of *dipping*? Did it ever hear of dipping?

The frightful mortality among children, and the deterioration of health, especially among women, in the United States, are becoming marked phenomena, and are justly attracting public attention. There are very few persons who enjoy perfect health even now, and at the present rate of "progress" downward, we shall ere long become a nation of invalids, living upon physic and—"sovereign remedies."

A VOICE WITHIN.

THERE is a voice within me,
An echo from the skies;
And its soft lispings wins me,
Till tears start to mine eyes.

Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody;
And evermore it singeth
This song of songs to me:

"This world is full of beauty
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

BY W.

REVIEWING, in the last number of *The Visitor*, a fictitious work founded on the events narrated in the Gospels, we took occasion to set forth some objections to this species of composition, and to point out the evils likely to flow from its toleration within the pale of the Churches. Besides the one noticed, it appears in fact that *several* religious novels have recently been published; but we are not aware that in any of these are interwoven the incidents of sacred history, upon which circumstance our remarks were chiefly predicated. We have seen none of these, and of course cannot speak of them specially—only purposing here, what was omitted for the time, to examine one or two prominent points that may be urged in favor of the class referred to, namely, fictitious narratives founded upon the Divine records; trusting, however, that should any remark be found applicable to other religious novels, it may be received for what it is worth, although not intended to be diverted by them from the train of ideas with which we at first set out.

We can but express surprise at the position this species of literature has already assumed, and the progress it appears to be making in every direction. Its rapid strides and bold invasions are truly amazing. But to observe its successive marches, its varied forms and evolutions, would overtask the sleepless eyes of an Argus. The most unwearied diligence would be unable to take note of the multifarious novels and romances of the day. So rapidly do they teem from the press, flood after flood, that to keep thoroughly advised in regard to their titles alone would prove an occupation too wearisome for the most curious in such matters. The waste of time necessary to the perusal of the comparatively few volumes by the more noted authors, were enough to deter any one who sets value upon time from any such task. When so many ~~only~~ valuable books solicit attention, when a world of wisdom remains unlearned, when science, and art, and history are unfolding their stores, when the words of truth and soberness demand a hearing, our fleeting

hours afford little leisure for the pursuit of fiction in its wanton and disordered gambols, though it be but for philosophical and moral ends, to mark its "questionable shapes," trace its course and tendency, or ascertain when or where its *religious garb* betokens it a trustworthy guide to heavenly wisdom!

Who, then, from such a multifarious tide, now being swollen from a new source, the religious press, shall select what are able to make wise unto salvation? And how shall the great mass of readers discriminate? Shall Christian editors and pastors be made the censors, neglecting their otherwise weighty duties for a task virtually impracticable? The attempt would but complex and magnify the evil. For conflicting opinions, the result of denominational predilections and prejudices, must necessarily evolve discordant conclusions, so that publications whose particular complexion won the approval of one party, would meet as strong censure from another, until the most justly deserved condemnation would pass with the multitude as a mere ebullition of sectarian bias, and a sufficient warrant for all to read and judge for themselves. Hence, on the most favorable construction, the only safety in the premises is to "abstain from the very appearance of evil," nor suffer it to grow up to a formidable reality.

We have before shown how fiction interwoven with Divine truth mars its sanctity, perverts its meaning, thwarts its design, and engenders skepticism; and how the precedent once set by the Churches opens a direct way for the most effective assaults of infidelity.

But it may be said that religious novels, especially those designed for the promulgation and elucidation of sacred history, possess compensating advantages; that the evil results may be limited to those who make an improper use of them; that, like Scripture itself, though they may prove to some a savor of death unto death, to others they may be a savor of life unto life, and upon the whole very "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

It may be urged that this fusion of truth with fiction, this clothing of dry actualities with the graceful foliage of imagination, this surrounding of history with the gorgeous halo of romance, will excite interest and allure to

inquiry; thus leading, by an easy and fascinating ascent, to an extension of real knowledge.

A charming theory:—But does it find verification in practice? On the contrary, such foreign allurements always render the detail of facts distasteful. With the tension and excitement of the imagination, the perceptive and reasoning powers become passive and relaxed, and in the fascination of ideal visions the mind loses its relish and capacity for that patient investigation and rational analysis which the discovery of truth requires, whether physical, intellectual, or moral. No one is disposed to break short the thread of an exciting tale to pursue the historical data it involves. When curiosity in regard to the former is satisfied, the latter are likely to be forgotten; while at best erroneous impressions, the result of the fictitious connection in which real events and personages are introduced, remain to give coloring to future thought and reading.

It might not be easy to discriminate historical data from matter wholly supposititious, and then it might require a scholar to know what historical records to consult for verification of the points in question. How difficult would it be to institute a comparison of the instances referred to in the book before noticed, with the facts as narrated in the four Gospels! And if necessitated to search profane history also, the task, to the unlearned, would be absolutely impracticable. Errors not corrected at the reading, had oftentimes about as well go uncorrected, having stamped their impress, and started a train of false notions which the real facts thereafter might not have power to eradicate.

But such investigation, carried out as rigidly as the whole truth requires, is visually impossible. For not only every event, but every idea and conception associated with it, would have to be traced out to discover whether they took their natural origin from the event, or only from the tapestry with which it is invested.

Novels, therefore, are not the most suitable text-books. Nor are those who read them likely to trouble themselves with historical inquiries. Enticed only by the prospect of pleasurable excitement, they are the last to imbibe from them a thirst for knowledge, but rather an irresistible penchant for whatever

next will best gratify the aroused cravings of a perverted taste.

But suppose the reader becomes satiated with these beguilements, and returns to the substance. Suppose, to come directly to the point, that having gone through a course of scriptural novels, he at last reverts to the original fountain: he only brings with him a cloud of irrelevant ideas which obscure and distort the view, casting around every incident he contemplates a false hue, and giving the most vital truths a shape and import very different from what their undisguised simplicity would reveal. He comes with conceptions playing around the fancy and implanted like a second nature in the memory, which serve continually to divert the mind from proper reflections, and allure it from the most suggestive scenes and events to the pursuit of discordant and irreverent vagaries.

As a practical illustration of this, take an instance or two in point. How beautifully affecting, how divinely suggestive, is the scene, as narrated by St. John, of the death and resurrection of Lazarus. We see the affectionate and afflicted, yet trustful sisters sorrowing over a beloved brother, whose character was such as to have earned the kind esteem and fond affection of his Divine Master; for, "behold how he loved him!" The Saviour stands revealed in the twofold nature of man and God—his divine attributes shining in serene and holy majesty through the veil of sorrow-stricken humanity—the tears, the groans, the calm words of comfort and of direction—the Godlike command which controls the laws of nature and calls back the dead to life! We pause with subdued wonder: a softened and heavenly awe, blended with sublimest love, takes possession of the soul. It contemplates life and death, the human and the Divine, faith, hope and love, the resurrection, immortality, and God! Such is the natural fruit of the unadulterated Word. But who that has been taught by the perusal of fictions to associate with the history of Lazarus such a piece of romance as that detailed in "The Prince of the House of David" would be apt to catch and pursue the train of thought awakened by the scriptural narration? Would not, rather, the mention of Lazarus, suggesting at once the romantic in-

cidents of Ruth seeking his protection as interwoven by the novelist, lead the fancy off to revel in kindred imaginings?

And what character better calculated to suggest the idea of disinterested affection, of trustful and reverential piety—a model to all ages—than the character of Mary the sister of Lazarus, as gleaned from the truthful simplicity of inspiration? Yet who, having had the fancy-piece of the above novel impressed upon his imagination in connection with the history of Mary, would thereafter be likely to read of her or the scenes in which she bears a part without recurring to that supposititious love adventure with the carnal-minded Herod, as fabricated by the novelist, and a thousand conceptions of the same class? Surely such decoys, instead of directing to investigation and reflection, hurry the mind the farthest away from them.

It is the facts and spirit of the Bible in their unity that constitute Bible-truth. And it is the distortion of these facts, and the sundering of their spiritual bond of union, by the amplification or retrenchment necessary to suit the Procrustean bed of a novel, that virtually destroys the truth thus embodied, and contravenes the mission which its unmutilated and living form was designed to fulfil.

Therefore, all such resorts to stimulate inquiry must not only fail of their end, but prove injurious. They are evil devices, "handling the word of God deceitfully," veiling its truths from those who read; of whom it might be emphatically said, "The god of this world hath blinded their minds, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." 2 Cor. iv. 2-4.

But if religious novels were entitled to commendation on the ground of prompting to inquiry, the same might be urged, with perhaps greater plausibility, in justification of works of open infidelity.

The expedient of amusing the fancy in order to gain access and impart instruction by indirection is equally uncertain, and will in most cases fall as wide of the mark. To make truth palatable by admixture with fiction, to seek to convey to the conscience and understanding the sober facts and monitions of Scripture diluted in nectarious draughts of

romance addressed to the imagination, is a perversion of means as well as material. Beguiled against its knowledge and consent, the mind resents the attempted deception, quaffing, it may be, the fiction with avidity, but rejecting the truths it contains as the dregs of the cup; or the instruction thus involuntarily imbibed remains at best a dead-letter, inoperative for good.

It is the desire for *truth* which must be appealed to and stimulated, so that men will seek truth for its own sake, before it will be received and treasured up to work its legitimate results.

We are clearly taught that a spirit of honest inquiry is prerequisite in order to appropriate the benefits of gospel truth. Did not the Great Teacher recognize and act upon this principle? He performed no works, replied to no interrogatories, simply to engage an idle, aimless curiosity, and thereby instil his lessons in listless and unwilling hearts. He sought not to allure the careless, irreverent mind to inquiry by the exhibition of novelties; but, on the contrary, couched the truth in parables, so that a voluntary and earnest search after it became necessary to its discovery. But to all who came with an "ear to hear," no matter how weak, or doubting, or prejudiced, his mouth was open to impart instruction. When the irreverent Herod, seeking a miracle, propounded many questions, he answered not a word: nor when the more respectful but restless Pilate asked, "What is truth?" careless of what he asked, did he offer to detain him with the reply. Yet he was ready to sit and expound it to the pharisaically prejudiced Nicodemus, who, though coming by night, afraid to acknowledge the Teacher, sought his instruction with an earnest heart. For in such a heart the seeds of truth might take root and bring forth proper fruits. But the soil must be congenial to the plant.

As knowledge and wisdom cannot take root and grow in a mind that has no affinity with it, no desire for it, so they cannot be received and retained without exertion on the part of the recipient.

Both mind and body are amenable to the law of creation, which decrees that no real good is attainable without labor. It is labor—

active, and definitely exerted—whether of mind or body, that produces whatever is valuable. As by the sweat of the face the body obtains its means of subsistence, so by dint of exertion the mind obtains what is needed for its healthful sustenance. As it is only by labor that a man can cultivate his fields, erect and make comfortable his abode, and produce the implements of art, so it is by labor alone that he can improve his mental faculties, build up and garnish his mind, and evolve those thoughts and sentiments that benefit and exalt his species. And as it is by labor alone that he can turn to his own use and profit the arts and inventions of others, so it is but by mental labor that he can appropriate to personal benefit the productions of other minds. And happy when he shall learn to find a pleasure in such labor!

It is useless to try to abrogate the Divine decree that enjoins toil on man, and blends it with every thing good and excellent. The secret is, not to shirk the toil, but to inure to it until it affords its own enjoyment. When the mind finds pleasure in its acquisitions of truth, and in the exercise necessary to acquire them, then it has reached its legitimate condition; then it becomes progressive, soaring upward and onward of its own inherent vitality. But with no relish for truth or mental exertion its tendency is downward, and no external supports, no indirect expedients, can prevent its sinking. And such is precisely the state of mind superinduced by light novel-reading, which, requiring no mental effort, no energy of thought, only sports with the imagination, and holds soft dalliance with the sensibilities, at the same time urging the lower passions and propensities to unwonted vigor, either directly, by furnishing them with their appropriate aliment and exercise, or indirectly, by enfeebling the intellectual and moral powers that hold them in subjugation. It is idle to talk of artificial props from such a source adapted to this weak and sickly condition; of half-way remedies; of wisdom administered in pleasantly-flavored potations of folly: this is but to increase the morbid appetite and confirm the disease. The only remedy is to arouse the torpor of the life within, call into exercise its languid powers, and nourish it with truth, truth unadul-

terated, which then becomes its real bread of life.

The law of Revelation in like manner enjoins labor, and without it there is no promise. Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. To them that knock it is opened. Those who strive may enter in. Whoever desires wisdom, and diligently pursues it, shall receive it. "Seek, and ye shall find;" but, without seeking, though light may shine into darkness, yet the darkness comprehends it not, does not receive it, cannot appropriate it.

But if truth could be ever so readily implanted and its benefits enjoyed without any desire, or the trouble of exertion for it by those to whom it is imparted, still this mode of communication would lack one of the great essentials of mental culture. The exercise of the faculties of the mind in making its acquisitions is a prime object of intellectual and moral training. The mental discipline, the power of memory, the vigor of the understanding, the grasp of thought, all the elements that give strength and proportion, are the results of exercise. Herein consists the grand utility of certain studies, such as the higher mathematics, the languages, etc.; also to a great extent, in addition to the positive knowledge obtained, the mental and physical sciences, and indeed any study that engages the united powers of attention, memory, and reflection. Like the body, the mind strengthens and maintains its healthful life by exercise. Without it the most extensive and valuable acquisitions, were they possible without it, instead of affording nutriment to assimilate with, build up, and invigorate the soul, would lie a crude, unappropriated mass, a dead weight, a mental incubus.

Thus, then, there must be a desire for truth before it will be sought—it must be sought before it can be won; and it is the pursuit of it which qualifies the mind to appropriate its benefits, while at the same time subserving the additional purpose of giving tone and compass to the faculties—all of which conditions are superseded in novel-reading, according to the plea for it which we have considered.

The force of this objection does not apply to allegories and apologues, because they keep

the mind awake and active in making application of the instruction, and in *seeking* the truths hidden under the drapery of metaphor. Hence this species of writing, within its proper sphere and intention, may be often useful both to impress salutary rules of conduct and to form and exercise the understanding. The parabolical and apocalyptic writings of inspiration have a like effect, but of a higher grade, to arouse attention and stimulate to inquiry. They have accordingly proved in every age a potent means of energizing and expanding the intellect, while at the same time directing its aim to the noblest objects. To make them a parallel and justification of fancy-wrought allurements addressed to a vitiated taste, would be a perversion too grossly obvious to require that any thing should be said here in anticipation of a plea of this nature.

“AS LITTLE CHILDREN.”

BY I. H. S.

“EXCEPT ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven:” “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” What a sublime thought! And will the redeemed from earth be a vast multitude—an innumerable company—of little children: children in feeling, in love, in simplicity? And will the resurrection from the dead restore us again to the happy scenes of childhood, with all their sweet and holy enjoyments, without any of their sorrows and disappointments? And will heaven be adapted to such enjoyments as will delight the capacities of little children? If so, how happy, infinitely happy, we shall be when we again enter upon childhood—an unchanging, glorious childhood, without human frailty or ambition. With our love for the beautiful unclouded by the accursed passions of fallen humanity, we shall fully appreciate the infinite variety and beauty of the workmanship of nature, and in its midst adore with pure hearts nature’s God. Who that has passed the morning of life does not look back to childhood’s magic hours as far the most happy period of his life, and sigh in vain for their

return? Has a merciful God planted in our bosoms these burning aspirations only to mock and torture us? or are they given us that we may seek their gratification in that glorious, eternal world whence they came? Surely we may again become as little children; and again, in happy groups, we may tread the sloping banks of sparkling rivulets, and listen, with ecstatic delight, to their soft murmurings, as they glide gently on over pure white pebbles or shining pearls! Will not heaven be a country of beauty and variety far exceeding this world of thorns and thistles? Then, O how delightful it will be

“To walk those plains of pure, immortal light,
Or stand upon the mountain’s towering height,
And scan at one broad glance the hills and dales,
And crystal streams that wind through grassy vales,
And ’long their banks behold the happy throngs,
And listen to their soul-enrapturing songs!”

How natural it will be for us to exclaim, with souls rapt with the fire of immortal love, as we gaze on the magnificent, unfading scene: “Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God!”

CEDAR SPRINGS, Ky.

FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF THE S. B.
PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

To some of our readers it is already known that J. J. Toon, formerly of this city, has become the financial secretary of the Southern Baptist Publication Society. This is perhaps as it should be. Mr. Toon is preëminently the man for the position he occupies; and the Publication Society is peculiarly the hope of Southern Baptists. No one will look for “profane fables,” ridiculous picture-books, wooden nutmegs, or comic almanacs, from a Society as guarded in its issues as this. It gives us great pleasure to commend both Society and financial secretary to the favorable regard of every sincere and pious-hearted Baptist. The Charleston Baptist says:

At an adjourned meeting of the Board of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, held November 25, 1856, a question, long under consideration by the Board, was settled by

appointing a new officer under the Board, whose duties are described below. The increasing business and influence of this Society made such an appointment a matter of necessity; and a man was at length found who was believed to be competent to fill it. The Board elected J. J. Toon, late of the firm of Nelson, Toon & Co., booksellers in Nashville, Tenn. He has now arrived in this city, and has entered upon the duties of his office. Much of the business and administrative work heretofore by necessity laid upon the corresponding secretary will now belong to this new office, while the corresponding secretary can henceforth devote his attention to the duties proper to his own office, as described in the constitution.

The general principle which is to guide the conduct of the new officer will be his acting as the agent of the financial committee, and, subject to their instructions, is to be invested with the general powers of said committee as set forth in sec. 2 of article iv. of the by-laws of this Board.

The following are some of the specific duties which under the above general rule will devolve on the financial secretary:

1. It shall be his duty to visit the prominent religious meetings of the denomination, and present the claims of the Society, and make efforts for the extension of the business of the depository.

2. It shall be his duty to attend to the collection of all dues to the Society, whether the same be for contributions or purchases, and to have a general superintendence of the agencies of the Board.

3. It shall be his duty to keep accounts with the several agents of the Board, and of the separate funds of the Society. He shall receive all moneys contributed to the Society, and pay over the same to the treasurer, who shall disburse the same upon the order of the said secretary.

4. It shall be his duty to give a general superintendence to the business of the depository, and have the direction of the purchase of paper, and the publishing, stereotyping, and binding of the Society's publications.

5. He shall make a monthly report of the business of his department to the Board, in which the pecuniary condition of the Society

shall be exhibited, and shall recommend such plans for increasing its funds and managing its fiscal affairs as he may deem requisite for the efficient promotion of the objects of the Society..

I LONG TO BE THERE.

I HAVE read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the mainspring of duty,
And God the fountain of light;
And I long to be there!

I have read of its flowing river,
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone;
And I long to be there!

I have read of the myriad choir,
Of the angels harping there;
Of their holy love that burns like fire,
And the shining robes they wear;
And I long to be there!

I have read of the sanctified throng
That passed from earth to heaven,
And now unite in the loudest song
Of praise for their sins forgiven;
And I long to be there!

I have read of their freedom from sin,
And suffering and sorrow, too,
And the holy joy they feel within,
As their risen Lord they view;
And I long to be there!

I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air:
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And to shout with the angels there:
O, I long to be there!

THE most diligent hearing and comprehensive knowledge of our duty is not profitable without practice. The enemy of our souls is content that Divine truths should be in our understandings, if he can but intercept their passage into our hearts and conversations. He is continually repeating the first temptation; to induce us by guile to choose the tree of knowledge before the tree of life. We are therefore commanded to be doers of the Word, not hearers only, deceiving our own souls.—
Bates.

Literary Notices.

CENTRAL AFRICA. Adventures and Missionary Labors in several countries in the interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1856. By T. J. BOWEN. Charleston: Southern Baptist Publication Society, No. 29 King st. 1857.

This is a singularly interesting work. We take great pleasure in recommending its perusal to every reader of *The Visitor*. It is full of information, such as all ought to have. We have not read a book which has given us more sincere pleasure in many a day. It is, in the language of *The Journal of Commerce*, "well calculated to increase a public conviction in this country, not only of the practicability of establishing commercial relations with the interior tribes of Africa, and opening the resources of that comparatively unknown quarter of the globe, but of its expediency. Mr. Bowen has familiarized himself with his subject by extensive explorations and personal observations; and argues strongly in favor of fostering African commerce, as the pioneer of civilization and social advancement in that dark continent."

The price makes the work accessible to all who may have the inclination to read it. It ought to have an extensive sale. Address Southern Baptist Publication Society; or J. J. Toon, Charleston, S. C.

THE BAPTIST PREACHER.—This monthly, published at Richmond, Virginia, is well worth the subscription price, and worthy the patronage of the whole denomination. Having some time ago seen a commendatory notice of *The Preacher* through *The Religious Herald*, we were led to hope the area of its circulation and usefulness might be materially increased. Monthlies are greatly dependent upon weeklies for extended circulation. They have but one chance to four either in assault, replication, defence, or circulation; and as

they are of a more permanent character, perhaps in the long run they may have as many readers, and, other things being equal, be productive of as much good. We shall be glad to hear that *The Preacher* is permeating the country in every direction.

THE SOUTHERN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES, published at Knoxville, Tennessee, and edited by Dr. R. O. Currey, has again come to hand. Dr. Currey is making this a capital medical monthly. It is edited and printed in a style worthy of the highest commendation, and, as it would seem, justly entitling it to at least a remunerative subscription list.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., author of the "Night of Weeping," etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1857.

The devotional poems of Dr. Bonar, which have become well known by their circulation through the periodical press, are here collected by the author for more permanent use. The poetry in this volume is of a high order, and cannot fail to be well received, especially by the Christian reader.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By THOS. BABINGTON MACAULAY. New York: Appleton & Co. 1857.

The name of the great historian is of itself sufficient to secure for this volume an extensive reading. The research and knowledge possessed by Macaulay eminently qualify him for this department of literature. We cordially recommend these valuable and interesting sketches, as furnishing pleasant and profitable reading of a kind which tends to the improvement and enlargement of the mind.

Editor's Drawer.

PROFANE FABLES, DREAMS, ETC.

"The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."—
JEREMIAH xxiii. 28.

THOUGH all Scripture was given by inspiration and is profitable, yet we all feel that some portions are more easily comprehended, and therefore more profitable to us, than others. We feel, so to speak, that God comes nearer his creatures in some portions of the Divine record than in others. The book of Jeremiah, for example, is as though spoken directly by Jehovah. No language is of weightier import. The word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah when he was a child, informing him that before he was born God knew him, and had sanctified him, and ordained him a prophet. And though Jeremiah plead youthfulness and want of speech, neither were permitted to stand in the way of the purposes of God, who said: "Whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak." And he put forth his hand and touched his mouth, and said: "I have put my words in thy mouth." Whatever, therefore, came from the lips of the prophet may be justly regarded as peculiarly the word of God.

In the days of this prophet there were, as now, false and profane prophets, dreamers, and those that walked "after the imagination of their own heart." There were profane priests, and "because of swearing the land mourned, the pleasant places of the wilderness were dried up; and their course was evil, and their force not right, for both prophet and priest were profane:" "Yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord."

There were those then, as now, who preferred fables to truth—who told or published "false dreams," and caused the "Lord's

people to err by their lies and by their lightness." There were those then, as now, who said: "I have dreamed, I have dreamed." And God said: "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied." He called them "prophets of the deceit of their own heart," who prophesied lies in his name, and thought to cause his people to forget his name "by their dreams, which they told every man to his neighbor." Then said he: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat?"

Doubtless some of these more modern dreamers—these publishers of "lies and lightness," these fable-makers, these novel-schemers—know that having the word of God, and a commission to "PREACH THE WORD," it is but the part of duty to speak that "word faithfully." Doubtless some of these men know that the gospel of Christ, which reveals the righteousness of God from faith to faith, is the only safe directory from earth to heaven. Doubtless they believe it to be the power of God to salvation.

But then, perhaps, they argue the "story of the cross" is an old one—ay, eighteen hundred years old!—the verbiage is a little out of fashion, and has in connection no concatenated love-adventure, leading to marriage, etc. Why not some fanciful and pathetic writer fabricate something new to suit young people, and bring them to read the Bible? or if not, at least to renounce affiliation with this, that, or the other "society," and become connected with "our Church." Something like this seems to be the object. We do not profess to use the language of any of the authors; but we have their ostensible object; and reply: Christ, as revealed to us in his life, in his death, in his burial, in his ascension, presents to mortal minds mysteries of

incalculable worth. Surely he who created man knows best what is in him, and whether the wisdom of God, the love, mercy, goodness, and power of God, and other kindly allurements to eternal life through Jesus Christ, are calculated to enlist the attention of the young. And it is deeply humiliating to man's nature, if not insulting to its Author, to reflect that men professing some degree of sanctification think others must be brought to the fold by excitements to passion and references to animal feeling. Those thus converted are unworthy of membership in any church, much less an effort at transfusion from one to another.

Men who will, like the false prophets of Jerusalem, "speak a vision of their own heart," in conjunction with the name of God, should stop to inquire whether their ruling passion is not the love of money? Whether, if Christ were upon earth, they would not sell him for "thirty pieces of silver?" And as of old it was said, "They profaned my holy name, when they said to them these are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land," it becomes Church-members to consider to what extent profanity is chargeable upon them by tolerating the authors of profane and old-wives' fables. Even the children of this world teach that the creature should not mention the name of the Creator except with reverential awe. But here men in saintly garb, ensamples to their flocks, bandy the name of God and Christ as familiarly and irreverently as that of the hero or heroine of the fable.

We do not now propose to speak of the evils consequent upon the publication and sale of the *Waverley*, *Boz*, and other like novels. They are, however, jewels when compared with such as blend and bring sacred and divine truths to a level with the tinsel drapery and gaudy trimmings of a lying imagination. They are gems when contrasted with such sugar-coated irreverence as brings Christ to view, when passion-kindling genealogies have been amorously portrayed to kindle passion in the reader's mind.

In a book now before us, the heroine is represented as in agony, slowly and mournfully coming to the conclusion to give up all, even *him*, (the hero,) for Christ. The author must

have been unmindful or regardless of the command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," for it is worse than vanity to mention that holy and reverent name in connection with a fable. But suppose the writer alive to all Christian proprieties, ever disposed to speak the truth in connection with the sacred name he used: then we ask why should it be thought a thing remarkable that a young lady should choose the Author and Finisher of her salvation—Him in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily—rather than dwell in the tents of wickedness with *him*, a worm of the dust? And why give emphasis to *him*, "even *him*?" and why have a *woman* to choose between *him* and Christ?

We will not withhold an expression of our conviction that the Churches (Baptist Churches especially) are being overrun by a character of men, a character of measures, and a style of literature that must sooner or later tell most disastrously upon the interests of religion. And as we are all interested, as many of us will leave children whom we most ardently hope and pray will be interested in religious enterprises when we are dead; since

"Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;"

since

"Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die;"

we call upon all who truly disapprove of irreverence in children not to familiarize youthful minds with profane fables. If you would have Churches, children, and home-circles, appreciate the dignity and mission of the character of Him of whom a prophet said, He shall be called THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS, give them Bible and not novel views of his character. The Scriptures and not novels are able to make wise unto salvation. When we read novels, if we gather any correct Bible views, those views are too frequently intercepted by the author's veils and festoons of fancy. Let us learn to direct youthful minds, not to fabulous characters, but to Christ, to the gospel; where "we all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Every man studying closely works of philosophy is conscious of the implantation of philosophical truths in his own mind; is aware of the fact that as he studies and comprehends the truths, he becomes more and more like the philosopher. So in regard to contemplating Christ or the truths of the gospel; with these differences, however: the sincerely penitent believing Bible student has the truth, a revelation from the Divine mind, accompanied by the Divine Spirit; while the student of nature's laws has only the disclosures of a mortal mind, and must often doubt the correctness of the conclusions of his predecessor. Deliver us from the amount of verbiage and other rubbish in reference to Bible truth and Christian duty which has hitherto retarded the progress of natural science!

But we are digressing, and return with the remark, if the common people—such as heard Jesus gladly—do not interpose to protect his name and character from unhallowed uses, our theatres will reenact the scenes in these novels, and finally perhaps the tragedy of the cross. If professed ambassadors of Christ may thus prostitute time* and talents—may thus write and get gain—will not tragedians claim that it is their peculiar province to carry those things more directly to the same minds by exhibitions on the stage?

Every novel not founded upon fact has its network of fable; and it is really no compliment to an author to say his work contains a moral, for no man of any sense of shame would at this age of the world have the audacity to write over his own signature a book of fiction without inculcating a moral. The moral being the brain of the thing, it is first formed, and the characters or fabulous structure made to suit and embrace the moral.

All books lightly using Divine character and sacred things in connection with a concatenation of falsehoods and animal passion of the baser sort, should be refused by "good

* This suggests a few questions of great practical and moral worth: Was that possession which Ananias sold his own? Did he sell it of his own free will and accord? And did his criminality consist in keeping back part of the price? When one's time is his own, and he voluntarily disposes of it for a valuable consideration, and is paid out of the treasury of the Lord, is it equally wrong to withhold a part of the time, or to use it for other purposes than those for which it was bought?

ministers;" and if there be those who instead of refusing circulate such, the Churches, in all honesty, ought to refuse them.

Though to our mind an indelicate indication, we shall not object to the publication and sale of sweetheart and family pictures to such as want them; provided, nevertheless, they are made or permitted to speak the truth. But when facial lineaments tell one tale, fabulous genealogy another, and a printed name another still, who knows what to believe or when the author speaks the truth? Let us have no mixture of Divine truth with falsehood. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

J.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST BIENNIAL CONVENTION.

WE sincerely regret that the meeting of this body in Louisville conflicts with the American Medical Association, which convenes in this city on the 5th instant, or rather we regret that the Association conflicts with the Convention. We wanted to attend, both meetings; and there are other medical gentlemen who would love to be in Louisville who will be detained here on account of their relation to the Medical Association.

We regret this the more because these brethren have not been inoculated with the virus of a trick which infringes Christian consciences, and has inflamed the minds of such a number of Southern men as may embolden their "leader" to throw himself in the way of the usual proceedings of the Southern Convention. Already, in advance of the meeting, are we admonished of impending dangers if the Convention "persists in its past course."

While manoeuvres of various kinds have been played off upon individual Baptists—while many were made to cringe and be silent, and while others, for opinion's sake, have received, and are still receiving, unmeasured torrents of abuse—the masses of the brotherhood have been comparatively undisturbed. But behold how leaps vaulting ambition. The Southern Baptist Convention must now change its "course" or be blotted

out!! Who is it thus talks—ay, who? What is his religious influence where best known? What claims has he more than others upon *Southern Baptists*? As well might the autocrat of Russia demand that America should change her government!

If, to fulfil a two-year-old prophecy, and to avoid the anathemas of one or two inflated men, the Southern Baptist Convention "bows the knee," changes "*its past course*," then, indeed, it will be time for that body to elect a Pope, and adjourn *sine die*.

Rather let these disturbers, these skilful manœuvrers, receive the pungent rebuke which they have so long and richly merited. And in the proceedings of the Convention let God be glorified and not man. Let no reference to deep-toned thunders frighten faithful men from posts of duty.

Some who aspire to lead the denomination will sooner or later lead a party. It is always well for a healthy body that excrescences slough off early. J.

WHO LEADS BAPTISTS?

THE Mississippi Baptist intimates that J. R. Graves is "heading and leading a willing and enthusiastic body of at least a hundred thousand followers." Where are they, Mr. Freeman? and where are they going? He is neither "heading" nor "leading" the Churches in this city; and where good men are best known they have usually greatest influence.

If this intimation of leadership be correct, a great many goats must have crept into the fold; for the sheep will not follow a stranger. Christ, the Good Shepherd, feedeth the sheep. "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice; and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him."

Baptists, like Paul, "would have" all to "know that the *head* of every man is Christ," and that the "God of our Lord Jesus Christ gave him to be the *Head* over all things to the Church"—that "the husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is the Head of the Church." If Christ be "the Head of the body, the Church, . . . that in all things he may have preëminence," where is room for other "heading" except that of Antichrist?

"Heading" one hundred thousand!!! So much for "heading." Now, as to "leading," "Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, the holy one of Israel: I am the Lord, thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which *leadeth* thee by the way thou shouldst go." And let it be remembered, those that hearkened had "peace as a river" and "righteousness as the waves of the sea." Ay, men may lead a hundred thousand, but not in peace or righteousness. They are, as the evangelist said, "blind leaders of the blind." The Psalmist desired to be led by the "light and truth of God." "He *leadeth* me beside the still waters." "He *leadeth* me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

Man is a tyrant inherently—an oppressor. What saith the word of prophecy? "As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them. O my people, they which *lead* thee cause thee to err," etc. Men are ever in error while led by men, but in the path of duty when led of the Lord. The Psalmist prayed, "For thy name's sake, *lead* me and guide me:" so humbly do we pray. Will the editor of The Mississippi Baptist inform the people whether the willing and enthusiastic hundred thousand were baptized in the name of their *head* and *leader*? and whether there are any within his knowledge who choose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God?" J.

CLOSES THE ARGUMENT.

THE editor of The Southern Baptist, referring to Dr. Jeter's article or letter on pulpit communion, writes thus pointedly:

"We do not know that the matter has ever been open to a question among the older and more matured portions of the denomination on the Eastern side of our country; and we have never heard of such a test as "pulpit communion" till it was recently started in the quarters where partyism, both in religion and politics, is commonly expected to run pretty high. The dogma of so-called pulpit communion has never been entertained by any of the Baptists in South Carolina, that ever we have heard of; and for this sufficient reason,

we have never thought it worth the while to make any reference in our columns to a matter which was in such remote relations from us, and which could not find any favor among liberal and consistent Baptists.

"As, however, the subject has recently been discussed by Dr. Jeter for the benefit of the regions where the sentiments prevail which he thus exposes, we give our readers the result of his clear and discriminating conclusions. In this, as in all his productions, Dr. Jeter states the essential points of his subject in a brief and convincing manner; and for all that is essential to the subject which he treats, he closes the argument."

What a contrast is presented in the introductory remarks of brother Tustin and one now occupying a theological chair close by! The latter clearly intimates Dr. Jeter has not too much honesty to use *sophistry*. A reference on the part of brother Robinson (of The Recorder) to the "*ability* of brother J.'s letter" prompted the Professor "to make an effort to point out some of its *sophistry*." The "effort" was made.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

J.

GREATNESS—A LEADER.

WOULD you be regarded a great man—a leader of the people? and is it in connection with a *profession* of Christianity you would occupy the position? Remember that men and women, while true to God, will be led by no man. They must be taught to forget God before they will consent to worship or obey man. Would you be a leader? As preparatory to your career, throw conscience to the dogs! Pretend that all the world are fools except yourself and your friends. Show yourself "intensely" alive to the importance of your work, "tremendously" *logical* in all your argumentations, "preëminently" honored wherever you go, and "profoundly" learned in all you say. "Fiercely" contend for the "ineffable" "absurdity," or the "transcendent" "insignificance" of all who have the moral courage to oppose your "unhallowed machinations." When justly rebuked, cry "persecution," or get an anonymous corre-

spondent to say what you want said: in the absence of a pliable tool, say yourself, over a fictitious signature, whatever you may think necessary. But remember to compliment every one who praises you; and abuse all who speak well of others, or disapprove your course. If disapprobation becomes persistent, have some one in ambush to pour a torrent of ridicule upon the individual; but call it *logic* all the time. Remember, especially, to use the strongest and most emphatic expressions the language will afford: simple minds regard big words indicative of strong sense. Be hypocritical, sycophantic, and patronizing generally. Remember there is no absurdity, however transparent, if advocated with energy, that will not command followers. Joe Smith had his disciples—why not have yours? Remember, however, for all these things a day of reckoning cometh! J.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

It has been asked occasionally, Who were those young men who signed the communication in The Visitor saying, "We are all already Old Landmarkers?" The editor of The Tennessee Baptist says: "This comprises the entire theological class now at the University."

Baptists once had a paper and a college in Middle Tennessee. It would be interesting to trace the progressive steps by which the "Resetters" have gained admittance, and doubtless control of both.

The question forces itself upon every mind, Will Baptists succumb? Will they demand the delivery of these things into their own hands? or will they establish others? Will they still quietly submit, until their Churches, Associations, Conventions, and Boards, shall be taken from them? Think of it! O think of it! A class of young gentlemen, ostensibly assembled for the purpose of contemplating the character of God, and having their minds imbued with the science of Divine things, publish to the world that they are all "Landmarkers;" and the marker himself announces: "This comprises the entire theological class now at the University!" Will brethren think—think on these things, that we may in future act wisely and prudently? J.

MAY-DAY CELEBRATION.

THE following songs are those to be sung by the Sabbath-school of the First Baptist Church, on the occasion of its May-day celebration.

CELEBRATION.

I.

COME, join our celebration,
With hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion,
Your sweetest notes employ.
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers, now are here:
In purpose all united,
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

II.

Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favors given,
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.

III.

Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

IV.

May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow,
And grace for ever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

THE WOODS.

I.

How lovely are the woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Where sweetly the birds are singing,
And thanks for the morning are all ringing
Around in the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Tra-la-la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

II.

O, how I love the woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Where lightly the branches are twinkling
With drops of dew that are sprinkling

The leaves of the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Tra-la-la, etc.

III.

O, come then to the woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
The echo that dwells by the mountain
Will answer your voice by the fountain
That springs in the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Tra-la-la, etc.

IV.

How lovely are the woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Where sweetly the birds are all singing,
And thanks for the morning are ringing
Around in the verdant woods,
The verdant, verdant woods!
Tra-la-la, etc.

O, HOW BRIGHTLY!

I.

O, how brightly, how brightly the sun moves along,
From the east to the west through the sky!
O, how lovely, how lovely the moon looks among
All the stars, shining stars, sparkling high!
These glorious lights to us were given
To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.
O, how brightly, how brightly, they all move along,
Shedding light o'er the world from on high!

II.

O, how swiftly, how swiftly, the bird flies away!
Happy bird, fly away, ever free!
O, how sweetly, how sweetly, he sings all the day,
In his home on the tall forest tree!
'T is thus he tells of favors given,
And while he sings, he soars to heaven.
O, how sweetly, how sweetly, he sings all the day,
In his home on the tall forest tree!

III.

And the roses, the roses and bright lilies fair,
Which we pluck from the fields in the May,
Fill with fragrance, with fragrance, the fresh morning
air;
And to us, as they bloom, seem to say
By whom their sweet perfume was given;
And thus they send it back to heaven.
O the roses, the roses and bright lilies fair,
Fill the air, fill the air all the day!

It gives us pleasure to direct attention to the article of "W." in this number, on "Religious Novels." Read it, and then think what must be the effect of these things upon the minds of the young! We suppose they are prescribed upon homœopathic principles: "*Similia similibus curantur.*"

NOTICES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

MRS. SARAH L. COBB, Pickens co., Alabama, sends us \$2, but fails to give her post-office. We shall not be able to enter the credit until we ascertain her post-office.

SALLY SCOTT, Northampton co., Va., has sent \$1, but has not given her post-office. Will she do us the favor to inform us where she receives the magazine?

MR. JNO. G. SIDDON writes us to know about his account. He says he has written before, and though he "likes The Visitor well," this will be the last time he will trouble us if he does not hear from us. And he closes his letter without saying one word about his post-office. Will he inform us where we may address him? His office is somewhere in Claiborne county, Mississippi.

SARAH E. BRANCH and MARTHA A. GOODE want their magazines discontinued, but do not give their post-office address. They cannot be discontinued until we know at what office they have been receiving them. Will they inform us?

Another letter without post-office marks, subscribed C. BRIGGS, is before us. The request will be attended to when the office shall be given.

VIRGINIA A. KENDALL does not inform us from whence she writes. Will she give her post-office?

Will LEA DYER give his post-office address, and the contents of his last letter to us?

Will O. J. GRANBERRY, of Tarrant county, Texas, give his post-office address?

Will brother NELSON, of Bowie parish, La., furnish his name again in connection with the post-office, and amount remitted to be placed to his credit?

RECEIPTS.—Nothing is more common in letters enclosing money, whether much or little, than the request, "acknowledge receipt by return mail." Were we to do so, postage would be exceedingly oppressive; and we cannot promise to comply with such requests unless those desiring receipts will enclose the postage stamps. Even then, for envelopes, paper, time, etc., our proportion of the tax

would be liberal enough. Upon the reception of money, subscribers' names are entered, and they are credited with the amount sent.

THE following poem, which has some fine thoughts in it, comes to us through the post-office, unaccompanied by note or comment, bearing simply the superscription, "Parlor Visitor, Nashville," and the acknowledgment, "From the German." In publishing it thus, we deviate from our usual custom. We shall be glad to hear from the translator, on future occasions, over his own signature.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

[From the German.]

HONORED be woman, man's bright morning star!
His comfort in peace, and his solace in war—
Who scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways:
Roses of paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love!
Man, on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain-high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stunned by life's incessant din.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings
As the night-breathing zephyr sighs soft o'er the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
If sorrow or pleasure her sympathies try;
While teardrops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like the sunshine and shadows of a morning in May.

▼ Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts;
Knowing not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts,
Slowly through his bosom stealing
Flows the genial current on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil, and be happy awhile;
Whispering wooingly: "Come to my bower!
Go not in search of the phantom of power!
Honor and wealth are illusory! Come:
Happiness dwells in the temple of home!

Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless if he bless or ravage—
Action, action still his plan!
Now creating, now destroying,
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast:
Ever seeking—ne'er enjoying—
Still to be, but never blest!

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul:
As she glances around, with her heaven-lit smile,
The rancor of passion is hushed for awhile;
And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillow of peace.

Through the range of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word;
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exults; and Pity, blushing,
From the scene departing flies;
While, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies!

THE BIBLE.—We have long believed that the Bible, and the Bible alone, revealed the way of salvation; and the older we get, the more thoroughly are we convinced that it displays enough of truth, enough of love, enough mercy, wisdom, and power, to accomplish all the purposes of its Author. It is the only system of theology worthy of being taught, and the only work the prayerful reading of which makes one wise unto salvation or to reflect the image of Christ. Dr. Wayland should not have been surprised in recognizing the fact that "the simple truths of the New Testament" constitute the highest order of eloquence. Here is what he said:

Gentlemen: When I wrote you last, I was reading Spurgeon's Sermons. I have now finished them; and I thank God that such a preacher has been raised up to teach us how to address men on the subject of their salvation. I am surprised at their eloquence, but especially at the source of it. They are the result of a most thorough reading of the New Testament by a man of very remarkable gifts as a public speaker. They are the simple truths of the New Testament brought home to the consciences of men with a simplicity, honesty, fearlessness, and affection, such as I have rarely if ever witnessed.

WORDS OF COMMENDATION.

ELDER R. F. MATTISON, of Eutaw, Ala., in a private letter, says:—"Dr. W. P. Jones: I have watched with a great deal of interest the progress and success of The Parlor Visitor since its first number was issued. To say that I have been pleased with the course pursued by its editors would not express half of what I feel. It has filled, and now fills, a desideratum in Southern Baptist literature. Nothing is better calculated, in my humble opinion, to stem the tide of infidelity than literary maga-

zines of high moral worth, such as The Parlor Visitor has ever been. They displace, to a great extent, works of fiction, with which the South is flooded—a curse to any country—and furnish in their stead reading matter interesting, pleasing, instructive. They elevate the standard of piety among the young, and give tone to moral sentiments. This done—a great work is accomplished! Against these novels and novelettes, poured from the press in a thousand varied forms, I have been proud to see The Visitor take a decided stand.

"You deserve the thanks of the Baptist denomination, my brother, for the able manner in which you have conducted The Visitor."

BROTHER T. D. JONES, of Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Its merits claim our patronage. I hope that it will be an instrument, in the hands of God, to close many parlors against the foul and poisonous literature which is so corrupting to our land."

J. S. NUNALLY, Canaan, Mississippi, says: "The Parlor Visitor has been a welcome visitor in my house ever since I have been taking it. It is just the thing needed in every family."

A. C. HITCHCOCK, Grass Lake, Michigan, who has been a subscriber from the first, writing for back numbers, that the whole work may be bound and preserved complete, says: "I like your magazine very much, and should not know how to do without it; and I sincerely wish you God-speed."

W. H. TALIAFERRO, junior editor South-Western Baptist, says: "I am delighted with it," etc.

A SISTER at Ashport, Tenn., says: "Send on The Visitor: it will ever be a welcome guest at our cottage."

A SUBSCRIBER at Clinton, Miss., (C. B. Mullins,) says: "We are much pleased with The Visitor; and will continue our subscription as long as it continues to be the high-toned journal it is at present."

A LADY and "Landmarker" at New Prospect says: "I just think that brothers B. and J. have a right to their opinions as well as I."—Another "Landmarker," who had ordered his magazine to be discontinued, sent additional funds, and says: "As I claim to do

as I please, . . . I ought to allow you the same liberty, so in future just go ahead."

Many have warmly approved of our opposition to "Landmark reset," but these are the only "Landmarkers" now remembered who, while they differed from us, have seemed to suppose that we had the "right" or "liberty" to entertain or express opinions of our own. As a party, we doubt whether they recognize the independence of the press.

THE VISITOR continues to be highly extolled for its moral worth by the press generally. We copy some of the notices below.

We have received several numbers of this periodical, and find them well filled with reading matter of a high moral and intellectual character. The Visitor is published at Nashville by Bayliss and Jones, and is devoted to the interests of the Baptist Church, and is well worthy of patronage.—*Franklin Review*.

The April number of The Parlor Visitor has been received, comparing favorably with any work of the kind published in the country, in point of appearance and literary merit.—*Columbia Herald*.

An excellent home periodical, and worthy to be received at every fireside. There is a high moral tone about The Visitor foreign to most magazines of the present day.—*Athens Post*.

It is ably edited, filled with healthy, moral, and truly polite literature, and devoted to the cause of religion and the interests of the Baptist Church. We commend it to our readers as well worthy of their support, and an earnest effort on their part to extend its circulation.—*Pulaski Citizen*.

The April number of this beautiful magazine is on our table. It is filled with most excellent matter for family reading, and illustrated with one of the most beautiful engravings we ever saw, entitled "The Angel's Whisper."—*Huntsville Independent*.

The Visitor is well filled with moral and polite literature, and each number, of forty-eight pages, is handsomely ornamented with chaste and beautiful engravings. It cannot fail to be well received by its patrons, and by

lady readers in particular, as far more instructive and edifying than the light reading of the day.—*Murfreesboro' News*.

This popular monthly, edited by Dr. Jones and Rev. W. H. Bayliss, of Nashville, Tenn., has also, in the course of human events, reached The Index office. We had met with it last year in Western Missouri, and were glad to welcome it to our sanctum.—*Chris. Index, Ga.*

THE Tennessee Baptist, by editorial paragraphs, anonymous correspondence, innuendoes, etc., has recently so frequently referred to The Visitor and myself in an unkindly and unbrotherly manner, that some may be expecting a response. I simply reply to the editor:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear!" J.

BACK NUMBERS.—All persons who have failed to receive any numbers of The Visitor for the last twelve months are requested to inform us. We desire that our subscribers shall have every number for which they have paid. Be careful to give your name and post-office.

MR. J. E. CARNES.

Sir:—Near the close of your last communication to The Home Circle, alluding to The Visitor, you say: "The number of that caricature of magazines to which I have referred came to an unwilling individual, with a despairing appeal for patronage—on the score of 'humanity.'"

Now, Sir, we do not remember ever having so much as asked any "individual," in Russellville or elsewhere, to patronize us, professionally, editorially, or otherwise. It is our best impression we never have at any time asked a solitary "individual," personally or by letter, to subscribe for our magazine. And that we should have sent it "to an unwilling individual, with a despairing appeal for patronage," surprises us; but when to this you add "on the score of humanity," we are amazed at our conduct, if indeed we have acted as you say.

The object of this note, Sir, is to elicit from you the name of that "individual" and the language of that "despairing appeal." Be so kind as to print the "individual" name, the entire name—the despairing appeal, the entire appeal, in large letters, and we promise to copy *verbatim*.

If you can show that we have ever made our suffering humanity a basis of "appeal for patronage," we will deserve the disgrace which you evidently seek to bring upon us by your publication in The Home Circle, and will aid you in publishing our hypocrisy to the world. If, however, you cannot produce the name of the "unwilling individual" to whom the "appeal" was addressed—if you cannot bring to light the "despairing appeal"—all we require is a plain, simple, and honest acknowledgment of error on your part.

W. P. JONES.