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THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY,  
AND  
GATHERINGS OF THE WEST:

A  
MONTHLY PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO  
LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY THE REV. E. THOMSON.

VOLUME IV.

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# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1844.

Original.

## THE MODEL.

BY HARLEY GOODWIN, A. M.

IN the last chapter of the book of Proverbs we have a description of female excellence, drawn by the pen of inspiration. It is well for mankind that such a model has been given—a perfect model, to which every wife and mother should aim to be conformed; for the standard of female excellence, at different times, and in different places, has varied almost as much as the fashions of the dress, and has often been as far from the true standard as folly is from wisdom. Well will it be for the world when the true standard shall be more generally followed. Some of the language employed in this description was borrowed from the customs of the nation and of the times in which the writer lived. But the traits of character which it commends are worthy to be cultivated by woman in all nations and in all ages. Among these traits of character are the following:

1. *Conjugal fidelity.* "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." Faithful and cheerful in the duties which she owes to her husband, she makes him happy and useful.

2. *Economy, industry, and cheerful attention to the wants of the family.* "Her husband hath no need of spoil. She worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry. All her household are clothed with double garments."

3. *Equity.* "She perceiveth that her merchandise is good"—that which she sells as well as that which she buys.

4. *Benevolence.* "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Economy, industry, and equity supply the ability, and are often connected with the motive to be beneficent.

5. *Wisdom in conversation.* "She openeth her mouth with wisdom." Her tongue is not employed in making imprudent and ill-timed remarks, nor in talking on trifling subjects. She indulges not in foolish talking and jesting; but her conversation is serious, rational, instructive. It is dictated by wisdom.

VOL. IV.—1

6. *Kindness.* While her conversation is becoming and rational in matter, it is mild and affectionate in manner. "In her tongue is the law of kindness." Her language is not the language of petulance, anger, or ill-will. Reproaches and complaints do not fall from her lips; nor is her tongue employed in publishing the faults of others, or in repeating slander. A benevolent disposition dictates her language—her words are mild, and her conversation is calculated to give happiness to others; for her tongue is ruled by "kindness."

7. *Attention to the conduct and morals of the family.* "She looketh well to the ways of her household." She not only sees that they are in their proper employments, but that they are guarded from immorality and vice. She looks to their forming habits; and her wisdom and kindness lead her to fix in their minds those precepts which will guide them safely and usefully in future life.

8. *Piety, or the fear of the Lord.* This is the crowning excellence in the character of both man and woman, and the foundation of many other important traits of character. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

Of the wife and mother who fully possesses these several characteristics we might expect that "influence and honor would be her clothing," and that she would "rejoice in time to come," when she sees the results of her toils, and counsels, and prayers, in the character of her children, and when those who have been benefited by her labors and cares, cheer her down the vale of life. We might expect that "her own works would praise her," and that "the fruit of her hands would be given her," both in this and the future world. We might expect that "her children would rise up and call her blessed," and that "her husband also would praise her."

In view of the character, thus given, of the wife and mother, it is obvious to remark—

1. That some must stand reproved. A few these are in whom the hearts of their husbands do not safely trust. Neither their love nor their economy can always be trusted. Some there are of whom it cannot be said that they labor willingly with their hands, or that they give a cheerful attention to their household affairs, or that they rise early to provide for the wants of their families. Labor, and the care of domestic concerns, they regard as vulgar, and as belonging to others in less



prosperous circumstances. Seated in the midst of wealth which they have done nothing to acquire, they live upon the labors of others, and eat the bread of idleness. Some seem regardless of the forming habits and morals of their families. Neither by example nor by precept do they instill into the minds of their children those principles which will fit them for the duties of life, or prepare them for the destinies of the eternal state. The conversation of some betrays their want of discretion and wisdom; and the words and expressions of others show that their tongues are not ruled by the law of kindness. Some seem devoid of benevolence. Though they may weep over fictitious scenes of distress, portrayed in the sickly novel; yet they can behold real want and suffering without a pitying emotion. Some are even destitute of common honesty. If they perceive that the merchandise which they buy is good, they are not so careful about that which they sell. And how many wives and mothers there are who are destitute of piety! Without the fear and love of God, they are passing onward toward the close of life, disqualified for heaven themselves, doing nothing to prepare their children for heaven, and nothing to aid their husbands in the way to the rest above.

Have such wives and mothers—and such there are in the world—have they much prospect of rejoicing in time to come? Will it ever be said of them that their husbands praise them, or that their children rise up and call them blessed? But,

2. It is happy for the world that many a wife and mother does exhibit the important characteristics which have been named. Industrious and frugal, such a woman does much to save her husband from embarrassment. Faithful in the duties of the conjugal relation, and kind and discreet in conversation, she does much to guard him from the power of temptation, and renders his dwelling an inviting and peaceful retreat from the cares of the world. Provident of the wants of her family, and watchful of the ways of her household, she makes her children and domestics contented and cheerful, and trains them to habits of duty and usefulness. Compassionate and beneficent, she secures the gratitude of the poor, and the blessing of the needy comes upon her. Devoted to the fear and love of God, she "allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way." Happy is the man who has such a wife. Happy are the children who have such a mother. Happy are the poor who have such a friend. Happy is the neighborhood that has such an example of social and moral virtue. And happy is it for the world that there are many such wives and mothers—women of elevated views, and generous hearts, and heavenly minds, who spread the sun-light of contentment, peace, and piety around them.

3. The influence of woman, either for good or evil, is great. Woman's hand first opened the fountain of evil upon the world; and her hand may do much to accelerate, or turn back the desolating torrent. Her hand first sowed the seeds of death, and her hand may do much to nourish, or to eradicate the noxious harvest. The wife may do her husband good, or evil, all the days of his life. The mother may do her children good, or evil, all the days of their lives, and long after she and they are dead. The wife may do much to modify the temper and character of her husband, and much to increase or destroy his happiness and usefulness. Let her possess, in a high degree, the characteristics which have been described, and she will do him good, and not evil. She will greatly promote both his happiness and usefulness. He will be known among the elders of the land, not only by his decent and comely attire, but by his cheerful countenance—a countenance made cheerful by the character and conduct of his wife. The mother may do much to mold and form the character and destiny of her children. She may do much to make them virtuous and happy, or much to render them vicious and miserable. The mother stands at the fountain of influence, as well as of being; and the future current will be likely to retain the coloring which she gives it. The child first gazes upon her looks, first listens to her accents, and receives from her its first and usually its most lasting impressions. Let her have the traits of character which have been described, and who can tell how great, how happy, or how lasting may be her influence upon the children of her love! On the contrary, let her be devoid of these traits of character, or let her possess the opposite characteristics, and who can tell how disastrous and enduring may be her influence upon those whom she has brought into being! The character of Byron was formed by a parent. The changeable and passionate mother stamped her own image upon her reckless, wayward, and unhappy son. She cast upon his childhood the disturbing shadows which made him "dream" only on future "darkness." The character of Washington was molded by a mother. Deprived early of a judicious father, the noble and truth-telling boy was left to the care of an equally judicious and pious mother. She taught him industry, truth, and piety. She guided his youth—she influenced his manhood, and in the character which she formed upon that son she sowed the seeds of blessings which a grateful nation has been reaping for more than half a century.

O, ye wives and mothers, think of the influence which you may exert upon your husbands and children. Think how much you may do to modify the tempers and characters of your husbands, and

render them happy and useful. Think how much you may do to mold and form the characters of your children, and to guide them to duty and happiness on earth and for ever. Estimate the vast amount of influence which God has given you, and for which he will hold you responsible, and use that influence well; so use it that your husbands shall praise you, and your children rise up and call you blessed—so use it that you shall rejoice in time to come, and through everlasting ages.

4. To lose a wife and mother, who has manifested in any good degree the characteristics which have been described, is no light affliction. To see the countenance which was once lighted with smiles, fixed, and pale, and cold—to see the eyes which used to beam upon you with affection, closed in darkness—to behold the lips which were accustomed to utter words of wisdom, and to be ruled by the law of kindness, sealed in silence—to find the living spirit which animated the loved form, departed—to have the friend of your heart, whom you chose as the companion of your life, taken from your side—to have the mother, who bore you, watched over you, toiled for you, prayed for you, and advised you, removed from your sight—to see her face and her form no more—to hear her voice no more, and no more to listen to her words of counsel and admonition—to enjoy her society no more on earth—to find that darkness and the grave have covered the light of your eyes and the joy of your hearts—that is affliction!

But there is consolation in reflecting that when such a wife and mother dies, to her it is gain. Though for others it may seem needful that she should have remained in the flesh, yet for her it is better to depart. She rests from her labors, and her works follow her. She ceases to weep and suffer, and enters into the joy of her Lord. There is consolation, also, in the reflection that those who yield themselves to the benign influence of such a wife and mother, and follow her example, and suffer her prayers for them to be answered, will soon meet her again in a better and happier world, to enjoy her society, and share in her bliss for ever. But woe be to that husband whom God has blessed with such a wife if he is not made a better man by the exhibition of her gentle and benevolent spirit. Woe be to those children whom God has blessed with such a mother if they do not heed her counsels, and are not saved by her living example and dying prayer.



OPENNESS of manner impresses us as a guaranty that there is nothing in the character to be concealed; yet give it alone its legitimate bearing, and it stands opposed to hypocrisy only.

Original.

POETRY.

—  
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.  
—

THERE is perhaps no question to which so many and various answers have been given as to the question, What is poetry? And though this is confessedly one of the oldest arts, its true origin, design, and effects, even in the present age, are far from being properly understood. And though I cannot at all presume to enter the inner temple of its deep and sublime mysteries, yet, like an humble worshiper, I may, without presumption, stand at a distance, and admire that which I may not be able fully to comprehend.

One reason for the doubt and uncertainty that prevail upon this subject, is that many have deluged the literary world with dissertations and criticisms upon this subject, while at the same time they were utterly incapable of producing any thing worthy of the least degree of comparison with the object of their criticism. Now it is acknowledged on all sides that we cannot write with clearness and perspicuity on any subject with which we are unacquainted; and this, I humbly opine, is the reason why so much senseless jargon, under the semblance of learning, has been poured forth on this subject. It was anciently said by one well qualified to judge in this matter, "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" Now if this be true, that the poetic art is not acquired, with what show of reason can we apply to it the same rules that we do to those arts which require long and patient study in order to their attainment? Who would think of measuring the extemporaneous effusions of the "old man of Scio" by the same rules which we apply to the labored productions of Locke and Bayle? The former was the result of nature's own teaching—it was her language finding utterance in human speech; but the latter were the results of profoundly educated mind. The first, we imagine, should be judged by its accordance with, or departures from the teachings of nature—the latter by the laws of human thought and language. But yet we find the law is very often reversed in regard to the poetic art, and the wild, untutored teachings of nature are judged by the artificial rules of human invention, or of a previous training in a peculiar course. And yet, notwithstanding this strange incongruity, which must be apparent to every one, poetry is doomed to be judged by the application of rules which nature never taught, and by men who have never felt the rapture of her inspiration.

The definition which we deem to be in accordance with the nature and design of poetry is as follows:—The free language of passion; or the

embodiment of the affections, sympathies, and sensibilities of our nature, finding utterance, and clothing themselves instinctively in accordance with the natural garb of melody and harmony, and which is a faithful transcript of what not books but nature teaches. It is true that the mere scholar, by the artful arrangement of words, may produce a measured coincidence of sound at regular intervals; but like an unskillful artist, he gives only a rude representation of the scene before him, and not what is the object of the true poet—a perfect *fac simile*, with every variation of land and water, sunshine and shade. The work of the former is like an artificial stream coursing its way over the plain in alternate curves and angles; but its sameness tires the eye, and presents to the gaze one dull, monotonous scene. But the effort of true genius is like the mountain stream. At first springing up pure and clear from its hidden depths, softly murmuring, it finds its way among the moss-covered stones, passing gold and gems, the wealth of the mine and the forest in its wayward course, until, gathering strength, it rushes in a torrent down the mountain side, now dashing over the craggy steeps, now bubbling along its pebbled bed, its bright waters flashing like pearls in the sunlight, and forming, by its devious path through wood and glen, through sunshine and shade, a scene of almost indescribable grandeur and beauty. There is gladness in its appearance, refreshment in its coolness, and harmony and melody are blended in its soft, delightful murmurings.

The poet, indeed, is the only true painter; for he dips his pencil in the gorgeous hues of the morning light, and softens his most enchanting scenes with the fading beams of the departing day. Since time began, poetry has infused itself, and is intimately connected with every grand and glorious event of which our world has been the theatre. Yes, even when the fiat of creation went forth—when beauty and order sprang from dark confusion, the poetry of heaven, the harmony of the spheres was heard in that joyous move, when “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” Again, when mankind had fallen, and sorrow had usurped dominion over our race, they forgot their sorrows, while the glad voice of song mingled with the rich notes of “Jubal’s burning shell.” The barren desert resounded aloud when Israel sung the glad song of deliverance from the thrall of Egypt’s proud monarch; and even the cares of royalty could not divert the attention of the shepherd King from the songs he loved, and the harp whose strings he touched with a master hand. Indeed, the greatest events, the most exalted sentiments, and the wisest maxims which have ever been uttered, have

been preserved and handed down to us in immortal verse.

We find, then, that, whether we go back into the ages of gray antiquity, to the sublime and lofty imagery in the book of Job, or listen to the sweet notes of the crowned one of Israel—whether we feel our spirits aroused by the martial strain of Homer, or, with the shepherd of the Eclogues, “recline under the shade of the wide-spreading beech,” and indulge our minds in the contemplation of scenes of pastoral beauty, the influence of this art has ever been to soften, refine, and elevate our nature, because it claims kindred with the purest feelings and the keenest sensibilities of our hearts.

Indeed, in looking over the whole history of our race, I do not find a single nation rising high in the scale of civilization, without the aid of this great and potent tamer of man’s turbulent passions. But it is not our intention to linger in the bright days of the past, and bestow all our attention on those masters of the lyre who, by their exalted genius, have won a wreath which all succeeding ages declare to have been worthily bestowed. We wish, more particularly, to come down to our own history, and show the influence of poetry in modern times. But, in doing so, we shall be compelled to pass over a list of worthy names—among others the gay troubadours, to whom, perhaps more than to any others, the honor of reviving literature in Europe is due, and whose songs well merit the appellation of “lays of many lands.”

The human mind seems to have received an impulse for good during the crusades, the effect of which is felt in our times. The scenes of Oriental magnificence which met the eye, and the glowing tales of Arabian romance which saluted the ear of the adventurous young knight, aroused the dormant energies of his spirit; and soon the song of the troubadour was heard under the sunny sky of Italy, and among the vine-clad hills of Provence. Beauty and valor were the subjects of his song; and the effect was the refining of the one and the subduing of the other. It melted the pride of beauty, and rendered valor not the exertion of brutal force, but the hand-maid of virtue and injured innocence. It was the spirit of the troubadours that fired the souls of Tasso and Petrarch, whose works have proved them worthy countrymen of the Mantuan bard. The bravery of Tancred and the beauty of Laura were the chief causes of the productions which have stamped immortality on the names of their authors. The former gave birth to the “Jerusalem Delivered,” and the other to a series of sonnets, which, for purity of sentiment and delicacy of expression, stand unrivaled. And though we are now compelled to leave these



pioneers in the inculcation of a pure and delicate taste, and who have embalmed in their strains some of the purest and holiest feelings of our nature, yet the plains of Tuscany and the hills of Provence will ever possess a secret and undefinable charm; and the strains of their gifted sons will ever link them to our memories as the homes of the troubadours.

We come now to speak of the poetry of our own times, and of the influence of this "language of the soul" on the manners of the age in which we live. So true is it that the character of a people is molded by its national poetry, that one who was conversant with the subject has said, "Let me write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Indeed, so great and powerful is its influence, that, like the lyre of Orpheus, it may be said to have moved the rocks, and to have made the forest trees toss their giant branches aloft in perfect unison with its sweet and persuasive harmony. Who is there that can look back to the hours of childhood, the spring-time of life, with all its joyousness and innocence, without remembering the song which first hushed him to his peaceful slumber, and imprinted sentiments on the expanding mind which will never be forgotten.

But, to come more directly to the point now under consideration, if the effusions of Petrarch, Tasso, and other stars of lesser magnitude, which sprang up near the close of the middle ages, deserve so much praise for the influence which they exercised in originating a purer taste, and producing such a general thirst for knowledge, does not our own age more emphatically demand a tribute for the benefits its literature has conferred upon us, the effects of which will be felt and acknowledged by ages yet to come. But there is one respect in which the poetry of the present age differs from that of the period to which I have just alluded. Its object was to correct the errors and imperfections of those languages whose ancient purity had, in a great measure, been corrupted, and to promote a purer literary taste. But that of our day has for its most peculiar feature, that while it does not, by any means, neglect the cultivation of taste, it deals principally with the affections, feelings, and sensibilities of our hearts. So true is this, that it only requires to be stated, in order to its full and free admission.

In order, however, to appreciate this more fully, we have only to imagine the state of things that would naturally exist if those bright wanderers through fancy's domains were stricken from the list of our earthly joys and earthly pursuits; nay, I need not say earthly, for those creations of the mind to which I allude elevate and assist the soul in its aspirations after immortality. Take away

the pages of Campbell, Pollok, and Rogers—let the cold finger of oblivion erase from our hearts every impression we have received from them and their compeers, and if we do not find that the light of the soul is, in a measure, dimmed—our conceptions of the bright and beautiful darkened, it will be because memory has left her post, and recollection has resigned her once pleasing task.

But it is not to those monarchs in the realms of song alone that I would accord the praise of all that high and holy feeling which has been excited by the poetry of our own age; for though, like the sun, they irradiate all the subjects of their songs, and array them in the most gorgeous habiliments, yet there are others whose light, like that of the chaste moon, or the dimly twinkling stars with pale silvery rays, while they sadden the heart, soften and prepare it for the purest impressions. Such, in a word, are the poems of Hemans, Norton, and Sigourney. It is true they do not dazzle us by the splendor of their imagery, or astonish us by the loftiness of their flight; but they speak to the heart in tones which cannot be resisted, and when once heard the remembrance can never depart. Who is there that can listen to the pensive breathings of Landon—to the deep, fervent, impassionate strain of Hemans, or the pure lessons of a Sigourney, without, in some measure at least, partaking of the spirit by which they were animated? Or who has read the lines, "Leaves have their time to fall," or "Bring music," without feeling as if under the guidance of a purer spirit, and having the heart made better? This may truly be called the greatest achievement of the poetry of our day. Instead of overwhelming the mind like the master productions of those who have been most nobly gifted by genius, it falls softly and silently on the heart like the dew of even, or the gentle breath of morn, disseminating far and wide through every grade of society its refining and elevating influence. It is to this that we may justly attribute much of the refined feeling and sensibility which exist among the females of the present day. Mrs. ~~W~~ says, "Woman without poetry is a picture without sunshine—we see every object as when the sunshine is upon it; but the beauty of the whole is wanting. The atmospheric tints, the harmony of earth and sky we look for in vain; and we feel that though the actual substance of hill and dale, of wood and water are the same, the spirituality of the scene is gone."

Poetry follows us through life. The lullaby of the cradle, the sonnet of pure affection, the warrior's strain, the exile's song of home, and the epitaph on the silent marble, all proclaim that poetry is wedded to the best feelings of our nature, and helps to form and chasten them.

Original.

## DURATION OF MEMORY.—NO. I.

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BY D. W. CLARK, M. A.  
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LORD BACON and other eminent philosophers have entertained the belief that no thoughts are absolutely lost; that though they may seem to be forgotten, yet they are virtually retained, and may, even after the lapse of ages, when the latent energies of the soul are brought into action, be perfectly restored to the recollection. This doctrine, if true, is of great importance in its practical bearings upon the human race. In its relation to the infantile mind, and also when considered in reference to the retributions of a future state, it is fraught with results of no common magnitude. It may not then be uninteresting to the inquirer after truth, if we attempt to give a brief detail of the arguments by which the doctrine is supported; and also illustrate its evident connection with the education, the mental and moral training of this life, and its bearing upon our condition in the life to come.

It will be a definition of memory sufficiently close for our present purpose, to say that *it is that susceptibility or faculty of the mind, by which it retains its past experiences, so as to call them up for future use.*

Every one is conscious of the workings of this principle within him; and there is hardly one in the whole range of our mental economy, fraught with higher intellectual and moral consequences. Without it, our past existence, as well as the vast eternity that stretches away in immeasurable extent behind us, would be to us as if it had never been. The bright, the sunny days and scenes of youth, would have perished under an impenetrable cloud of forgetfulness. Those acts of friendship, of generosity, of high and devoted philanthropy, that are an honor and a glory to human nature, that cast their warm and genial influences over the soul and kindle its nobler sensibilities, too often frozen and paralyzed by its intercourse with the cold, calculating world, would fall from the bright firmament of intellect, and quench their glory in everlasting oblivion. The lamp of experience would cease to throw its radiance upon the pathway of life; and all that is honorable and dignified in human nature; all that is lovely in morals, pure and elevated in virtue; and all in human experience that can touch the cords of human sympathy, to win the sinner from the error of his way, or to confirm the votary of honor and virtue in his heaven-directed course, would be blotted from that cluster of virtuous incentives, which now burn, like so many lamps, along the path-way of human experience.

But we need not, we have not time to say more

of memory in its practical and living importance. We now proceed to another view of it, which brings us in closer connection with that which we wish to keep uppermost in the mind, viz., the relation which these intellectual susceptibilities obviously have with a future and general judgment. In referring to the common experience of mankind—for we choose to dwell upon facts and experience, rather than upon the technicalities and abstrusities of science—we shall find that as the lapse of time increases, the memory seems to hold our past trains of thought, and emotions, with a weaker and still weaker grasp. "We remember," says Mr. Upham, "many incidents, even of a trifling nature, which occurred to-day, or the present week, while those of yesterday or of last week, are forgotten. But if the increased period of months and years throws itself between the present time, and the date of our past experiences, how infrequent is the recurrence of our ancient joys, regrets, and sufferings, and then how weak and shadowy they appear. Increase the time a little farther, and a dark cloud rests upon that portion of our history; less substantial than a dream, it eludes our search and becomes to us as if it had never been."

Our fleeting and fading thoughts seem like the vanishing scenes which fade from the view of the mariner, as he holds on his course into the trackless and boundless ocean, leaving behind him the objects of his interest and affection, his country and his home. As the distance increases, the forms and figures of objects on the shore become indistinct and confused. His straining eyes can no longer descrie the rude cottage by the beach, where dwell the buds of affection and the flowers of promise—all have become a dim and shadowy mass. It is true, the lofty mountain, the towering Alp, still presents its broad outline, and seems to mock the tardy progress of the sea-laboring vessel, and to defy the effects of distance. But too soon, even while the mariner hangs over the taffarel of his bark, to cast one longing, lingering look toward the distant objects of his affection, even the mountain's dim and fading outline becomes confused and mingled with the misty haze, so that what is mountain and what is shadow can no longer be ascertained.

So it is with the mind's treasures, even its noblest and its best. How soon, and, seemingly, how irrecoverably, are the incidents of life forgotten! The light visions of the soul, linked in the memory by no cords of association, riveted by no powerfully excited and deep seated emotion, soon flee away and are forgotten. They are like names and characters drawn by the truant school-boy on banks of snow, which the drifting breeze fills up, or the rising sun melts away. But on the other hand, those events of our life that have made a

powerful impression on the mind, that have been attended with deep co-existent emotion, stand out like pyramids in the recollections of our past life. They tower like mountains in the sailor's departing view. But these too shall fade away. However deep the emotion of joy or of sorrow, with which they are attended; however deep the channels they may have furrowed in the soul, they will eventually be lost in the distance or only dimly remembered as things that were.

We appeal to the experience of every individual. How few, among the vast multitude of incidents and events, to which we have been subject daily, are we now able to call up by any possible effort of recollection. There has scarcely a day passed, during our whole lives, but what some incident has occurred that excited more or less our feelings; but how few of these incidents are now remembered. They are to us, as if they had never been. The turbid waters of forgetfulness flow over the soul, and erase the inscriptions from its tablet.

We come now to the inquiry, Are the things, thus obliterated from the mind, utterly annihilated and lost for ever? This inquiry is the pivot on which the whole subject before us turns; for conscience can reprove only as the sinner retains or revives the clear perception of his deeds of darkness; and if there may come a period in the future ages of eternity, when those deeds shall be forgotten and utterly lost from the mind's recollection, then will the sinner cease to be visited by the compunctions of a reproofing and goading conscience. We repeat, then, the inquiry, Are the things, thus obliterated from the mind, utterly annihilated and lost for ever?

We read of a process by which the old manuscripts, that have been entombed in their cloistered cells for ages, and have become charred and defaced by the ravages of time, are unrolled, and their letters made to appear; so that their treasures which seemed to be irrecoverably lost, have, after the lapse of centuries, been resurrected, as it were, from the dead, and placed side by side with the later emanations of mind. And may not the mind possess those inward sources of power that shall yet be unrolled, and perhaps under a different order and constitution of things, will call back its long lost and forgotten treasures, and place them side by side with its latest experiences? Such was the view of Lord Bacon and many others, whose opinions are entitled to profound respect in every thing pertaining to mental science. They affirm "that no thoughts are utterly lost, but that they continue virtually to exist; and that the soul possesses within itself, laws, which, whenever fully brought into action, will be found capable of producing the prompt and perfect restoration of the collected acts and feelings of its whole past existence."

This opinion, whatever may be said of its philosophical character, aside from its religious bearing, lays the foundation of some of the finest rules for human conduct, and educes some of the first and best maxims of education. In a religious point of view, its consequences are truly momentous. It mocks the hope of him who would endeavor to bury the remembrance of his aggravated sins, and to steep his folly in forgetfulness. It points the conscience-seared sinner to a fearful resurrection of that which is most dreadful to, and dreaded by himself—the *recollection of his sin*. It assures us that it is no idle tale of revelation, which declares that every one "shall give an account of himself to God." It is under this view of the deep and awful sources of intellectual power within us that the dim and veiled shadows of a future and impending retribution, shine forth with a piercing splendor that no forgetfulness can dim, and no night of death obscure.

If it be true, that no idea is utterly lost—that there is no experience, no act, and no thought of our past existence, however far it may be from our present recollection, or however long it may have seemingly perished from our memory, but what the soul virtually possesses, and may, when touched in its hidden spring, bring forth—let no one deem it a fiction that "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

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## JUSTICE AND CHARITY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY NATHANIEL GREEN.

DUTY extends to all beings: for all have their place in the universe, all discharge, according to the will of the supreme Wisdom, functions which it is forbidden to disturb; and all have a right to the enjoyment of the divine gift. To destroy one single being by mere caprice, or to inflict on him needless suffering, is a wrong, an act opposed to the law of order.

Respect God in the least of his works, and let your love, like his, embrace all that live and breathe.

If, by giving intelligence to man, he has made him the lord of creation, he has not willed that he should be its tyrant. His eye, which nothing escapes, has also a paternal regard for the poor sparrow palpitating under your hand.

Without duty no society is possible, for without it there can be no relations between men. As you have seen it comprises justice and charity.

Not to do to others that which you would not desire others to do to you is *justice*.

To do unto others, on all occasions, as you would have them do to you is *charity*.

## THE PIOUS PRINCESS.

MANY readers will remember the invasion of Russia by the French army in the winter of 1812—the conflagration of Moscow—and the consequent overthrow of Napoleon's gigantic projects, by the almost entire destruction of the legions so long accustomed to conquest and victory. Amongst the inhabitants of Moscow, who having, on the approach of the enemy, evacuated the city, returned to the now smoking and smouldering ruins of that ancient capital, was the subject of the present sketch. She was then young and handsome, and by her marriage with Prince M., associated with the highest personages of the empire. She had become, by the cultivation of superior talent, and the improvement of favorable opportunities, versed in general literature, and was able to read, write, and converse in the English language, with considerable facility and elegance. Two little girls, the pledges of conjugal affection, accompanied the Princess in her temporary exile from the devoted city, and on her return soothed and solaced her amidst the sorrows and suffering which, in common with less noble citizens, she was called at that great national crisis to endure. At that period, the providence of God conducted to Moscow, on his way to Britain, the Rev. Mr. P., who, on being introduced to the Princess, was received by her with great Christian hospitality, and requested to take up his permanent residence beneath her roof, and act as tutor to the young princesses. He embraced the overture, and employed the influence he thus unexpectedly obtained, for the purpose of promoting the spiritual interests of Russia's unenlightened population. Through the intervention of the Princess M., a rescript was obtained from the Emperor Alexander for the formation of the Russian Bible Society, the foundation of which was laid amidst the ashes of the ancient capital. Thirteen years after, the Society became defunct, in consequence of priestly jealousy; but who can calculate the amount of good accomplished by the operation of that noble institution? It was the *spring time* of Scythia, and the seed of divine truth was scattered in abundance. Many years have since elapsed, much fruit has already been gathered, but the harvest is yet to come. Come it will: Russia, like Germany, will be reformed from within. Many Luthers are now perusing in her colleges and monasteries the words of everlasting life—the spirit of liberty is slowly and silently, but surely, spreading amongst the people, and ere long the steppes and forests of the north will be vocal with “the joyful sound.”

The reader is now requested to recall another historical event—the visit of the allied sovereigns to England, after the *supposed* overthrow of her common foe, Napoleon, Alexander was amongst

them. They visited Portsmouth—and in the dock-yard of Portsea, a circumstance occurred, trivial in itself, but pregnant with consequences, which eternity alone will fully develop. The Emperor, whilst standing on the balcony of the tower which overlooks the dock-yard, and commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, was accosted with great courtesy by a gentleman in black, who offered his majesty the use of his telescope, and gave him all the information he desired as to surrounding objects. This gentleman was the Rev. Leigh Richmond, the author of the “Dairyman's Daughter,” a tract now known in all quarters of the globe. On returning home, the good man, revolving the events of the day, resolved on testifying his respect for the Emperor, by sending him a copy of his tract, and accompanying it by a reference in writing, to the unexpected meeting on the dock-yard tower. It was sent accordingly, and on the Emperor's return to Russia, acknowledged by the present from his Majesty of a handsome diamond ring. The tract was given to the Princess M.,—by her translated into the Russian language, and a large edition of it published, at his Majesty's expense, for circulation through the empire. This led to a correspondence betwixt the Princess and the author, and this again to her translation and composition of many other tracts, multitudes of which have been and are still scattered in all directions in that land. This was to the Princess a labor of love. She found her chief delight in the practical consecration of all her time and talents to the glory of her Savior—and in her own conduct as a Christian in all the relations in life, she exemplified the meekness, humility, unaffected gentleness, unrelaxing benevolence, and enlightened and well tempered zeal, so rarely found as the ornament of a palace. In the year 1820, she was occupying apartments in the Tauridan palace at St. Petersburg. There the writer became acquainted with this admirable lady, who, by the unwearied labor of her pen, has done so much for her country. There was much of grandeur in her abode, for it was an imperial palace; but in her dress, her demeanor, the tone and tenor of her conversation, there was nothing “unbecoming the Gospel,” and much, very much, that adorned the doctrine of God her Savior. She still survives, and is descending the hill of life as gracefully as she once stood upon its summit. Her daughters, too, it is believed, have imbibed her spirit, and are treading in her steps. Thus, even in Russia, benighted Russia, there are some shining lights which relieve the dense gloom of superstition, and presage an approaching day of moral renovation. Let those Christian females whose position is so much more favorable for the exhibition of Christian character, and the exercise of Christian charity, emulate the

enlightened and holy zeal of this distinguished individual, and rebuke in its deceptive workings the spirit of selfishness and sloth, by remembering the sanctified benevolence of THE PIOUS PRINCESS.—  
*Montreal Harbinger.*

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READING.

Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined, for a hard-working man after his toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier, more diversified, and interesting scene; and, while he enjoys himself there he may forget the evil of the present moment full as much as if he were ever so drunk—with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or, at least, laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and what he has been reading gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

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I AM.

Who ever conceived a more beautiful illustration of this sublime text than the following by Bishop Beveridge?

I AM. "He doth not say, *I am* their light, their guide, their strength, or tower, but only, 'I AM.' He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, Are they weak? *I am* strength. Are they poor? *I am* riches. Are they in trouble? *I am* comfort. Are they sick? *I am* health. Are they dying? *I am* life. Have they nothing? *I am* all things. *I am* wisdom and power. *I am* justice and mercy. *I am* grace and goodness. *I am* glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-ominency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity. Jehovah, *I am*. Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that *I am*. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant, whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that *I am*."

VOL. IV.—2

Original.

RELIGIOUS HOPE.

THE human mind is not satisfied with present enjoyment. It seeks new objects, or it craves higher degrees of felicity. However exquisite any earthly pleasure may be at first, it soon loses its novelty and its interest. Whether active or indolent—whether engaged in the acquisition of knowledge, or reposing in the gross contentedness of ignorance—whether enjoying the conveniences and luxuries of wealth, or suffering the deprivations of poverty—whether mingling with society, or dwelling alone, we feel a void within which no earthly objects can fill. Hence the saying,

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Man never is, but always to be blest."

Indeed so poor and transient are our earthly enjoyments that were we unendowed with the power of hope, we should of all creatures be the most miserable. Existence itself would in this case be a curse. On the other hand, it is obvious that we shall be at least supported under our sorrows if possessed of a well-grounded religious hope. Religious we say, for no hope except that which anticipates exalted and heavenly objects is capable of conferring true happiness. Earthly hope may for a season alleviate the difficulties of life. It may open to view scenes of comfort in the near future. It may thus cause a partial forgetfulness of existing pains and disappointments. But the soul will finally discover a delusion. Hope will die. Then fresh disappointment will aggravate our misery.

Religious hope—the hope of the Christian—is unlike earthly hope. It never "lures to bewilder, nor dazzles to blind." It calms the turbulence of passion, and says to the soul, "Peace, be still." Religious hope is always associated with religious joy. He who possesses it, has other blessings also. This hope always implies a grateful posture of the soul. While indulging it, he is as one sheltered by the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

Religious hope directs our minds to objects worthy of our pursuit—worthy of our immortal nature. Impose upon the Christian whatever hardships you please, surround him with aspects the most dreadful, tear from him the friends on whom he has placed his affections, lay him on the bed of disease, let sorrow "roll its billows o'er his soul," he will fear no evil—he will rise superior to his afflictions—he will "glory in tribulation." When heart and flesh fail—when the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl is broken—THEN behold the triumphs of hope. Then the Christian feels—not death—but he does feel his immortal

"O'erweep  
All pain, all tears, all time, all fears, and zeal  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into his ears this truth—'Thou liv'st for ever!'"

E. H.



Original.

## PAUL AT ATHENS.

BY W. G. WILLIAMS.

WITH the exception of the Savior, there is no person mentioned in the Scriptures of whose life and actions we are better informed than of St. Paul's. The majority of the books in the New Testament were written by him, and a very large part of the "Acts of the Apostles" is engrossed with his travels and labors. From these and other sources we learn that he was fitted to occupy any station, or shine in any calling; and he was, beyond doubt, the most talented of the earlier Christians. He was deeply versed in the learning of the rabbies and their peculiar doctrines, and was well acquainted with the polite literature of the surrounding nations.

For years he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, the acknowledged leader of the Pharisees, and had won to himself the distinction of a master in Israel. Paul was ambitious, too, and proudly looked forward to the day which should see him at the head of the great Jewish Sanhedrim—that council to whose decisions the whole nation bowed in implicit submission. Yet, with it all, he was honest; and what he believed the right "he more than heaven pursued." Even when on his way to Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he tells us he was "zealous toward God;" and, afterward, when arraigned for high crimes, that he "had lived in all good conscience before God until that day."

Such a man could do any thing that man can do; and accordingly we find him immediately after his conversion taking the lead in all the labors of the infant Church. Chosen by Heaven to bear the everlasting Gospel to the nations of the earth, he faithfully accomplished the labor assigned him. He was appointed to be the apostle to the Gentiles, and the "grace of God bestowed on him was not in vain." Though the least of the apostles, he was more than an apostle. In labors more abundant, in journeyings more often, in perils by land and sea, in hunger, in nakedness and cold, surrounded with enemies, and even by "false brethren," he triumphed over all, and obtained a name which the ravages of time will only render more illustrious.

In all the actions of his eventful life, none can equal in moral sublimity that in which he stood in the presence of the philosophers of Athens and preached to them "Jesus and the resurrection." Athens had for ages been the mistress of mind among the nations, and the accumulated glory of fifteen hundred years made her known throughout the world. The "eternal city" had long drawn

thence, as from an inexhaustible fountain, to enrich her literature; and still the young men from Rome and other parts of the world frequented her schools. For ten centuries her annals had been adorned with the achievements of the warriors, the sages, the poets of mankind. Every corner of her land was consecrated by the patriotic deeds of her ancestors, the classic walks of wisdom, the songs of her chivalry, and the sacred fanes of her temples. And in the midst of such associations, with every thing to move the heart and rouse the intellect, lived the wisest men in the world, the profoundest thinkers, the most powerful orators, and the most accomplished writers—yet still idolaters.

But in such men as Paul difficulties were fuel to the moral fire already glowing within. He had visited the city in "the fullness of the Gospel of peace;" and when he looked upon it lying in gross spiritual darkness, he was greatly moved. His heart burned within him, and he "disputed in the market daily with them that met him," teaching them the truth which he had so miraculously received.

While engaged in these discussions, the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers were attracted by the boldness and novelty of his position, and with mingled sentiments of curiosity and indignation at the "new doctrine," they laid hands upon him and brought him before the Areopagites to answer for introducing new divinities into the state. The Areopagus was a supreme tribunal, having cognizance of impiety and immoral behavior, and severely punishing such as blasphemed the gods, or slighted their holy mysteries. Its place of session was on Mars' hill, whence it took its name, (*Areios pagos*.) where Paul was arraigned, and charged with being a "setter forth of strange gods."

"Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill!" What a forum for such an orator! In one splendid panorama were aggregated scenes, of all in the world, the most enticing, and calculated to exalt the soul. Before him lay, in all her beauty, Athens with her gorgeous temples and splendid palaces thronged with her inhabitants. On one hand the broad Piræus was spread out, covered with its white-sailed fleets, and beyond, in glorious prospect, mountains, islands, seas, and skies arose in rich succession. On the other lay Attica, adorned with pleasant villas, and decked with the olive and the vine. Farther inland, the rich and productive fields lay smiling in the sun, and giving sure presage of a bounteous harvest. And away in the distance Marathon slept in the eternal glory of her well-fought field. Behind the orator towered the lofty Acropolis, crowned with the Parthenon, and covered with splendid edifices, the very ruins of which, after eighteen centuries, have no rival in the world. North of the city, in full view, was the Academy

which had so long heard the teachings of its great master; while on the other side he saw the Lyceum where the Peripatetic so often wandered with his followers. And, perchance, on the very spot where he then stood Demosthenes had rallied the declining hopes of the Athenians, and summoned them to victory by his unearthly appeals. And here, assembled before him, stood the great men of the city—the congregated wisdom of the Athenian people—the philosophers of the world. More dignified judges—a more intellectual audience he would never have.

Was any thing still necessary to excite the deepest sensibilities of the apostle and call him forth in all his strength? Yes. Nor was it wanting. On every side he saw the evidences of a superstition pompous, majestic, but still debasing. High before him stood the magnificent Pantheon, the theatre of universal idolatry, and on its altars still smoked the daily sacrifice. Two hundred thousand persons daily knelt in the temples of the gods, and offered their unholy adoration. "He saw the city wholly given to idolatry;" and then "his spirit was stirred in him."

Paul was now to declare the immutable counsels of Jehovah to a people who knew not God; and it well became him to rise with the exigency of the occasion. The Savior's promise, "Lo, I am with you even to the end," recurred to him, and he felt that he alone was stronger in the omnipotence of his Master than all his enemies in their boasted but vain philosophy. And "the love of God constrained him"—he saw around him dying men, for whose salyation he had devoted himself, and how could he refrain?

Paul was favorably situated to influence his audience; and we have but few equals to the address he made on that occasion. No finer instance of lucid argument can be found than is given in this discourse, short as it is. It was an appeal to the understanding—not to the passions. He reasoned with the philosophers of Athens, but did not denounce them—he endeavored calmly to convince them, not harshly to censure them. His main object was to establish in their minds a deep impression of the folly and wickedness of idolatry, and thus lead them to repentance.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" was the answer of Agrippa to Paul when he plead before him with the invincible words of truth; and full as great was the impression he now produced upon his auditory; but the effect was far different. The Athenians could not but appreciate the arguments offered by Paul; for he had gone no farther than their own philosophers and poets had gone before him. He contended that from the necessity of things there must be one eternal God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being,"

and that all men should worship him alone—that the soul is immortal, and subject to future awards for actions done in life. And in all this he only accorded with the published opinions of many of their illustrious men; and, doubtless,

"———while thus he spake, his looks  
Drew audience and attention still as night,  
Or summer's noontide air."

But when they heard of "the resurrection of the dead," this doctrine, so dissonant to all their preconceived sentiments—so entirely at variance with the whole tenor of their religion, at once stirred up their animosity, and with violence—the last argument of bigots—and with mockings and threats against the apostle, they abruptly dissolved the assembly.

Paul had witnessed a good confession among them; and although the multitude rejected him with scorn, he wanted not the testimony of a good conscience, and with "a peace above all earthly dignities," he departed unharmed on his way. "Howbeit, certain men clave unto him and believed, among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, one of those who sat in judgment on him." This man was of high rank and influence; for none but such were of the Areopagus; and notwithstanding the popular opinion was against the apostle, he openly acknowledged the truth, and gave in his adherence to the Church of God. How striking a fulfillment of that assertion, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Surrounded with the proud monuments of Pagan superstition and pomp, the Athenians

"———highly raged  
Against the Highest—,"

and vainly thought their city immortal, and their religion unchangeable.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Four hundred years after, the heathen temples and idolatrous rites of Athens had given place to Christian churches and Christian worship, and the Grecian kingdom had become the kingdom of the Lord and his Christ.

—•••••  
LET ME DIE THUS.

A LITTLE Ceylonese girl embraced the sweet religion of the dear Savior. She had a wicked grandfather, who dragged her by the hair, and beat her because she read her Bible and prayed. But she did not complain. By and by, she died; and when her poor ignorant mother described her death, she did it by saying of her, "She prayed, was silent, and died!" Does not every reader say, "Let me die thus?"

Original.

## HINTS ON EDUCATION.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

MR. EDITOR,—I have the pleasure of being a subscriber to your valuable periodical, and know it to be worthy of its title, "*Ladies' Repository*." Hoping that I may aid its pure purposes and aims, I offer you a few lines on a subject which must be deeply interesting to every *mother* among your readers. Much has been written on it, but the works are generally voluminous, and to many they seem too abstruse. My object is barely to present your readers with the result of my own experience.

The Lord has blessed me with a large family. Two sweet babes have preceded me to the mansions of heavenly bliss; but I mourn not, for they sing the song of the Lamb in the New Jerusalem. I have five surviving children. My two eldest sons are ministers of Christ, and the youngest, a lad of fifteen, exhibits gratifying evidence of a renewed heart. My youngest daughter alone still cleaves to the world. Her elder sister is a fond and happy wife, and gives daily proofs that a woman may be gifted and highly educated, and yet a pattern of Christian purity and domestic usefulness. Think not that in saying this, I proclaim my own praise. The glory belongs to God alone. I have planted carefully and watered unceasingly, but it was with humble fervent prayer that "God would give the increase."

It has long been a matter of debate whether private or public education is preferable. I am decidedly in favor of the former. My candid opinion is that it promises most even in regard to scientific acquirements; but who that thinks of the value of the immortal soul, (which in most public schools is sadly neglected,) can hesitate to give it the preference. I had an only sister a few years older than myself. She was a sincere Christian. She had two sons for whom she ardently coveted worldly riches and honors. As she sowed, so did she reap. She prayed, it is true, for their salvation; but her *actions* showed them that she thought of *preparing* them only for this world. One of them lies in a drunkard's grave, the other resorts to the gambling table night after night. They were corrupted at public schools!

The object of education should ever be to prepare the child for happiness in another world as well as for comfort and usefulness in this. Their religious training must consequently keep pace with their mental improvement. With respect to this life, a mother should have in view two objects, viz., to form the mind, and to train the heart. After all our religious instruction, God alone can grant *saving* faith, but it is our duty and it is in our power to

bring up our children in the daily practice of those virtues which when vivified by the living principle of faith, so richly adorn the Christian character. In the *formation of the mind*, which is what is generally understood by education, the instructor should bear in mind that he must obtain two grand results. He must prepare that mind to reflect, judge and determine for itself, and he must enrich it with knowledge.

It is usual to pursue this course with boys, but it is no less important to follow it with girls. We will not stop to argue the question whether the capabilities of improvement are equal in the two sexes. Females have not men's duties to perform, and whichever way the question may be settled, its discussion can do no good. One thing is certain, women are capable of receiving a much greater degree of intellectual culture than is usually bestowed upon them. In the tenth century even it was thought that a *knowledge of reading* and writing was well calculated to corrupt a woman's heart. In later times a knowledge of the rudiments of science and of cooking, with plain and fancy needlework, was thought sufficient for any woman. At present the rage is for *accomplishments*. Much precious time is spent in acquiring music, drawing, painting, dancing and various modern languages. We bring up our daughters as if the Almighty had intended them to dazzle like the gaudy butterfly. But they, as well as our sons, have serious duties to perform. They will become wives and mothers. They will also sustain social relations, for the most humble among us has a small circle of influence.

With respect to the wife, Hannah More justly says, "When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a *companion* he wants, and not an artist; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can lighten his cares, strengthen his principles and educate his children."

Parents sometimes leave the minds of their daughters untutored and unstrengthened, and then wonder that they take pleasure only in novels, parties, dress, &c. Having no resources in themselves, they must seek amusement in the world. How important it will seem to strengthen a woman's mind, when we reflect on the influence she has over her children, and other associates, and on the innocent entertainment which a cultivated intellect secures for its possessor.

In the process of education, the first step of course is to lay the foundation, or to instruct the child in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography. It is usual after the pupil has made some progress in these, to commence history; but I would wait till an age somewhat more advanced, when the child, being capable of more mature

reflection, can derive greater benefit from that important study. In its stead I would introduce natural philosophy, which, from its connection with objects familiar to the eye, would make a deep impression on the mind. I think moral philosophy should be the next branch, so as to exercise the reasoning faculties. After that, I would commence ancient history, taking care to point out to the pupil the mysterious guidance of Providence in the growth and decay of empires. I would show that villains in the midst of their greatest success are tormented by constant anxiety and remorse, but that nevertheless we must look forward to a future life, when all shall receive according to the "deeds done in the body."

The study of mythology should keep pace with that of history, as the one deepens the interest of the other. When mythology is concluded, while the child continues the study of ancient and modern history, geography, grammar and *composition*, (I suppose this to be at about twelve years of age,) I would introduce Latin. With this I would connect geology. All that relates to the general history and formation of our globe must ever be interesting. Mineralogy I would not attempt, as I think it a dry and unprofitable study.

I would at length introduce music. It softens the disposition, and enables us to contribute so effectually to the enjoyment of others, that it should not be neglected. It is however so rare that a child has a real *talent* for it, and it requires so much time and labor to make a *skillful* performer, that I would aim only at a sufficient knowledge of the science, to enable the pupil to play simple airs, and make sacred harmony. Half an hour, or at most an hour a day devoted to it, for three or four years, would be amply sufficient. To geology should succeed chemistry and algebra. At the age of fourteen, as the pupil must then be well grounded in Latin, she should commence the French. I would then turn her attention to anatomy, political economy, geometry, and the elements of botany and natural history. At a mature age I would recommend to both sexes the perusal of Blackstone's Commentaries, as it is advisable that every one should know the origin and general principles of that "Common law" which has been adopted in our own land from the legal usages of Great Britain, and the intimate connection of all our legislation for municipal ends with that slowly developed system.

Drawing I would not recommend, although it is fashionable, unless there is a very decided relish for it, as its only considerable advantage is the pleasure it procures the individual engaged in it, and it consumes much time. My course of private education terminates at the age of sixteen. And for two reasons. One is, that boys should then enter college, as they ought to commence Greek, and certain

higher studies which often cannot be pursued at home. With the blessing of God on a mother's efforts, their principles may then be firm enough to resist the temptations to which they must there be exposed.

I know it is customary for boys to commence Greek much earlier. But I think it can be acquired as well, and in *one third of the time*, by putting it off till that age. My second reason is, that girls generally marry at eighteen or nineteen, and it is consequently necessary that at sixteen they should begin to be initiated into the *mysteries* of house-keeping, and some would say that they should read what is termed "polite literature."

Let it not be thought that I wish our daughters to be very *learned*. Geometry I recommend, because it is a useful discipline for the mind. Latin, because it gives us a more thorough knowledge of our own language, and because it is pleasant to understand the Latin quotations which we so constantly meet with in serious works. French is so generally studied in large cities and in European countries, that any one who travels at all must seem very ignorant if not acquainted with it. Natural philosophy, geology and chemistry, I recommend on account of their connection with our own globe and with various phenomena of almost daily occurrence. As to anatomy, every one must desire to understand the structure of that complicated machine, the human body.



#### THE GOLDEN MARRIAGE.

If you wish to see what marriage may be for two human hearts, and for life, then observe not the wedded ones in their honey-moon, nor by the cradle of their first child, nor at a time when novelty and hope yet throw a morning glory over the young and new-born world of home; but survey them, rather in the remote years of manhood, when they have proved the world and each other, when they have conquered many an error, and many a temptation, in order to become only the more united to each other; when labors and cares are theirs; when, under the burden of the day, as well as in hours of repose, they support one another, and find that they are sufficient for one another. Or survey them still further in life; see them arrived at that period when the world, with all its changes and agitations, rolls far away from them, becomes ever dimmer to them; when their house is still, when they are solitary, but yet stand there hand in hand, and each reads in the other's eyes only love; when they, with the same memories, and the same hopes, stand on the boundaries of another life, into which they are prepared to enter; none of all the desires of this life, being retained, only the one that they may die on the same day: yes then behold them!—*Miss Bremer.*

Original.

## THE PENITENT.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

I know that I am wand'ring  
 From Jesus' side away—  
 The lion of the desert  
 Doth seek me for his prey:  
 The ray of hope beams dimly  
 Upon my anxious eye,  
 While gloom is gath'ring o'er me,  
 From storm and tempest high.  
 Yet still I wander—wander—  
 Like to a silly lamb  
 That hears in the far distance  
 The bleatings of its dam,  
 And when it fain would follow  
 That voice of pleading love,  
 It only strays still farther,  
 Or hath not strength to move.

There was upon the ocean  
 A little trembling bark,  
 Which seem'd to ride in safety  
 Across the waters dark;  
 But from their yawning bosom  
 There came a sound of dread—  
 And the little bark, in terror,  
 Hath from its moorings sped—  
 Now o'er the raging billows  
 It dasheth up and down,  
 And vainly seeks a shelter  
 From Ocean's angry frown.  
 And farther from the haven  
 The little bark doth roam—  
 My *all* is ventur'd in it—  
 Will it e'er reach its home?

A wounded roe is flying  
 Before the cruel hound—  
 The timid one, exhausted,  
 Sinks panting to the ground:  
 Yet once again it leapeth—  
 The huntsman draweth nigh,  
 And once again it seeketh—  
 Ah! vainly seeks to fly!  
 Through wood, and glen, and forest,  
 Convulsively it springs,  
 Nor knoweth how to loiter,  
 For fear hath lent it wings.  
 At last in bitter anguish  
 It layeth down to die,  
 And mirrors *my own image*  
 Forth from its glazing eye.

"Kind shepherds of life's valley,  
 Will ye not seek to save?  
 Ye skillful earthly pilots,  
 Uphold me from the wave.

My mourning fellow sufferers,  
 Ye too are stricken sore:  
 Yet have ye not a balsam  
 Within my wounds to pour?"  
 Alas! my earthly guardians  
 Are wearied in life's war,  
 And scarce have strength to beckon  
 To BETHLEHEM'S distant star.  
 All round my gloomy pathway  
 My way-worn comrades fall—  
 Is there no arm in heaven  
 With power to save us all?

"Thou LAMB of spotless beauty,  
 Who once for us did bleed—  
 Thou 'LION of our Judah'—  
 Thy mighty help we need.  
 Be thou our watchful SHEPHERD,  
 Our Pilot strong and true;  
 Nor let yon angry billow  
 Our storm-toss'd bark subdue.  
 And when before the HUNTER  
 Our trembling hearts do leap,  
 Do thou in tender mercy  
 Our fainting spirits keep.  
 Drive back the fiends of darkness,  
 And fix our gaze on thee,  
 Until thy holy image  
 Upon our souls we see."

Original.

## DREAMS.

YE guests of oblivious sleep,  
 Ye're welcome, thrice welcome to me—  
 No sorrowing vigils ye keep,  
 As we glide over memory's sea.  
 Ye're come from the shadowy dell—  
 From the grot of yon beautiful isle—  
 Ye've bound my sad heart with a spell,  
 And illumin'd my brow with a smile.  
 With you I re-visit my home,  
 And revel among the sweet flowers—  
 Through the walks of my childhood I roam,  
 And recline in its shadowy bowers.  
 I meet my fond parents again,  
 As from school I come bounding with joy—  
 How dear the old cot on the plain,  
 Where play-mates and pastimes ne'er cloy!  
 The dear ones for whom I oft weep—  
 The long lost, the lov'd of my heart—  
 Ye break the long slumbers they keep,  
 And they meet me where death cannot part.  
 Amid the deep quiet of night,  
 The mind, all unfetter'd and free—  
 Speeding on like the meteor's flight—  
 Bids defiance, stern Death, unto thee.



Original.

## CATHARINE DE MEDICIS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE fall of man involved his whole species. It robbed all succeeding generations of their property in Eden, and of the personal visits of Jehovah. As woman led the way in the original transgression, it could not be expected she would escape the resulting curse. Nor did she escape. The fearful malediction singled her out, and descended heavily upon her; and in all succeeding ages the condition of the sex confirms the Scriptural history of the fall. In barbarous climes she has been the slave of slaves, and in her best estate, under the relief derived from mature civilization and from a high degree of refinement, she is subjected to special calamities by the stern decree of Providence.

The interests of virtue demand another statement, which, though all concede its truth, few are disposed gravely to discuss. Woman is susceptible of the deepest moral depravity. Indeed, it seems that the affections, which are the seat of moral good and evil, make up a larger portion of her being than in man. Man thinks—woman feels. If he has more mind, she has more heart. In harmony with such sayings are the views of Emanuel Swedenborg, who represents man to be the effluence of God's wisdom, and woman the effluence of his love. If this be true, there is comparatively more in woman to be corrupted—more to be purified, and of course she is better or worse than man according to the moral course she may run during her probationary term. A friend suggests that, like Jeremiah's figs, she is *very good or very bad*—that, as Dr. Clarke says, one good woman can do more for charity than seven good men, so one evil woman can do more mischief than seven wicked men.

Our readers must not forget that these severe accusations imply commendation. In the reproach there is eulogy. This susceptibility to depravity infers woman's original excellence; and, more still, in the sanctified heart, this susceptibility becomes moral goodness. As an example of deep depravity in woman, we present to our readers CATHARINE DE MEDICIS, who was born at Florence, in 1519. She was a princess in personal accomplishments. With a face and form of fascinating charms, expressive of heavenly virtues, but with a heart full of infernal inspirations, she was Satan transformed into an angel of light. A demon spirit was never so enshrined.

"Grace was in all her steps—  
In all her gestures dignity—"

But she had neither love nor heaven. She carried, under the guise of so much comeliness and softness, a very hell of scorching passions.

She was early married to the Duke of Orleans. Pope Clement VII. and the King of France were present at the nuptials. Her husband despised her, and at his coronation on the death of Francis I. she had the naked title of Queen, while Diana de Poitiers ruled the monarch and the government.

Her husband was accidentally slain in a tournament, leaving a young son to occupy the throne. The ambitious Catharine now stepped upon the stage, and, little known before, suddenly rose to a most formidable and commanding stature in the presence of the nation. From the covert of her obscurity she showed herself to the world, and proved herself capable of all that human talent, associated with the most consummate self-command, intrepidity, and subtilty can possibly achieve.

The great enterprise of her life was to foment and conduct the civil wars which in her times raged between the Huguenots and Catholics. She was a *hero*. They called her *Mater Castorum*. She was amongst the most enduring under hardships, and one of the boldest before beleaguered cities. When peace was restored, and the most sacred pledges were given to preserve its fair conditions, Catharine set herself to plan the destruction, by stratagem, of those whom she could not subdue in open war. The narrative of this transaction is given by Knapp as follows:

"Catharine, convinced from experience that the Huguenots were not to be subdued by force, had already planned the tragic spectacle which two years afterward astonished Europe. A project so horribly flagitious and unprecedented, has stigmatized with indelible and deserved infamy, the comprehensive, yet detestable genius, which gave it birth. 'Like some minister of an angry deity,' says an ingenious and entertaining writer, 'Catharine appears to have been occupied only in effecting the ruin of her people, and to have marked her course with carnage and devastation.'

"It becoming necessary to marry the King, who had entered his twenty-first year, Catharine solicited for him the hand of Elizabeth of England. Failing in this suit, she turned her attention to the archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II., a princess whose slender capacity threatened no diminution of her influence over the mind of her son.

"The marriage having been celebrated, the young Queen was crowned at St. Denis. Catharine displayed on this occasion the magnificence of her spirit, and the elegance of her taste. The entertainments exhibited at court were heightened by the fictions of antiquity, and embellished by the allegories of Greece and Rome. The amusements of Catharine were characterized by a genius, a spirit, and a refinement, that emulated those of more advanced periods, and were scarcely sur-

passed under the splendid reign of Louis XIV., the Augustan age of France. 'Her extraordinary and universal genius,' says the writer before quoted, 'comprehended every thing in its embrace, and were equally distinguished at a cabinet or a banquet, whether directed to the destruction or delight of mankind: in her, qualities the most opposite and discordant in their nature, seem to have been blended. She was enabled, by the universality of her talents, to pass, with the easiest transition, from the horrors of war to the dissipations of indolence and peace; and we are forced to lament, that a capacity so exalted should, from the principles by which it was actuated, produce only more general and lasting evils.'

"The horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew was resolved on by Catharine, but her pernicious counsels had not yet extinguished in Charles' bosom every spark of honor—every sympathy of humanity. He paused on the threshold of an enterprise that would deliver his name with infamy to the latest posterity, and overwhelm his memory with execration and abhorrence. Observing the paleness of his countenance, and the drops which hung upon his forehead, she reproached him with pusillanimity. Piqued at her contemptuous reflections, the unhappy Charles gave the orders demanded of him.

"The dreadful work of death commenced; the massacre continued for a week, and more than five thousand persons of every rank perished. Their bodies floated on the Seine, passing in the view of the tyrant, under the windows of the Louvre. Catharine de Medicis, the demon of this destruction, beheld, without pity or compunction, the misery of which she had been the cause; having gazed on the head of Admiral Coligni, which was presented to her, with savage delight, she sent it to Rome as the most acceptable present to the sovereign pontiff. The number of Calvinists put to death in the various provinces is estimated from twenty-five to forty thousand persons.

"This bloody tragedy had such an effect on the mind of Charles, that he did not long survive it. He expired in his twenty-fifth year, May 30, 1574. The crown descended to his brother Henry, then King of Poland. Catharine acted as regent until his arrival, and their meeting at Lyons was tender and affecting. No alteration was made by Henry in the cabinet, in which the Queen mother held a distinguished place.

"The weakness of the King's subsequent conduct, which drew on him the contempt of the nation, threw Catharine into a profound melancholy; she foresaw the ruin of the state, which she knew not how to avert. Her remonstrances and entreaties had lost all influence over the mind of Henry, who was sunk in debauchery and the most abject

superstition. He was deserted by his subjects, and alike contemned both by Catholics and Huguenots. He involved himself with both in the most fatal contentions; the kingdom was divided by factions, and torn by intestine wars. In vain were all the endeavors of Catharine to rouse the mind of her degenerate son, and to inspire him with a portion of her own vigor and capacity. She alternately sought by negotiation and address to allay the violence of all parties, and heal the wounds of the state.

"Her death took place at the castle of Blois, January 5, 1588, in the seventieth year of her age.

"The memory of Catharine has been, by the Protestant historians, uniformly execrated and branded with infamy; and the part she took in the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew has left upon her name an indelible stain."

What a picture of depravity! Who among the tyrants of mankind have exhibited so deliberate and such excessive cruelty of temper? It was too much for Charles—manhood could not follow her in this track of blood and horror—it drew back, grew faint, and finally expired.

We conclude by observing that such examples as this before us should be taken as indices of what is in us—as exponents of human nature. The reader is depraved. All the elements of a character as vile and devilish as Catharine's are concealed in every unrenewed heart. Compare with this ferocious Queen, a Rowe, a Rogers, or a Ramsey, and while you wonder at the difference, ask what made the contrast between the tigress and the lamb—the demon and the angel. And, having asked, be sure you find the answers. *Grace* made them to differ. The sanctifying Spirit is the author of that holiness which so adorned these followers of the Lamb, made them ministers of mercy to those around them, and prepared them to shine as the stars for ever and ever. Let us seek that grace. By its quickening, sanctifying and preserving energy may we be saved for ever.



#### GO-BETWEEN.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean that creature who carries to the ear of one neighbor every injurious observation that drops from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer herself. By this vile officiousness she makes the poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanderers in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the masks of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

Original.

## TRUE AND FALSE CONVERSION.

"Surely, at the day of judgment we shall not be examined, what we have read, but what we have done; not how well we have spoken, but how religiously we have lived."

It has been said that it is easier to feign what we do not feel than it is to conceal what we do; and a close observer of human nature will not, I think, withhold his assent to the truth of this sentiment—a sentiment upon which King Solomon acted, when he proposed to the Israelitish mothers the *division* of a litigated child. In no instance does this principle manifest itself more decidedly than in matters of conscience. How frequently, in our pilgrimage through life, have we seen even the self-denying religion of the Gospel successfully counterfeited for a brief season; but being deficient in the innate governing principle, it will, sooner or later, by some unchristian act or omission, betray itself as false to the spiritual discerners—though perhaps unnoticed by the hypocrite himself, for "his darkness comprehendeth it not." But where genuine piety has once taken root in the heart it becomes as impossible to conceal it as to mistake its existence. As well might we attempt to shroud the sun in the firmament as to conceal in the bosom the light of the Spirit. Like the leaven hidden in the measure of meal, it will betray itself. The whole lump becomes leavened; so does the whole heart become changed. The timid become bold for Christ's sake, the foolish wise in his wisdom, and the weak strong in his strength. With the regenerate every word, every look, and every motion, seem to proclaim "holiness to the Lord!"

Whilst my pen is tracing these lines, memory presents me with two fair illustrations of my subject, standing in bold contrast to each other, and which I shall designate as the "true and the false convert." Both of these fell under my observation at the southwest; and I became an eye-witness to the conversion of both, and its subsequent effect upon their lives. But O how different was the interest that these two individuals excited in that little community! One was a man of talent, family, and education, and held a consistently high stand in society—the other a poor, ignorant, immoral creature, scarcely known but as "Mike Freeborn, the painter." Whilst residing in the same village I used sometimes to see him with his family. His wife was an ungracious, untidy looking woman, who, to use her own philosophy, was "overdone with children and hard work," and the young members of the family a noisy, vagrant set, caring for nobody, and nobody caring for them. It was believed, from circumstances, that the father and mother had the general interest of each other at heart; but this no one would have suspected from the cat and dog

sort of life they seemed to live together. She was high tempered, and he not disposed tamely to submit to her dictation; so that, when it was pleasant weather abroad, Mike sometimes found it stormy at home. Such was the state of Mike's domestic affairs, when there occurred a camp meeting in the vicinity of the village; and as hundreds usually resort to the camp meeting whose faces are seldom seen within the walls of a church, it is no wonder that Mike for one was found on consecrated ground. How many are there annually who attend these meetings that are "found of the Lord, though they sought him not!" "Faith cometh by hearing;" and here it is that the free Gospel trumpet proclaims, unsought, the saving truth to ears that would not otherwise have heard it. Blessed be the camp meeting!

This occasion proved a memorable one to many of the way-side hearers, and to Mike in an especial manner; for before its close he was powerfully converted, and he who went out for pastime, a poor, careless sinner, returned a zealous Christian disciple. Mike never had been a scoffer of religion, but he had hitherto lived in open and fearless violation of many of its requirements. But his conscience was now stricken for his past misdoings; and he promptly and resolutely resolved to "set his house in order," and to lead the life of a Christian. The first step he took in this matter showed how much he was in earnest. He *married* the mother of his children—his companion for years—his *supposed wife*. He exacted from her, at the time, that as his wife she would become a more docile and obedient companion, and that they should both seek to conciliate each other. Mike now established his household altar, and strove by precept and example for her conversion; and although she appeared to all other eyes a hopeless subject, yet Mike zealously persevered, notwithstanding many discouragements, remembering the Scripture which saith that "in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." And, verily, he received his reward; for, mainly through his instrumentality, she was at last made worthy to be numbered with the saints. And, insensible and averse as she had always been to matters of religion, before her death no one, I believe, doubted of her spiritual safety. But the process to saving faith, with her, was a long and humiliating one. In compliance with the wishes of her husband she became a *formal* seeker of religion, but with a spirit not very likely to find it. He had insisted that no domestic hindrance, save sickness, should excuse her from a constant attendance at meeting, at least until she had religion enough to make it safe to be left at home. And so she generally resorted to the church with two or three children, all too young to be left without the care of a

nurse. She would enter the church, and deliberately walk up the aisle with her little family, and taking a seat on one of the long benches in front of the altar, soon became so much engrossed with her children that the services of the church were lost upon her. She would first trot her baby to sleep, and then making a bed of her blanket shawl lay it carefully beside her, and next turn her attention, not to the preaching, but to the other children, who were difficult to restrain to the order of the place. In the midst of all this, the mourners would perhaps be called to the altar for prayer; and her husband would promptly make his appearance to lead her forward. But even while on her knees her family seemed exclusively to occupy her thoughts—her eyes were often turned toward them, for this was their opportunity for mischief. I have more than once seen her rise from her knees, and, having given one or both perhaps a smart box on the ear, resume again her humble position.

Thus matters went on for a year or more, and she gave no evidence of a softened spirit. The zealous and the eloquent made no impression on her. Even when a revival came, the fire which softened other hearts seemed to harden hers, as the sun which melts wax hardens clay. But this state of things was not to last always. Her hard heart had long resisted the Spirit; but like the smitten rock betrayed its fire at last. Her hour came, and she lifted up her voice and cried aloud for mercy. At this signal came a general shout went through the assembly. As for her husband, he was so moved that he did not appear to know "whether he was in the body or out of the body," and, almost choked with his emotions, he fell upon his knees beside her and thanked God for his goodness in not "joining her to her idols, and letting her alone." It was not long after this that she obtained the pardon of her sins, and became a meet wife for so pious a husband. The children became so wrought upon by her change of manners toward them, that by her now gentle means they became more easily controlled, and ever after behaved with proper decorum at church.

Mike Freeborn had been, for more than a year, striving for the gift of sanctification, which he had now obtained, and his whole soul seemed so filled with the love of God that the common occupations of life became distasteful to his awakened spirit; and it got to be a saying in the village, that "when Mike got religion it spoiled the painter." Many believed him partially deranged. I heard a gentleman (not himself pious) say that he got him to do some lettering in a public office, where he was a functionary, and that he laughed, and sung, and shouted like a maniac, and, after all, did not do the work to their satisfaction. But

Mike Freeborn was not to become an idle or unprofitable servant. There were plenty of other painters as good as he had been; but there were few Christians as zealous as he now was; and the Lord was preparing him to work in his own vineyard. About this time he became an exhorter in the conference meetings. I remember being present the first time he ever attempted to speak in public. He said he rose because he could no longer keep his seat; that the *Spirit raised him up*; that he had often had a desire to exhort Christians to be more earnest and faithful, but, because of his ignorance and want of learning, he had resisted the inclination. "But, my Christian friends, there is *one thing*," he added, "which I think I *do* know something about, and, bless the Lord! that is *religion*, the best of all things. Then why should I keep silence in a Christian assembly? God, who sometimes chooses the foolish to confound the wise, can do his work with whatsoever instrument he pleases; and who knows but even Mike Freeborn, who has been the greatest of all sinners, and is now the least of all saints, may be the chosen means of arousing some poor fellow sinner, who is now heedlessly slumbering on the brink of perdition, to seek safety?" For awhile he was quite eloquent, but soon became excited and incoherent, and addressed several individuals personally; and he finally closed by preaching up sanctification, begging his Christian friends not to rest satisfied with justification, for the Lord was as willing to bestow *large* gifts as small gifts, if they but asked for them "in faith."

I often heard him afterward; and although his phrasology and pronunciation were peculiar, his grammar bad, and the scope of his understanding limited, yet I found he always made himself more acceptable to the serious part of the congregation than many of the more learned and wise, but less zealous exhorters.

It was not more than a year, I think, after the conversion of his wife, (who by her consistent walk and conversation had grown into favor with the sisters in the Church,) that she sickened and died. She gave every evidence of the true Christian, by the meek and quiet spirit with which she bore her sufferings, and the faith with which she looked beyond the grave. Two such striking evidences of the transforming influence of true Gospel religion had never before occurred in that place; and it did much for the cause. There was more than one hardened unbeliever that was constrained to admit the reality of religion. It was her husband's wish that a sermon should be preached at her funeral, suitable to the interesting particulars of her case. The occasion drew together a large concourse of people, and the house was found too small to contain them; so

that the preaching took place in the yard. Many a heart was touched in that assembly, and many, doubtless, found it "better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." The whole scene was full of moral pathos. There lay the pale corpse, smiling, as it were, in death, and here sat the bereaved husband, shouting and blessing the Lord in the midst of his grief. After his wife was buried out of his sight, he seemed lost and unsettled, and felt an increased desire to spend his life in preaching the Gospel. He presented himself to the conference, and begged to be sent out—he cared not whither, so that he might be *useful*. And they accordingly sent him on a station in the "piny woods," amongst a simple and unlearned people, uncorrupted by intercourse with artificial life, and earnest in their desires for the truth. So that he was eminently calculated to benefit them. They heard him gladly, and he proved a blessing to this community. Where he is now, or whether he be still living, I know not; but one thing, I think, is certain—that he was a true Christian convert.

The story of the false convert is soon told. His career was a short and a melancholy one. He was a man of perhaps thirty years when I first saw him, and, up to the time of the camp meeting had ever lived a life of fearless self-indulgence, bestowing no thought on the life to come. His first emotions of disquietude on that subject he mistook for conviction, and his first desire for an inheritance among the saints for the supposed genuine *conversion*; and under those impressions he came forward and offered himself for Church membership. And as it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Methodist Church that she waits not for conversion, but receives and cherishes all who come unto her, so long as they manifest a becoming interest in her requirements, he soon found himself numbered amongst the disciples of Methodism—too soon, as it proved. And for a time, with this sort of artificial barrier to the influence of his former associates, and beyond the temptation of the worldly association, he seemed to run well. He even became the leader of a class; but this was generally considered by the members as a premature and injudicious appointment. And so it turned out to be in the end; for his religious impressions were like the seed sown in "stony ground, which, for want of root, soon withered away."

He had always been a warm politician; and his interest in this subject even now know no abatement. It was still his paramount interest. According to the custom of that country, previous to any great political election there is generally given a public feast, or "barbecue," as it is there termed, which draws together the people in a circuit of

ten miles or more. And at these gatherings there are often strange sayings and doings. Our convert attended this meeting on its anniversary; and once more in so stirring a scene, he grew as warm as the warmest on the one exciting subject. He had long been celebrated for his "stump oratory," and from this "bad eminence" he now said a great many cutting things about his political opponents; and, Christian as he thought himself to be, he had no strength to resist temptation, come in whatsoever shape it might. And, lamentable to relate, before he left the ground he had unhesitatingly accepted a *challenge*; "for he was a *man of honor*, and how could he refuse?" And though there was an interval before it was to take place long enough for conscience to have admonished, and for friends to dissuade, yet he neither felt nor listened. At the appointed time the parties met and fought. Neither of them was killed, but both, *satisfactorily*, wounded. Our convert received a shot in his right arm, which ever after rendered it painful and of little use. Well do I remember seeing him the next Sabbath after the duel enter the church boldly with his *arm in a sling*, the sign of his delinquency. He had hitherto been in the habit of sitting on one of the seats at the side of the altar, generally occupied by the stricter portion of the membership; and, although they were comfortably well filled when he entered, he made direct for his usual seat. He soon found *room enough*; for one after another drew away from him until he was left to himself.

He was called to account, and dismissed from Church membership; but this awakened in him neither penitence nor humility, but, more characteristically, indignation and resentment. He denounced the Church as a Phariasaical and bigoted set. Even the outward forms of religion now lost their restraining influence, and he felt free to do whatever "seemed good in his own eyes." Viewed as he now was, the village became a disagreeable residence to him, and he departed "for Texas," with about a dozen other volunteers of the same stamp, ostensibly to aid the Texans in their struggle for independence, but really to lead a life of unrestrained libertinism. Before six months had expired there returned a solitary young man to the village to tell the tale of their fate. He alone had escaped to tell it. They were all dead! Some had fallen in the ranks—the rest had been shot by the orders of Santa Anna. And such was the end of our other convert.

The date of our story is some eight or ten years back—since which time the moral condition of the *One Starred Republic* has improved. The dark shadow of barbarism, which has so long rested upon it, and made it a by-word and a reproach, since the accomplishment of their independence is

giving place to light and piety. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, churches and schools are now multiplying. And who shall limit the agency which one from our midst may have had in giving an impulse to this good work in the place where he labored and died—where his memory is cherished—his name\* commemorated—and in whose soil his bones are laid?

AUGUSTA.



Original.

### THE DEATH-BED.

RECLINING half, half raised, th' emaciate one,  
Placed near the ample window, open thrown,

Gasped painfully. "Breath! *I want breath!*"  
Escaped her livid lips; (and O! could gold  
But purchase breath, how freely wealth were told,  
To win for thee on life a longer hold,  
Pale victim in the grasp of death.)

O'er her fond faces bent—before were spread  
Fair grounds, which her light foot had loved to tread,

In charms of early summer drest;  
From shrubs of choicest flower the fragrant breeze  
Came up, and odors born beyond the seas  
In that rich chamber met; yet could not these  
Drive thence its gaunt and ghostly guest.

The skies were bright, the air was balm that day—  
They wore it by the sufferer's couch away  
In deep and silent agony;  
For though the blessed hope of sin forgiven  
Had soothed her mortal pain—had opened heaven,  
And holy calm unto her soul was given,  
'Twas hard to see that loved one die.

Long the dread conflict, and the hours moved slow;  
But just ere life's last flickering blaze let go—  
Just while went down the cloudless sun,  
That maiden fixed her sunken, earnest eye  
(A look for ever graven on memory)  
On him in speechless sorrow watching by,  
Who could not say, "Thy will be done!"

She on her father looked—she would have spoken,  
But utterance failed—the golden bowl was broken.  
Then anguish on her features sate.  
Again she tried—the effort failed again,  
And deepened on the brow that shade of pain—  
It seemed some dearly cherished wish were vain,  
And a faint whisper sighed, "Too late."

One, who then wiped the clammy sweat away,  
Read the deep thought that in her breast had away.  
"Is it that you, before you die,  
Your last request would of your father crave—

\* Rutersville, in Texas, was named for him.

That he prepare to meet, beyond the grave,  
His child in peace, through Him who died to save?"  
"It is," shone in her speaking eye.

"*I will!*" burst from the father's breaking heart;  
She drank that word, was ready to depart,  
And, cloud to sunshine changed, she died.  
With all that could desire of life have moved,  
Endowed so richly, and so well beloved,  
The POWER OF FAITH in sorest need she proved—  
How precious by such ordeal tried!



Original.

### MY BROTHER.

BY MRS. HARLAN.

It is no fearful dream of the night  
That my brother hath past from the world away,  
That his eyes have lost their living light,  
And his heart is turned to unconscious clay;

For we miss him at morn when the lark first sings  
Her matins sweet to the opening day—  
We miss him at eve when the soft breeze brings  
Lone Philomel's strain to the twilight gray—

We miss him at noon in the breezy hall,  
And at night, with the young round the lighted  
hearth;

For he was the gayest of them all,  
And his was the brightest smile of mirth.

Fresh glow'd his cheek in its early bloom,  
And pure was the light of his fair young brow;  
But O, like the flower, 'mid its young perfume,  
He withered; and where is my brother now?

Go and inquire of the voiceless tomb—  
There cold is the clay that pillows his head,  
And drear is the night which, in lasting gloom,  
Is hovering around his lowly bed.

Ah! why did he pass so soon away  
From this joyous earth to a world unknown?  
Why faded his light of life ere the ray  
Of his dawning genius brightly shone?

Alas! he sleeps in the narrow bed  
Whose early dreams are of deathless fame,  
And soon shall a cold oblivion spread  
A fearful shadow around his name.

But I, ere then, with my brother shall rest  
In a purer clime, o'er these regions of night—  
I know he is there with the happy and blest,  
Who dwell in the realms of immortal light

For soft was the sigh of his parting breath,  
Unearthly the triumph that thrill'd his breast,  
And serenely sweet sat the smile of death  
On his hueless lips when he sunk to rest.



## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.\*

IN the spring of 1815, in connection with a remarkable revival, which took place in Dartmouth College, I suppose that I experienced religion. About three years afterward, I made a profession of religion in the Congregational Church. Accordingly, I have been a public professor of religion for more than twenty years. During the greater part of that long period, I believe that I have strove earnestly for high religious attainments. For various reasons, however, and particularly the discouraging influence of the prevalent doctrine that personal sanctification cannot take place till death, I did not permanently attain the object of my desires. Sometimes, it is true, I advanced much, and then again was thrown back—living what may be called the common Christian life of sinning and repenting, of alternate walking with God and devotedness to the world. This method of living was highly unsatisfactory to me, as it has often been to others. It seemed exceedingly dangerous to risk my soul in eternity in such a state as this. In this state of mind I was led, early in the summer of 1839, by a series of special providences, which it is here unnecessary to detail, to examine the subject of personal holiness, *as a matter of personal realization*. I examined the subject, as I thought, candidly, prayerfully, and faithfully—looking at the various objections as well as the multiplied evidences—and came, ultimately, to the undoubting conclusion, that God required me to be holy, that he had made provision for it, and that it was both my duty and my privilege to be so. The establishment of my belief in this great doctrine was followed by a number of pleasing and important results.

1. As soon as I had become established in the belief of the doctrine of present holiness, I felt a great increase of *obligation to be holy*. Many secret excuses for sin, which had formerly paralyzed my efforts, now lost their power. The logic in the case was very simple. God requires me to be holy now; and as he can require nothing unreasonable, I am under obligation to be holy now. I could not turn to the right hand nor to the left. I knew instinctively and most certainly that God did not and could not require impossibilities. I considered his command as involving an implied promise to help me fulfill it. I felt, moreover, that every moment's delay was adding transgression to transgression, and was exceedingly offensive in the sight of God. Accordingly, within a very few days after rejecting the common doctrine, that sanctification is fully attainable only in the article of death, and receiving the doctrine of the possibility and duty

of present holiness, I consecrated myself to God, body and spirit, deliberately, voluntarily, and forever. I had communicated my purpose to no human being. There was nothing said; nothing written. It was a simple volition; a calm and unchangeable resolution of mind; a purpose silently but irrevocably made, and such as any Christian is capable of making. But simple as it was, I regard it as a crisis in my moral being, which has, perhaps, affected my eternal destiny. I acknowledge that I took this important step in comparative darkness; that is to say, clouds were round about me, and I went by faith rather than by sight; but I had an unwavering confidence in God, that he would, in his own time and way, carry me through and give me the victory. This important decision was made in the summer of 1839, and about the middle of July. Two almost immediate and marked results followed this act of consecration. The one was an immediate removal of that sense of condemnation which had followed me for many years, and had filled my mind with sorrow. The other result, which also almost immediately followed, was a greatly increased value and love of the Bible. It required no great effort of reasoning to perceive that, in doing the whole will of God, which had become the fixed purpose of my life, *I must take the Bible for my guide*. As I opened and read its pages from day to day, its great truths disclosed themselves to my mind with an impressiveness and beauty unknown before. And this result, independently of the aid implied in the Biblical promise that those who do the will of God shall understand his communications, was what might naturally and reasonably have been expected. Before this time, reading everywhere my own condemnation, I had insensibly but voluntarily closed my eyes to the doctrine of present holiness, which shines forth so brightly and continually from the sacred pages. But now I found holiness everywhere, and I felt that I began to love it.

2. I now proceed to mention some other changes of mind which I soon passed through. In December of this year, (1839,) I visited the city of New York on business, which brought me into communication with certain persons that belonged to the Methodist denomination. I was providentially led to form an acquaintance also with other pious Methodists, and was exceedingly happy in attending a number of meetings which had exclusive reference to the doctrine of holiness, and to personal holy experience. In these meetings I took the liberty, although comparatively a stranger, to profess myself a believer in the doctrine of holiness, and a seeker after it. And I found myself greatly encouraged and aided by the judicious remarks, the prayers, and the sympathies of a number of beloved Christian friends. As I now pro-

\* This is the Christian experience of Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College—a Congregational minister of high standing in New England.

ceive, the great difficulty at this time, in the way of my victorious progress, was my ignorance of the important principle, that *SANCTIFICATION*, as well as justification, is by *FAITH*. By consecrating myself to God, I had put myself into a favorable condition to exercise faith; but I had never understood and felt the imperative necessity of this exercise, namely, of *FAITH* as a *sanctifying* instrumentality. My Methodist friends, to whom this view was familiar, gave me, in the spirit of Christian kindness, much instruction and assistance here, for which I desire to be grateful to them. I found that I must give up the system, already too long cherished, of walking by signs, and manifestations, and sensible experiences, and must commit every thing, in light and in darkness, in joy and in sorrow, into the hands of God. Realizing, accordingly, that I must have greater faith in God as the fulfiller of his *promises*, and as the pledged and everlasting portion of those who put their trust in him, and aided by the kindness and supplications of Christian friends, I, in some degree, (and perhaps I may say in some considerable degree,) gained the victory. I shall ever recollect the time. It was early on Friday morning, the 27th of December. The evening previous had been spent in deeply interesting conversation, and in prayer on the subject of holiness, and with particular reference to myself. Soon after I awoke in the morning, I found that my mind, without having experienced any very remarkable manifestations or ecstasies, had, nevertheless, undergone a great moral revolution. I was removed from the condition of a *SERVANT*, and adopted into that of a *SON*. I believed and felt, in a sense which I had never experienced before, that my sins were all blotted out, were *wholly* forgiven; and that Christ was not only the Savior of mankind in general, but *my* Christ, my Savior in particular, and that God was *my* Father. As I have observed, I had no ecstasy, but great and abiding peace and consolation.

3. I mark here another step in the progress of this important contest. Under the influence of the feelings which I have just described, I consecrated myself anew to God in a more specific and solemn manner. I now made a written record of my consecration, which I had not done before. But while it seemed to me that I sincerely endeavored to give up all, I was unable as yet, in consequence probably of some lingering remains of unbelief, or because God, in his wise sovereignty, was pleased to try a little longer the faith which he had given me, to speak confidently of my sanctification. I would take the liberty to say here, that I do not consider *CONSECRATION* and *SANCTIFICATION* the same thing. Consecration is the incipient, the pre-requisite act. It is the laying of ourselves upon the altar; but it is not till God has accepted the sacrifice, and

wrought upon us the consuming and restoring work of the Holy Spirit, that we can be said to be sanctified. It is true that the one may immediately and almost simultaneously follow the other; and this will be the case where faith in God is perfect. But this was not the case with me. But I was now, however, by the grace of God, in a position where I had new strength, and could plead the promises with much greater confidence than formerly. God had given me great blessings, such as a new sense of forgiveness, increased love, a clearer evidence of adoption and sonship, closer and deeper communion with himself, but I felt there was something remaining to be experienced.—*Guide to Christian Perfection.*

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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Original.

### THE TEMPEST'S LESSON.

—  
BY MRS. HOWE.  
—

THE tempest had pass'd in its fury and wrath,  
And scatter'd destruction along in its path;  
The stars had come out from their homes of bright  
blue—

Eternity's watchers—the pure and the true!  
As I wander'd abroad 'neath the beautiful moon  
That lit up the skies of our radiant June,  
There lay the proud oak that had sheltered the vine  
Thro' winter's dark tempests and summer's warm  
shine.

It lay in the pomp of its towering pride,  
The vine's gentle tendrils all crush'd to its side,  
The vine flowers scatter'd, still bright in their  
bloom,

And yielding in dying their richest perfume!  
As I gazed on the ruin the tempest had wrought—  
The blossoms of spring with such promises fraught,  
I saw by my side in the cleft of a rock,  
A flower unscathed by the hurricane's shock,  
Still blooming so sweetly, its delicate form  
Defying the wrath of the pitiless storm!  
I look'd at the flower, and I turn'd to the sky,  
And thought of the "Rock that is higher than I,"  
And humbly I ask'd when the tempest might lower,  
When sorrows are loosen'd to have their brief hour,  
That I e'en might dwell in the cleft of the rock  
Unscath'd by the might of the hurricane's shock;  
Afflictions like tempests oft visit life's way,  
And threaten with danger, and promise decay.  
But as storms are refiners to earth's atmosphere,  
So sorrows but strengthen us in our career;  
We are apt to forget when it thunders so loud  
That the sun is but hidden behind the dark cloud—  
That the cloud will dissolve, and his light will  
appear

With meridian splendor our pathway to cheer.

## EDUCATION.

A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love;

A resting-place for innocence on earth;

Yet it is a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest:

A delight, but redolent of care; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter.

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding;

And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come:

Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marriage of evil;

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions:

Wherefore, though the voice of instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,

Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh education.

Patience is the first great lesson: he may learn it at the breast;

And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle.

Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling;

Let him see *thee* speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterward.

When old and gray, will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,

And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

Drive not a timid infant from his home, in the early spring-time of his life;

Commit not that treasure to an hireling, nor wrench the young heart's fibres;

In his helplessness leave him not alone, a stranger among strange children,

Where affection longeth for thy love, counting the dreary hours;

Where religion is made a terror, and innocence weepeth unheard;

Where oppression grindeth without remedy, and cruelty delighteth in smiting.

Wherefore comply with an evil fashion? Is it not to spare thee trouble?

What can he gain in learning, to equal what he loseth in innocence?

Alas, for the price above gold, by which such learning cometh,

For emulative pride and envy are the specious idols of the diligent;

Bolder in that mimic world of boys stareth brazen-fronted vice,

Than thereafter in the haunts of men, where society doth shame her into corners.

My soul look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid infant unto sorrow.

There be many that say, We are happiest in days past,

When our deepest care was an in ill-conned book,

And when we sported in that merry sunshine of our life.

True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more wretched;

But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at your tasks?

How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down the childish mind?

How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked you up betimes,

Dreading the strict hand of justice, that will not wait for a reason?

Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves?

Or the pestilent extract of evil, poured into the ear of innocence?

Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the Atlantic;

It is dinted by every ripple, and a soft wave smootheth its surface;

But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tropic sun,

And weakly the foaming billows break against its adamantine wall.

Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness of manhood,

The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles;

And seldom, when life is mature, and strength proportioned to the burden,

Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge to deeper anguish,

Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first ached with anxiety,

And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by the hardships of a school.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid infant unto sorrows,

Yet there be boisterous tempers, stout nerves, and stubborn hearts,

And there is a riper season, when the mind is well disciplined in good,

And a time when youth may be bettered by the wholesome occasions of knowledge,

Which rarely will it meet with so well, as among the congregation of his fellows.

Only for infancy, fond mother, read not those first affections,

Only for the sensitive and timorous, consign not thy darling unto misery.

Original.

## FRAGMENTARY FACTS.—NO. I.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many," Ecclesiastes.

"ALL the hours of my life have been happy ones," was the remark of a gay and fashionable girl to the writer of this article, when both speaker and hearer stood on the "threshold of green youth." The manner and tone were in such strict accordance with the words, and the countenance was so indicative of the freedom from care professed, that she to whom the assertion was made could not doubt its sincerity; yet in her girlish inexperience she wondered at the incongruous fact, clashing as it did with *her* system of philosophy. *She* could revert to no period of her brief existence on which the shadow of present sorrow or apprehended evil had not rested, dimming the sunshine, and checking the elasticity of a naturally glad and buoyant spirit. Yet had she learnt with sincere, though imperfect faith, to "cast her anchor of hope within the veil," and to say unto God, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth;" while the wishes and the hopes of her gay companion seemed never to have wandered beyond the boundaries of earth. Why then was the latter so much happier than herself? She could not solve the difficulty. Increase of knowledge and of years, however, have since dispersed the clouds which perplexed her view, and the solution is made clear. Time has numbered many seasons since that hour, and the incidental character of their transient intercourse might warrant that those girls should meet as strangers now. Changes have swept over the destinies of both. Experience has taught the young votary of pleasure that earth is a condition of trial, not of unalloyed bliss; and, however bright were the days of her early spring, the darkness of sorrow has since fallen upon her. She has been a wife, and is now a divorced woman. What a story of wretchedness does that brief sentence tell! Truly does her history, even in its fragmentary outline verify, the Scriptural declaration, "Though a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many." The perusal of these words of Solomon, and the consequent reflection on them, recalled to the writer's remembrance the incident traced above, and suggested this slight commentary upon them. The clouds that so early gathered in her own horizon, if not dispersed, have been illumined by the rainbow of peace; and although the consciousness of the precariousness of human felicity leads her to "rejoice with trembling," the "song of rejoicing is in her tabernacle," and no canker-

ing grief is at her heart. God hath wisely set the day of adversity against the day of prosperity, that man may consider. If life were all sunshine, we should cease to desire the blessedness of heaven. But when gloom and tempest shroud our skies, we are reminded that this existence is a state of discipline, not reward. Unbroken harmony is not in the music of earth. Perennial flowers bloom not within its bowers. Smiles, which no tears succeed, have never wreathed a human lip. We cannot gaze on a scene of peculiar happiness without a feeling of sadness; for the conviction fastens upon the consciousness that the spoiler of that paradise is already on his way to his stern task. Truly then should we in our most rapturous moments "rejoice with trembling." Yet is this habitual recollection of the instability of whatever bears upon it the impress of time, perfectly compatible with the tranquil and sincere enjoyment of the gift of a munificent Providence. Indeed the peace of that mind which is the most firmly persuaded of the transitory character of human possessions, is least liable to interruption. Let the idea that brevity and change are the elements of every thing around us be incorporated into all our thoughts and feelings, and we must gradually and insensibly cease to be affected to an intense degree by the petty annoyances common to our checkered pilgrimage. With the remembrance perpetually before us, that however bright may be the sun that gilds the present hour, the next may be overcast by the approach of "the days of darkness," we must necessarily avoid pride and presumption, and look with kindness and commiseration on those of our fellow creatures whose period of rejoicing has already ended. Nor would the admonition of the wise man, if properly considered, fail of a purifying effect on all our intercourse with others. In domestic life, when the weakness or heedlessness of our friends tempts us to indulge angry emotions or ungracious expressions, the recollection that in a very little while the silence and darkness of the grave will intervene between us and them would have power to still every harsh word, and arrest every bitter feeling. We might thus learn to be gentle, patient, and forbearing, and quietly abstract from the cup of life many a drop of gall a less thoughtful spirit would have left to steal away its sweetness. Every figure blotted from the sum of human suffering adds to its aggregate of bliss. Let us practically exemplify this truth, and when "the dark days," which are the allotment of all at some period of their existence, arise on the pathway of those whom we dearly love, our hearts will be soothed by the reflection that in the hour of their rejoicing, no act of ours broke the music of their gladness, or caused a shadow from the future to hover prematurely on their yet unclouded sky.

Original.  
HUMAN LIFE.

—  
BY THE EDITOR.  
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THE ninetieth Psalm contains a brief statement of the view which its author took of the brevity, the uncertainty, the misery, the frailty and the weighty issues of human life. As he pursues the interesting theme, he becomes much affected. The current of his thoughts deepens into a serious concern lest life should not subserve its intended purpose. In his perplexity, he turns to the infinite God, and prays, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

We need divine teaching. Without it we cannot trace our sorrows to their source, nor perceive either their uses or their remedies. We need this instruction in matters very simple. How easy it seems to reckon up our days. A little child can do it. Untrained and thoughtless persons hold dialogues on time, and often in apt figures set forth its rapid flight.

But there is a higher, *moral* sense, in which to count our days is not an easy task. Those solemn views of life which rouse a deep concern in relation to its issues are given us by God. So thought Moses, the author of the Psalm; and in harmony with his creed he offered up this prayer.

We are glad to speak once more from our watchtower, and say, "A happy new year" to thee, reader! And be assured our language has a higher aim than compliment. We inscribe it to thee as a heart-felt benediction. May the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Spirit, rest upon, and abide with thee through all the following year! But while we thus implore, let us also lead thee in a train of serious musings, which may, perchance, contribute to the fulfillment of our prayer. First, we besought God; now, let us persuade thee. Thine own, as well as thy Maker's act is needful to make thee blest. Yield then a few swift moments to thoughts about the *present* as connected with the *future*. Time has no rousing trumpet. Rapid as he journeys his chariot wheels move softly. Like the thoughtful, he is silent. It is wise to make him speak. Let us strive whether we can provoke from him a proverb. Moses asked God to commission Time to teach him. Let us imitate his meekness.

In numbering our days let us consider,

1. *Their sum total.* The early patriarchs lived almost a thousand years. Three of their generations filled a third of all past time, or more than spanned two millenaries. Seven generations like that of Adam or Methusaleh would cover all the periods of past duration. Had the original order still obtained in regard to human life, Alfred the

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Great might at this day have had living children, possessing all the vigor of their unimpaired faculties, and legislating for the good of human kind. Peter (the married bishop of Rome!) might have had disciples yet alive, to certify what were the opinions of their Master in regard to celibacy and certain kindred themes. And furthermore, some of our Jewish neighbors might have claimed the learned Solomon as their great grand-father, while Solomon in turn would probably have been the great grand-child of him who dwelt in paradise.

But the original term of human life was soon reduced. A brief experience proved the corruptions of mankind to be so deep and fast-maturing, that their long indulgence must be fatal to the race. They were soon aggravated past the possibility of either remedy or endurance. "God saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth." He determined to destroy it. The drowning of the world to relieve it of its overflowing abominations, shows how incorrigible wickedness became, under the ripening influence of slow-revolving centuries. Happy for mankind that the Almighty interposed, and cut short the career of agents so depraved.

The term of man's probation is more than nine-tenths less than it was before the flood. Moses speaks of "three-score years and ten;" but forty scores of years were allotted to his ancestors. And yet we cannot measure life at present on the scale employed by Moses, because for several ages its average term has fallen short of *two-score* years. Having traced its reduction, we pass to consider,

2. *The brevity of human life.* In God's estimate it was short from the beginning. When it exceeded nine long centuries, it seemed almost as nothing. "A thousand years in thy sight," says the Psalmist, "are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. The figures employed to set forth the brevity of this *longer* period, are of inimitable force. "In the morning they are like grass which groweth up—in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth." "They are as a tale that is told"—as a story whose incidents are so familiar that they can all be revolved instantly in the memory. "They are as a sleep"—during which we note not the lapse of time, but the moment we began and the moment we ceased to slumber seem as one.

And let us not suppose that God, to whom a thousand years are as "a sleep," sets upon them a wrong estimate. Not at all; he sees time as it is; we see it as it is not. Its brevity is not seeming but real, and failing so to view it, we are deluded. God has the *true*, we the *false* measure of it. In the future world we shall see it as he does. From some point of retrospection in heaven or in hell, a thousand years of time gone by, will become

to us also like "a watch in the night." And if in God's reckoning a thousand years are thus and thus, what shall we say of life as it is, the merest fragment of what it once was? Is it not a bubble now blown, now bursting? O how rapidly wave after wave swells up on the ocean of life, and sinks down again into the depths of eternity! Transient as vapors, the generations of time appear—vanish—and are seen no more. But let us consider,

3. The *uncertainty* of human life. Brief as it is, none but He who is omniscient can ascertain its date. The suitor in court expects the verdict, or the culprit his coming sentence, with far less uncertainty than mortals the hour of death. We may not calculate on a moment of the future. So far from three-score years, we are not sure of three-score seconds. If human life be like a lottery, the blanks are very many, and the prizes variant beyond all computation. Whoever shall find a common measure for the ages of us all, will show a genius more inventive than that of Archimedes or Newton.

The stream on which we sail toward the ocean of eternity may have a central channel; but how few there be that keep it! Its off-flows are innumerable; and through its breachy banks, at every stage of our blind progress, we are liable to shoot outward right and left, upon the boundless ocean. And this uncertainty depends upon another fact, which is,

4. The *frailty* of human life. For though it is true that our "times are in God's hand," yet he manages its issues, in a given form and manner. He edifies the structure with reference to its uses. He makes the body frail, so that all may see and feel how unfit it is for any thing like permanent possession. The tabernacle was made out of light and pliant stuff, that it might be quickly taken down and removed to any place. So is our fading life. It is like grass—like the fragile morning flower, which, with all its sweets and glories, so quickly blasts and withers. And not less obvious is it that this frail life is,

5. *Replete with sorrow*. Without the reliefs of religion, to endure is its chief office. Misery seems to compose the *integer* of our being, and pleasure its mere fractions. Moses did not overlook it. He sung of life in elegies. "Our days are passed away in *thy wrath*," was a strong and sad conception of the experience of mankind. He has it "*all*" our days. Then what room remains for hope? How *false* its colorings of the future, when it projects along that vista a light of coming raptures? Not that life can *not* be blessed, but that the soothing power must come from heaven. A bliss there is for every one, but not indigenous to nature. It must be sought in foreign climes. Faith can traffic for it, and love is its fruition. This life so *brief, uncertain, frail, and painful*, is,

6. Most *weighty in its issues*. No other stage of being has properly *any* issues. Neither hell nor heaven presents these variations. All actions and all passions in those eternal states, are relieved of fear and hope; for they involve not the principle of depending retribution. We know not how it is, that the free or unrestrained in volition and behavior will no more be judged for acquittal or condemnation. But so it doubtless is. Retribution once commenced, will be exclusive—will be for ever. But this is our *probation*. It contains the seeds of all things. Its deeds are fiercely militant, and in conquest or defeat, lies the loss or gain of crowns and kingdoms.

This is our *probation*! It therefore gathers to itself all coming and eternal weal or woe.

This is our *probation*!! In this revealed light human life is neither brief nor frail. Its connections—heaven-ordained—stamp it ever-during. They lend to what is frail and feeble a potency immortal.

Judge not seed time by itself, but stretch its measure forward to the season of its fruits. Glance not merely at the kernel rotting in the ground. If you would estimate the value of the scattered seed, behold it sprout, and ripen into rich and golden harvests.

We have said that eternity creates no results. This truth should be impressive. In that unchanging world you can lose and gain nothing. So far as we are concerned, eternity has no features of its own. Time stamps his image there. All the shadings of the future will be borrowed from the present. "I paint," said Zeuxis, "for eternity." How solemn is the proverb. He did not understand the force of his own prophecy; but we may understand it. The soul is our canvass; truth or error lends the colors, and every thought contributes something toward finishing the picture. The day of public exhibition is approaching, and how will our productions show in the full, unflattering light which flows around the throne?

We began with the purpose to reckon up our days, and invoked you to attend and overlook our figures. We have conversed, but have not "*ciphered*." Now let us do as we proposed. Set down \$960. Subtract from this, \$840. This leaves \$120. If your property had been valued at \$960, what a painful lot it were to lose \$840. But from this reduced inheritance, \$120, subtract again \$50. This leaves \$70, which is a small estate. It ought to be well managed, and laid out with great economy. But suppose its value lessened still, by most perilous contingencies. You are sued in court for this small pittance, and learn that the chances are as four in five against you. You would be glad to receive \$20 for all you own on earth, and none will bargain with you.



The suit goes against you. In the midst of your sharp sorrows, the plaintiff arrests proceedings, tells you to keep your property, and offers you the privilege of investing it in business which is certain to bring you millions in a few short months. How unwise and wicked it would be, with so little left, and that little not your own, to decline this investment of your scanty means, and launch forth in a career of extravagant expenditures. What would your neighbors think should you in such dependant circumstances begin to purchase jewels upon credit? With what phrensy would they charge you, were you to spend the slender relics of your fortune in tickets for the play house? Go back now, pleasure loving reader, and in our column of subtractions substitute years for dollars. Let the reduction be of *life*, from Adam downward. Time is your inheritance. 'Tis forfeited. God delays to seize it. We beseech you do not squander it. Will you dare to profane this gift of your gracious Benefactor? Will you divert any fragments of the bounty he bestows, from the beneficent, gainful uses in which he directs you to employ it? Take care lest the days, hours, and moments, which make up the smaller change of human life, be wasted. There can be no extravagance so thriftless and so ruinous. It will bring eternal bankruptcy. Husband carefully passing moments. Life contains none to many. Frequent abbreviations have made it well nigh a cipher. They have brought so near, at longest, the scenes of unending retribution, that we should softly draw each breath, as apprehensive of its pending issues. He commands you to invest it in labors of illimitable profit. Do so, and it will bring you quick returns and everlasting gains.

If we may pass abruptly from numerals to poetry, we will close with the following beautiful lines from the late President Dwight:

While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and truth is given,  
But soon, O, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites how blest the day,  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound:  
Come sinner, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God he's found.

Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Savior call you to the skies.

Silence, and solitude, and gloom,  
In those forgetful realms appear;  
Deep horrors fill the dismal tomb,  
And hope shall never enter there.

Original.

## THE REPOSITORY TO ITS PATRONS.

BY MRS. WILSON.

To our fair patrons once again, with warmth sincere, we send  
The *greetings* of the *new-born year*—and with these greetings blend  
Our anxious hopes that coming years for them may sweetly bloom  
With buds of promise, that shall cast their radiance 'yond the tomb.  
And *now*, when Time, with noiseless wing, has pass'd his annual round,  
And us, as *living* monuments of Heaven's mercy, found—  
In the deep silence of our hearts 'twere wise to scan the *past*,  
And enter on the *coming* year as though it were our last—  
For who shall tell what beaming glance, *now* o'er our pages thrown,  
Shall fade for aye, ere yet its brief and checker'd hours have flown!  
Or who shall say what precious links from fond affection's chain  
Have sever'd been, since last we penn'd our humble New-Year's strain!  
Could we have follow'd in the wake of Azrael's dread career,  
And mark the scenes where his dark wing hath wav'd the parting year,  
What sunder'd ties—what vanish'd joys—what hopes for aye laid low,  
Would teach our hearts from whence *alone* substantial bliss can flow!  
His wand hath reach'd within the pale, circling our own lov'd Church;  
Nor was the *patriarch of our flock* safe from his eager search,  
But fully ripe, like golden ear, for heaven's ambrosial clime,  
He's garner'd safe from chilling frosts and with'ring blights of Time.  
But, O, what spot has been exempt from sorrow, pain, or death!  
How many notes of thrilling tone revive as Mem'ry's breath  
Plays o'er the mirror of the past, and wakes with soften'd ray  
The scenes which sympathy has shar'd since the last New-Year's day!  
We've seen a *father* call'd to leave the cherish'd things of time,

Pluming the spirit's parting wing for yonder radiant clime,

And leaving to his cov'nant Lord the treasures he had giv'n—

Preferring but this *one* request—to meet again in heav'n!

We've seen a *mother's* parting glance round her dear circle thrown,

While whisp'ring angels near her throng'd, with song of seraph tone;

Calmly she gave her cherish'd ones to "*Him who heareth pray'r,*"

And join'd th' angelic band who pois'd their azure pinions there.

We've seen the *young wife's* bridal wreath pal'd by the frosts of death

Ere yet its radiant leaves were soil'd by Time's corroding breath;

Again, we've felt our bosoms swell with sympathy's full tide

For *one—a widow'd mourner now—but late a happy bride!*

\* \* \* \* \*

But, soft! perchance, our youthful friends, you think our plaintive lay

Jars on the joyous chords that thrill your hearts this festive day;

Yet, from this sad review we can a useful lesson learn—

T' obey our blessed Lord's behest, and "mourn with those who mourn."

For if the circling band, where throng the cluster'd joys of *home,*

Yet owns *no broken link* beneath your own paternal dome,

Then let your grateful hearts ascend to Him who twin'd that band,

And holds its *clasp*, unsever'd still, in his almighty hand.

Remember *now*, that year on year will glide full swift away,

And change your radiant tresses to unwelcome locks of gray—

E'en as the still-recurring wave, by wave incessant led,

Bleach by their swift return the rocks that stud their lucid bed.

Then, ere the wintry eve of age its shadows round you fling,

Your spirit's purest offerings to God your Savior bring—

Devote your ransom'd energies to Him who call'd them forth—

Then, then, with joyous hearts, you'll hail each happy New-Year's birth.

And still we'll strew around your hearths some buds from Truth's sweet bowers,

And "Gatherings" bring from gifted minds t' enrich your leisure hours—

We'll strive, as we have ever strove, t' instruct—delight—amend;

And with our *efforts* for your weal our warmest prayers we'll blend.

We've gather'd, through the parting year, full many a gifted lay:

Morn's op'ning bud—manhood's full prime, and life's departing ray—

With vistas of advancing scenes, which through the future gleam—

Have all been pictur'd on our page with Truth's refulgent beam.

Millennial glories we've display'd to nerve Faith's drooping wing,

And prov'd the agency of man will that blessed era bring—

Portray'd the resurrection morn, when tenants of the tomb

Shall rouse at Gabriel's startling trump, and burst its shrouded gloom.

We've twin'd among our "Gatherings," too, some valued gifts of song—

Anon, we've told a simple tale, "*glean'd*" from the "*fire-side*" throng—

On mother's duties we've discours'd—how *they* their infant band

Should lure from earth's delusive joys to yonder sinless land.

And on our simple pages glow some "*portraits*" of rare worth,

Drawn by a master-hand from those—the early lov'd of earth—

Who still in holy annals live, with all-enduring fame,

And shed the halo of their deeds round *women's* cherish'd name.

Again, another "Gathering"—we *cannot pass it by*;  
For well its sweetly-breathing tones may youth prepare to die—

We mean "*The Young Disciple!*" O, may its pure teachings prove

How much is gain'd by garn'ring, young, a store of heavenly love!

But many a gifted lay we've cull'd we dare not mention o'er,

Lest we should tire you with the list of all our varied store:

We think 'twere wiser far to stop midway in our career,

And close by wishing *all* our friends full many a "*happy year!*"

## NOTICES.

**HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, with a preliminary view of the ancient Mexican civilization, and the life of the conqueror Hernando Cortes.** By William H. Prescott, author of the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*. In three volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers—1843. The facts recorded in this history must afford the highest entertainment to curious minds. It is true that these facts do not stand in very intimate connection with the progress of civilization, free principles, or true religion. But they are clothed with an interest so romantic that the book will be sought everywhere, and will be read with the greatest enthusiasm. Moreover, the scenes here unfolded form an instructive as well as a repulsive chapter in human life and morals. The Christian may read it with profit, as illustrative of the Scriptural doctrine of depravity. The mechanical appearance of this work does honor to the American press. It has never been surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. The periodical press, with all its eulogizing, has done it no more than justice in this respect. It were almost worth while to purchase and deposit the work in one's library, merely as a specimen of the "highest style of the art." We could tempt the reader to purchase it, by extracts, but such an inducement will be unnecessary. The price of this splendid work, in three volumes, is \$6, with maps and portraits. Its literary character is above all eulogy.

**THE CHIEF DANGER OF THE CHURCH IN THESE TIMES.** Harper & Brothers. Bishop M'Ilvaine's charge, delivered to the clergy of the diocese of Ohio, in September last, has been extensively circulated; and may it be read a thousand times more than it yet has. It is, above what we supposed, for we have not read it till recently, a grave and wise exposure of the evils of Puseyism, which threaten the Protestant Episcopal Church with more damage than they do the transatlantic hierarchy which gave it birth.

Bishop M'Ilvaine deems this to be a strongly advancing and fundamental heresy. He says that when his book appeared in opposition to Puseyism, "many thought it had come too late; that the spirit of evil was laid, and the danger over. I believed, on the contrary, that it was then continually gaining strength, and would be gaining, till with its parent Popery, the Lord shall destroy it with the 'brightness of his appearing,' in the day when the cry shall be heard, 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen!'"

**SPEECH OF MR. JOHN DUER, delivered in the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York, &c.** Harper & Brothers. The general aim and spirit of this pamphlet, are similar to those of the "Charge." It has to be sure a defined topic in connection with the prerogatives of the Bishop, and of the convention, or rather of the clergy of his diocese. It is a paper of considerable strength; and the principles which it maintains, are shown to be of vital importance toward preserving an evangelical ministry in the Church. The prevalence of a practice opposite to, or essentially variant from, that here advocated, would be fatal to purity of doctrine and the progress of religion. The resolutions advocated in this address, would provide that presbyterial objections to the ordination of a candidate for holy orders, shall be noticed by the Bishop, and that he shall invite those who make the objec-

tions to be present, and that in the examination the questions and answers be reduced to writing.

**THE TRUE ISSUE FOR THE CHURCHMAN.** Harper & Brothers. This is, as the title explains, a statement of facts in relation to the recent ordination of Mr. Carey, in St. Stephen's Church, New York, by Drs. Smith and Anthon. We mention this in connection with the former two, because they will be read to more profiting by being associated together. These three pamphlets, which may be obtained for a few cents, are well worth the reading. They develop matters which are not in the result to be of either slight or ephemeral interest.

**LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.** By Amos Kendall. Harper & Brothers. The notices in this biography extend to the ex-president's "private, military, and civil life." The whole will be completed in fifteen numbers, at 25 cents each, illustrated with about thirty-five engravings. The style of this work is worthy of the Harpers. The engravings in the first two numbers, are worth the price of the pamphlets. No American except Washington has been so honored by the press.

**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE, with a portrait.** Harper & Brothers. The sixth number of this most valuable publication is received. It is to be completed in eight numbers, at 25 cents each. It should be in every body's house.

**NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS.** Edited by John O. Choules, M. A. With portraits in steel, in two volumes. Harper & Brothers. This standard history of religion and its reformers cannot be sufficiently praised. Its republication was a wise and holy enterprise, tending to good only, and not to good and evil. It is of unspeakable moment that this work should be read and studied by all who are set for the defense of the Gospel. In this cheap form, which places it within every body's reach, let it be circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. It will be completed in eight numbers, at 25 cents each.

**THE ENEID OF VIRGIL, with English notes, critical and explanatory, with a Metrical Clavis, and an Historical, Geographical, and Mythological Index.** By Charles Anthon, LL. D., Jay-Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harper & Brothers—1843.

**PERILOUS ADVENTURES.** By R. A. Davenport. No. 159.

**CONSTITUTIONAL JURISPRUDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.** By Wm. Alexander Duer, LL. D. No. 160.

**BELKNAP'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.** 3 vols. No. 161.

The last three of these works belong to the Family Library. The above are all from the press of the Harpers, and are valuable books. On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**CELESTIAL SIGNS.**—Many claim that the prophecies assign the day of judgment to the present Jewish year. This they think may be known both by the revealed chronology, and by the harmony of the prophetic and historical orders of events. On these points we shall not dwell. But it will be seen, from the following language, that these applications of prophecy are confirmed, in the estimation of their authors, by certain unprecedented celestial signs and wonders. Now, whatever conclusions men may reach on the subject of Christ's advent—whatever they may infer from the aspects of the heavens, they should not *mis-affirm* in regard to facts. We will at present have no controversy with reference to this or that man's inferences; but we will, as far as possible, correct their statements of matters of fact. We present the following extract from a writer on the "seventh seal."

"The first thing named as the commencement, or sign of this approaching earthquake, is the darkening of the sun.

"The following scraps from history will show that this has taken place, and when :

'The 19th May, 1780, was a remarkable dark day. Candles were lighted in many houses. The birds were silent and disappeared. The fowls retired to rest. It was the general opinion that the day of judgment was at hand. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford, but being unable to transact business adjourned. A motion for adjournment was before the Council; but when the opinion of Col. Davenport, [of Stamford,] was requested, he replied: "I am against the adjournment. The day of judgment is either at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for the adjournment; if it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."—*President Dwight, in Ct. Historical Collections.*

"The next in the catalogue of predictions in the text is the signs in the moon.

'The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Beadle, at Aleppo, and published in the *Missionary Herald*, of June, 1842, page 234. It is an account of an earthquake in that place in 1822. He says, "On the night of the earthquake, there was something peculiar in the atmosphere, the moon appearing as red as blood. This greatly alarmed the inhabitants, who were continually crying out, Now we shall hear the trumpet sound! and the dead will rise! the day of judgment has arrived!"

'*Night after the dark day of 1780.*—"The darkness of the following evening was probably as gross as has ever been observed since the Almighty first gave birth to light. I could not help conceiving at the time, that if every luminous body in the universe had been shrouded in impenetrable darkness, or struck out of existence, the darkness could not have been more complete. A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes, was equally invisible with the blackest velvet."—*Rev. Mr. Tenny, of Exeter, N. H., quoted by Mr. Gage "to the Historical Society."*

"Many accounts of similar appearances in the moon since 1780, might be added, but the above will suffice.

"The next event here predicted, and the last to transpire before the *heavens depart as a scroll*, is, 'the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs,' &c.

"The following is an extract from an article by Mr.

Henry Dana Ward, published in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, November 15, 1833, and now taken from the *Bible Reader*, No. 2. 'Modern Phenomenon of the heavens,' by Henry Jones. The phenomenon here referred to, was on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833.

'One of the family arose at 5 o'clock, A. M., to prepare for leaving the city in the 7 o'clock boat. He threw up the window to see whether the dawn had come; and behold the east was lighted up, and the heavens were apparently falling. He rubbed his eyes, first in doubt, but seeing on every side the starry firmament, as if it were broken up, and falling like the flakes of snow, and whitening the skies, he aroused the whole family. At the cry, "Look out of the window," I sprang from a deep sleep, and with wonder saw the east lighted up with the dawn and METEORS. The zenith, the north, and the west, also showed the falling stars, in the very image of one thing, and of only one, I ever heard of. I called to my wife to behold; and while robing, she exclaimed: "See how the stars fall!" I replied, "that is the wonder;" and we felt in our hearts, that it was a sign of the last days. For truly "the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind," Rev. vi. 13. This language of the prophet has always been received as metaphorical. Yesterday it was literally fulfilled. The ancients understood by *aster* in Greek, and *stella* in Latin, the smaller lights of heaven. The refinement of modern astronomy has made the distinction between the *stars* of heaven and the *meteors* of heaven. Therefore, the idea of the prophet, as it is expressed in the original Greek, was literally fulfilled in the phenomenon of yesterday, so as no man before yesterday had conceived to be possible that it should be fulfilled. The immense size and distance of the planets and *fixed* stars, forbids the idea of *their falling unto the earth*. Larger bodies cannot fall in myriads unto a smaller body; but most of the planets and all the fixed stars are many times larger than our earth. They cannot fall unto the earth; but *these* fell toward the earth.'

"This remarkable *literal* fulfillment of prophecy, being fresh in the recollection of so many, we make no further extracts. But we are told again and again, that these things are not to be understood literally; and why not? Is there a single Scriptural reason why? The whole of the Christian era, down to near the close of the last century, has passed away without a single record, now to be found on the page of history of events fulfilling these predictions on the inspired page, until those named in the above quotations. Similar statements to this have been denied, but we say again, although the world has been searched for the last few years, and large sums of money offered, yet every effort to prove that any similar events transpired prior to 1779 *have failed.*"

We suppose this writer errs. And as the error, by imparting a wrong impression, may do harm, we will place before the reader some evidence of his mistakes. We have taken no great pains to collect historical allusions to the phenomena of the heavens; but we have casually lighted on some notices which are of interest in this connection.

*First; of signs in the sun.* It is said that in the years 537 and 789, an unusual darkness, such as could be traced to no ascertained cause, continued many days.

Ermann testifies, that on the last of February, 1206, there occurred an "abnormal obscuration" of the sun for six hours. In 1545 and in 1706 the same phenomenon occurred. In addition to this testimony on the subject of dark days or solar obscurations, there have been other "signs in the sun." Bodies have been observed passing before it, which, of course, were apparently *in* it. Dr. Rostan saw a spindle-formed body pass over the sun, partly obscuring it. In 1793 a long body passed obliquely over the sun. In fine, the annals of the past would lead us to conclude, that the "dark day" in New England, whatever it portended, is so far from being a solitary sign of the kind, that it is only an instance among many of such obscurations, from the days of Christ downward.

Second; "the falling stars," as they are popularly called, of November, 1833, have attracted much notice. Nor is it strange. It must have been a scene of exciting—it may be said of terrific wonder. We did not see it. Worn with the toils of the itinerancy, which the previous day had pressed heavily upon us, we slept refreshingly in an old log cabin, while the pious family with which we lodged was wide awake, but neither terrified nor anxious. True they thought "the judgment might be coming;" but, as they told us in the morning, after consulting for some time, they concluded it would be wrong to "wake the preacher up," because he was "tired and not right well." When we awoke in broad daylight, it was too late to see a solitary meteor; but the discussions in the family did not suggest to us that it was a sign of any fearful coming event. It might have been; but if so, it certainly may be (as it has been) a recurring sign which will appear for many years to come.

There were showers of falling stars under the reign of Justinian in 533; and in 763, under the reign of Capronymus. "Vogel's Leipzig Chronicles" states, that in November, 1099, there were seen an unheard of number of falling stars, burning torches, and fiery darts in the sky. The same authority assures us, that in 1574 large and terrific beams of fiery light were seen during the night of November 15th. There were similar phenomena in 1637 and in 1661. Probably the years 1794, 1831, and 1833, witnessed the most splendid displays of this sort. The first was in South America, that of 1831 was in Spain, and that of 1833 in North America. Here we leave the subject of "signs."

The excitement produced by those views of sacred prophecy recently inculcated by Mr. Miller and others—mostly, we doubt not, men of sincere minds and devout habits—is at this time increasing in the west. We regret it. Not that we have any contradictions to interpose in regard to the alleged period of the Advent. Christ may come this year—if any one please we will say (not, however, as granting such a thing to be within any man's knowledge) he may come this day—this hour. So, also, he may *not* come, this hour, week, year, or century. And all the pros and cons of this and all other years, whether argumentative, dogmatic, or hortatory, have had no other effect on us than to make the dark darker. We knew nothing chronologically before, and, if possible, we know *less than nothing* since this discussion has made some progress. All we desire is, the liberty from man, and the gracious power—that is, the disposition and strength—from God, to be preparing for death and judgment. We read, "it is ap-

pointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." Here is the general law of our being. Shall we claim the exception not only for some, but specifically for *this* generation? We dare *not*. Yet as some one generation will be *dernier*, and of course will come within that exception, we will not deny any more than affirm that this may be *it*. So far as prophecy sets forth, if at all, chronological dates, (the scoffings of the times very much discourage the concession,) we cannot perceive that millenists or millenarians have any great advantage in the argument. But on the other point—the signs of the times—of which we hear and read from the lips and pens of multitudes, we see not in the same light as our Millerite friends. We know not of a year in chronology less remarkable than this is for overt wonders. True a comet has appeared. But it was of the most common sort, far away, and almost invisible except to the sharpest sighted. Other sights have been reported; but granting, which is very liberal, that they were seen as is affirmed, history informs us that they have precedents. They may be sure mean much. The falling stars of '33 may be a fulfillment of some prophecy. They cannot, however, be more so than the falling stars of far retreating centuries. If there were recently signs in the sun, so there were, also, near the times of the apostles, and often since.

As to moral tokens of an approaching judgment, we do not readily distinguish them. The times are not particularly "perilous." Never *perhaps* was there less violence than now, take the world all through. It is said men's hearts are failing them for fear. It is not so. Men's hearts do not *fail* them. There is fear; but it is a spirit-stirring dread. It rouses rather than covers men's souls. And as to passing events, what have we just now on hand? Is there war? Nearly the whole world is at peace. Are there "rumors of wars?" We hear almost nothing of them. Are there pestilences, famines, or other forms of wrathful visitation, such as may be expected to flow from the woe-trumpets of heaven? Where do these evils and perils fall, that we cannot trace them on the face of the earth?

If asked whether there are not certain peculiarities in the aspects of the age, impressing it with strong and portentous features, we would say yes. While in overt movements it is the tamest of all ages, in revolutionary *intention* it is the boldest of all. It looks to be toward the Saturday evening of the world—a grand preparation season for we know not what. It seems as though the attitude of the angel was assumed, to enact some wonder in the sight of all men, and we can almost hear from his lips the solemn invocation, "Come and see." But what are we to see? *Ignoramus*.—We know not. Some say the world's *conversion*, others its *destruction*, and yet others—and they are the simplest among men—its *transcendental* regeneration. We will give no opinion; but in high expectation will await the revelations of a fast progressing providence.

But we have a work to do. Our hearts must be subdued. Our lives are to be spent in the cause of the Redeemer. Whatever may come, we are safe if we "dwell in God and God in us." Whatever may *not* come, we can be safe—no how else. "Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" Would to God that all would join in pleading, not for this or that form or beginning of the millenium—not for a pre or post advent, as a *sine qua non* in the devout believer's creed;

but for self-mortification—for non-conformity to the world—for faith, hope, charity, and for the sum of all good—sanctified affections.

**THE PIOUS PRINCESS.**—In connection with this article, the reader will scarcely fail to recollect that Scriptural saying, "They that honor me I will honor." This dairyman's daughter was a young Methodist peasant girl, living in close retirement, and industriously prosecuting the domestic labors which fell to her lot as a child of poverty. Religion was all that gave her notoriety. Yet see what her piety wrought. Leigh Richmond was introduced by her to the Emperor of Russia; for it was through her biography that the Emperor and his family entered on a correspondence with this pious divine. Her name is sounded through the empire of Russia; and probably when the fame of Alexander is little remembered, and far less cared for, the name of this pious peasant will be known over half the world, and her bright example will be aiding thousands in their pilgrimage to heaven. Do not our young readers see in this providence the care which God has for those who truly love him? Instructed and encouraged by such an instance of his goodness, why should they not give up all for the Savior? They may be sure of an hundred fold in this life.

In heaven little concerns it how much or how little honor is bestowed by surviving mortals on the memory of the glorified. But all the saved in paradise are deeply concerned in the influence which must long survive them. How must the dairyman's daughter now contemplate the results of her piety on thousands here below! With what emotions must she, as a visitor to this world, watch the young disciple, who reading the records of her piety, is thereby roused to recommence the heavenly journey, and press after the crown? With what emotions must she greet those thousands at their entrance into glory, who were inspirited to persevere in the cross-bearing way, by the simple annals of her close walk with God!

Let the reader compare her own religious course with that of Elizabeth Walbridge. Is the world a snare to you? Are you pursuing its pleasures? Have your feet been taken in these "gins of the workers of iniquity?" Like a princess in disguise, have you enrobed yourself in the ornaments of pride, and do you stand in the way of sinners? Is the Church put to shame by your earthly-mindedness? Are the assemblies of God's people hastily visited now and then, like the market in its season, that from them you may hasten your return to current earthly pleasures? O, weep—weep—weep! And be broken-hearted while you weep. Satan, not in vain, "hath desired to have you." You are his victims. He rejoices over you as one that hath found great spoil. Escape for your life. "Fly also youthful lusts"—the lusts of the world. Fly as from the open pit of destruction, or you shall be swallowed up for ever.

**THE SPIRIT OF LUTHER.**—The Church of England yet contains a strong conservative sentiment. Though it is reported that nine thousand of its ministers of various orders are Puseyites, three thousand evangelical clergymen remain, who are, in one or another form, antagonist to this deteriorating heresy. Not seldom their testimony against it is very decided. And it is maintained too on just grounds. It is radical opposition—such as must be acceptable to dissenters of almost every class. It shows an attachment to episcopacy on pruden-

tial grounds; or as not unscriptural, but yet not an essential economy of the Church. Such men will be used as the instruments of Providence to correct High Church principles and Popish tendencies of the times, or they will "come out" of a corrupt hierarchy, and leave the "Establishment" to its assured and hastening doom. Among the bold witnesses of the times for truth against ceremonies, we are much pleased with Mr. Stowell's testimony. He is an Episcopal minister; and in a late London gathering, used the following words, worthy of a martyr, and probably a starting point toward something akin to martyrdom. For in the unprecedented progress of English Churchmen toward Rome, we know not what is even safe to be spoken.

"Evangelical truth is first; ecclesiastical order is second. If I must take only one of them, I say give me evangelical truth, and exile me to some lone spot, where no bishop ever planted his foot, and no church going bell ever gave forth its sweet sound, and where, though I want the gorgeous cathedral, and the witchery of music, and the solemnity of ceremony, I may worship the one God, through the one Mediator, and by the one Sanctifier, taught by the one holy word, the heavens for the roof of my temple, and the rock for my foot-stool—any thing, rather than give up evangelical truth. I am jealous for the rights of the laity. I am jealous of hierarchial despotism. While to archbishops and bishops we render all proper obedience, and will respect them as long as they own the supreme authority of their Savior; yet if it were possible for any of them to be exalted into such an one as the 'Man of Sin,' a brother of Antichrist, putting himself into the seat of Christ, coming between us and our one Redeemer, then would I say, 'Perish our bishops, and perish the Church of England, rather than this.' Ignorant men fancy that our battle is only against Popery, in its bold and hideous developments in Rome. No, it is against Popery in every form and modification; it is against the essence and spirit of the thing, not the mere external shape it may assume."

**DEDICATION.**—A very neat edifice was recently dedicated to the worship of God in Lockland, nine miles north of this city. Rev. Dr. Elliott, Professor Merrick, and the editor of the Repository, were present to assist in the services of the day. The house was well filled, and the subscriptions were sufficient to meet all the claims against the house and leave it unembarrassed. The society in Lockland is feeble, and we scarcely know how the members have succeeded in erecting this edifice. It is one of the neatest village meeting-houses in the Miami Valley. It will seat about five hundred persons.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The lines from B. C., and the article from W. P. S., will appear in our next. Several smaller pieces are laid over, and will be forthcoming. The communication from R. G. is just received. It is a singular paper; and with that the PUBLISHERS, who paid its postage, and to whom it belonged, were doubtless pleased.

**TO READERS.**—We invite particular attention to the article on the "Duration of Memory." It will be continued in successive numbers. The narrative of Christian Experience in this number, merits a careful perusal. In our opinion the correspondence in this number of the Repository has not been surpassed in any former issue.

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## DURATION OF MEMORY.—NO. II.\*

BY D. W. CLARK, M. A.

We have heretofore simply given an exposition of the doctrine, and referred to its results in connection with the process and decisions of a future and general judgment, without educing any facts in proof of the doctrine itself. We now propose to establish the proposition, so far as known facts can be made to bear upon the subject, that *the mind virtually retains all its past experiences*. We shall undertake to show that though our past thoughts and experiences may be forgotten and seemingly lost, there is good reason to believe that they really remain in a latent state, and that it requires only a new order of things, a revolution in the economy of our physical nature, to give full scope to those fearful energies of the mind, that shall number our sins and place them in order before the judgment bar.

1. In the first place, touching upon this inquiry, we remark, that memory has its fixed laws, in virtue of which its mental exercises are recalled; and that there is no satisfactory proof that these laws ever cease to exist. Their action may be weakened by lapse of time, and other circumstances, as we have already seen; but the laws themselves remain fixed and immovable. We touch here upon a matter of every day experience. The heathen philosopher who pronounced memory to be the "store-house of the mind," gave utterance only to a common sentiment of mankind. In that store-house, what a congregation of thoughts are safely stored, to be called forth as our emergencies may require. Many things may be mislaid, so as not to be recollected with readiness, but nothing can be lost; for we have sufficient evidence that whatever is deposited in the memory, is retained with the utmost security, in the fact that we so often recollect past incidents and occurrences which may have slumbered in forgetfulness for years.

"It is known," says Mr. Upham, "to every one, that thoughts and feelings sometimes unexpectedly recur, which had slumbered in forgetfulness for years. Days, months, and years have rolled on; new scenes and situations occupy us; and all we saw or felt or experienced in those former days and

years, appears to be clothed in impenetrable darkness. But suddenly, some unexpected event, the sight of a water-fall, of a forest, of a house, the countenance of a long absent friend, or perhaps some circumstance of a most trivial nature, touches the cords of memory, arouses the soul and gives a new and vigorous turn to its meditations. At such a moment, who has not been astonished at the novel revelations that are made, the recollections that are called forth, the resurrections of withered hopes, of perished joys and sorrows, of scenes and companionships that seemed to be utterly forgotten and lost?" Let it be borne in mind, that this is the revival of *old*, and not the creation of new thoughts and experiences. How wondrous is that power by which our ideas are retained in the secret chambers of the soul, and how mysterious is the spring that touches the cords of memory and brings forth from its deep recesses, the long past experiences of the soul, with all the freshness and verdure of primeval existence!

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies!  
Each as the varied avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Brightens or fades; yet all with magic art,  
Control the latent fibres of the heart."

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Can any one reflect upon these statements, which I am persuaded accord with the general experience of mankind, and not be convinced that ideas may for a long time, and through a great variety of circumstances, remain in a latent or imperceptible state in the mind; and yet be as perfectly and entirely retained as if they had been constantly called forth in our daily recollections? Hence, though they do not demonstrate that no idea is utterly and irrecoverably lost; they afford, at least, a strong presumption that this may be the case.

2. In the second place, allow me to allude briefly to what is observed in the memory of aged persons, especially those who have passed through scenes of thrilling interest in early life.

Such persons, while they are characterized by feebleness of memory with regard to things transpiring around them, and while the maturity of their manhood seems an almost perfect blank in their recollections, will, nevertheless, dwell upon the events of their early life with great interest, describing them with all the particularity and freshness of recent occurrences. But it should also be re-

\* Upham's Mental Philosophy. Chapter on Duration of Memory.



marked, that in middle age, when the man was immersed in business and loaded with cares; when his bosom was swayed by the desire of power, and the love of praise fastened upon his heart; then the events and incidents of youth, so vivid in the recollections of age, seemed scarcely to have an existence.

Fasten your thoughts upon this one fact, that though the scenes of youth are forgotten in the meridian of life, yet they live again in the recollections of age, proving that though they slumbered in the memory, yet they perished not—that though they slept for half a century perchance, yet they did not die. And if events may thus slumber in the mind's thronged and lumbered storc-house for half a century, and then be restored, why may they not slumber still longer, and not die? Why may they not slumber even till the judgment day, and then be called forth by the inherent but quickened powers of memory, and placed in fearful array before us?

Subjects of illustration upon this point, might be brought from every quarter. But one example must suffice. It is the case of a lady who had passed beyond her four-score years and ten. Her children of the first generation had gone down to the grave before her, and they of the second and third stood in the pride of manhood around her. Her eye had become sightless with age, and her mind cut off from all sympathies with the generation among whom she stood, like the relic of the ancient forest among the shrubbery of a new and unknown growth, was left to its own communings. She seemed cut off from the reality of present existence, and to live only in a world of *recollection*. Her children's children took her by the hand and led her forth to breathe the pure air of heaven, but she knew them not. The cup from which she drank, and the knife and fork with which she ate at a former meal, would seem at the next, mysterious and unknown instruments. But the intellect, whose expiring embers emitted no light, still had a flame—a flame that burned deep in the mind's recollections. The mind, that was thus cut off from the world of reality, still possessed a world—a world for the exercise of its thought, a world for the flow of its affections. The companions of her youth, though the rude blasts of scores of winters had swept over their moldering ashes, were the companions of her mind. The circles of her youth were the circles in which her imagination moved; and names that had long stood engraved on monumental marble, were the only names that dwelt upon her tongue. The young friend that called to see her, was pleased with her kind reception, and the expression of joy that lit up the aged woman's countenance; but how often has such a friend turned aside to let fall the tear of sadness, when they discovered they had been mistaken for those that for half a century had been sleeping in death!

Mournful as may be this instance of human frailty, it introduces us to a striking and solemn fact in the philosophy of the mind. It shows that our thoughts, though forgotten for a time, are not lost, that they still live, and memory, by virtue of its own laws, may still bring them forth.

3. But we pass to a third argument, which is drawn from the quickened intellectual action that has been known to take place, in the case of persons who have been for a long time under water, but have been rescued before life was extinct.

As this argument is founded upon facts that may not be generally known, I shall introduce it by giving an example which will illustrate the position and the argument. A friend and near relative of my own, was rescued after being some time in the water, and recovered to life by means of active restoratives. He stated that when plunged in the water he fully realized his awful situation, and thought to himself, "Now my time has come and there is no hope." The strangling sensation he experienced, did not divert his mind from the horrors of an impending judgment. His mind seemed all alive to the folly of his misspent life. As he sank lower, and his struggles became feebler, the intense mental action seemed not in the least abated; but recollections of his past life began to rush in upon him; events that had been long before forgotten and that he never expected would be called up again, one after another in rapid succession started up before him, till his whole life seemed reflected as from a mirror. In this contemplation of his whole existence, his soul was so absorbed that he lost all idea of drowning or of death. And long after he had been recovered from the jaws of death and had become a true and sincere Christian, he was accustomed to dwell with astonishment and wonder upon the singular developments of his mind, while the floods compassed him about, and to declare that he believed it possible for a man to recollect every thing he had ever known.

That this is the general experience of persons while drowning, we will not undertake to say. But it has been known to be the case in a great many instances; and had the attention of those whose calling in life brings them more in connection with such events, been called to the subject, we doubt not but what we should have had instances, almost without number, in which the same phenomena have occurred.

In further illustration of this point, we beg leave to present the remarks of Mr. Upham: "It appears from the statement of persons who have been on the point of drowning, but have been rescued from that situation, that the operations of their minds were peculiarly quickened. In this wonderful activity of the mental principle, the whole past life, with its thousand minute incidents, has almost sim-

ultaneously passed before them, and been viewed as in a mirror. Scenes and situations long gone by, and associates not seen for years, and perhaps buried and dissolved in the grave, came rushing in upon the field of intellectual vision, in all the activity and distinctness of real existence." If such be the developments of the memory, when the mind is acted upon by extraordinary circumstances, what may we not expect when its *terrestrial* shall be exchanged for its *celestial* body, and the mind no longer be cramped and straitened by these "vile bodies" that constitute its earthly habitation?

"Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light;  
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day;  
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power!"

YOUNG.

4. A fourth and last argument which we wish to adduce as proof that our thoughts, though they slumber, do not die, is the quickened action of the memory that has been manifested in cases of disease and accident.

Hibbert, in his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, makes the following bold and very explicit assertion: "Past feelings, even should they be those of our earliest moments of infancy, never cease to be under the influence of the law of association, and they are constantly liable to be renovated, even to the latest period of life, although they may be in so faint a state as not to be the object of consciousness." A multitude of illustrations might be cited in support of this position; but we must content ourselves with the following: A man mentioned by Mr. Abernethy, had been born in France, but had spent the greater part of his life in England, and for many years had entirely lost the habit of speaking French. But when under the care of Dr. Abernethy, on account of the effects of an injury of the head, he always spoke French. \* \* \* \* A similar case occurred in St. Thomas' hospital, of a man who was in a state of stupor in consequence of an injury of the head. On his partial recovery, he spoke a language which nobody in the hospital understood, but which was soon ascertained to be Welsh. It was now discovered that he had been thirty years absent from Wales, and before the accident had entirely forgotten his native language. On his farther recovery, he completely forgot his Welsh again, and recovered the English language. \* \* \* \* A lady, mentioned by Dr. Prichard, when in a state of delirium, spoke a language which nobody about her understood; but which also was discovered to be Welsh. None of her friends could form any conception of the manner in which she had become acquainted with that language; but after much inquiry, it was discovered, that in her childhood she had a nurse, a native of a district on the coast of Brittany, the dialect of which is closely analogous to the Welsh. The lady had at that time learned

a good deal of this dialect, but had entirely forgotten it for many years before this attack of fever. \*

\* \* \* A woman who was a native of the Highlands in Scotland, but accustomed to speak English, was under the care of Dr. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, on account of an attack of apoplexy. She was so far recovered as to look around her with an appearance of intelligence; but the Doctor could not make her comprehend any thing he said to her, or answer the most simple question. He desired one of her friends to address her in Gaelic, when she immediately answered with readiness and fluency. \* \* \* \* An Italian gentleman mentioned by Dr. Rush, who died of the yellow fever in New York, in the beginning of his illness spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death spoke only Italian. \* \* \* A Lutheran clergyman of Philadelphia, who had a considerable number of Germans and Swedes in his congregation, stated that when near death, they most always prayed in their native language, though some of them he was confident had not spoken these languages for fifty or sixty years.\*

Flint, in his "Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi," while suffering partial derangement under a severe attack of the bilious fever in the state of Illinois, thus speaks of himself: "I repeated whole passages in the different languages, which I knew, with entire accuracy. I recited without losing or misplacing a word, a passage of poetry, which I could not so repeat after I had recovered my health." The late Professor Fisher, of New Haven, has recorded facts concerning himself very similar, though not resulting from the same physical cause: "Ideas crowded upon me five times as fast as I could put down even hints of them, and my sole object was to have some memorial by which they might be recalled. I was employed the whole time in the most intense meditation; at the same time, thinking never seemed to me to be attended with so little effort. I did not experience the least confusion or fatigue of mind. My thoughts flowed with a rapidity that was prodigious, and the faculties of association, memory, &c., were wonderfully raised. I could read different languages into English, and English into Hebrew, with a fluency which I was never before nor since master of. During the whole time, though I was in a low state of health, I never felt the least pain or fatigue of body.

Another example, and one perhaps still more to the point, is narrated by Mr. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, of which we can only attempt here an abridgment. In a Catholic town in Ger-

\* For these and other examples of the same kind, the reader is referred to the work of Dr. Rush on the *Diseases of the Mind*; and also to Abercrombie on the *Intellectual Powers*.

many, a young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which she was incessantly talking Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, with much pomp and distinctness of enunciation. Ignorant, and simple, and harmless, as this young woman was known to be, no one suspected any deception, and the case therefore excited not a little curiosity. In the end, however, it was ascertained that at nine years of age, she had been taken into the family of a Protestant minister. This minister, who was a great linguist, was for many years in the habit of walking up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself, with a loud voice, out of the Greek and Latin Fathers. This attracted the notice of the young domestic; and the passages he was accustomed to repeat made an impression on her memory; and although probably for a long time beyond the reach of her recollection when in health, they were at last vividly restored, when the action of the memory was exceedingly quickened by the feverish state of her physical system, particularly of the brain.

We cannot sum up the conclusions to which our arguments would lead, better than by giving the positions or inferences which Mr. Coleridge educes from the preceding example and others of the same kind, which he asserts can be brought up. These inferences are thus concisely stated by Professor Upham:

"1. Our thoughts may, for an indefinite time, exist in the same order in which they existed originally, and in a latent or imperceptible state.

"2. As a feverish state of the brain (and of course any other peculiarity in the bodily organization) cannot create thought itself, nor make any approximation to it, but can only operate as an excitement or quickener to the intellectual principle; it is therefore probable, that all thoughts are, in themselves, imperishable.

"3. In order greatly to increase the power of the intellect, he supposes it would require only a different organization of its material accompaniment.

"4. And, therefore, he concludes the book of final judgment, which the Scriptures inform us will, at the last day, be presented before the individuals of the human race, may be no other than the investment of the soul with a *celestial* instead of a *terrestrial* body; and that this may be sufficient to restore the perfect record of the multitude of its past experiences. He supposes it may be consistent with the nature of a living spirit, that heaven and earth should sooner pass away, than that a single act or thought should be effectually struck off from the great chain of its operations."

The truth, then, seems to be, that nothing is wholly forgotten. The probability that we shall

be able to call up our past thoughts may be greatly diminished; but it does not become wholly extinct. The essential links in the great chain of memory, no change of circumstances, no lapse of time, nor combination of power, can wholly strike out. The power of reminiscence slumbers, but does not die. At the judgment day it will awake, and present before us the perfect restoration of all that is past. From the hidden recesses of the soul shall spring up powers and capacities above and beyond all we can now conceive—from the vast treasures of memory shall they summon forth thought and feeling, till the past stands before us, and the cloudless future spreads away in appalling or glorious perspective.

"Each fainter trace that memory holds,  
So darkly, of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all that was at once appears."

So each one shall read, for himself, his own sentence, and be satisfied of its justice. Verily, the inspired penman hath recorded, *every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.* And, in reference to our forgotten acts and experiences, may we not say, *then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not?*

#### THE SPIRIT WE NEED.

WE want a deep persuasion of the ruined state of our fellow creatures, a thorough consciousness that the mercy of God has saved us from it. We want to feel that God the Spirit has made our hearts the temple of his presence, and then look down from the heights of truth upon a world lying in wickedness and sorrow, that we may feel our hearts yearning over their miseries and longing to save them. We want a deep conviction that the Church of God is called to the work of saving men's souls. We want to be individually just what those nine Madagascar Christians were who hesitated not to be tied to poles, hands and feet, and rather than deny that Redeemer who saved them with his blood, submitted to the spears being passed through their bodies, and being hurried into eternity; we want their spirit of self-sacrifice to animate our bosoms.—*Rev. Baptist Noel.*

OXFORD was on the spot where John Wickliff, in 1377, first preached publicly against the supremacy of the Pope, the infallibility of the Church, and the doctrine of transubstantiation. The same spot is fixed on by Dr. Pusey, in our days, to revive what was dispelled by Wickliff, the morning star of the Reformation.

Original.

"THE ONE THING NEEDFUL;"  
OR, THE CHOICE OF MARY.

BY W. P. STRICKLAND.

ABOUT two miles from the Jewish capital, and situated on the shady side of the Mount of Olives, the modern traveler descries in the distance the ancient town of Bethany, deserted of its former inhabitants, and now occupied by about six hundred Turks. In the days of its prosperity, an interesting family dwelt here, consisting of three persons—Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, their brother. Tradition says that the only trace of their dwelling which remains is an old ruin, called the "Castle of Lazarus."

At the bottom of a descent, entered by twenty-five steps, and not far from the castle, is the "sepulcher of Lazarus," which the Turks hold in great veneration, and which is used by them for an oratory, or place of prayer. The blessed Redeemer of the world entertained a peculiar affection for this family. It is recorded by the evangelist St. John, that "Jesus *loved* Martha and her sister, and Lazarus;" and when the sisters sent a messenger to the Savior to inform him of the illness of their brother, they said, "Lord, he whom thou *lovest* is sick;" and as Jesus stood by the tomb of Lazarus and wept, the Jews, who had come to sympathize with the sorrowing sisters, said, "Behold how he *loved* him!" This hospitable mansion afforded a pleasant and quiet retreat for the Savior—a resting place after the toils of the day, and an asylum from the rage and persecution of his enemies.

After he entered Jerusalem in triumph amid the loud hosannas of the people, and took possession of the temple in the name of his Father, purging it of abominations, and thereby provoking the "sore displeasure of the chief priests and scribes," the evangelist Matthew says, "he retired to Bethany and lodged there." Simon, whom Jesus recovered from his leprosy, gave him an entertainment at his house in Bethany. Martha and Mary, and their brother Lazarus, who now enjoyed life from the dead, were among the guests.

An incident occurred at this feast worthy of notice. While Jesus sat at the table, Mary from an alabaster box poured precious ointment upon his head and feet. This she did in anticipation of his burial; and while thus embalming his body, and symbolizing his death and burial, the Savior gave her a "name better than precious ointment," because, wherever the trumpet of the Gospel should sound, there should also be sounded the praise of this noble deed: "*This thing that she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her.*"

The frequent visits of Christ and his disciples to the house of Martha evinced his attachment for

the family. It was natural and proper for Jesus to visit most frequently those whom he most loved, and to love those the most who manifested for him the greatest affection. Though from his own loved Bethany he ascended to the occupancy of the many mansions in his Father's house, yet his language is, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if *any* man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me;" thus affording to all an assurance that, although they cannot have his personal visits, yet, by a receiving faith, they may hold the most delightful communion with him in spirit; and hence we learn that they who would have frequent visits from the Savior must receive him as such.

The occasion of the Savior's visit to the house of Martha when the interesting incident took place which we have selected as a theme of meditation, we know not. Whether it were for religious instruction, or to receive the usual hospitalities of this devoted family, is not at all important, as there can be no doubt that he always manifested the same solicitude for the spiritual welfare of those among whom he mingled. Did he go to be "a guest with him who was a publican and sinner," and thereby provoke the self-righteous Pharisee to condemn him for his want of exclusiveness, it was to teach them that "he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"—"to seek and to save that which was lost." Did he visit the house of Simon or Zaccheus, it was to discourse upon the objects of his mission into our world, and unfold the glorious truths of the ever-blessed Gospel.

There are circumstances occurring in the life of every one well fitted to develop the character; and the visit of the Savior at this time formed such an occasion. No sooner had the Lord of life entered the dwelling of the sisters, than the one hastens to prepare for his entertainment, and the other sits down at his feet to learn the lessons of salvation. The *conduct* of Martha was in every sense truly commendable; but the *spirit* she manifested deserved severe reprehension. The conduct of Mary was in the highest degree commendable, while the *spirit* she manifested is also worthy to be copied by all the disciples of our Lord. Martha was at fault, inasmuch as she suffered her heart to be too much engrossed with "cumbering care," and her "*diligence in business*" to swallow up her "*fergency of spirit*;" and as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so she complains to the Savior concerning her sister: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" To this ill-timed complaint the Lord replies, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but *one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.*"

It frequently happens that those are the most ready to condemn others for zeal in religion who have grown cold and languid themselves; and thus are the zealous for God open to the attacks of professed friends as well as of open enemies. Such will say, "There is no necessity for spending so much time in the closet, and engaging in so many religious exercises. You are altogether too religious."

The religion of some consists exclusively in outward profession, the "green leaves" of which may be as inviting as the fruitless fig-tree which Jesus cursed. It is well that we have the leaves of profession; but it is all-important that beneath them should be found ripe fruit. The most essential part of the Christian's life is "*hid with Christ* in God," the benefits of which the day of judgment alone can reveal.

Many, like Martha, fret and distract themselves with a faithless anxiety about "what they shall eat, and drink, and wear," forgetting that the great duty, first in order, and first in importance, is to "seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness." They do not well who take such "thought of the morrow" as to disturb the quietude and peace of "to-day." Our imaginary wants may be denominated "legion, for they are many;" and should we suffer them fully to possess us, though they may not lacerate our bodies, and drive us among the tombs, yet will they most assuredly distract our hearts, and drive us into despondency and gloom. Our real wants are few and simple, and He who clothes the grass with its greenness, and the lily with its whiteness, will provide all needful things for those who, like Mary, seek first to have the soul fed with the "hidden manna," and clothed with the robe of righteousness.

In noticing the choice of Mary, it will not be expected that we should enter into a theological discussion in regard to its nature, inasmuch as your Repository is not devoted to controversies of a theological character. Suffice it to say that this choice was perfectly voluntary, and she was the efficient cause, as much so as was the choice of Martha the result of, or identical with her own volition. With a glad heart and free, Mary consecrated her time and attention to the heavenly instructions of the blessed Jesus. The objects placed before her were, on the one hand, the world, its anxious pursuits and pleasures; and on the other, Christ and his salvation. The latter she made her election. She might, as many have before, and still do, have plead circumstances in justification of an opposite choice. It is often urged that the cares of a family are so great, and the duties so pressing, that, even admitting the importance of immediate and unrewarded attention to the concerns of religion, yet domestic duties must be attended to; and

as religion does not interfere with the relations of life, a season will arrive when religion can be made the chief concern. Thus is that put last which our Lord puts first; and, instead of making every thing else subservient to religion, religion with all its high and solemn claims is thrust aside for the unessential, and, it is to be feared, too often unnecessary concerns of life.

How much time, and toil, and care are wasted in making needless preparation for the entertainment of visitors, and how much of the "Lord's money" is expended in sumptuous provision to gratify "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, which are not of the Father, but of the world." To dress gorgeously and fare sumptuously was the only charge alledged against one who "in hell lifted up his eyes, being in torments," and who, instead of feasting upon the luxuries of the table, and drinking the choicest wines, was not permitted a drop of water, which nature does not withhold from the most destitute of earth's sorrowing family.

While Martha was "careful and troubled about many things," and suffered the enemy to pour in a flood of worldliness upon her, Mary wisely and piously resolved to place herself at the feet of Jesus and open her heart to the streams of religious consolation. How true it is that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, which manifests itself in choosing the best end, while in nothing does human folly manifest itself more than in making choice of the perishing objects of time.

The Bible compares religion to "*fine gold*"—to "*a treasure hid in a field*"—to a "*pearl of great price*." But no descriptions, however magnificent—replete with richness of thought and felicity of expression—no conceptions of the "natural" mind, however grand, can rise to an adequate idea of that which constitutes the beautiful and sublime of our holy religion. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the heart of man hath not conceived," the vision, and enjoyment, and melody of this heavenly treasure. The natural man hath no eye, or ear, or heart to discover that which is alone the object of *spiritual* discernment, and the subject of direct revelation to all that believe.

The inspired writers declare religion to be "joy unspeakable and full of glory"—joy that the un-renewed heart is a stranger to, and glory such as the carnal mind cannot conceive—"peace that passeth all understanding"—the peace which is the "gift of God," and which the world cannot break in upon—like a placid lake reflecting the pure light of heaven. Calmly embosomed in the fastnesses of the mountains of rock, the storm may rage around with all its fury, but it ruffles not its surface—the dark cloud may throw its gloomy shades upon it, but it will only impart to its surface a

more cheerful aspect when clouds and storms have passed away. It is called "life"—the "tree of life"—the true elixir which perpetuates its existence—"length of days is in her right hand"—the "true riches"—the philosopher's stone which transmutes the very afflictions of this life into "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory"—"in her left hand riches and honor;" and as she is a tree of life to those only who "lay hold upon her," so are those only "happy that retain her."

Mary's choice embraced all this; and as it is not in the province of the world to confer so great a boon, so is it beyond its power to take it away. Jesus says, "She hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Like Moses, her faith fastened upon an object far beyond the riches of kingdoms, or the honor of kings—a "treasure that neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal"—a treasure as imperishable and everlasting as its author; for although the very elements of things shall be dissolved and pass away, religion will never fade or die—

"Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom—  
It lives—it lives beyond the tomb."

The "inheritance of the saints is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for all who are kept by the power of God, *through faith, unto salvation,*" and, like Mary, make "the better choice."

#### NEW ZEALAND.

THE most satisfactory account of the New Zealand mission is found in a narrative by the Bishop of Australia, who visited the colony in the year 1839. At every station which he personally inspected, the converts were so numerous as to bear a considerable proportion to the entire population. He states, that in most of the native villages where the missionaries have obtained a footing, there is a building, containing one room, superior in fabric and dimensions to the ordinary dwellings, which appears to be set apart as their place of assembling for religious worship, or to read the Scriptures, or to receive the exhortations of their spiritual teachers. In these edifices generally, but sometimes in the open air, the Christian classes were assembled before him. The gray-haired man and the aged woman took their places to read, and to undergo examination, among their descendants of the second and third generations. The chief and slave stood side by side, with the holy Volume in their hands, and exerted their endeavors each to surpass the other in returning proper answers to the questions put to them concerning what they had been reading. These assemblages he encouraged on all occasions.—*Russell's History of Polynesia.*

Original.

#### HEAVEN—A PLACE.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

WE have much suspected, for a series of years, that the most popular views of heaven are too empyreal, or, in other words, too ghostly. Some there are who believe that heaven is merely a state. Others are unwilling to squander a thought about its particular character, saying, "Hidden things belong unto the Lord," as though heaven were not a thing revealed for us and our children.

We might hang the whole argument on the fact that embodied saints have already ascended to heaven. We do not say that those bodies were under the leaden pressure of human corruption; "for flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." They are, however, bodies still. There is a great diversity in the modification of matter, even in this world—"bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial." Some are opaque and impervious to human vision. Others are transparent, or semi-transparent. Again, there is matter still more subtil—as the air which we breathe. Although susceptible of prodigious expansion and depression, yet it calls for space, and bears evident marks of materiality. The nervous fluid, so refined that the practiced eye of the most skillful surgeon cannot discover its presence or detect its absence, the electric and magnetic powers, might also be claimed as indefinable varieties in the universe of matter. But let the human body be ever so sublimated by the power of an endless life, the word of God defines it a body still; and, consequently, it demands a place—a city of habitation. This much we say in regard to the heaven "where God resides—that holy, happy place." But we do not speak of that as the final abode of the blood-washed saints. The Lord has promised us a *new earth*. The Scriptures assure us that the world which once was, was destroyed by water. The world that now is, is reserved unto fire; but "we," says St. Peter, "look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This does not admit of a spiritual explication; because the destruction of the first world by water is a subject of prosaic history. We are told how it was brought about—in what manner it was accomplished, and how long the work of ruin went on. In the absence of revelation, there is a profusion of testimony scattered over the highest mountains, and all canonized by the universal tradition of nations. What Peter says of the present world is equally literal—"It is reserved unto fire." What follows must be also literal—"Nevertheless, we, according to the promise of God, look for a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This great promise is more fully

presented in sacred pantomime in the isle of Patmos. We follow John, in his apocalyptic vision, through all the weal and woe, the lights and shades, the peace and persecutions of the vacillating Church—through all the history and mystery of the man of sin; yea, we follow him until the last phial of Divine wrath is emptied on the ante-millennial world, and beyond, until we see the judgment set, the books opened, and—what then? Does he say that he saw the Lord, by one untempered stroke, smite all things into annihilation, and then fall back upon his throne and expire? No; but “I, John, heard him who sat upon the throne say”—(and this was the first time that John heard the Eternal speak. He had heard angels and beasts speak. He had heard the souls of the martyrs exclaim, “How long! O, Lord, how long!” He had heard and seen voices, and thunders, and lightnings from underneath the throne. But now the Ancient of days speaks—he who is high and lifted up, and whose glorious train filleth the temple of heaven.) And what does he say? “Behold, I make all things new.” And new heavens and a new earth rise into existence. This is represented as the final home of the saints. Now, we believe that this new earth is not so extremely different in its constitution and arrangement from the present creation as to cut off all analogy—all association of thought between the two worlds.

How often have we been asked by sensible and pious persons, “Brother, do you think we shall know each other in heaven? Shall we have any recollection of this life? Will we have any active employment in the future state?” So fantastic and shadowy are the views of some, that they reduce eternal life to a state of mere mental ecstasy, or eternal indolence and reverie. Surely, in the new earth there will be ample range for mental and physical exercise. This is not only sustained by Scripture, but seems to grow out of the very philosophy of our nature. Who is man? What is he? Is he not a mixed being, made of mind and body? Yes; and this is his original—his *natural* character. So God made him, and placed him in a world admirably adapted to his complex nature. And he pronounced him and his habitation good—very good; that is, good enough. His employments were suitable. He was commanded to attend his garden—to reign over the inferior creation, and to glorify his Maker. All this was nothing more than pleasurable work, before the Lord cursed the earth; for spring, perpetual spring, smiled around,

“And fruits and blossoms blush’d,  
In social sweetness on the self-same bough.”

Although then deathless, his immortality was sustained by ways and means.

In the fall man still retains his mixed character. The interim of death and the resurrection is a paren-

thesis in the natural existence of man; and because it is a suspension of his proper being, it is represented in the Scriptures as a sleep—a tranquil sleep. We do not mean a state of unconsciousness; for then the figure would not be appropriate. This rest of the righteous is, doubtless, inconceivably more blissful, than the highest state of spiritual enjoyment in this life; but it must fall short of the glory that will be revealed in the morning of the resurrection. Otherwise, the resumption of our bodies would be an affliction, or, to say the least, would be no addition to our happiness. But the Scriptures always represent the resurrection of the body as being the crowning glory of human salvation.

It is worthy of remark that the inspired writers seldom refer to the disembodied state, but generally point the Christian to the day of judgment for his reward. In no one thing do modern ministers differ from the apostles more, in their preaching, than in this. We describe the pious soul as leaving the bed of death in triumph. He is conveyed by angels to heaven, installed into eternal life, to go out no more for ever. And we are satisfied with mooring him, and leaving him in a port of safety, beyond the rending storms of earth. Not so with primitive evangelists. They looked far, far beyond the fiery storm. They preached—“Be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.” They held forth the *inheritance, to be revealed in the last time*. Paul saw a crown of righteousness, laid up for him, but *to be given in that day*. Again, “Ye that are troubled rest with us, when the Lord *shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire,*” &c. Hence it was emphatically said of them that they “preached Jesus and the resurrection.” The resurrection, with them, was not the subject of an occasional effort. They did not handle it as a kind of doctrinal curiosity in the cabinet of Christian theology—they chained it to the cross. When they preached, “He was crucified for our sins,” they proclaimed with equal vehemence, “He *rose* again for our justification.” Yea, they declared salvation impossible, aside from the resurrection. “If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they, also, which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.” They are perished, as far as human nature is concerned. They cannot be restored to their proper genus. And, inasmuch as the Gospel does not propose to transfer us to a higher order, but to redeem us as men, the whole faith must be false, if the dead rise not.

This rest—this sleep of the saints, through profusion of joy, will doubtless seem short, yea, as a watch of the night. And at the sound of the trump every child of grace will return to his own inheritance. In a moment the grave will open—the bars of death snap asunder, and man—immor-



tal man—will awake in his own proper character—a deathless spirit in an immortal body.

Now, what sort of a world, suppose ye, will be prepared for this redeemed saint? Surely, one suited to his two-fold nature—just such a world as God has promised—"a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

In this new creation will be liberal scope for mental exercise. Our souls will revel in all the intellectual sweets of spiritual rumination and divine contemplation. The immeasurable volumes of nature, providence, and grace, will be spread out before us, while our progress will not be retarded by our having to plod, so slowly, through the dull mediums which now slacken our pace in the pathway of knowledge. There will also be room for physical employment—employment neither painful nor wearisome. It is a truth deeply engraved in the economy of heaven, and the physiology of man, that industry and holiness should be inseparable companions.

It may be, too, that although life will be eternal, it may be perpetuated by some wise and mysterious provision of God. But it will make little difference with us whether we be inherently immortal, or are kept so by the sleepless vigilance of almighty Power.

We would conclude by asking why this restless desire, in some, to divide and ruin themselves—to divorce their being—to put asunder what God has joined together, and all to infringe on higher orders.

"Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel."

The highest nature which we may, not sacrilegiously, eye, is immortal manhood; and our best home is the new earth—an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Let none say we preach a sensual heaven. It will be no more sensual than the children of the resurrection will be. We are taught that we shall resume our bodies. True, you may say, but they will be highly spiritual. Well, be it so—the new earth, with all its provisions, will be equally so. And the crowning glory of the inheritance will be—"it fadeth not away."

If the Lord should address the inhabitants of the new earth, and say, "Shout on—shine on, ye blood-bought, happy saints! Drink freely—drink largely of heaven's sublimest joys; yea, sing on—shine on for a million of ages yet to come; but know that, at the termination of that liberal period of unmixed joy, I shall take to myself my great power, and remand all things, beneath my throne, back into the chaos of nonentity!" surely every soul would sicken at the announcement of a calamity so awful, however distant it might be. Every harp in heaven would become mute—cherubim and seraphim would drag their wings heav-

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ily over the golden pavement—the voice of sorrow, lamentation, and woe would pour forth through every gate of the new and heavenly Jerusalem, all the sacramental host of God's elect would be bathed in tears. But, glory be to God! he has not merely whispered it in heaven, but he has loudly proclaimed it on earth, yea, to the sighing ones in sorrowing paths below: "I give unto them *eternal life*, and they shall *never perish*." Yes, the roses of heaven shall blush a deeper red, the crowns of glory shed a brighter lustre, as endless ages roll the triumph on.

### FRIENDSHIP.

The strongest and most affecting instance of attachment on record is the narrative of the friendship existing between two females. It is most pathetically told by the sacred penman in the book of Ruth. This story has been seized upon, and most admirably turned into verse by one somewhat dextrous in metrical composition. We give an extract.—*Southern Adc.*

SHE clasps Naomi's neck and sighs,  
And clings in wild devotion there,  
And lifting up her earnest eyes,  
She murmurs, "Mother, hear my prayer!  
If some lone dove, on wounded wing,  
Should flutter to thy gentle breast,  
My mother! would'st thou coldly fling  
The trembler from its place of rest?  
That lone and weary dove am I!  
The home, the hearth, I leave for thee,  
In darkness and deserted life,  
My mother, wilt thou turn from me?  
*His* smile, who made that home all light,  
*His* voice who breathed the hallowed vow,  
The ray went out in death's dark night—  
The sound—the grave hath hushed it now.  
O, 'where thou goest I will go!'—  
The shrine at which thou kneel'st in prayer,  
The skies that o'er thy pathway glow,  
Shall see thy child before thee there.  
O, 'where thou diest I will die!'—  
Thy home is mine, and mine thy God,  
The very grave where thou dost lie,  
Shall shelter me beneath its sod."

### WINTER.

THE buds of spring, bright summer's blooming  
flowers,  
And autumn's rich abundance, all are past;  
The lingering warblers quit their leafless bowers,  
Which yield no refuge from the frequent blast,  
Now reeking mist obstruct the solar beams,  
And threatening clouds the face of heaven deform;  
Relentless frost arrests the silver streams,  
And hail and snow come rushing on the storm!

Original.

### SISTERSHIP.

THE relation of sister is one which involves much moral responsibility, and also much of that delicacy which is peculiarly feminine. The sister can well repay the brother for that guardianship by which he protects her where she could not protect herself. She can compensate his outward care of her by hints and by admonitions salutary and saving to his conduct and career—admonitions which his own less apprehensive, hardier, and more buoyant spirits should not so easily conceive. And these same suggestions, received with affectionate docility, shall add a charm to his frankness, and a grace to his deportment, originally unthought of and unknown to himself.

And, going yet deeper than to mere externals, she may aid his moralities by direct or by occasional remark; or, more effectively, and more frequently, by her animated and warm commendation of the praiseworthy and consistent conduct of other gentlemen. She can comment upon the considerate and self-sustained social independence of this one—upon his freedom from allowed and fashionable vices—upon his self-respect, and his enlarged view of the relative rights of others, and of his observance of the unclaimed and unrecognized minutæ of obligations which make up the harmony, the order, and the well-being of social life. And she can remark that, as these obligations, these points of delicacy are not customary, nor common enough to challenge the ordeal of public censure, yet for this are they more meritorious in the individual.

The brother shall notice the spirit and the disposition of these remarks, and infer that as his sister judges so judge other females; and that if the quiet magnanimity of a companion passes not without comment, but attracts the consideration of that sex which he most wishes to please, it were well that he should follow a similar course, in order to secure the same suffrages.

And thus, without going deeper into the subject at present, has the admonitory tact of the sister given to the brother a model without the implication of his needing one, and bestowed a lesson, better remembered by this than by any less inspiring motive of imitation. And let her remember that she present to his notice the characters most assimilated in disposition, in ability, and natural traits, to his own. These shall be most suggestive and most apt of gaining his heart to the subject; so that, all along, as the sister discourses to him, he shall perceive a fitness and propriety in the conduct and the model which a diverse order of character should have failed to suggest.

These communications between the faithful sister and the amiable brother form a sweet and

satisfactory intercourse, and tend to establish that confidence and trust which growing years shall confirm, and which shall finally add the tie of friendship to that of consanguinity. And, surely, if nature has bestowed upon us brothers and sisters, we should honor the order of Providence, and cultivate these opportunities for mutual good.

But we must retrace a little. There is one particular in the moral code which may make a vast amount of difference to the well-being and respectability of the brother, which must not be passed unnoticed. This is the subject of dueling—that “point of honor” on which many youth, in conformity with received, and, we may add, in its restrictive sense, of vulgar prejudice, have made early and fatal shipwreck, either by falling into an unconsecrated grave, and rushing “unshrived” to judgment, or, surviving, have become the victim of remorse, of recklessness, and despair. It is the part of the sister, then, time and again, in season and out of season, occasionally, and directly, and for ever, to admonish and to set her face against this abomination—against every idea which enters into connection with it.

That a custom so sanguinary and so completely in the spirit of the rudest barbarity should have obtained amidst the ordinances of civilization is the wonder; and that it should continue in this season of light, and of innovation of popular abuses—the battering down of popular vices—makes the marvel still greater, and is an added proof of the tyranny on the one hand, and of the besotted conformity on the other, of those who follow after a worldly spirit. But this is its appreciation amongst men. That any female of decent training and opportunities views this practice in any other light than that of methodized murder, we doubt not. And it is the imperative duty of the sister so to set it forth to the brother; for whether he be of hostile or of patient temper, he is equally liable, in the flush of youth, to be imbued with this masculine error—equally liable to be abused into the idea that by a compliance with this law he is but defending his manhood—thus taking a subservient and shallow view of his own rights, and, in the estimate, leaving his soul entirely out of the question. Thus has many an inconsiderate youth fallen a victim to the guile and the *practice* of some professed duelist.

We are happy to see, by a late statement, that in London there has been recently formed an association for the suppression of dueling, and that some of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and members from both houses of Parliament, together with officers of rank in the army and the navy, have severally given the sign manual to the discrediting of the practice. The extermination of this vice, if earnestly entered upon by a concurrent move-

ment of the respectable, would seem a thousand times more easy (as it is many thousand times less numerous) than the suppression of drunkenness. And this, thanks be to God! has been nearly effected within a comparatively short space of time. But it is the aid of God that can do so great thing as this. And so should the sister appeal to and present the subject to the brother. The admonition will be well received from her—she has his confidence, and he knows that it is not by dictation but of love that she speaks. She finds more time and better retirement for spiritual culture, and for the contemplation of duty in a religious sense than he does. He is more on a footing of familiarity with his sister than with his parents—he feels more freedom of communication of his peccadilloes of conduct to her than with them. And she is exactly so situated as “to do him good,” if she will. If she can feel an interest in his social respectability, how much happier must she feel—how much more imperative is the duty that she aid him in gaining spiritual preferment! And if so she do, how can he enough compensate the obligation? The support of his friendship, and the imparting of pecuniary means, if necessary, will avouch his sense of the service, but will never requite it. A return in kind—he having now advanced to sobriety of view and to experience of life—he in turn shall be the counselor—his admonitions and encouragements, under trials and misfortunes, with the consciousness of duty done, shall be her reward, and he shall be to her as “bread cast upon the waters,” which, after many days, has returned to her again.

The sister has been represented in connection with one of nearly her own age. She may now be advantageously presented as the senior amidst a family much younger than herself, and over whom she presides as a sort of second mother—a lieutenant in the absence, or the diverted attention of the real mother.

Doubtless there is no circumstance of our being which has not been contemplated by our Creator. Our place, positively and relatively, as well as our condition, has its implied and proper duties. And, according to their well performance, or their neglect, are we liable to discomfiture and punishment, or amenable to rewards and to happiness.

The elder sister, then, is intended, by her position, to be either the helper of her younger brothers and sisters, or to be less happy for the neglect of this duty of her station. They, too, have a reciprocal duty; but about this she should not trouble herself—her duty is to God!

How lovely is the elder sister! What an amiable friend to her little tribe of dependants! What a womanly character does the performance of these duties impart to her deportment and manners, as

also to her ideas and principles! What a furtherance to her own character is her attention to theirs! An ingenious German author has represented his heroine in this connection, and made a most lovely picture out of it, too. Yet the volume in which it is told is not altogether in that moral keeping to which we would introduce our young readers. So they need spend no time in guessing out the author's name. But, by looking into some neighboring family, they may haply find a little group of bread and butter eaters, with the lovely elder sister at their head, presenting a scene to the life, and one fully as attractive.

The aids which sister — can afford to her little flock every day need not be specified or enlarged upon. They are occasional and necessary, and sister — knows at once whether they be proper or not. The perception and the ability are imparted to her need, and are a condition of her duty. Her office is not arduous. With good intentions and good will she shall not err; “for it shall be given her in that self-same hour what she shall do.” And so we leave her rejoicing in her vocation of sister—a vocation from which the Church has borrowed a title and a typo—implying, too, that the elder sisters foster and train the younger, and also that the younger be docile and learn, and, furthermore, that love be established and reciprocated to those of all ages throughout the calling.

But it is the sister toward the sister of her own age, or nearly her own age, that tests most closely the fairness of this relationship; for here only is it, their interest being the same, that they may clash with each other. And here may occur circumstances which require magnanimity and sacrifice to cope with or to suffer. In a well trained family a pair of sisters will, in the common course of events, be able to harmonize with each other, not only in conduct but in heart. And mostly they do so. Yet truth constrains us to say that there are some deplorable exceptions to the contrary. Even the pious family of the elder Wesley, with its rigid training, afforded an instance of this sort. And the cases are somewhat more common than is generally suspected, requiring a domestic view to detect them. If the parties keep the matter to themselves, it happens, of course, that it is very little known beyond the family circle. Yet is the impropriety no less, because it is concealed. The mother, we should say, cannot be too vigilant in regulating and constraining the case.

Let us look closely at some two sisters of equal standing in a family; and though they are supposed to have similar privileges, yet it may be found that there is such a disparity in the characters of the two, as habitually and constantly subjects the one to the other. And this is not so much from a too acquiescent weakness of the con-

trolled party as of her good taste in avoiding disgraceful bickerings, and of the dominant spirit of the sister. This should not be so, yet perhaps it is better than if resistance or recrimination were attempted in order to set it right. Indeed, often the instances of innovation are so minute that one would hardly know how to specify or adjust them; and yet, in the aggregate, they make up a grievous amount of petty oppression, admitting, as it were, of no redress, and suggesting very little sense of appeal. And yet are these things all done in a spirit of dictation and of self-superiority.

But it is manifest to every observer that the reality of superiority is with the subjected party. Magnanimity, and patience, and forbearance, are all on the side of the abused. The conduct hard to be explained gives the idea of injustice only by glimpses, quickly veiled, perhaps, in the sprightliness or vivacity of the aggressor. Yet here let us pause and form an idea of what would be the conduct of this girl under circumstances of enlarged power. The hint may be suggestive of the conviction. And she who is unsisterly in the relation of sister might be unfaithful in that of a friend or companion. And, most assuredly, she is neither delicate nor tender-hearted. And we would suppose her to be the last of the two who should gain a suitor; and yet the fact—if she have the superiority in point of beauty—is deplorably to the contrary. But this matter rests with the gentleman who chooses her. And whether, by a retributive justice, he discover his mistake when it is too late, is “best known to himself”—unless, indeed, he have the weakness to communicate it to others—which is but making bad worse.

Appropos of beauty, we have seen instances where its possession would seem not only to mar and obliterate the sisterly affection, but all Christian charity out of the bosom.

In the season of courtship there are more trials suffered by females from the weakness and the *vacillations* of lovers than it were either suitable or dignified to confess.

And one of the most grievous abuses in the domestic relation, is where one sister affects to misunderstand the sentiments of another in regard to visitors, or undeclared suitors. A lady having too much principle to accept any but a genuine preference may yet be annoyed by this sort of chicanery practiced against her dignity, or it may be her affection.

And here will it be said that the female writer is telling tales out of school, or giving the gentlemen an undue advantage? It is not so intended. Courtship is a question of principle; and in matters of morality it is always best to speak out plainly. This matter has been too much glossed over, and there is the advantage which has been abused.

But no gentleman of any manliness will make any but a proper use of the knowledge; whilst one of an opposite cast, by its misuse, can only add it to the amount of his characteristic littleness—a sort of gentleman to be admired by the very young, or tolerated by the very foolish amongst older ladies.

Our language is not in figure; for we have no personal concern in the matter. But, disinterestedly, we view this subject as no light thing; and we reiterate the sentiment, that our present topic, namely, male or female coquetry, though usually jested upon, is one of deepest interest, and referable to a tribunal of the highest accountability.

Will religious youth, then—subscribers to the Repository—practice it? Will they countenance it? Marriage is an institution which involves the well-being or the unhappiness of the whole life; and coquetry, trip it on the tongue lightly as you may, often controls *that*. The commitment of any principle of truth should be imputed as a grave fault.

But the most affecting relation of our subject is, perhaps, where two or more sisters are associated in declining life, aiding, soothing, or solacing the neglect of the rest of the world. Their love is now of that deep-seated humanity which a knowledge of life, and experience of its hollowness and disappointments, cannot fail to effect. At this season, too, resignation becomes tempered by that grace which has produced it. And the aged sisters, “talking over” their family bereavements, concentrate their affections in the remnant. And, assisted by each other, hoping and praying together here, they look to the time when they, too, shall be called to join with those who have passed “beyond the veil.” And this apprehension chastens and perfects their *sisterly love*.



#### BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

THE horse obeys his driver, and the hearse is drawn along. It bears a human corpse to its last resting place. Friends, tears, helpers to the sepulture! There are none! One living man, we know, can bury a dead body. Yet there is somewhat that ought to be here! And it is neither the comment of an idle ceremony, nor the expression of a conventional usage, nor the imposing show of an idle pageant that we miss—it is not the sense of loneliness that we grieve for—our subject has passed beyond all this—but it is the saddening reflection of how little *love* there is in humanity—how little respect for our kind—how little sympathy, that a creature of our own being should, in his helplessness, if I may so express it, be so little regarded, and that death, in any of its circumstances, should claim so little respect!

Original.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

HAIL, lovely sisters, harbingers of bliss,  
 Array'd in your habiliments divine!  
 How came you e'er to seek a world like this,  
 Who in the courts of heav'n were wont to shine?  
 Was there not joy enough amid that throng  
 To make you happy in that bright abode?  
 Did you not join in the seraphic song,  
 And have a seat fast by the throne of God?  
 Or did the lost condition of our race  
 To pity move the great eternal Mind,  
 To bid you leave that holy, happy place,  
 And come to earth to bless all human kind?  
 Surely 'twas Heav'n's beneficence to man  
 That sent you blessed trio to our earth—  
 He whom we call our Father form'd the plan—  
 'Twas he who gave the vast conception birth.  
 O, it was worthy of that mighty Pow'r  
 Which call'd the world from utter nothingness,  
 To look on earth in man's most trying hour,  
 And send bright heralds such as you to bless!  
 O, happy ones, we wait with list'ning ears,  
 As earth-borns should, to hear a heav'nly strain—  
 Begin your story, quell our rising fears,  
 And your sweet labor shall not be in vain!

Then holy Faith, with upturn'd eye,  
 Her fingers o'er her harp-strings ran,  
 And thus, in strains sweet and sublime,  
 Her mission told to guilty man—

I come to tell creation's work—  
 Whose hand hath form'd the skies—  
 What voice from dark confusion bade  
 Earth's glorious structure rise—  
 To tell how heav'n's bright arches rung,  
 When by the stars its birth was sung.

I call up prophet, sage, and seer,  
 Before the memory,  
 And fix man's erring gaze at last  
 Upon Mount Calvary;  
 And there O may it rest upon  
 The Savior—the chief corner-stone!

I come to pour celestial light  
 Upon man's vision dark—  
 To shine forth as the holy star  
 Which must direct his bark,  
 If he that haven e'er would gain,  
 Unknown to sorrow, toil, and pain.

I bid the heav'nly land appear,  
 Though hid from human sight—  
 I bring to view its blissful groves,  
 And waters flashing bright—

That stream whose bright and silv'ry flood  
 Flows from beneath the throne of God.

I come to triumph o'er the grave—  
 To chase its gath'ring gloom,  
 And by my cheering, hallow'd light,  
 Illuminate the tomb;  
 And from the mansions of the dead  
 I point the way the Master led.

Then smiling Hope takes up the lyre,  
 And wakes again its silent strings,  
 And thus, in joyous strains and high,  
 Her message down to earth she sings—

I come to chase all fear away,  
 And shed my radiance o'er each scene—  
 To drive away from Faith's firm gaze  
 The gathering clouds that intervene.  
 My sister, Faith, beholds the prize  
 Beyond this world of grief and sin;  
 But views its glories from afar,  
 While I press on and enter in.  
 When sorrows rise, and faith is weak,  
 I bear the trembling soul on high;  
 And, raised upon my buoyant wing,  
 It sees the heav'nly city nigh.  
 And when the bright, angelic choir,  
 And white-rob'd elders, wond'ring, stand,  
 The Spirit mingles with the song—  
 With these bright ones at God's right hand.

I make the soul forget its cares—  
 I make the future present seem,  
 And all the sorrows of the past  
 But like a faint remember'd dream.  
 When dim's the eye, and flesh is faint,  
 I see bright scenes of joy afar—  
 I show the soul its dwelling-place,  
 Where it shall shine—a fadeless star.

Then Love, with calm, benignant air,  
 As when descending from the sky,  
 Thus told her errand down to earth,  
 In tones of sweetest melody—

Me heaven its brightest herald deems—  
 The loftiest in the skies;  
 Both seraph and archangel own  
 My matchless victories.  
 Yes, all those glorious armies bend  
 Obedient to my call,  
 And own, amid their highest strains,  
 'Tis love that ruleth all.

I come to bid all strife to cease—  
 My banner, when unfurl'd,  
 Displays upon its waving folds,  
 Peace, peace to all the world!  
 I come to bind all kindred hearts  
 Together into one,  
 And bid them learn to love as they  
 Shall love around the throne.

I constitute the bliss of heav'n—  
 Inspire each joyous song  
 Which bursts in rapture from the lips  
 Of the redeemed throng.  
 Nor shall a single jarring note  
 Disturb their harmony,  
 While ages roll their cycles on  
 Through vast eternity.  
 I last while God himself shall last—  
 As him eternal prove;  
 For love's the ruling law of heav'n,  
 And God himself is love.



Original.

THE DELUGE TREE.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

"We can ascertain the age of an oak or pine, by counting the number of concentric rings of annual growth, seen in a transverse section near the base, so that we may know the date at which the seedling began to vegetate. The Baobab tree of Senegal, (*Adansonia digitata*), is supposed to exceed almost any other in longevity. Adanson inferred that one which he measured, and found to be thirty feet in diameter, had attained the age of 5150 years. Having made an incision to a certain depth, he first counted three hundred rings of annual growth, and observed what thickness the tree had gained in that period. The average rate of growth of younger trees, of the same species, was then ascertained, and the calculation made according to a supposed mean rate of increase. De Candolle considers it not improbable, that the celebrated Taxodium of Chapultepec in Mexico, which is 117 feet in circumference, may be still more aged."—*Lyell's Geology*.

HAIL! patriarch of gray primeval dawn!  
 Who shall thy early history write;—or who  
 Thy youngest leaves and first born flowers describe?  
 Where lived the parent tree? Whence came the breeze  
 Which bore thy prisoned germ from native heights  
 To earth's broad bosom, and concealed thee there?  
 Wast thou the earliest daughter of the field,  
 The offspring of a primal race, first called  
 By Deity to spread their foliaged limbs,  
 And from the oppressive heats and ruder blasts  
 The virgin earth protect? Or wast thyself  
 An emanation of creative power,  
 Into existence called by His decree?  
 Did thy young leaves protect the pristine race?—  
 And when, for sin accurst, the elder world  
 Was deluged with a mighty flood, didst thou,  
 With thy majestic limbs, the waters mark  
 In their upheavings? When from their homes  
 Earth's myriads rush'd, clung they to thy rude  
 arms  
 Protection seeking from th' o'erflowing wave  
 As with resistless course it higher rose?  
 From thy proud head—uplifted by that wave—

Sunk the last son of a polluted race  
 To find beneath the fiercely rolling surge  
 His last sad home, unmourned by friends, unwept?  
 And when, by such ablation, purified,  
 The earth again arose above the deep  
 Enveloping her loftiest mountain tops,  
 And from the ark, the messenger of peace—  
 By earth's new lord sent forth—a resting place  
 With weary pinion many a league had sought,  
 Did thy green twigs that resting place afford?  
 Why answerest not, old patriarch of Time,  
 Mute chronicler of scenes long since passed by?  
 Have years bereft thee of the powers of speech;  
 And art thou, too, like that young, beautiful world,  
 Whose dawn and primal ruin thou hast seen,  
 To ruin more complete fast verging on?  
 Alas! 'twere sad that thou should'st ne'er behold  
 The closing twilight of that day, whose dawn  
 Creation marked, and on thy youthful brow  
 The record of that scene inscribed.



From the New York Mirror.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now!  
 Tears will unbidden start;  
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
 I press it to my heart.  
 For many generations past  
 Here is our family tree;  
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped;  
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
 Whose names these records bear;  
 Who round the hearth-stone used to close  
 After the evening prayer,  
 And speak of what these pages said,  
 In tones my heart would thrill!  
 Though they are with the silent dead,  
 Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book  
 To brothers, sisters dear;  
 How calm was my poor mother's look,  
 Who learned God's word to hear.  
 Her angel face—I see it yet!  
 What thronging memories come!  
 Again that little group is met  
 Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
 Thy constancy I've tried;  
 Where all were false, I found thee true,  
 My counselor and guide.  
 The mines of earth no treasures give  
 That could this volume buy;  
 In teaching me the way to live,  
 It taught me how to die.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.\*

IN this state of mind, not having fully attained the object of my expectations and wishes, but still greatly in advance of my former Christian experience, and with a fixed determination to persevere, I left the city of New York about the middle of January, 1840. Immediately after my arrival at my residence in the state of Maine, I united with some Methodist brethren in establishing a meeting similar to those which had benefited me so much in New York, for the purpose of promoting personal godliness, and which was designed to be open to persons of all denominations of Christians. This meeting was very encouraging to me and others. Nevertheless, I was not able for about two weeks to profess the personal experience and realization of the great blessing of holiness as it seemed to be experienced and realized in others. The principal difficulty, as I daily examined my heart to see how the case stood between my soul and God, seemed to be a consciousness, while other evils were greatly or entirely removed, of the remains of SELFISHNESS. Indeed, at this particular time, the selfish principle, or rather the principle of self-love, in its inordinate and unholy exercise, seemed to be stimulated to unwonted activity. The remains of every form of internal opposition to God appeared to be centred in one point and to be presented in one aspect. I do not know that I was ever more troubled, during so short a space of time, with feelings of this nature. I do not mean to say that I was more selfish at this time than ever before; by no means. But the existence and horrible nature of this state of mind were more fully brought to view. I took this encouragement, however, that God was perhaps now showing me, as he often does when he is about to bless with entire holiness of heart, the very root of evil. And I was sincerely desirous to see and to know it, that it might be slain in his presence. The good hand of the Lord was pleased to sustain my faith in this sharp contest. My continual prayer to God was that he would enable me to love him with all my heart. I knew not fully what the nature of perfect love was; but my prayer was that this love, whatever might be its nature and its inward manifestations, might in God's time and way, be realized within me. And in the answer to this prayer, whenever it should be given, I confidently foresaw the termination of this internal conflict. For selfishness can never exist in union with perfect love.

On Sabbath evening, the 2d of February, I was greatly afflicted in mind; tossed to and fro as in a tempest; and it seemed to me that I could not easily stand where I was, but must either advance or retreat. But God's grace was sufficient. My

faith remained unshaken; and, on Monday morning, I thought I could say with great calmness and assurance, thou hast given me the victory. I was never able before that time to say with sincerity and confidence, that I loved my heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength. But, aided by divine grace, I have been enabled to use this language, which involves, as I understand it, the true idea of Christian perfection or holiness, both then and ever since. There was no intellectual excitement, no very marked joy, when I reached this great rock of practical salvation. The soul seemed to have gathered strength from the storm which it had passed through on the previous night; and, aided by a power from on high, it leaped forward, as it were by a bound, to the great and decisive mark. I was distinctly conscious when I reached it. The selfish exercises which had recently, and, as it were, by a concentrated and spasmodic effort, troubled me so much, seemed to be at once removed; and I believed, and had reason to believe, that my heart, presumptuous as it may appear to some to say it, was now purified by the Holy Spirit and made right with God. I was thus, if I was not mistaken in my feelings, no longer an offering to the world, but SANCTIFIED UNTO THE LORD; given to him to be his, and no longer my own; redeemed by a mighty power, and filled with the blessing of "perfect love."

4. The enemy might now be said to be cast out of the interior of the castle. Nevertheless, he has never ceased his hostility. He has laid his snares and presented his temptations. It would be presumption to assert positively that I have never in any case, nor for any length of time yielded to his power. But I can testify abundantly to the goodness of God's grace, that he has heard the voice of my prayer, and in a wonderful manner preserved me. Certain it is that my spiritual life has been a new life. There is calm sunshine upon the soul. The praise of God is continually upon my lips. I have continually what seems to me to be the witness of the Holy Spirit; that is to say, I have a firm and abiding conviction that I am wholly the Lord's; which does not seem to be introduced into the mind by reasoning, nor by any methods whatever of forced and self-made reflection, and which I can ascribe only to the Spirit of God. It is a sort of interior voice which speaks silently but effectively to the soul, and bids me be of good cheer. At times, especially on the 14th of February, 1840, I experienced some remarkable operations on my mind, which made a profound and lasting impression. Language would be but a feeble instrument in detailing them, and I will not attempt it. Indeed, I do not know but I must say with the apostle, "whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." But in view of what I then experienced

\* Concluded from page 22.

and have experienced at other times, I cannot help saying with the apostle, "God hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

I could speak of many remarkable deliverances and supports in time of mental trial. God has ever been with me, in time of trouble, a "faithful God." But these and many other things which have called forth the deep gratitude of my heart, I am compelled to omit. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that almost from the very moment of my obtaining the victory over those selfish feelings which have been spoken of, I was distinctly conscious of a new but powerful and delightful attraction toward the divine mind. This, I believe, is a common form of interior experience among those who have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I perceived and felt very distinctly that there was a central existence, full of all glory, toward which the Spirit was tending. I could realize the meaning of the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I felt like an imprisoned bird when the string is cut that bound it to the earth, and which soars upward and spreads its wings to the skies. So conscious have I been that inordinate self-love has been the great cause of the separation between my soul and God, that the very idea of self as distinct from God is almost painful to me. When self is destroyed, the divine union, which sanctified hearts only know, takes place. If I know any thing, I know most certainly that the true resting place of my soul is and must be in the infinite mind; that it is not and cannot be any where else. Perhaps no part of the Scriptures, during the more recent periods of my experience has more affected me than the prayer of the Savior for his disciples, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be ONE IN US." It is difficult for me to conceive of any heaven but God's presence; of any hell but his absence. I realize that the cup of my happiness is full, whatever may be my personal trials and sorrows, whenever and wherever my heavenly Father is glorified in me. Accordingly, it is my earnest and constant prayer, that my will may be wholly and for ever lost in the will of God, and that I may never know self any more, except as the instrument of the divine glory.



THE Vicar of Bray changed his religion several times during his life-time to promote his own schemes of ambition. When asked why he did so, he answered, "I cannot help that; but if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die Vicar of Bray.

#### THE WIFE.

AND after all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of woman?—an influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power, than acknowledged by any single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is in fact a being *to come home to*, in the happiest sense of that expression.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior returning from the fight, would doff his plumed helmet, and reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never wearied knight, or warrior covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of woman's soothing power, than are those care-worn sons of toil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume, and the

"Clarion wild and high,"

may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy, as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so; for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound, and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory, or of wealth.

Among all the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is then not the least of woman's privileges, that her influence remains the same, except only as it is deepened and perfected as her own character approaches perfection. It is not the least of her privileges, that she can still be all to man which his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with a zest which nothing can impair, so long as she receives him with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable; and faithful to the sacred trust committed to her care.

And that it is so, how many a home can witness—how many a fireside welcome, how many a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged! Yes, there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth, which, not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly too, dark days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of wives? and those who hold the picture there, in all its beauty, vividness and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil which screens it from the world.—Mrs. Ellis.



Original.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

COULD we find a universal test for truth, or a process of ratiocination, by which correct conclusions could always be attained, the destiny of man would be full of promise. But age after age rolls by, and on the broad bosom of time the cherished opinions of past periods are borne to the ocean of oblivion, and lost in the depths of forgetfulness. Think not, however, that truth is unknown—on the contrary, certain combinations of facts, termed science, have survived the ravages of time, and will remain as a guide for ages to come.

Delusions often spring from the misinterpretation of facts. It is a truth not usually appreciated, that erroneous conceptions more frequently flow from palpable facts than from all other sources combined; for, however addicted we may be to theorizing, our speculations are always based upon certain positive and admitted truths. Thus the rude savage witnessing the subtil power and vivifying influence of the sun, seizes upon that fact, and deduces from the premises the existence of a supreme Being, who demands his adoration. From the fact that a voice issued from the Oracle of Delphi, the superstitious multitude placed implicit confidence in the preternatural wisdom of an inanimate image. The Mohammedan reposes confidence in his religion from the existence of certain facts connected with its origin. The Mormon adheres to his system of religion from the assumed fact that a new bible has been found, teaching its doctrines. Other illustrations are not less pertinent. Thus, in government, the advocates of monarchy oppose republicanism, because it has heretofore proved unstable, and perished. In some departments of philosophy certain facts and phenomena, isolated in themselves, and pointing only to relative states, have been seized upon, and deductions foreign to the actual indices have been made. Thus have Phrenology, Mesmerism, Homœopathy, etc., sprung into life.

Ignorance of the nature and import of physical phenomena often occasions a misinterpretation of facts. Thus, what has been termed *mirage*, or a representation in the air of objects on the earth's surface, upon certain principles of reflection and refraction of light, have become the source of the greatest alarm and most superstitious apprehensions. The noted spectre of the Brocken is an illustration of these delusions. It is a remarkable circumstance that some of the ablest philosophers have been misled by the delusion adverted to; for example, Lord Bacon believed in ghosts, and Dr. Johnson in witches.

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It is taught, as a law of physics, that annihilation is impossible. Forms may be changed; but it is denied that existence can be annulled. The dew drop that sparkles in the morning light is rapidly dissipated by the heat of the sun; but it is not destroyed; and in time that same dew drop may again descend and moisten the same flower from which it was exhaled. Fire may change the form of bodies exposed to its action, but those bodies are not annihilated, and perhaps never can be, but they exist in a new and often in a refined state.

In view of the mutable but indestructible nature of terrene substances, certain philosophers have assumed that the cessation of life in organized beings—animals and vegetables—is not the termination of their existence, but only constitutes a change in the form or state of life, resulting in a condition relatively elevated. The truth, however, is far short of the transcendental views based upon the abstract fact of the indestructibility of natural objects; and, although the catenation of events connected with the nutrition and existence of animals, vegetables, and minerals is of a remarkable and interesting character, yet it fails to establish the views to which we have adverted.

It is an acknowledged truth that animals cannot be sustained by inorganic or mineral substances; but their nutriment must be derived from organized products; that is, from animal or vegetable substances. But, on the contrary, vegetables derive nourishment from minerals; and, as they can sustain animals, we are put in possession of a connecting and conservative link between two great departments of nature—inorganic and animal bodies—by which the latter are preserved.

Were it not for the beautiful and grand provision of nature, thus called into requisition, animated beings would be swept from the face of the earth. When the vital principle leaves the body, or, in other terms, when the animal is dead, chemical laws assume control over the constituents of the body, and the entire physical structure is resolved into inorganic compounds. Now, as animal life cannot be sustained by the products of the dead body, they being inorganic, or by other mineral substances, it necessarily follows that a total extinction of animal life would speedily ensue, were it not for the existence of the intermediate link (vegetation) through whose agency minerals are prepared for animal sustenance.

It will at once be inferred from the preceding data, that the creation of vegetables must have preceded that of animals—a postulate which beautifully accords with sacred history. Vegetables, as already intimated, seem designed to so modify the mineral kingdom as to prepare it for the support

of animal life. One of the most interesting and curious facts in nature is the almost complete identity, in elementary composition, between the various substances—mineral, vegetable, and animal. But, notwithstanding this very remarkable fact, the animal can be nourished only through the medium of the vegetable kingdom, although really deriving its sustenance through an intermediate process from minerals. Thus various earthly substances, salts, and even iron, are found in the animal body, which are undoubtedly derived immediately from vegetables, but remotely from the earth. Hence the force of the declaration in relation to every animal—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

It is obvious, from the preceding views, that the chemical elements formed by the decomposition of animal bodies may be appropriated to the sustenance of vegetables, and that the elements of our bodies may, after death, contribute to the development of a delicate flower, or a forbidding thorn; and these in turn may contribute to support animal life. The earth upon which we tread may, in the mutations from life to death, become a constituent of animal life, and the unorganized matter which we view with indifference may become the component of the most gorgeous flower or perfect animal. But one important fact must always be borne in mind when we trace these mutations to their connecting media, which is, that the matter entering into the composition of the new being not only loses all identity, in reference to its original compound attributes, but also all possibility of any degree of retrospective consciousness is totally lost. Hence, the supposed change of one animal into another species is a mere romance of philosophy. This is the whole extent to which the philosophy of transmutation can extend, however palpable the facts, or specious the arguments may seem to be upon which its dogmas rest.

The delusions in mental philosophy and physical science, flowing from misconstrued facts, may be referred to two general heads: 1. The transcendental. 2. The partial. By the first we mean an inappropriate and extravagant application and extension of ordinary principles to extraordinary subjects; or, as frequently happens, a total perversion of the true import of ordinary facts. By the second division we mean the isolation and partial application of facts, by which their true relations are perverted, and their qualifying agency destroyed.

The present age has been termed an epoch of practical philosophy; that is, the sciences, instead of relying on theoretical speculations and metaphysical deductions, are based upon palpable facts and experimental proofs. But fatal errors are concealed beneath this specious panoply. As the

proper comprehension of compound colors demands a separate and appropriate consideration of the several prismatic rays of light, so, in philosophical deductions, each fact must be duly estimated in both its separate and combined relations, and its essential and qualifying attributes fully appreciated, to insure correct conclusions. Facts are mistaken for principles, falsehood for science, and practiced errors for experimental teaching. Hence, we are driven to the conclusion, that much of the philosophy of the present age is made up of ultra assumptions instead of practical truths.

Delusions also spring from combined facts, comprehensive views, and systematic investigation. Here the error usually lies at the salient point, something being assumed as a fact of a primary character which should have been placed in a secondary position. Take one example, recent and full.

Once upon a time, when the lights of science had radiated to the remotest lands, and nation talked with nation, as space yielded to the architect's power—when accumulated skill had wrung from unwilling nature almost the last relic of her arcana—when mind had solved the last metaphysical problem, and man looked through nature up to nature's God with the joyous hope and the brightest visions of future days, suddenly a wild note of alarm came swelling on the breeze. A man of reverend years computes the chronology of the world, past and future; and as he looks down the vale of time to "the end," and back through the dimly lighted avenues of the past, with seer-like words he breathes forth the "midnight cry," and proclaims the near approach of the judgment. Old men start from their couch—the young pause in their giddy race—the anxious matron and the timid damsel cling convulsively to expiring hope—the Christian doubts, believes, hopes, fears, or, in some cases, knows not what he does—the infidel—deluded soul!—starts with amazement—convert after convert writes his name in delusion's book, and the throng swells like stormy ocean waves. See yonder dark landscape, as the gloom of night spreads over the clear face of nature, and the objects are clothed with a mantle forbidding and black as Egypt's thickened air. But it lasts not long. The dark shadows flit away as the growing light fills the eastern horizon with the full blaze of morn. So in this instance. The diurnal revolution of the earth portrays the change from mental darkness. Time corrects errors, and the lights of reason will again beam where darkness and terror had reigned triumphant.

The deluded, as reason returns, thus catechise their leader: "Tell us how the earth sprang from the chaotic elements, and was made to obey the behests of her God, or the ordinance of nature.

Tell us whence the sun gathers his floods of light, that spread on, and on, yet lessen not. Tell us whence came that fiery orb which sweeps in circles round the sun, and flies in rapid course to creation's bounds. Tell us whence came ambient air, the pabulum of life. Tell us even when time assuredly began. Then mayest thou tell us when time shall *end*. But know that 'the words are closed and sealed up till *the time of the end*.' "

Delusion is stamped on nature's visage. It found its way into heaven, and wrought ruin in Eden. Angels were deluded into a belief that they could rise and rule in glory, and man was defrauded into a hope of obtaining unlimited knowledge. Delusion has, by the fall, become an element of man's intellectual nature, and, as if by contagion, invades even the brute's contracted sphere of instinct.

But notwithstanding the many delusions into which we are drawn by the misapplications of the human mind, still it is to be regarded as a bright oasis in the vast waste we contemplate. It is a gem, created as nought else has been, bright and glowing, yet dark, dismal, and unknown—the seat of hope, and yet of misery—the companion of earth, and also of eternity. It deceives and is deceived.

Man's mind is the glory of the creature universe. The universe, illimitable in resources, and unbounded in varieties, cannot furnish its compeer. It is eternal. Matter may perish, but mind shall endure. The ice-bound north, with its crystal cities, may crush man's frail body—the entombed fires of the volcano may burst from their caverns, and a fiery sea may roll over cities of life—the "spirit of the storm" may shriek in fancy's ear, and the confused elements join in a requiem over desolation's march; and as the tornado sweeps on, and the red lightning's wrath adds terror to the scene, and life after life may yield to the wild revel of the elements—as by all these means, and ten thousand more, man may be blotted from his earthly abode—mind lives on, vigorous and active, unharmed and immortal as its all-glorious Creator.

#### CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE bow of promise shines brightest on the dark cloud; and as its beauties are not derived from lines that separate its colors, but from the soft blending of its various hues, so let the Church united reflect the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness. And this shall be a sure sign in the heavens to an admiring world—this shall be the sure token of peace to a world too long distracted—this shall give the earnest that the last storm is about to break away, to be followed by the reign of light, and peace, and universal love!

Original.

#### THE DYING GIRL.

BY MRS. HOWE.

"Twas summer evening, and the soft wind stole  
With gentle breathings thro' the vines that clung  
Around the simple lattice, bearing thro'  
The thanks of many flowers.

Stretch'd on a couch,  
Lay one, whose slow and heavy breathing told  
That Death was there. The sufferer was young—  
Some fourteen summers might have pass'd above  
That sweet and child-like brow. The fair hair hung  
About her neck in ringlets; but the damps  
Of death had ta'en away their brightest gloss,  
And loosn'd many of the golden links:  
One pale, sad watcher, sat beside the couch—  
That watcher was a mother. Who should watch  
Her treasure but a mother? She could find  
An answering echo in her own fond heart  
To every pain that beats within her child's.  
She felt that God had given to her charge  
A bright, immortal gem—the time had come  
When he should take his own; but, still, the tears  
Well'd up within her heart, and found their way;  
She wept, e'en while she felt, "Thy will be done!"  
She wept in sweet submission—"Jesus wept!"  
The sufferer moves, and opes her sunken eyes,  
Beaming with joy; and, as she twines her arms  
Around her mother's neck, she softly speaks:

Dear mother, weep not! I have dream'd  
Of that bright world to which I go:  
Methought the angels' faces gleam'd  
Beside the river's crystal flow—  
The glorious streams of paradise  
Were open'd to my longing eyes—  
There the bright river that makes glad  
The city of the living God;  
And up and down its verdant marge  
The saints and glorious angels trod—  
And there life's tree—the fadless tree—  
Yielding its healing fruit for me!  
I have been nature's worshiper,  
And lov'd her bright and lovely flowers;  
But, O! my heart hath never dream'd  
Of such as grow in heavenly bowers;  
And yet my soul has oft been stirr'd  
To glorious dreams, by God's own word!  
Hark! to the music, as they come  
To bear my fainting spirit home;  
But, O! 'tis nothing to the notes  
That swell above, in heaven's high dome!  
Dear mother, we shall meet again  
Where love will wear a brighter chain!

Her arms dropp'd heavily—one fluttering breath  
But faintly stirr'd upon the mother's cheek,  
And with that breath the soul went forth to God!

Original.

## CHILDREN CAN REMEMBER.

How sacred is the name of parent! How strong the tie of consanguinity! I was less than five years of age when my father died; yet do I recollect and fondly cherish the few disjointed images of him which haunt my memory; and out of these—and perhaps I could tell them all in twenty words—I have made both a character and a picture. Neither is there any distortion of circumstances, or any fallacy of love in the painting. The point to which I would draw the parents' notice, is to show at how very early an age the infant's attention may be engaged and fixed—the outward senses arousing the mind, and even the taste, and gathering in images, which, at some subsequent date, may be speculated upon, and resolved into ideas.

My mother's chamber was hung around with colored prints of birds—a half dozen around the room. The first recollection I have of my father is of his holding me in his hand, like a chair, (and I must have been *very* young to have been so accommodated,) and dodging me up, as he passed round the room, to each several picture. I have often reflected upon this; and I suppose that the excitement, and a small degree of terror experienced, aroused the mind, and fixed the memory of the thing. Even this, perhaps, at so very young an age, would have been obliterated, but for the circumstance of my being, for several years, accustomed to the same room, with the same pictures hanging there. Another idea I will not fail to notice, which is, that this novel excitement was perhaps not altogether salutary, but was, at the time, too much and too sudden, as it were, for my weak powers, inducing in my character, ever after, more timidity than is necessary to most occasions. However this may be, the instance is distinctly remembered, and with it the image of my father, laughing each time with reiterated delight, to make me laugh. From this I infer his parental fondness, and the unbent tone of his spirits; and, also, no small degree of personal activity and muscular strength. He was a small, firm set man. I was, as I have said, a babe when I then saw him; now I can give names to the images which I then took in at the eyes only, without further perception.

The next instance I can remember was, of all the family's sallying out, en masse, from the country house to gather strawberries. I can now see father, mother, brother, and sisters, and servants, straggling one after the other down the glade where the strawberries were found. To supply so many with baskets, and bowls, and mugs, had drawn hard on our little rustic pantry; so a servant, in her haste, and thinking, I suppose, it was a mere formality what I had for my berries, had given me

a pretty large funnel to hold them. Nevertheless, I contrived to pick some; but it required more contrivance than I had to retain them in this awkward vessel. My father, seeing my difficulty, first gave a hearty laugh, and then putting a finger in the funnel, he walked along with me, and we picked together. I hear that merry laugh now; and I felt the kindness of his sympathy in relieving me from this burden of difficulty. I felt the importance of being so much noticed by my father, and I "loved to love" him.

Other instances, which I cannot recollect, must have supervened to have established strongly upon me a sense of his character in regard to its property of *truth*—which, although I was unconscious of the inference at the time, was no less logical for that, and was thus tested. We had returned from the country to our residence in town. It was a cold, cheerless looking afternoon in the autumn when we arrived. Although we had probably not been many months away, I was then too young to recollect the premises at once. The house, with its adjunct, was in the L form. And, as I returned from the kitchen, where I had been looking at an old servant who was mixing bread, my father lifted me into a chair by the window to amuse and keep me within the parlor. This window commanded the kitchen windows in the L of the house. I entreated my father to let me return there to see "Mammy Rose" again. He put me off several times, and finally told me that that was a naughty place, and the horses were there. (The reader thinks this a queer evidence of *truth*; but it was the *only* instance in which my father had ever falsified to me, and now he recalled it.) Now I had just left the spot, and possessed "locality" enough (though "locality" was not in fashion in those days) to have retraced my steps to where Rose was mixing bread. Yet mark the effect—I was sorely puzzled; for *I could not doubt my father's word*. And so I believe I pondered a moment, and then looked earnestly in my father's face. The appeal was to his *truth*. He instantly said, "Poor child! it is the kitchen; but you must not go there."

This trait of truth in my father's character my mother has confirmed to me—relating many instances in evidence of its vitality. One in proof of the reverence with which it was known to his children. A son, aged eleven years, having told him a falsehood, and fearing detection, walked twenty miles from the farm to town to avoid, or to defer the chastisement which he knew would follow *that* fault. And yet our father was lenient in proper instances.

I remember once of sitting at a reading stand by candle-light; and my father showing me some pictures in an old fashioned edition of Virgil, and one representing the infernal regions, which were divi-

ded from the earth by a large curtain, which was looped up, not in a very enlightened taste, by two enormous eyes. This picture had a mysterious, occult look, which frightened me with a vague and horrid fear. My father, to divert me, and change my tone, then put his hand over the candle, and directed my attention to its shadow on the top of the wall. How distinctly I see that hand now! Its form and its proportions will never be obliterated from my mind. And, as he would elevate or lower it, the shadow on the wall was lessened or enlarged to my wondering sight. This incident is interesting to me as connected with the memory of my father, and may be to the reader, as attesting to the perfection (with sufficient *attention*) of the outward senses in early infancy.

Some months after this, probably, had elapsed; and I saw my dear father on a bed of sickness. The weather was very hot, and he had a raging fever. I could not appreciate his sickness, but remember feeling very sorry for him when he entreated for cold water, which the physician would not permit him to have—it was the practice of that date. My mother and the family passed softly and sadly about the room; and once, for a moment or two, a green bough was placed in my hand for me to brush away the flies from about the bed. My beloved father turned his dying eyes upon me, and exclaimed, "Why, it is my dear little child that is nursing me!" I was gratified at the commendation, and at the animation of the tone. I remembered the look and the tone; and since then have inferred much of the self-forgetting, even pain-beguiling love of the parent's heart.

It was perhaps a few days after this that I was called into a parlor seldom used. In the middle of the room, on a long table, was a coffin! My mother stood by weeping vehemently. My grand-mother, of blessed memory, took us each, poor orphans, in her arms, and lifted us up to the coffin, and told us to look, for it was the last time we should ever behold our dear father again in this world.

I had a very indefinite idea of death, and no conception of my loss; yet I was solemnized at the sadness of the scene, and touched at my mother's grief. And, although I had loved my father very much, yet now there was no life to engage my sympathies. Childhood is yet incapable of esteem, and its love, though sincere, is quickly forgotten, requiring renewed caresses again and again, to re-establish it, before it becomes confirmed into a principle.

My father's was an interesting countenance. I know this, for I can now recall all its lineaments, with its expression and its sincere, beautiful smile. I have ever loved to retrace in this or the other of his children a likeness. Still better have I loved, in a by-gone day, to hear my mother tell which

or which most resembled him in this or that trait of character. I once heard her relate that, in his last illness, which was of fourteen days only, when he became aware that he was about to die, he observed to her, "Since it is the will of the all-wise God to withdraw one of us from our young family, I am best satisfied that it is myself, both because it is proper that I submit to his decree, and because, as regards our children, the property, which is looked to, is mostly on your side the house." There was much magnanimity in this expression. The idea had probably been revolved many times before it shaped itself in the sincere tones of truth. He besought my mother to "bring up the children well," and himself died, in the faith, trusting and loving God.

Many a juvenile reader, loving her parents as much as I did mine, may have better opportunity of enjoyment and filial reverence. I have not here spoken of my mother. She blessed the lives of her children for many years, being no less beloved and no less sincerely valued by us all than our father had been.

What a duty and a privilege it is to guide and cherish the fond filial love which pliant fancy receives, and so, easily, to teach the young piety to God and to their earthly parent!



#### GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

It is probably no uncommon thing for a woman to appeal to her husband, in the hearing of their children, to support her authority. This, I cannot help thinking, is one of the greatest mistakes she could make. He may, indeed, teach them the duty of respecting their mother; but for her, in their presence, to appeal for such aid, will be regarded by them as an acknowledgment of her inferiority in right or power to *command* their respect. And such an acknowledgment may detract more from their respect toward her, than his commands can possibly add. She must command respect by her own conduct and dignity mainly, if she is to hope for it at all. She is herself to repress their incipient disrespect, and herself to punish the transgression in her own way. And I may here add, that one of the forms in which she will be first called upon to suppress their disrespect, is in forbidding them to say *yes* and *no* to her. Never should she suffer the use of either these stout little Saxon words to her. The child may at first mean no harm; but the bad effect will soon be apparent in him. Nor is a lesson or two on the subject sufficient. The error must always be corrected on *the spot*, or the bad habit will be formed. And here is another point in which mothers are more apt to fail than fathers; and hence a great cause of their diminished respect.—*Rev. Ralph Emerson.*

## THE WEARY FINDING REST.

THE following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union

In the county of Kent lives or lived a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O! sir, who knows what it may do!"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, [presenting him the Bible,] and, James, it was her dying request, that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, [opening the Bible,] so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange! but who is this *me* that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know.

He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the Gospel. They walked to the house of

the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct, as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after his conversion, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there were no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D., is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere; for, should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvelous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.



## CANNIBALISM.

CANNIBALISM, to a frightful degree, still prevails among the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands; and, as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed, and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnish warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery by eating their valorous enemy. This Garingaria is a noted cannibal, and it is asserted that he killed one of his wives and ate her. This he denied, and accounted for her death (which took place violently by his order) on other grounds. He did not attempt a denial of his acts at Banga, nor did Philips. These occurrences are of late date. I am told they threw one or more of the heads (which they do not eat) into the missionary's compound. The population of the Feejees are very tall, far above the height of any other nation I have seen. Of five men assembled in one tent, none were under six feet two inches. It was rather an awkward subject to tax Garingaria with, in his own house, and solely attended by his own dependant, our interpreter; but he took it very quietly; and observed that he cared not for human flesh, unless it was that of his enemy taken in battle. When he used this expression, I could not help thinking I had better not make myself too hostile. I therefore bid him good evening.

Original.

## A T H E I S M .

PERHAPS a more lamentable instance of atheism is not recorded in the annals of modern times than that of Percy B. Shelley, the friend and boon companion of Lord Byron. Being of an ardent temperament he commenced his career as an author at the early age of fifteen, and continued it with more or less brilliancy until the close of his life, which occurred during a violent storm while on a sea excursion near the headlands that project from Leghorn into the Mediterranean. Immediately subsequent to his death, his poems were collected and published in volume form, between those of Coleridge and Keats; and as such, having been stereotyped, they have obtained a place in the choicest libraries.

A formal review of his works is uncalled for on the present occasion. To say that we admire the precision of his style, the originality of his thought, and the finish of his execution, is equally unnecessary. Those who have given the least time in examination of his productions, particularly *Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, must acknowledge that he possessed the inspiration of poesy in a high degree. We do not consequently feel it incumbent on ourselves to discuss his claims to authorship, nor have we any disposition to enhance or diminish the admiration which they, as literary productions, may receive; we speak simply of their moral tendency, and this we claim the prerogative to discuss so long as they are permitted to be before the public.

It cannot have escaped the observation of the reader of Shelley's works that in his several prefaces he endeavors to forestall criticism; not on what might be termed the blemishes of genius, but on the *moral sentiments* advanced and dextrously interwoven in his poems. He seems to have been conscious at times of the turpitude of his course; and fearful of animadversion or exposure, he strives, by raising the hue and cry of *superstition*, to silence all remark respecting the preposterous notions contained in his creed. His biographer offers no defense of his conduct here; but regrets that one so full of ideal beauty and enthusiasm should have subjected himself to the accusation of being unable to conceive of the existing state of things as it practically affects the nature and condition of man.

At the University of Oxford he rendered himself notorious by publishing a pamphlet under the absurd and world-defying title of *THE NECESSITY OF ATHEISM*; for which he was expelled that institution. This event proved fatal to his prospects for life. Exasperated almost to madness by this "devilish movement of the University," as he terms his expulsion, he indulged in the bitterest rancor against its officers and faculty; and "bolstering himself up

under the idea of persecution for opinion's sake," he remained inexorable to the admonitions alike of friends and relatives. Notwithstanding the pertinacity with which he at first maintained his dogmas, it is to be surmised that after years convinced him of his grosser metaphysical errors, and that it was

"No pleasant voyage, to float  
Like Pyrrho, in a sea of speculation."

His virulence somewhat relented, and he is said to have disclaimed being the author of certain profane expressions in *Queen Mab*, one of the most exceptionable of his poems. And from this circumstance we might feel inclined to forgive the iniquity of his youth. It should be recollected, however, that subsequent matters will not justify us in supposing that he was concerned about the laxness and infidelity of that poem, or that he suffered the least compunction for his sins and transgressions. If he experienced sorrow in having vilified the cause of virtue and religion, why was there no retraction? This he could have made in the following editions of that work; but we see nothing like it from his pen, and we are forced to believe that if he lamented any thing, it was the very unenviable position he occupied in the eyes of the community.

In point of style, *Queen Mab* may be inferior to the *Don Juan* of Byron, yet it is certainly not less unwhinging and ruinous in its tendency. No intimation is given of the circumstance, but it is probable that this poem is founded on a meagre skeleton of *Volney's Ruins*; for it arrives, although in a less logical manner, at the same notable conclusions, namely, that "necessity is the mother of invention," and that "there is no God." In the notes appended to it, the author affords numerous and unequivocal proofs of his depravity. He seems to stand alone. His heart seems *totally depraved*; his thoughts are evil and evil continually. His language is the language of defiance and scorn. In fact there is nothing in the recklessness of Tindal, or the ribaldry of Paine, that will compare with the foulness of this vile blasphemer. He condescends indeed to speak of the Bible, not however that he may commend it, but to caricature it; not to attest its authenticity, but to evince his contempt for its commands and precepts. As an example of his rashness we have the following: "I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus."

As a palliation of the enormities of Shelley, it has been alledged by some that in disposition he was ever mild and amiable; and although occasionally given to metaphysical reverie, he was nevertheless remarkable for his complaisance and benignity of heart. This allegation, specious as it may appear, is absolutely groundless, having no foundation either in honesty or truth. Anxious as was his

biographer to conceal his defects, and make his life upright and honorable in the sight of men, he was compelled to pronounce him often silent, sombre and misanthropic. There are points in his private history which afford mournful evidence that "he lived as the fool liveth." But we forbear to mention them.

The atheist, however much of humanity he may boast, is still the same heartless being, the same cold-blooded, gloomy speculator, the same determined foe to happiness,

"——the devil's pioneer, who cuts  
The fences down of virtue, saps her walls,  
And opes a smooth and easy way to death."

After he has destroyed our belief in a superintending providence, after he has persuaded us that the prospect of an hereafter is but "the baseless fabric of a vision," after he has taught us to despise the precepts, ridicule the doctrines, and brave the threatenings of the word of God, after he has succeeded in making us believe that this earth upon which we dwell is nothing more than a vapor eddying in the whirl of chance, undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld, and after he has wrung every drop of consolation from our souls and dried up our very spirit within us, then he leaves us—leaves us in despair—leaves us to wander on in night without a guide, without a ray to light our path, without a hope to cheer our gloom.

"Ah me! the laureled wreath that murder rears,  
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, or so dread,  
As waves the night-shade round the skeptic's head."

From such philosophy, and from such comforters may Heaven preserve us! "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!" E. II.

#### DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

BEAUTIFUL is that season of life when we can say in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom and his form is changed to something less terrific than before; we learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes; we shall see them again, blooming in a happier land. Yes; death brings us again to our friends—they are waiting for us, and we shall not be long—they have gone before us, and are like angels in heaven. They stand upon the border of the grave, to welcome us with countenances of affection, which they wore on earth, yet, more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual. Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and "thou hast the dew of thy youth;" he hath placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wore a smile.

The "far country" seems nearer, and the way less dark, for thou hast gone before—passing so quickly to thy rest that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.—*Professor Longfellow.*

#### WRONG MOTIVES.

WE are too apt to offer children wrong motives, or inducements; that is, we make a wrong use of things good in themselves. For example, how often have I heard a Christian mother say to her child, "For shame, you disgrace yourself before your uncle," or, "You ought to be ashamed to be seen doing so"—instead of teaching the angry or disobedient child that he sins against God! It is certainly right to inculcate respect for relatives, and a desire to enjoy their good opinion; but it is very doubtful if such remarks as the above promote that end any better than they do the other, which the mother has in view, namely, the supplying a sufficient motive for good behavior.

Again, parents say, "Study hard, that you may be distinguished." "Be a good boy, that every one may admire and love you." "Correct your temper, or you will be called *cross patch*." "How can you be so mean as to cheat—no one will respect you."

This may be all well; but it would be far better to teach your children that God has given them faculties to be improved, which they are bound to cultivate, and that they are responsible to *him* for the use they make of them. It would be far better to teach them that the sinfulness of their evil tempers and habits consists, first of all, in their being displeasing to God, and contrary to his revealed will. "Study that you may become useful." Correct your temper, because angry passions are hateful to God," &c.—*S. S. Journal.*

#### WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

A LADY had written on a card, and placed on the top of an hour-glass in her garden-house, the following simple verse from one of the poems of John Clare. It was the season when the flowers were in their highest glory:

"To think of summers yet to come,  
That I am not to see!  
To think a weed is yet to bloom  
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card:

"To think, when heaven and earth are fled,  
And times and seasons o'er;  
When all that can die shall be dead,  
That I must die no more!  
O! where will then my portion be?  
Where shall I spend eternity?"



Original.  
BAPTISM.

—  
BY THE EDITOR.  
—

WE have received a letter of objections to the views expressed in our December number on this subject. The author seems at a loss what estimate he shall set upon that brief article. At first he assures us that our "views are nothing new; nor are the arguments—they have been answered often." But, in another section of his letter, he tells us that our "reply is very ingenious." Surely, he must have been exceedingly unsettled in his opinion of the value of our performance. Another paragraph of his epistle reads thus: "If you agree that immersion is valid baptism, it requires the sacrifice of conscience not in the least to unite with the Baptist brethren."

To this we reply, first, that, though we admit immersion to be a valid baptism, we do not believe it to be the *apostolic* usage, nor a *convenient* form; that is, so far as ceremony is concerned, we do not believe it is either *Scriptural* or *expedient*. Secondly, we deny that one class of Christians ought to yield to another class in all matters that are not sinful, for the sake of denominational union. Nor would the immersionists act on this principle in several cases which we may suppose. For instance, if a party amongst them were to introduce "feet washing" as a religious rite, and secede from all those of the sect who should refuse to recognize it as obligatory on modern Christians, would the hundreds of thousands of their brethren join these bigots merely because there is nothing sinful in washing "one another's feet?" These schismatics might turn to their brethren, as this letter writer does to us, and say "it requires the sacrifice of conscience not in the least to unite with us."

But, further, is the *ceremony* of baptism the chief point of dissention between the immersionists and other Christians? Certainly not. Suppose we were to consent with them in this matter, what is to be done with *infant* baptism? Can they expect, for a moment, that we should proceed to the length of shutting our children out of the kingdom of God for their accommodation? Just as likely should we be to turn all Friends, and absolutely give up the sacrament. We would not give a groat for the privilege of electing between the abolition of the sacrament altogether and the refusal of it to our children. The invitation by immersionists, therefore, to join them, because dipping is confessed to be a valid baptism, may be illustrated thus. Two boats are launched from a wrecked vessel, one of which is occupied by half a dozen unmarried passengers, while the boat has a capacity for six or eight more. Three married gentlemen and

ladies, with four or five children each, are comfortably afloat in another safe craft. The single men call to the parents in the other boat, and inform them that they have still room for six grown persons, and, as their company would be very agreeable, urge them to forsake their own boat, and come aboard. "Have you room for our children?" the anxious parents all exclaim. "O, no!" say the first, "never mind the children—set them afloat, and God will take care of them." The parents, with one consent, refuse this cruel counsel. The unmarried men begin to "scull" their boat, and the others, with three good oars on each side, begin to row. The first boat goes heavily; yet, with much ado, is carried along toward shore. The other, with her three pairs of oars, sails easily, and shoots ahead. Every little while the bachelors call out to these families, and say, "Ho! there—don't be so bigoted. We have room for you here. Why will you not come aboard?" The response now is, "At first we had only one objection, namely, leaving our little ones behind; but since we have watched your motions, we have another trifling objection, namely, your laborious, inconvenient method of sailing. Why do you 'scull' rather than 'row?'"

Now, as to the *ceremony* of baptism, immersionists are in the inconvenient posture of the "scullers." To this we might not object as to a "mortal sin." Yet we prefer to be in the convenient and lawful condition of the "rowers," even on this non-essential point. But if they who labor the boat slowly forward with a mere stern power, should continue to challenge these parents, and say, "You confess that to scull as well as to row is sailing—come, therefore, and get into our boat," one obvious and insuperable obstacle remains, and they reply, "If we were ever so resigned to put up with your slow sailing, we wish you to recollect that in no case shall we consent to leave our dear children behind." So we reiterate—(and we trust immersionists will not overlook it)—"In no case can we consent to spurn an obligation as sacred, in our opinion, as divine authority unequivocally expressed can make it, and reject our children from the Church or kingdom of God."

There is one more paragraph in this letter which we shall freely animadvert upon; and as it is the summary objection to our article, in replying to it we consider that we reply to all. It is as follows: "But the New Testament decides for us the meaning of *baptizo*, (Rom. vi, 4, Col. ii, 12.) Whether these were the baptism of the Spirit or water they were a burial; therefore, *baptizo* cannot, in the opinion of Paul, denote sprinkling or pouring."

We rejoice that this correspondent engrosses all his arguments into this one proposition. It makes the issue a unit, which can be more satisfactorily

discussed than multiplied or diffused points of variance. To the general allegation that "the New Testament decides for us the meaning of *baptizo*," we most cordially assent. Whether that sacred authority decides the question as our correspondent alleges, we shall take the liberty to inquire with some deliberation. And, first, we will consider the proof texts which he seems to suppose must summarily settle the question. The first is Rom. vi, 4: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The second is Col. ii, 12: "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also we are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead."

They who urge these texts in opposition to pouring, and in favor of immersion, suppose that by descending into the water, and rising out of it again, they copy the blessed Savior's burial and resurrection. How strange it is that they do not pause to look at the history of Christ's burial and resurrection, and thus correct an impression which has no other foundation than their own fruitful fancies. How, I pray you, was our divine Redeemer buried? Have you supposed that the earth overwhelmed him; that the clay, like waters, closed over his sacred person? His burial was much more like our repose in a chamber than it was like the usual interring of the dead. We are told in the history that Joseph wrapped the body in linen, and *laid* it in a sepulchre. This sepulchre was so spacious that on the morning of the first day of the week it was occupied by two angels, who were sitting the one at the head and the other at the foot where the body of Jesus was laid. What is there in immersion which bears the least resemblance to such a burial? The resemblance is just as striking as it is between immersion and the crucifixion, or immersion and planting in the next verses. The apostle represents us as *buried* with, as planted in, and as crucified with Christ by baptism. If immersion resembles Christ's burial, how does it represent the planting or crucifixion?

Suppose we should undertake to prove sprinkling from these texts of Scripture, by seizing on that particular passage, "Knowing this, that our old man is *crucified* with him," &c. When our Savior was crucified, his blood, pouring from his wounds, was sprinkled upon his own raiment. The crown of thorns, the nails in his hands, and the soldier's spear, stained his limbs, and countenance, and vesture. This was probably the very baptism to which he referred when he said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened!" &c.

Much more plausibly may we plead for sprinkling,

then, because it resembles the crucifixion of Christ, than for immersion, because it resembles his burial, i. e., his reposing in a spacious sepulchre.

You may ask what is the meaning of these texts? We answer, if you insist that baptism represents certain states in which the body of Jesus was at different times, as his crucifixion, death, burial, &c., we should conclude that some of the Romans were immersed, some were sprinkled, some were poured, and some stood in the water while the ceremony was performed. Those who were immersed you may say, if you choose, were *buried* with Christ, (though that is the most awkward comparison of all.) Those who were sprinkled were *crucified* with him by water aspersion, resembling the blood from the wounds inflicted by the thorns, and the nails. Those who stood in the stream to be thus sprinkled were *planted* with him in the likeness of his death, like the roots of a tree planted in the soil. Thus the baptisms in the Church at Rome must have been as various, if this is the meaning of these passages, as they are among the Methodists. But, although we doubt not that their baptisms were various in mode, (though all one in regard to the name into which they were baptized, as it is said *one Lord, one faith, one baptism*,) yet we do not believe that these passages have any regard to external mode. They teach us simply that in our baptism we profess to be dead and buried to sin and to the world, and to be alive to holiness and to God. This is the foundation of a special claim upon us to "walk in newness of life." The import of the words is much the same as those in Gal. iii, 27: "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ (i. e., by water and the Spirit) have put on Christ;" (i. e., have put on the profession, and have assumed the tempers of love and loyalty to Christ.)

We will now proceed to inquire as to the signification of the word *baptizo* in the New Testament. If, as immersionists fondly insist, it means, in the New Testament, "to immerse," and nothing else, then argument is good for nothing. This is a point which involves philological criticism; but if the writer were prepared for this, his readers are not prepared to go along with him. There is a more instructive and a surer method. It is an appeal to Christ and to the inspired philologists. They used Greek words and phrases in a sense in which they were never used before. Instance—"being born" Nicodemus did not understand. The question for the Christian and the Christian minister is not what is the *classical* import of words, but what is their *evangelical* import. The question is not how Homer, and Plutarch, and Sophocles used them, but how did our Savior and his amanuenses use them.

If there is no note of change in the meaning of

words, they are to be understood in their usual and classic sense. But if there be undoubted tokens that the inspired penmen, or the Divine Redeemer, used a word in an eccentric or unclassic sense, to array proofs to the contrary from the ancient usages of speech, is skeptical, indocile and profane. The only question for us then is, what do Christ and his disciples mean by the word *baptize*? Three baptisms are spoken of by John. These are distinguished by the elements with which they are performed. The first is by water, the second by the power of the Holy Ghost, the third by fire.

Now we can determine the meaning of the word *baptizo*, in the Scriptural sense, if we can ascertain how either of these baptisms was performed. In each case, an element is applied to the person of the baptized. We say, to the person, for *the soul and body both belong to the person*.

How, then, is the element used? Water is one element. The Scriptures are examined to ascertain how it was used, and a controversy arises. Some say it was used in one form, some say in another. Nine tenths of the Christian world insist it was applied in any convenient form and quantity; one tenth, more or less, say it was applied only by *immersion*. Who shall settle the question? and how? Any one may settle it by traveling on through the New Testament and ascertaining how the other baptisms were performed. What was the mode of baptism by the Spirit? To ascertain this you must go to Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. After the company of the apostles have been baptized by the Spirit and are filled with the Holy Ghost, Peter stands up and says to the wondering multitudes who accused them of wine-bibbing, "These are not drunken as ye suppose; but this is that spoken by the Prophet Joel, And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will *pour out* my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. And on my servants and on my hand-maidens, I will *pour out* in those days of my Spirit and *they* shall prophesy," (Acts ii, 17, 18.) And this is repeated in another form, verse 22, "Therefore (Jesus) being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, hath *shed forth* this, which ye now see and hear."

There are two other portions of Scripture which we wish you to connect with these passages, and we are sure that you can scarcely again, without great weakness, not to say irreverence, doubt whether pouring is *valid baptism*. The first is in Matt. iii, 11: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*" This is an early announcement of Christ's future office when he should ascend up on high to give

gifts unto men. The other is in Acts i, 5: "For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be *baptized with the Holy Ghost*, not many days hence." This is the language of Christ himself, uttered after his resurrection. And just as he was about to ascend into heaven, he said as his last words, "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power; but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. Thus, three years before our Savior's crucifixion John says that Jesus shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Then, only ten days before Pentecost, Christ says, "Ye shall be *baptized with the Holy Ghost* not many days hence." And then again in the 8th verse, Christ signifies the form of that baptism which was so near: "Ye shall receive power after that the *Holy Ghost is come upon you*"—not when it has immersed you. Ten days after, *Pentecost* arrives, the promised baptism comes, and Peter, in the language of the Prophet Joel, says that this baptism is the *pouring out* of the Spirit—that "Christ having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, has *shed forth* this which you now see and hear."

In these passages we have the testimony of John, of Peter, and of Jesus Christ, to say nothing of the prophecy of Joel.

Jesus was to baptize. His baptism was to be spiritual. He never did baptize with water in any one instance. If he did not baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, he never baptized at all. But unless *pouring* is baptizing, he never did baptize with the Holy Ghost. Every prophecy and every narrative in all God's holy book that speaks of any *manner or mode* of giving the Holy Spirit, uses language which signifies the descent of the Spirit upon the subject.

Now did Christ or did he not baptize? If he did, his only mode of baptizing was by *pouring*. And as *he thus* baptizes we follow his example.

The efforts of our opponents to escape the force of this argument, are enough to relax the muscles of grave logic into a smile. We will notice two of them.

First, they say that the disciples were really immersed in the Holy Ghost, for the narrative states that the Spirit filled all the house where they were sitting. This is a mistake. "The *sound* as of a mighty rushing wind filled all the house where they were sitting;" but there is not the least hint in regard to the Holy Ghost being present at all till the second verse after.

The other evasion is, that this is a mere *figurative* baptism. A figurative baptism! And who drew the figure? The Lord Jesus Christ. And he pictures himself as *shedding down*, and pouring out the Holy Ghost on the people to baptize them!

How do our opponents sketch the same scene? Instead of the element being poured out from above, they insist that we must drop the baptized, into the element beneath. As they picture it, all flesh is poured out into the Holy Spirit, instead of the Holy Spirit being "poured out upon all flesh." Christ says the Holy Spirit shall *come upon* the disciples, but they will have it that the disciples come upon (into) the Holy Spirit. Now whose authority shall we prefer, theirs or their Savior's? Indeed we will not hesitate. If our Savior's baptism be a figure, we thank him for a figure which fixes the true mode of baptism, and sets our hearts at rest for ever. For if it is a figure, water baptism is the substance, and although our consciences are not absolutely bound to it, yet it is decorous to conform the substance to the figure. In ministering the water baptism therefore, we prefer to pour, because *thus* our Savior baptizes.

There is another baptism mentioned by John, and narrated in Acts, which is by fire. And what is the mode. Cloven tongues like as of fire *sat upon* each of them? They were not immersed in fire. Here then we should expect controversy would end, and that the meaning of the word baptize as used by our blessed Savior would be settled for ever. We would as soon think of carrying a Greek Lexicon up to the throne of God, to teach the Almighty Savior what he does not understand, as to trifle with his holy word and example, by opposing the classical meaning of *baptizo* to his perpetual baptizing by pouring.

To this mode of determining the sense of *baptizo*, as used in the New Testament, what objections can be raised? We will conjecture as far as possible, and consider them one by one.

First, it may be said that we "mistake the genius or the force of the word *figurative*, as applied to baptism—that it is not a picture or shadow of the *form* of the substance; but is used rhetorically, whereas the above criticism assumes otherwise."

In answer to this objection we refer the reader to our correspondent's assertion: "Whether these were the baptism of the Spirit, or water, they were a burial," &c. Now if *we* mistake the force of *figurative* as applied to baptism, we merely follow precedent. Our antagonists lead the way. For in the above assertion it is evidently claimed that *burial* in the sense of immersion in the *Spirit's* baptism infers burial in the sense of immersion in the outward sacrament; or otherwise, it is claimed that if the baptism of the Spirit is by a designated mode, namely, *burial* or *immersion*, then water baptism is proved to be of like mode, namely, burial or immersion. Well then may we assume that the substance must be conformed to the shadow, (if shadow they will define it,) or the literal and sacramental to the figurative or spiritual. Our reply to

this objection is strengthened by the view which immersionists take of that passage which speaks of the Israelites as being "baptized in the cloud and in the sea." This it is said, (for some evasion must of course be invented in such a case,) "is a figurative baptism." And why, if figurative, do they not allow that most obvious construction of the passage, namely, that the spray from the watery walls on each side, and the rain from the cloud over their heads constituted this figurative baptism? Granting for a moment that this baptism *was* figurative, why object to sprinkling as its form? Evidently because they conceive that the *manner* of the *figure* is to determine the *manner* of the *substance*. We have only to say, what they grant by their criticisms on this passage, and only that, we take, in arguing the mode of water baptism, and the Scriptural meaning of the word from the form of the Spirit's baptism. We both alike assume that the figurative, pictures forth the manner of the sacramental baptism.

As we have not space to finish our remarks, the theme will be resumed in our next number.



#### THE CASE OF BACKSLIDERS.

THE case of backsliders has lately been much impressed on my mind. Great numbers, I am persuaded, are among professing Christians, some under this denomination. At present, I shall only offer three or four directions to the consideration of any whose case they may suit.

Every means should be used to stop the avenues of temptation, or prevent its coming in contact with evil propensities of the heart. If there be nitre in our habitation it becomes us to beware of fire. Such was the counsel of our Lord to his disciples in a season of peculiar danger. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." He had himself entered into that field, and came out a conqueror; but he knew what was in man, and counseled them rather to avoid than to court the contest. In cases where the heart begins to be seduced by temptation, it will soon become restless, solicitous, and importunate; it will moan after it, and be exceedingly fruitful in devices to get in the way of it. It will persuade conscience for once, at least, to be silent; it will blind the mind to the evil, and paint the desirableness of the good; and if all this will not do, it will promise to be only a looker-on, or that thus far it will go and no further. But if thou hast any regard for God or his cause, as for the welfare of thine own soul, "consent thou not." Whatever company, amusement, occupation, or connection, has frequently "caused thee to offend," that is the eye that requires to be plucked out, lest in the end thy soul bleed beneath the stroke of God's displeasure.—*Andrew Fuller.*

Original.  
MUSIC.

MR. HAMLIN.—There is perhaps no one thing which exerts so great a power over the human mind as music. The great adversary, aware of this, has ever made it one of the most efficient means of promoting his own designs. The hero (often falsely so called) has acknowledged its power on the battlefield; and the songs of the Bacchanal have often lent a charm to the otherwise detestable scenes of intemperance. Where these may not enter, others no less corrupting, but far more insidious, find a hearty welcome. I refer to the whole class of sentimental songs which have literally deluged the music-loving community of late years. The greater part of these, I verily believe, exert a more deleterious influence than all the productions of Bulwer, Marryat, and their compeers. In many cases the accompanying music is so touchingly beautiful, that even Christians tolerate the sentiment of the song for the music's sake. Cannot the beauties and soul-moving influences of the one be secured without the vitiating tendencies of the other? I believe it can. In a few instances the experiment has been most successfully made, by a substitution of words equally well adapted to the music, and not obnoxious to the objection just made. The accompanying piece is one of these. It was written (by a clergyman, I believe) for the beautiful air, "Long, long ago," doubtless familiar to all your music-loving readers. I do not think these words have been published this side of the mountains. I met with them in the east, some months since, and by request have been furnished with a copy. It is herewith copied for the Repository, in the hope that the example may be imitated by others who cultivate an acquaintance with the muses, and thus an excuse may be taken away for tolerating what every Christian in more retired and devotional moments must condemn. I have taken some small liberties with the author, which, however, I trust may be pardoned, and not render the piece less acceptable. The alterations are chiefly for the purpose of avoiding frequent repetitions.

ECSEBIA.

—  
SHED NOT A TEAR.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier  
When I am gone—when I am gone;  
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,  
When I am gone—I am gone.  
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;  
Think who has died his beloved to save;  
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,  
When I am gone—I am gone.  
Shed not a tear when you, lone, kneel in prayer  
When I am gone—when I am gone;  
Sing a sweet song such as angels may hear  
When I am gone—I am gone.  
Sing to the Lamb who on earth was once slain,  
Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,  
Sing till the world shall be filled with his name,  
When I am gone—I am gone.  
Plant ye a tree which may wave over me  
When I am gone—when I am gone;  
Sweet then the breezes soft music shall be  
When I am gone—I am gone.  
Come to its shade in a bright summer's day,  
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,  
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,  
When I am gone—I am gone.

Original.

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

—  
BY MISS DE FOREST.

FROM the roaring of old ocean—  
Howling wind and dashing sea—  
From a world of wild commotion,  
Once again thy face we see.  
He who calms the stormy billow—  
Binds at will its angry foam—  
He hath watch'd thy nightly pillow  
To insure thy *welcome home*—

—  
Welcome home.

We have miss'd thy faithful dealing—  
Miss'd thee as a heav'nward guide;  
And perchance from holy feeling  
Some of us have wander'd wide;  
Now with joy our hearts are beating—  
Now thou wilt no longer roam.  
O how sweet the hour of meeting  
When we give thee *welcome home*—

—  
Welcome home.

Com'st thou bearing heav'nly blessings?  
Let us each those blessings share;  
Kind reproof, and prayer unceasing,  
Watchful love, and tender care.  
Gently cheer each right endeavor—  
Warn the sinner of his doom—  
Lest from his offended Savior  
He should meet no *welcome home*—

—  
Welcome home.

Dost thou view the garb of mourning?  
Death hath enter'd in the fold;  
Some who long'd for thy returning  
Sleep in his embraces cold.  
Blissful joys they now inherit,  
Risen from the lowly tomb.  
List! methinks each happy spirit  
Swells our anthem—*Welcome home*—

—  
Welcome home.

O that in yon world of glory  
All thy fold may gather'd be!  
O that each may tell the story  
"Jesus, Jesus died for me!"  
And, as down to death's dark Jordan  
Tremblingly, our footsteps come,  
May thy soul receive its guerdon—  
May'st thou shout our *welcome home*—

—  
Welcome home.

—•••••  
SOLITUDE.

My heart is easy and my burden light,—  
I smile though sad, when Thou art in my sight;  
The more my woes in secret I deplore  
I taste Thy goodness and I love Thee more.

Original.

## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

A LOVELY bud from our pathway is gone—  
 A sweet, glad spirit for ever hath flown;  
 The accents are hushed of a gentle voice,  
 Whose innocent tones bade the soul rejoice;  
 Closed in death is an eye whose tranquil beam  
 Woke visions of hope with its cloudless gleam;—  
 And the heart, whose music had scarce begun  
 To beat for the race that was yet to run,  
 Pours not to the cheek its currents of bloom,  
 For its throbs are stilled in the voiceless tomb!  
 A grace is banished—a rapture o'er—  
 And a joyous smile we may view no more!

It seems to me now but a summer's day,  
 And scarcely so long, since that infant lay,  
 With tenderness clasped to his mother's breast,  
 Like a happy bird, in its leafy nest!  
 And that mother's spirit o'erflowed with joy,  
 As she gazed on the face of her darling boy;  
 And his tremulous fingers softly played  
 With the ringlets dark o'er her brow that strayed;  
 And he seemed to give from his pensive eye  
 To her earnest glances a deep reply,—  
 Till present and future alike grew bright,  
 In the mystic flow of her pure delight!

Once again I came, and the infant lay  
 On his mother's bosom—but not at play,  
 Gone now was each charm of his speaking face—  
 The rose-hue had vanished, with transient grace—  
 Slow, feebly and faintly his breathings came—  
 His life-lamp burned with a lessening flame—  
 Whilst the blue veins throbbled with a feebler tide,  
 Like streamlets, whose sources the sun had dried;—  
 And the mother's eye, like a star whose light  
 Shines dim through the mists of the stormy night,  
 Was fixed on her babe, whilst the thronging fears,  
 Oped wide in her bosom its fountain of tears!

I looked once again, and the child was drest  
 In the snowy folds of his church-yard vest;  
 The orb that once glistened with bliss was hid  
 'Neath the jetty fringe and the pearly lid;  
 The ruby, bright red of his lip was gone—  
 His cheek was as cold as the Parian stone—  
 And he lay, (as his fingers pressed a flower  
 Culled fragrant and sweet from its woodland bower,)  
 As fair as the lily some hand hath shorn,  
 From its parent stem, in the blush of morn,  
 And robbed of its dew, in the burning ray,  
 Hath left it to wither and fade away!

And hung not the mother upon him then  
 Whom never, on earth, she might see again?  
 Dwelt not her gaze on each hallowed line,

Whence death had now taken the light divine?  
 Ah yes! she bent sadly beside the clay,  
 As robed for the grave it composedly lay;  
 Like a beautiful ideal, genius had caught,  
 And in the pale marble exquisitely wrought!  
 But, fairer than marble, around it still shone  
 A spirit-like glory, which yet had not flown,  
 But lingered, as if, all unwilling to roam,  
 His soul hovered fondly above its frail home!

But they took him thence to his dreamless rest,  
 Where the flowers will bloom o'er his sinless breast;  
 Where the bee will soar, and the gay bird sing  
 In the balmy breath of the gentle spring,  
 And the long grass grow, and the low winds sigh,  
 And the tear drops fall from the deep blue sky!—  
 But the friends who have loved him weep not now—  
 They feel, that like dew in the summer glow,  
 Which rises on high upon pinions of light,  
 His soul to its mansion hath taken its flight;  
 Like dew, for the gem of an hour it was given,  
 Like it, is recalled, all unsullied, to heaven!



From the Southern Literary Messenger.

## "HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT!"

How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss,  
 Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;  
 Will leave the bright joys of the mansions above,  
 To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

They come; on the wings of the morning, they  
 come,

Impatient to bear some poor wanderer home;  
 Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,  
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

They come, when that pilgrim has rested from  
 woe,

To gild the dark sky of the mourner below;  
 They smile on the weeper—and brightly appears,  
 A rainbow of hope through the prism of tears.

Their pinions, now fanning the fever of care,  
 Are winnowing fragrance from gardens of air;  
 Now, brushing from gladness each hasty alloy,  
 Bright sparkles they shed on the dew-drops of joy.

Prayer mounts on their wings in its heaven-ward  
 flight;

And blessings flash back on their pinions of light;  
 Each moment distils on some soul, as they rove,  
 Heart-nectar from heaven's alembic of love.

O! blessings upon them, wherever they fly,  
 To flower the earth, or set stars in the sky;  
 Heaven plume us, when parted from time and its  
 cares,  
 For rapturous flight and glad missions like theirs!

## NOTICES.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE.** *Number 1. New York.*—The first number of this edition of the Bible came to hand, much to our gratification, just in time to be noticed in our present issue.

It will be difficult to convey to our readers any just conception of the merit of this publication. Were it not the "Holy Bible," we should be disposed to proceed almost to the length of rebuking the publishers for the expensive preparations which this design must involve, and for the unreckoned outlays which will be demanded in its progress. But to inform our readers of the plan as correctly as we are able, this copy of the Bible is to be published in about fifty numbers, at twenty-five cents each. It will be printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, with Marginal References, Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. It will be embellished with sixteen hundred Historical Engravings, with an Initial (engraved) Letter to each chapter. Of the embellishments more than fourteen hundred are from Original Designs.

With the first number before us, we will say that it is not only unsurpassed, but, as we believe, unequalled in the quality of its paper, in typographical and pictorial beauty, and, finally, in all that can please the eye and gratify taste. We hazard nothing in saying that, aside from its sixteen hundred engravings, (which, in variety of design and delicacy of execution, have never been equaled in any edition of the Bible,) no copy of the Scriptures can compare with this. Its impression is so clear that it might almost be easily read in a full moonlight. We can scarcely credit the fact that this publication will cost, in numbers, but about twelve and a half dollars—less than old editions, such as was published by Carey & Lea of Philadelphia, in 1815, with only eight or ten coarse engravings, and in paper and typography not to be compared with this. How the Harpers can afford to issue it at this price is to us inconceivable. We believe every family in which the Repository is read can afford to pay this price for so splendid a Bible. Its engravings will provoke both them and their children to study Holy Writ; and they will not only find the embellishments attractive, as specimens of art, but, like the notes of an expositor, illustrations of the text.

N. B. Having asked an intelligent friend if we have said too much in praise of this publication, the answer is, "You cannot say too much; for the press can never produce any thing superior to this."

Subscriptions received at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

**ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN MISSIONS IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, including an Account of the Christian Experience of some of the Converts from Popery and Infidelity, as furnished by themselves.** By Rev. Adam Miller, German Missionary. Cincinnati: Wright & Swormstedt.—We have too hastily noticed this unpretending volume hitherto, and would now, as far as possible, atone for our mistake. It is a book for the heart, and no pious person can deliberately read it without feeling stirred up to thank and praise Almighty God. It commences with a chapter on Germany, its geographical position, its dialects, &c., and then speaks of immigration, and the char-

acter, morals, religion, and prospects of the Germans amongst us. It then goes on with the history of our missions. The first mission was commenced by Rev. William Nast (now editor of the Christian Apologist) in this city, in 1835. From this small origin the blessed work is traced, by brother Miller, in its progress and branchings out under the fostering care of Providence, to the year 1843. The last half of the volume contains the religious experience of several leading ministers and members converted from Romanism, rationalism, and infidelity; and we think no one can read these narratives without magnifying the grace of God. We deem these notices of God's gracious dealings with the Germans exceedingly instructive.

**AN ALARM TO CHRISTIAN PATRIOTS.**—This is a thanksgiving sermon delivered Nov. 30, 1843, in the Methodist Episcopal church in Winsted, Conn., by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Clark, A. M. It is founded on Prov. xiv, 34: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." The aim of its author is to "illustrate the doctrine of the text," present the "state of our own country," and inquire "what is duty in view of the exigencies with which we are surrounded." To illustrate the doctrine, he adduces the moral corruption and the depending destinies of several nations, as the Jews, and several ancient cities, such as Sodom and Gomorrah, with Babylon, Tyre, and Nineveh—glancing at the history of Egypt and of Greece, of Italy, and finally of atheistic France.

Under the second head he presents intemperance, political corruption, Sabbath breaking, and slavery, as the cardinal vices of our country. He insists that these threaten us as a nation with exemplary judgments from Almighty God.

In the third division of the sermon he urges the necessity of demanding the "repeal of all laws which favor vice," the "exclusion from office of unprincipled and wicked men," and the diligent use of corrective moral agencies for the reformation of the people. The views of the author, in relation to the principles of the divine government, and the fatal consequences of national corruption, are sound; and they are expressed with great force and propriety.

**PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Vols. II and III.** *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This history is written with great historical fidelity, in a style of chaste, and faultless propriety, clothed with all the interest of the boldest romance. These two volumes, like the former, contain splendid engravings, maps, and a copious index. See notice in our January number.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, January 1844.**—This commences a new volume. The work has been well sustained the last year. Its present number contains a likeness of the senior editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal. From a hasty glance at the articles, we presume that the Review does not decline in interest or merit.

**GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.**—This excellent monthly is still issued from the press of D. S. King & Co., Boston. Though it fails to reach our office, we have so deep and abiding an interest in its success that we would still urge its claims upon the Christian public. Mr. Peck is now in this city, acting as agent, and will receive subscriptions. Price, one dollar per annum.

THE MOTHER'S PRACTICAL GUIDE IN THE EARLY TRAINING OF HER CHILDREN: containing Directions for their Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Education. By Mrs. J. Bakewell. From the Second London Edition. New York: Lane & Sandford. 1843.—This little book is designed to subserve the most useful ends in the training of children; and it was evidently written by one who had made herself well acquainted with her subject. We are sure that every mother who reads it will be better qualified thereby to execute the sacred trusts committed to her hand by the God of nature. Mrs. Bakewell thus discourses in the introductory chapter:

"To whom is the mother responsible? To her children. Should they arrive at maturity, and find that from her they have imbibed virtuous principles and good habits, they will joyfully acknowledge their obligations; should they, on the contrary, find that to her neglect they have to trace those head-strong passions and those vicious habits which are hurrying them to destruction, how bitterly will they reproach her! The world, too, may justly complain, if those whom she has been instrumental in bringing into existence should, through her inattention and indifference, become a curse and a scourge to their fellow men. The Church also may take up the lamentation of Jacob, and exclaim, 'Me have ye bereaved of my children.' The Church naturally looks to the children of religious professors for its members, its officers, and its ministers, and may justly reproach them if its hopes be blighted through their unfaithfulness.

"But O, ye mothers of our land, it is not by earthly tribunals alone that your maternal character will be judged. In that day, the great day of the Lord, you will have to give an account of the trust reposed in you. Your Judge will then say, 'You were commanded to train up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,'—and how will you answer? . . . I can dwell no longer on this solemn subject. Happy will that mother be, who, on that awful day, shall hear the approving sentence, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

SELECT LIBRARY OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell & Co.—Numbers eleven and twelve of this periodical have reached us, containing the lives of Pope Alexander and his son, Cæsar Borgia. Notice is given with these numbers that the "Select Library" is discontinued. From the character of the work, and its low price to subscribers, we are surprised that there is not a demand for its continuance. It has afforded the public some valuable re-publications, and the "Lives of the Pope and his Son" is a picture of morals in connection with the successors of St. Peter well calculated to profit thoughtful readers. The flagitious career of Alexander, in concert with his fratricidal family, will scarcely find a parallel in the annals of crime.

DELINEATION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—Dr. Elliott's labors are held in high estimation amongst our European brethren. The above work is now being issued from the London press in consecutive numbers, which regularly reach this office. The opinions of the best judges amongst our Wesleyan friends may be gathered from the following remarks in the London Watchman:

"At this critical period of the religious history of

England, when such strenuous efforts for the revival of Popish doctrines and practices surround us—and unhappily are not unsuccessful—we cannot but regard the publication of this work as an occurrence of considerable importance. Although we have already numerous books on the controversy between Protestants and the Church of Rome, we are not aware of the existence of any equal, in all respects, to this. The patient research, the indefatigable industry, the extensive learning, the facility in grouping facts and arguments derived from varied and distant sources, so as to make them bear with the fullest effect on the point in hand, the logical acuteness, discrimination, and force of Dr. Elliott, are here exhibited in a degree most creditable to himself, and beneficial to the cause of truth. He seems to have bent all the powers of his mind to the disclosure of the true character of the Papal Apostasy, and to have labored in his arduous undertaking with unremitting assiduity; and the result is a portraiture of Rome, the fidelity of which cannot be questioned, and which only needs to be impartially looked upon to excite contempt and loathing toward the Man of Sin."

We indulge the belief that this able work, embracing the fruits of so many years of industry on the part of Dr. Elliott, will not be neglected by the Methodist public. We think it should be made a text-book for undergraduates in all the conferences. It is a period in which the "man of God" should be "thoroughly furnished" on the subject of Papal heresies. And surely no production of the press is so suitable as this to be placed in the hands of those who must contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROFESSORSHIP IN MIAMI UNIVERSITY.—It will be perceived that our faithful correspondent, Rev. G. Waterman, is announced in this number as "Professor" Waterman. In explanation we will say that he was recently elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in the above University. Mr. Waterman will take his station next spring, and spends the intermediate time in Kentucky. We thus early prefixed "Professor" to his name without his approbation, for which we ought, perhaps, to make atonement. We trust he will continue his valuable contributions.

MORRIS HIGH SCHOOL.—We are gratified to learn that this seminary for young ladies, established in the city of Louisville less than a year since, now numbers more than one hundred pupils, with the prospect of rapid accessions. The second session will commence on the second Monday in this month. The Principal will be prepared to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils. He intends to have a department for teaching Modern Languages, viz., French and Italian, with Vocal and Instrumental Music, Painting, and Drawing. In this department the young ladies will be required to speak the French. The Principal of this flourishing seminary (Samuel Dickinson, Esq.) possesses all desirable attributes for the enterprise which he has taken in hand. He has been thus far patronized to the utmost extent of his hopes. He has a brightening prospect before him. With a faculty determined to employ the utmost diligence in sustaining the various departments, we doubt not the success and increasing usefulness of this young institution.



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1844.

Original.

## A NIGHT ON THE LAKE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Perils await thee hour by hour—  
Tempt not the deep alone."

In 182—, a young man, just then admitted into the Ohio conference, was appointed to a domestic mission, which embraced the borders of civilization in the northern part of Michigan Territory. In such a climate, where deep snow and extreme cold are the companions of all the winter months, it was a severe service to travel amongst a few new settlers, whose rude log dwellings were thinly scattered over an extensive forest region. There frequent and formidable obstacles interrupted the traveler in his progress. Many creeks and rivers were to be crossed, and at that time bridges were very rare. Our young missionary had a vigorous constitution, great muscular energy, and a purpose of soul in his Master's service which led him to look at the labors and exposures of his appointed field with a good degree of resolute composure.

He accomplished the service assigned him to the satisfaction of all concerned; but at that early date his physical constitution, strong as it was, suffered a blow from which it never recovered. He continued a few years, under much embarrassment from feeble health, to occupy more pleasant fields of labor, until, at the early age of thirty-five, he was compelled to take his station amongst the superannuated, without the least prospect of being restored to active service.

Amongst the trials of that year, several of which, as we have heard him relate them, would compare with the exposures of our venerable fathers in the primitive days of Methodism, we select the following, which is romantic in its features, and threatened a tragic consummation. Its moral purpose is to illustrate, convincingly, the care of Providence over blind, helpless, and distressed mortals.

The field of this young man's labors bordered on Lake St. Clair. His rides extended northward also, on the American shore of the strait which connects that smaller body of water with Lake Huron. Sometime during the year he had occasion to sail down the former lake, along its western shore. As he was going aboard the schooner in which he had taken passage, some of his acquaintances asked

permission to place under his protection three ladies, who were bound to the same point. They set sail. Toward evening the captain of the vessel resolved to "lie to" during the night. He chose to anchor off the mouth of Clinton River, about a mile distant from the shore.

The passengers, of whom there were several, noticed a dark cloud resting on the horizon; and from all observable portents, they were led to expect a severe "thunder gust." Deeming the position of the vessel unfavorable to endure a heavy blow, they became solicitous to get on shore. A short distance above the mouth of the river, on its bank, was a comfortable inn. It was finally resolved to employ one of the schooner's hands to row them into the estuary, and land them near the tavern. The boat was accordingly lowered; but several boorish gentlemen, who had no ladies in their company to care for, ungallantly leaped in till it was fully laden, and secured the first trip, leaving the missionary, Mr. L., and the ladies, with two strange gentlemen, to take their chance afterward.

Before the return of the boat it began to be quite dark; and Mr. L. became somewhat anxious lest the waterman, a garrulous Frenchman, should not be able to strike the mouth of the river. He was assured, however, with Gallic volubility and positiveness, that that there was no difficulty. Taking counsel of their fears, as the threatening cloud now spread up the heavens, and the lightning began to glare on the surface of the lake, they trusted themselves to his pilotage, and launched forth.

Thick darkness shut in upon them suddenly. The Frenchman rowed with might and main, as was supposed, toward the shore. But when it was certain that he must have run the skiff far enough to have reached the landing place, there were not yet any tokens of land. The whole company became uneasy, and hurriedly inquired if he was not wrong; but he assured and re-assured them that he must be right, and resolutely propelled the boat so much the faster to convince both them and himself that they were safe. Mr. L. finally warned him that the water was certainly getting deeper. Upon this, after considering a little, the pilot himself was alarmed, and finally announced that they were lost.

"Lost!" What a sound was that in the circumstances which surrounded them! At first they could not realize their condition. But the quick-

thoughted missionary soon perceived the imminency, or at least the extent of their exposure. He recollected that when they dropped off from the vessel a light shone from the window of the tavern, which he supposed would be the pilot's guide toward the estuary. But now—whether by moving a lamp, or closing a blind, or whether (which was probable enough) by the intervention of a bluff, or a forest—no light could any longer be seen. In considering the probability of missing their course, if they had bethought themselves to secure a stationary light on the deck of the schooner, to guide their return in case of such misadventure, all would have been well. But they had forgotten, and were now forlorn of all such comforting resorts.

[So the sinner, in the midst of probationary means, urged by friends, warned by Providence, and drawn by the Holy Spirit, too often declines a preparation for his eternal voyage. While near the cross, and at liberty to apply its cleansing blood, and set up in his soul the lights of devotion enkindled there by the ever-blessed Spirit, he disregards the necessity of this wise provision. In the midst of this forgetfulness death overtakes him. Stretched helpless on his uneasy couch, he begins at length to look around. This is to him a new point of observation; and O how it changes the aspects of surrounding scenes! He is now on the ocean's shore. Its waters are seen to be a boundless waste, and its surface, vexed by the fury of the untempered storm, presents a scene most appalling to the soul. Just launching forth on this sea of terrors, night closes in upon him. The heavens are veiled in gathering clouds, which seem burdened with sin-avenging wrath. It is the wrath of dread Omnipotence, provoked by years of crucifying scorn poured upon the long-suffering Redeemer of mankind. He feels that it must be unrelenting wrath, because it falls on an unrepenting victim. He looks once more toward the cross; but it recedes. No star of hope remains. His eyes now roll in phrenzy. He exclaims, in husky tones, "*There is no help!*" At length his voice is hushed, and his eyes are fixed in staring ghastliness. While the signals of distress are hung out on every feature, expiring tremors seize his frame—he groans despair, and dies. *All else is hell!*]

Let us fancy now, as nearly as we are able, the condition of the missionary and his charge. The cloud had by this time spread over the zenith, and covered the face of the heavens. The wind was tempestuous. The short, broken billows of the lake began to toss themselves angrily into every shape of danger. The livid lightning ever and anon turned the thick darkness into a momentary blaze, which, instead of revealing, as they hoped it might, the ship or the shore, only gave them a

glance at the surrounding terrors, and impressed on them more deeply, than the boldest imagination could have done the appalling horrors of their state. The rain fell in torrents, and a conflict seemed to transpire, in which the elements above strove fiercely and wildly with the elements beneath. Then, truly, "deep called unto deep, at the noise of his water-spouts." One thing only could be added to increase the terror of the scene; and that was not long wanting. The Frenchman proved to be a most profane wretch; and though he might have been, at first, somewhat covered by the discovery of his novel and sad condition, yet, gathering either courage or despair as perils thickened around him, he began at last to utter horrid oaths and imprecations, and thenceforward became furious and flagitious in his blasphemies, in proportion as the dangers multiplied. This is a picture of the hardening influence of sin. Procrastinators often encourage themselves with the hope of being urged to Christ by the near approach of death. Such an one recently died in this vicinity, uttering this amongst several death-bed imprecations—"I feel as though I could curse Jesus Christ from his throne!"

It soon became necessary to point the boat's bow so as to cross, if possible, the fitful waves, and propel her in some direction amidst the raging of the storm. The glare of the lightning therefore became of great importance; for it enabled the poor Frenchman, whose task was now a serious one, to hold the slender craft to what he judged the safest point. It employed his utmost skill and energy to avoid the "trough of the sea," and move forward so as to reduce the chances of swamping, of which they were every moment in great danger. This wicked man labored incessantly at the oar for four weary hours, more or less; and all that time none could form the least conjecture which way they were sailing, whether parallel with the shore, inclining toward it, or (as they ultimately judged most probable) out into the stormy bosom of the lake. At length, after suffering no little apprehension on his own account, as well as for his fellow passengers, (and most of all for those affrighted females who had been committed to his "protection," and whom it became his duty to encourage by suggestions which scarcely sustained his own feeble hope of deliverance,) Mr. L. insisted that an attempt must be made to change their course. They had sailed far enough, as he believed, to prove that they were not approaching the shore at an inclination which promised them relief; and although the danger of "coming about" was extreme, he urged it as affording the only chance of escape. After much demurring, the effort was made. By the mercy of Providence it succeeded. They endeavored on their new tack, not exactly to

reverse their former course; but diverging from it as far as the running waves would permit, they called into requisition all the strength that remained in the now exhausted oarsman, and pushed ahead.

About midnight they perceived, from the tokens of shallower water, that they must be nearing land; and not long afterward the suffering females, drenched in the rain and spray, and almost senseless through fear, were conveyed, in a helpless condition, to the shore, which they reached five miles below the mouth of the river, where the schooner was at anchor. The gentlemen themselves, who were by turns engaged in unlading the boat of the water she took in from the dashing of the waves, were far enough from suffering no exhaustion, yet, unlike the ladies, they were able to stand and walk.

On calculating, as nearly as they could, the courses they had sailed, and the time they were lost, the conclusion was that the boat had pushed out seven or eight miles from the shore. Reviewing all the circumstances, it appeared to them a special providence that the skiff was not only kept adrift, but (what was still more admirable) that, in the tossings and alarms of so stormy and dark a night, none so far lost their presence of mind as to miss their hold, and plunge into the sea.

The next day these sufferers were restored to the comforts and fellowships of life, but were soon separated, to meet, if not before, at the judgment seat of Christ, where the blasphemous Frenchman, the two strangers, the three suffering females, and the missionary who strove to cheer and comfort them in danger, all mercifully preserved by an interposing Providence, will appear, to render up their last account, and receive their final doom.

We will add that Mr. L. closed this narrative in some such words as the following: "Even to this late hour, as often as memory wanders back to that night of raging tempests, and dwells on its scenes of unimaginable horror, my heart sinks within me, and my blood seems almost to curdle in my veins."

How significant are the following familiar lines in connection with this narrative:

"Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud—the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark;  
Deep horror then my vitals froze.  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a Star arose—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.  
It was my guide, my light, my all—  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er—  
I'll sing, first in night's dimadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem."

Original.

HOLINESS.—NO. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES BY THE WAY."

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

AND now, dear R., how does your soul prosper? Have you yet made the entire consecration of all your redeemed powers to God? Or are you still halting between two opinions? Your Redeemer demands a whole-hearted service. O, that this may be the hour when you may fully acknowledge his claim, and render back your whole existence to God.

I know I need not say to you that this is but a reasonable service. Your would-be-devoted heart assures you of the reasonableness of your Savior's demand. O, yes, R., you know that it is unreasonable not to be holy. Will you not begin this moment to act upon this conviction of duty? The delay of one hour may witness the fervor of your desires less ardent. The very conviction of your need of holiness, with these restless aspirations after it, are responsibilities for which you will be held accountable when your stewardship will be required. Yes, these are indeed gracious gifts from God, and received only through the *present* intercession of the Savior.

Why, dear R., only think what a tremendous responsibility rests upon you! *It is God that worketh in you!* Should you now, by delay, refuse to be a worker together with him, and grieve the Spirit, and thereby cause the withdrawal of his operations, how fearful would be your state! Ah! I have witnessed those thus fearfully circumstanced, and my heart is agonized at the recollection. If the heart's deepest agony could purchase the return of these gracious influences, or any effort or sacrifice however costly, it were less tremendous to trifle with these God-wrought operations. It is a solemn consideration that the light that is in us may become darkness; and then how great is that darkness! The light of succeeding visitations may shine on all around us, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. O, fearful state!

And now, dear R., if the delay of one hour may witness the fervor of your desires departing, and the persuasions of the Spirit less urgent, how greatly important that you should know the day of your visitation! *Now is God's time!* Will you choose any future period? If so, you take your *own* time; and is not this exceedingly perilous? "But do I not do well to wait in obedience to the admonition of the Savior, in order to count the cost?" And how long will suffice for this, dear R.? Now begin, and do not hesitate to take all that you have ever been, or would love to be, into

the reckoning. . . . Do you find aught but that you *have* received, or must receive? Is there any thing that you would desire to possess but what *already* belongs to God? Ah! the obligation implied in the declaration of your Redeemer settles the claim in comprehensive, overwhelming verity: "For ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

O, dear R., will you not now begin to render your whole existence to God? I appeal to you in the presence of the Most High—in the name of the Lord of hosts; and those angel spirits that encamp around about them that fear him, are also witness to the infinite solemnity, the eternal bearing pendant on the decisions of this hour! Will you not now begin to count *all* things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ? There will be a period in your experience when this decision must be made, if you are ever numbered with that company of whom it was said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Does not this imply the necessity of a self-sacrificing spirit? Can we think that the offense of the cross hath ceased?

What a strange infatuation prevails at the present day relative to the standard of piety! It surely has been graduated and modeled by popular opinion, not by those divinely authorized principles exhibited by Paul—see Hebrews, eleventh chapter. Notice those that waxed valiant in fight, of whom God pronounced the world not worthy. O, it makes one ashamed to hear trials of the present day talked of when brought to compare with these! And yet shall we conceive that any less devotion of spirit shall carry us with unspotted garments through this sin-polluted world than that which carried the martyrs through the flames? Has God's requirements, in reference to a fitness for our heavenly inheritance, undergone any alteration since that period, or are we also to keep the solemn charge committed without spot—unrebukable?

Be assured, dear R., that the idea that the present attitude of the world, relative to Christianity, is such that but little sacrifice of public opinion, &c., is necessary in order to walk with God in white, with unsoiled garments, is unauthorized either from Scripture, or Scriptural experience. "The servant is not above his master. In the world ye shall have tribulation. If ye were of the world the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Divine authority on this topic is most abundant and conclusive.

Fix your eye decisively on any experience that will bear the light of eternity. You are so soon to be an inhabitant of the eternal city, dear R., that it matters but little the manner in which the mere children of time, the creatures of a day, may pronounce upon you. The reckonings of eternity will soon rectify all mistakes. Get a *Scriptural* experience; for soon, and in such an hour as ye think not, will the gaze of Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire pronounce your eternal destiny, by the decisions of the BIBLE. It is by the *word of God* that you are to be judged at the last day, (see John xii, 42;) not by the traditions of men. That word assures you that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This is the wedding garment, without which you will be found speechless. It matters not that the subject is controverted. The Bible is most explicit in its declarations.

And now, R., you doubtless perceive that if you fix your purpose on a BIBLE *experience*, it will lead you directly to HOLINESS. Will you not now begin to carry out those views of responsibility and privilege which, through the Spirit's influence, are now apprehended. O, dear R., my heart assures me that you would commence. But you are distrustful of *self*. And should you not be fearful of a traitor that hath so oft betrayed you? Then cease to have any confidence in the flesh. God grant that you may realize that you have received the sentence of death in yourself, that you should not trust in yourself but in God, which raiseth the dead.

It is your privilege just now to begin to reckon yourself *dead* indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And why may not this be the eventful moment from which you may begin to reckon yourself not only *dead* unto sin, but *alive* unto God? Behold your present privilege—your *duty*! The way into the holiest is open! The Spirit and the bride say come. Come; for all things are ready!

When Jesus bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," the veil of the temple was rent, and the way into the holiest made accessible to all, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Why should you linger, then, in taking the necessary steps to enter? O, arise! the kingdom suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Satan will take every conceivable way to hinder. Of this you may be assured. I should love to name some of his most formidable devices; but my space is limited. Suffice it to say, that it is your privilege to exclaim, in reference to all opposing influences, "Through God I shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down my enemies." Through Christ, which strengtheneth you, you can do all things. Yes, and in his name you may now set up your banner, with the inspiring inscription, "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

Original.

## RESIDENCE AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Central position of the port—The visits of missionaries—Labors of the Rev. Mr. Hand in India—Rev. Mr. Wilson from South Africa—Captain Gardiner—The Zoolus—The Araucanians—Individual enterprise.

SITUATED accessibly, as the port of Rio de Janeiro is, upon the great highway of nations, with a harbor almost unrivaled, not only for beauty, but also for the security it affords to the mariner, it becomes a touching point for many vessels not engaged in Brazilian commerce. Those that suffer injury in the perils of the sea between the Equator and the Cape of Good Hope, generally put in here for repairs. Many sons of the ocean, with dismantled or water-logged vessels, have steered for this harbor as their last hope.

Some have arrived, to the astonishment of all who have beheld the extremities of their condition; others doubtless have been unable to enter, and have found a burying-place in the world of waters. At the same time nearly all men-of-war and many merchantmen bound around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, put in here by design, to replenish their water. Thus, in the course of business and of Providence, missionaries, either outward or homeward bound, were, in various instances, thrown among us for a brief period, and we scarcely knew which to value most, the privilege of enjoying their society and counsels, or that of extending to them those Christian hospitalities not always expected on a foreign shore. Once within the lapse of three months we enjoyed three such visits.

The first was from the Rev. Mr. Hand, and Rev. Mr. Sewell and lady, on their passage to India. These persons were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *Lady Raffles*. Their vessel had encountered very severe weather in the British Channel and the Bay of Biscay, and passed safely on; but in the southeast trades, in comparatively fine weather, she had sprung her mainmast, and was obliged to put into Rio for repairs.

Rev. Mr. H. was truly a veteran, having seen thirty years of missionary service in a country where the average life of foreign missionaries is computed not to exceed ten years. He commenced his career during the supremacy of the East India Company, who were then so hostile to missionaries of every class, that they allowed none to take passage in their ships, and scarcely suffered any to tread their soil, if perchance they arrived in any other way. In order to elude the jealousy of these tyrants of the East, he first sailed for the Cape of

Good Hope, and then awaited an opportunity to complete his destined voyage.

His design was to commence a mission at Serinapatam; but a door of access not being found open, he was providentially directed to Bellary, about two hundred miles in the interior of the Madras presidency. That place was then a military station, where a large body of troops were quartered in the midst of a dense heathen population. Even among the English the Christian religion was practically unknown, and the Sabbath undistinguished, save by the flag which on that day waved over the fort. God, however, soon raised up witnesses to the truth, and there were from time to time faithful soldiers who gladly enlisted under the banners of the Prince of Peace. As soon as qualified, by an acquaintance with the Canarese language, Mr. H. commenced his labors among the native population, which, together with those of his successors, were so greatly owned of the Lord that Bellary has become one of the most important missionary stations in peninsular India. It was exceedingly gratifying to hear from so competent an observer the statement of those great moral changes which have taken place, both among the British and native population of India, in connection with the once so much despised effort of missionaries. Mr. H. had left India three years previously, with no expectation of returning, on account of old age and declining health. In the hope of recruiting his health, he had spent a year in the mission at St. Petersburg, in Russia; and so far had he been restored to the vigor and the enterprise of youth by the cold influences of that far northern climate, that he did not hesitate to embark again for India, at the request of the London Missionary Society, in order to accomplish some special objects, leaving his family behind. He was accompanied by a missionary and wife, going out for the first time, and destined to the Bellary mission.

With this interesting company we enjoyed some delightful seasons of converse and devotion, among which are especially remembered the monthly concert of prayer and the commemoration of the Lord's supper.

The next visitor of this character was the Rev. Mr. Wilson of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who arrived in a brig from the Cape of Good Hope. This gentleman had been engaged in the mission to the Zoolus of South Africa, and was on his return to the United States. He afterward went out to the western coast of Africa and died there.

About the same time, we also enjoyed a visit from Captain A. F. Gardiner of the British Royal Navy, who also arrived from South Africa, by way of the island of St. Helena. This gentleman was not connected with any society, but under his own

direction and support was engaged in prosecuting missionary efforts with a zeal and perseverance as extraordinary as commendable. He regarded himself rather as a pioneer than as a permanent missionary; and hence, when he had led the way to one field and induced others to follow him, he was ready to move to another. He was the first who obtained permission from Dingaan, the monarch of the Zoolus, for missionaries to settle in his country. He then went to England, where he represented the state of the Zoolu country, both by lectures and a printed volume, which has been republished in the United States. On his return to the Zoolu country the Church Missionary Society sent out a missionary to accompany him, and about the same time the missionaries of the American Board arrived. Subsequently, all the mission settlements in that region were greatly disturbed by the bloody wars of Dingaan, and Captain G. turned his attention another way. In former years while engaged in naval service on the western coast of South America, he had obtained some knowledge of the Araucanians, a tribe of native Indians inhabiting the southern part of Chili and the parallel region on the eastern side of the Andes, where they are called Puelches. These people have never yet submitted to the yoke of foreign power. Although their coast was attacked by the early invaders, and a line of forts established along their maritime borders; yet the Spaniards never penetrated their territory so as to gain a supremacy in either law or religion. Captain Gardiner conceived the idea of visiting this people, of exploring their country, and of ascertaining their accessibility to missionary labors. He was now, *en route*, accompanied by his wife and two children, and soon proceeded by way of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres; thence to pursue the mail route across the Andes. In order to form some proper idea of what is meant by missionary *enterprise*, let any one contemplate the magnitude of this undertaking. Let him behold a single family, embracing a delicate lady and prattling children, cheerful amid perils by sea, and joyful in prospect of indescribable hardships by land. Already thousands of miles from home and its endearments, and yet pushing on thousands further through countries filled with war and blood-shed, over the almost interminable pampas and sierras that span a continent; the journey to be performed without proper roads for passage, carriages for comfort, or houses for shelter in the storm, or in the night. Let those who think *they* have nothing to do toward evangelizing the world, because not personally called to preach the Gospel, look at this specimen of self-denial and of devotion to the cause of missions on the part of a layman and of a man in authority. Let them look at these sacrifices of time, feeling and treasure, these hazards of life

and all that is dear, in view of good to the world; and bring up in comparison the pitiful offerings which they *feel able* to spare in support of the same cause.

Nor will this case appear any the less interesting or instructive when it is added that after having gone among the Araucanians, and not having gained that access to them which he anticipated, for lack of suitable interpreters, and not knowing their language himself, Captain Gardiner's next missionary movement was across the Pacific Ocean to visit the cannibals of New Zealand. These instances are mentioned, not in enumeration of all the interesting interviews we enjoyed with missionaries touching at our port, but as a specimen of the varied and peculiar character of such visits, which were generally wholly unlooked for. An interesting exception to the generality of these instances was the visit from the missionaries of our Church in the month of December, 1839, which had been for some time anticipated. This large band of devoted men and women sailed from New York for the Columbia River, in the ship *Lausanne*; and after a passage of about sixty days, put into Rio for supplies. I was at this period absent on a tour to the northern portions of the empire, and did not in person enjoy the interview. It was, however, highly prized by brother Spaulding and family, together with Mrs. Kidder. The latter left in her journal this brief record of it: "The Oregon mission family spent four days of last week with us, much to our gratification. We could not accommodate them all, fifty-nine in number, but we endeavored to do as well as we could. Friday evening we accompanied them on board the *Lausanne*, but staid only five minutes. We were thoroughly wet before we got off the ship." Thirty-six hours afterward the vessel weighed anchor to pursue her course, and to separate far from each other, friends that were never to meet again on earth.



#### ROTTEN RELIGION.

ROTTEN is every prop which is set to hold up wrong. Here is a young lady who mingles with the world in *dancing parties*. She has been plainly dealt with by some judicious friends who have tried to convince her that she compromises her Christian character, and bears no testimony, by her example, against the sins of those with whom she associates. But she says the Bible does not forbid dancing, and she can see no more harm in it than in running or riding. So she dances with the thoughtless and prayerless, and her friends think that she is rapidly becoming thoughtless and prayerless herself. She has *lost* the "heaven upon earth" that she enjoyed a year or two since, and now tries in vain to defend that which has cheated her out of it.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Original.

## EXPOSTULATION.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

SISTER dearest, sister mine,  
 Tell me wherefore dost thou pine.  
 Tell me why the tears of woe  
 Often down thy cheeks do flow—  
 Why thy brow with grief is clouded,  
 Why thy heart with gloom is shrouded,  
 When thy help is ever nigh—  
 While thy Savior rules on high.  
 Tell me sister, it may be  
 I may bring relief to thee.

“Ah!” methinks I hear thee say,  
 “Life is but a winter day—  
 Short and sad and wrapp’d in gloom  
 Ere we reach the silent tomb.  
 Yet my hours pass slowly by—  
 Wearily the moments fly—  
 Heavily my heart doth beat,  
 Longing for its last retreat.  
 Chide me not that thus I pine,  
 For a mourner’s lot is mine.”

“Bound unto a couch of pain—  
 Suff’ring much, yet oft in vain—  
 Every nerve of life o’erstrung—  
 Every breath in anguish wrung—  
 Every bud of promise perish’d—  
 Hopes destroy’d once fondly cherish’d—  
 Crush’d and stricken—sick and sad—  
 Can I, ought I to be glad?  
 No! while I life’s vigils keep—  
 Slight relief! O let me weep.”

Sister, sister, well I know  
 The grave is dark to which we go,  
 But heav’n is bright and hope bids fair  
 For all who seek a welcome there.  
 “But O! my heart is faint,” say you,  
 “And hope is often hid from view.”  
 Then faith springs forth with willing hand  
 To guide us through the pilgrim land—  
 With smiling brow and eager eye,  
 She beckons to the opening sky.

Sister, I have seen thee tried—  
 Stood thy restless bed beside—  
 Watch’d thee in affliction’s hour  
 When the tempter’s artful power  
 Struggled rudely to control  
 Every motion of the soul.  
 Ah! had I been thus assail’d,  
 Much I fear my strength had fail’d;  
 Yet I read upon thy face—  
*We may conquer all through grace.*

Sister, then ’tis not for me,  
 Censor stern or harsh to be.  
 Every heart a sorrow knows—  
 Every bosom its own woes;  
 Yet there is a balm for each,  
 Which the lowliest may reach.  
 There is one who knows thy fears—  
 Feels thy sorrows—counts thy tears—  
 One who watches o’er thy bed,  
 And supports thy aching head,

Sister dearest, sister mine,  
 Jesus loveth thee and thine,  
 And although thou know it not  
 He hath chosen all thy lot.  
 When thy heart doth shrink with fear,  
 Thou mayst feel his presence near;  
 When thy soul doth mourn for light,  
 Then his glory beams more bright.  
 When thy moan is hush’d in death  
 Jesus will receive thy breath.

Trust thou then, my sister dear,  
 In his promise sweet and clear;  
 And if o’er thy trembling soul  
 Thoughts of deep despair should roll—  
 Listen to his pleading voice,  
 Whisp’ring still, “Rejoice! rejoice!”  
 Joy that thou his cross mayst bear,  
 And his life of sorrow share;  
 Joy that He by promise sure  
 “Counts thee worthy to endure.”

## DIVINE LOVE.

BY MADAME GUIÓN.

“And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”

O MESSENGER of dear delight,  
 Whose voice dispels the deepest night,  
 Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!  
 With thee at hand to soothe our pains,  
 No wish unsatisfied remains,  
 No task, but that of love.

’Tis love unites what sin divides;  
 The centre where all bliss resides,  
 To which the soul once brought,  
 Reclining on the First Great Cause,  
 From his abounding sweetness draws  
 Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,  
 And life assumes a tranquil air,  
 Divested of its woes;  
 There, Sov’reign Goodness soothes the breast  
 Till then incapable of rest,  
 In sacred, sure repose.

## ALPHA AND OMEGA.

My Savior is "the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come." This title, which, like many others belonging to him, is as remarkable for its condescending simplicity, as for its majestic sublimity, occurs only four times in the sacred volume, and that in the apocalypse of St. John. On each occasion it is assumed by my Savior himself. I cannot, therefore, possibly err in appropriating it to him.

Eternity is the date of his existence. The eternal past and the eternal future are his. Though his human nature had its origin, and as the Son of Man, he became an infant of days, yet even that nature is to share the eternal futurity of the God-head. In my Savior's will, and through his wisdom and power, all things have their beginning. His glory is their end. For "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made." "For of him, and through him, and to him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." He is that all-comprehensive circle in which the universe lives, and moves, and has its being. In similar language he revealed himself to his ancient people, by his evangelical prophet Isaiah: "Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and his Redeemer the Lord of hosts: I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God." "Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me." "Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens." How perfect is the harmony of Scripture, in its testimony to my Savior!

Is the Lord Jesus Christ, then, the Alpha and Omega of my soul? Does he hold precedence in my affections? Is he the more than magic circle drawn around my heart, which meets me and is most welcome wherever I turn my eyes? Is he at once the centre and circumference of my happiness; the point, to which all my desires tend, and the limit, beyond which they would never stray? If so, I am blest indeed.

This title of my Savior is thrice adopted by him, in close connection with the prospect and announcement of his coming again. He may occupy the last place in human thought. The roving eye and the vagrant affections of man may now seldom or never rest on him. But, "Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." O my soul, canst thou answer, "even so, Amen?" Look, therefore, at the transporting view, which the glowing pencil of prophecy has depicted. "I saw a new heaven and

a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell among them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." How certain are my expectations, and what suitable supplies of grace are assured to me in the interim, since he, who is the Alpha and Omega of the universe, is also the author and finisher of my faith.

The signs of the days in which I live, and the state of things, both in and out of the Church, seem to give new force to the prophetic oracle, in Revelation: "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." And how can I and my fellow Christians better employ some of our passing moments, than in meditation on the names and attributes of him, whom we all expect from heaven? For what are those names and attributes, considered in their relation to us, but so many revelations of the Redeemer's grace and our bliss? Thus occupied, I shall not be filled with consternation when he cometh, whether it be "at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning:" for I shall lift up my eyes, not upon an unknown judge, from whom I have every thing to dread, but upon a friend, from whom I shall have every thing to hope, and whom I have been accustomed with humility, yet with affectionate confidence, to call, MY SAVIOR.

And when I shall have beheld that transforming vision, and thereby shall have been rendered "like him," He, who was the Alpha of my happiness and my hope, will also be its Omega. There never will be a point, even through unlimited eternity, when he will cease to be, or will be less the source of my felicity. I shall behold in his eternity the perpetuity of my own existence and my own joys. Lord, let me not incur the guilt of looking short of thee; beyond thee I cannot look for my enjoyments. While I profess to anticipate in thee and from thee alone the sum total of my future and everlasting happiness, surely I may take thee as my sufficient



portion, through the present short life, who art to be the fullness of my joy for ever.

MY SAVIOR! what a theme for mortal tongue!  
For never yet hath burning spirit flung  
O'er thrilling chord his rapture-waking hands,  
To theme so great, mid heaven's seraphic bands,  
Through the long silence of eternal night  
THOU WAST—enthron'd in uncreated light:  
Thyself a universe—thyself thine all!  
And when of thy mere goodness thou didst call  
Angelic worlds around thee, sweetly roll'd  
Their strains o'er harps of pure æthereal gold.  
They sung thee, GOD—Creation's fount and end,  
Their sovereign benefactor, Lord, and friend.  
Their HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, pealed around,  
Deep echoing through immensity's profound:  
Yet none, amidst their shining hosts of light,  
E'er halted thee, SAVIOR! that supreme delight,  
Reserv'd for guilty man—for guilty me!  
To sing through time, and through eternity.

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Original.

### THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

It is a common delusion of the world that religion consists in depression and melancholiness of spirits; that it is unsuitable for the young, unproductive of pleasure, and of a nature calculated to render life gloomy and miserable. The word of God, on the other hand, represents religion as the only source of comfort—the only paradise below. It informs us that the requisitions of righteousness are pleasant and not grievous to the soul. "In keeping thy commandments there is great delight." "Thy words are sweet unto my taste, O Lord; yea sweeter than honey to my mouth." "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The Scriptures declare that it is the portion of the Christian to possess a "peace which passeth all understanding;" if in sorrow always to be joyful; if in affliction to glory in his tribulation. And if surrounded with famine and desolation; "if the fig tree no longer blossom, nor fruit be in the vine; if the labor of the olive fail, and the fields yield no meat; if the flock be cut off from the fold, and no herd be found in the stall, he still can rejoice in the Lord and have joy in the God of his salvation.

In addition to that of Scripture, if we wish human testimony in favor of the pleasures of piety, we can have it in ample abundance. It is not to be supposed, however, that reference is here made to men of the world. To ask evidence of them respecting religious joy would be an absurdity as great as to require a description of the colors of natural objects from one who was born blind. As he who has never heard, cannot tell the sensations produced by sound; as he who has never seen, cannot define the properties of vision; no more can he who has never felt, describe the enjoyments of religion. But ask him who has experienced the bliss of pardoning love, and what is his answer? "The

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Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." As years advance and life declines, his hope shines not with a less refulgent beam. It guides him all along his earthly pilgrimage, disperses every cloud, every fear, every doubt, and sheds a halo round the tomb.

The Christian finds more exalted enjoyment in his tears of penitential grief than can be afforded him by all the festive scenes of the world. To him, public as well as private worship becomes a perpetual delight. Listen to the language of the Psalmist: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will still be praising thee. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in thy house than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. O God thou art my God, early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."

Seek happiness in the things of the present life: it may last for a moment, but will soon die away, and leave the spirit to repine in darkness and despair.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasures waste away;  
They melt in time's destroying tide,  
And cold are while they stay,  
But joys that from religion flow,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,  
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Seek happiness then, in religion; serve God with singleness of heart; walk humbly and righteously in all his ways, and "goodness and mercy shall follow thee all thy days, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." E. H.

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### HAPPINESS.

It is the chief requirement of our heavenly Father that we should be perfectly and unchangeably blessed. O how blind and stupid are we to go about mourning and repining, because some portion of this world's good is denied us, when heaven itself is not merely set open, but we are commanded to enter; and present good, perhaps, is in some degree taken away in the very act of compelling us to choose wisely, when, if left to ourselves we should play the part of fools; and that too, in a case where our ill-directed steps could never be retraced.

Original.

## DURATION OF MEMORY.—NO. III.

ITS CONNECTION WITH CONSCIENCE IN BRINGING ABOUT THE  
RETRIBUTIONS OF AN ETERNAL JUDGMENT.

BY D. W. CLARK, M. A.

THE doctrine of a future and general judgment is a doctrine of revelation, and as such must be confirmed or annulled by the written word of God. It must be judged by "the law and by the testimony," and by this it must stand or fall.

It is no part of our present object to enter into a set defense of this doctrine, by collating and comparing it with the Scripture testimony. This has been so often and so ably done—indeed, the doctrine itself holds so prominent a place in the Scripture testimony, that but few who reverence the Bible, and receive its teachings without change or detraction, as divine, will say aught against the *Scripture fact*. But there are thousands who are full of the *philosophic doubt* on the question of a future judgment. . . . With such persons there is something inexplicably intricate connected with the facts, the *modus operandi* of a judgment day. They see not how, or by what process "every work shall be brought into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." To them it seems inexplicable that every tongue in that day shall confess, and all men give an account of every idle and sinful thought, word, and act. And the objection is often raised that we can never feel the justice of that verdict which shall everlastingly decide our destinies, either for weal or for woe, without a knowledge of our whole past life—without a clear perception of its minute and long forgotten acts; and this they suppose to be impossible. This objection, founded upon limited views of the operations of the divine government, and upon imperfect knowledge of the nature and economy of the human mind, we have endeavored to root up and destroy. We think that we have demonstrated that the doctrine of a future and general judgment embodies no principle which is not in perfect harmony with the known capabilities and powers of mind.

It may also be safely affirmed that no mental principle, which, on a fair interpretation, is laid down in the sacred Volume, will be found at variance with the common experience of mankind. Nay, we may go farther—there is not a doctrine laid down in that sacred Book, either with regard to our present moral condition, or to our immortal destiny, that is not strongly confirmed by the phenomena of the mind, even in its present embryo state. Hence, if our interpretations of the Bible, with regard to the views it gives us of our moral

and intellectual nature, be at variance with the principle thought to be discovered in the development of mind, or at variance with the common experience of mankind, then should we pause and carefully retrace our steps. And the sequel will assuredly discover to us that we have either misapprehended the doctrine of the Bible, or misconstrued the developments of the intellectual principle. This will be an invariable and universal result.

We grant that in every view which the Scriptures give us of a future judgment the principle is distinctly recognized that each individual will be perfectly conscious of the justice of his sentence, even though it should condemn him to everlasting woe. Nor have we the least hesitation in admitting that this consciousness will be based upon a full and minute apprehension of all the acts and experience of his past life. But the philosophic doubt—the sideling, half-way objector asserts that a consciousness of our whole past lives is absolutely impossible; because many things are utterly forgotten, and are, therefore, wholly irrecoverable. Here, then, we hang, midway between Scripture enunciation and philosophic doubt. The word of God declares such to be the fact. Unfledged philosophy doubtfully inquires, can these things be so?

Upon the Scripture doctrine we feel that we have no authority to trench in the least. The doctrine is so fully enunciated, so explicitly declared, and so frequently reiterated and urged, that, even though human reason should tower like a bulwark against it, it were worse than idle to attempt to evade its Scripture authority. How then happens it, or rather, is it the case that we find an utter mental incapacity for that which is implied in the process and decisions of a future and final judgment? If we may not lay aside all our former interpretations of Scripture on this subject, and commence anew its search, with the hope of gaining new light, and making new and far different discoveries on this all-important doctrine, we may, at least, look into our mental susceptibilities, and see if we may not discover some hidden spring of emotion, some concealed, yet unailing source of intellectual power, that shall confirm the decisions and give point and energy to the retributions of an eternal judgment.

If we recur to the general experience of mankind we shall not fail to discover enough, in the operation of moral causes, to convince us that memory and conscience have an important agency in the great system of moral government with which we are indissolubly connected. And, if we find them thus empowered, and performing these high functions in this state of existence, is there not every reason to infer, *a priori*, and without any farther evidence, that they are destined to fill the same office, and will be endowed with the same

high prerogatives in bringing about the fearful retributions of eternity? With all the light we are able to glean upon this subject, either from philosophy or the Bible, we are led to the conclusion that, whatever other powers of the mind may be called forth into extraordinary action, in the great drama of the judgment day, or however much these may be quickened and augmented, man contains within himself all the elements of that process that shall fix his doom. To us it appears clear that in memory, with its inalienable laws, is to be found the recording book, and in conscience, quickened perhaps into terrific power, is to be found the deciding judge that utters the inexorable decree.

Memory, we have already seen, is adequate to its task. It now only remains to inquire whether conscience possesses that inherent energy and power that will capacitate it for its high commission. To determine this we need only glance at its nature, and note the manifestations of its power.

*Conscience is a moral judgment, combined with a susceptibility of moral emotion.* This definition, which is at once concise and comprehensive, presents conscience under a two-fold point of view:

1. *Its moral judgment*—by which it enables us to discover the moral quality of actions. This judgment passes its decisions upon the moral quality of our actions, not only before, but also after their performance. The perceptions of this moral judgment are more or less distinct as circumstances and habits are favorable or unfavorable. The fearful distinctness with which it sometimes reveals his guilt to the sinner, notwithstanding the force of habit, and prejudice, and interest, gives us at least a faint indication of the keen piercing power of discrimination that is embodied within it. It is not so difficult as many have imagined to ascertain the right in a practical point of view. He that implicitly follows the dictates of a conscience whose edge has not already been blunted and turned aside by willful perversion and misuse, cannot greatly err. The needle, jostled and confused for a moment, at length settles down into a fixed position. The world over, in southern or northern clime, in the deep gorge, or on the mountain top, on the broad ocean's surface, or high above ocean wave and mountain peak, floating in the air, still to the pole-star does it direct its unvarying course. Nor will it change its direction till its fine and delicate machinery has been marred. Right is the pole-star of conscience, and violence to our moral being only can turn it from its course.

How will reflection, aided by a vivid recollection, increase this discriminating power of the conscience! May we not, then, infer that, in a coming state of being, when this cumbersome vehicle shall have been thrown off, and the soul revive its

crippled powers, and call back its enfeebled energies, it shall possess a keenness of moral discrimination, of which at present we are able to form but very inadequate conceptions?

We will not pause longer upon the discriminating power of conscience. It is a power made known in the experience and demonstrated in the observation of every individual. The great masters of philosophy and poesy, in every age, have observed it. And, indeed, it forms one of the broad lines of demarkation between man and the brute.

2. *A susceptibility of moral emotion.* This moral emotion is also of a two-fold character—prospective and retrospective—in the one case, acting before the deed is performed, and prompting us to perform it, if it is one that the moral judgment approves, or restraining us from its commission, if it is one that the moral judgment disapproves.

The power of this moral emotion is seen in the clear and strong notes of remonstrance which conscience whispers in the sinner's ear. We are aware that one of old complained—"They are not plagued like other men." But the commission of sin—even though no flaming thunderbolt from the Almighty should mark to the eyes of men his displeasure—the commission of sin has its fearful attendants. "A waiting conscience, visitings—O! visitings of better thoughts, calls of honor and self-respect, come to the sinner—terrific admonition whispering on his secret ear—prophetic warning pointing him to the dim and veiled shadows of future retribution, and the all-pervading, all-surrounding idea of an avenging God are present with him; and the right arm of the felon and the transgressor is lifted up amidst lightnings of conviction and thunderings of reproach."\* Shakespeare, than whom a closer observer, or a better delineator of human nature has never lived, in a masterly manner portrays the working of this moral emotion, even in the bosoms of abandoned men. One of the murderers of the Duke of Clarence, while struggling to suppress his moral emotions, preparatory to the act of assassination, is represented as thus speaking of conscience: "I'll not meddle with it—it is a dangerous thing; it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal but it accuseth him—a man cannot swear but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that, by chance, I found. It beggars any man that keeps it."†

On the other hand, after the act has been committed, there is not only a moral judgment, a clear

\* Dewey's Sermon on Human Nature.

† Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4.

perception of the moral quality of an action, but apart from and beyond this, there is a distinct emotion of approval or disapproval. And there can be no question but that, as our remembrance is clear and distinct, with regard to the transactions of our past lives, conscience is prompt to hiss approving whispers, audible only to the soul addressed, or to rend the soul with its piercing, agonizing sting, according as the act has been good or bad.

"Guiltiness will speak, tho' tongues were out of use."

How many are the criminals that have acknowledged their guilt—that have fled to the gibbet or to the halter to escape the more fearful punishment of a guilty conscience! One example to illustrate must suffice. In the vicinity of one of our large cities, a few years since, there was a foul murder committed upon an aged and defenseless couple. Suspicion fastened upon a young German, who had but lately reached this country, and was alike ignorant of its language and modes of judicial procedure. The poor countryman seemed confused, and but illy to comprehend his situation during the whole course of legal investigation. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended the criminal to mercy. Sentence, however, was deferred till some legal point could be carried up to a higher court for decision. In the meantime the sympathies of not only the court, but also of the people, were excited in favor of the convict. He was a stranger in a strange land, ignorant of the language and usages of the country, without friends to counsel, or money to carry on a suit. With regard to his guilt, in the public mind there were many doubts; and even after his trial had terminated, incidents, tending to strengthen those doubts, were brought to light. Under these circumstances, the mayor of the city and other eminent counsel volunteered their services upon the legal question still pending; and if sentence should at length be pronounced upon him, the judge, lawyers, jury, and the people in a mass, were ready to petition the executive for a full pardon. The prisoner is remanded to his cell to await the sitting of the higher court, which is to take place in a few months. There was not the least doubt of his ultimate escape from the cloud that seemed to hang over him. The hand of benevolence administered to his utmost necessity, and mercy whispered the certainty of speedy release. But still the prisoner's soul was sad, and his eye unsteady. Flashes, like the tinges of conscious guilt, were seen occasionally to pass over his countenance, and a certain restlessness and uneasy expression were often discovered in his manner. His countenance became haggard, and his frame emaciated; but all were attributed to the fact that he was a stranger to the people and their language; and hence it only served to render more intense the sympathy felt

for him. But hardly had six weeks of solitude and reflection passed before, early one morning, he earnestly besought the jailor to send for a priest. The priest had hardly crossed the threshold of his cell before he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you! I can endure the agony I have felt for the past six weeks no longer—I am the murderer! O, let the ministers of justice hear my confession, and take me to the gallows; for I desire no longer to live!" And what was it that wrung from the guilty man the confession of his foul murder? Was it not the tormenting stings of conscience that harrowed up his guilty soul, and led him to seek death as the only refuge from the unutterable anguish they inflicted upon him?

There have been instances of human suffering, of intense bodily agony, which presented such appalling pictures of woe as caused the stoutest heart to tremble; and yet the individuals themselves, though on the very verge of eternity, have declared that their bodily anguish was nothing compared with the horrors of a guilty conscience, which they then suffered. Witness the death-bed scene of the guilty and licentious Altamont, as pathetically and accurately described by Dr. Young. Hear him addressing a friend, who had been poisoned by his skepticism, and ruined by his licentiousness: "No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak, my much injured friend! My soul, as my body, lies in ruins—in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past throws my thought upon the future—worse dread of the future strikes it back upon the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flame! that is not an everlasting flame! that is not an unquenchable fire!" He who has stood by the dying couch of the ungodly—he who has witnessed the deep pangs of remorse, and the awful forebodings of damnation that haunt the dying moments of the infidel, may form some faint conception of the terrific power of conscience.

But when the curtain of life shall fall, and eternity rise full in view, will not the sting of conscience be barbed with keener anguish? It is undoubtedly true that, as our moral judgment is improved by a more extensive knowledge of the relations and consequences of our sins, the moral emotion acquires greater energy and more terrific power. And if this be so, all the pictures of horror that have been witnessed or described, are only the faint shadows which the coming events of eternity cast before them. They are the faint and feeble precursors of the unuttered and unutterable woes of the "worm that never dies." This is the "horrible tempest" that shall for ever be poured out upon the ungodly, "the lake that burneth with

fire and brimstone" into which they shall be forever cast.

Sinner, fasten thy thought upon a single base and sinful act of thy life. Ponder it till thou hast discovered all its bearings, and read all its relations. Revolve it again and again in thy thought till thy moral sensibility is roused from its slumbers, and, face to face, challenges thy guilt and folly. And, if thy soul is not encased in tripple brass, thou wilt, thou must feel the deep and painful goadings of remorse. The crimson tinges of shame will mantle thy brow, and dread of impending ruin will blanch thy cheek to deathly paleness. Thou wilt feel thyself less than man—an immortal, robbed of his honor and his dignity. Thou wilt lothe thyself, and thy soul long for its primeval nothingness. Conscience will raise its gorgon head, all hideous with its snaky crests, and barbed with scorpion stings. And to fill up the cup of thy wretchedness—to complete the lothing and abhorring of thyself—to give greater zest and deeper energy to thy longing for utter annihilation, scenes of moral purity shall pass before the eye of thy imagination, and their snowy whiteness shall but deepen the foul blackness and moral desolation of thy own soul.

If such be the compunctions of thy conscience for one sin—if such be the agony of one hour, how must you be overwhelmed when the recollection, not of one sin, but of a life of iniquity, shall press upon thy soul, and press upon it for ever! If such be the agony of a moment, what will be the agony of that age, that ceaseless age of horror, that shall succeed a life of folly and sin? Conscience, crushed, weighed down, and buried under the rubbish of human folly, now undergoes a fearful resurrection in its tremendous energies. Its thousand stings pierce with consuming, ceaseless, remediless remorse. Turn, writhe, and flee as may the damned soul, its gorgon terrors, more frightful than the flames of hell, still hold up the mirror of his follies and his sins. This—this is the burning of the fire that is not quenched, and the gnawing of the worm that never dies.

But is there no remedy? Shall the miserable soul thus lothe existence, and pant for annihilation for ever? Shall the frightful action of a disordered and ruined intellect never become stagnant in the pool of death? Shall its memory, thus running back to past sins and follies, never wear out by lapse of time? Shall the eye of conscience never become dim with age? Shall its voice never become silent through plenitude of years? Sinner, canst thou turn back the river to its source? Canst thou remove from their foundations the granite bulwarks of the everlasting hills, those pyramids of the Almighty's power? This mayest thou do, sooner than abrogate the laws of mind; for

they are immutable and eternal. Thou mayest break the bands of adamant—thou mayest hold the elements of nature harmless at thy feet—the willing ministers of thy bidding; but thou mayest not enter into the secret chambers of the soul, to annul its laws, or to change the conditions of its being.

If these are the results of a mind disordered by iniquity—if these are the retributions of an eternal judgment, let me pray, *Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with ungodly men! My soul, come not thou into their secret, and to their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!*



Original.

EARTHLY HOPES.

—

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

—

"Thou wastest away the things that grow out of the dust of the earth; and thou destroyest the hope of man."—JOS.

—

HAST thou desir'd a name  
To glitter on life's page—  
Inscrib'd in characters of fame,  
To charm some future age?  
And seen the brilliant figures rust?  
Be not surpris'd—they were but dust.

Or hast thou toil'd for wealth,  
Through many a weary year,  
And when obtain'd, at price of health,  
Beheld it disappear?  
Why shouldst thou murmur? What is gold,  
But shining heaps of dusty mold?

Has thou some vision nurs'd  
With prayer and anxious trust,  
And wept to see the bubble burst,  
And prove but gilded dust?  
Suppress thy grief—thy hope was void,  
And form'd of things to be destroy'd.

As waters wear the rocks,  
Or storms uproot the trees,  
By slow decay, or sudden shocks,  
Must pass such hopes as these—  
They spring from an attained soil,  
And worms amidst their fibres coil.

Then turn thy gaze on heav'n—  
There let thy faith be bas'd;  
And when earth's granite bars are riv'n,  
Her monuments eras'd,  
And surge and tempest wash her tomb,  
Thy hopes shall wear a deathless bloom.

Original.

## SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.\*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

JOCHEBED.

As the mother of the deliverer of the Hebrews from their Egyptian bondage, Jochebed demands attention; nor can we glance at her portrait, slight as is the sketch given by her son, modest and reserved in all communications connected particularly with himself, without discerning features both striking and interesting. Moses was born about the time of the cruel edict which condemned so many innocent victims to a bloody grave.

We are informed by St. Paul that his concealment for three months resulted from the faith of his parents, who "were not afraid of the king's commandment." But the author of the Pentateuch ascribes it wholly to his mother; hence, we may infer that although she acted with the concurrence, and perhaps the advice of her husband, she was herself the principal agent in its accomplishment. When circumstances appeared to render the discovery of her child inevitable, her affection taxed her ingenuity to devise some plan which might possibly insure his preservation without express violation of the monarch's mandate. She must evince the semblance of obedience; she therefore exposes her infant on the river's brink, apparently to be buried in the swelling waves, or devoured by the voracious crocodile. Yet as if she could not endure to be the direct instrument of his destruction, she manufactures a frail cradle, and places him in it among the willow flags.

Perilous as was his situation, futile as must have seemed the hope of his rescue, her faith flashed light amidst the gloom that surrounded her, and she appears to have felt persuaded of his deliverance, although she could form no rational conjecture relative to the mode. Apprehending that her yearning heart might betray its weakness if she continued near him and watched the rising of the waters as they floated toward his resting place, or that her tenderness might be overcome by his cries, she left him to his fate, stationing his sister "afar off" to observe "what should be done unto him." The very words used, imply confidence in the intervention of Providence. Yet the strongest human trust is liable to fluctuation, and we may imagine the conflicting emotions that agitated that mother's bosom during the interval of suspense. The brief detail that follows furnishes a striking exhibition of the interposition of an over-ruling power.

The daughter of the king approaches, as was her wont, to bathe in the Nile. The ark containing the

future liberator of Israel attracts her attention, and she sends her maid to bring it. On opening it the child is seen, and "behold, the babe wept." Tears, helplessness and innocence produce their legitimate effect. What woman's heart could have resisted such an appeal? "She had compassion on him," and the manifestations of that compassion emboldened his sister to advance, and when she heard the Princess blend, with her expressions of commiseration for the child, the assertion that he must be one of the doomed Hebrews, she ventured to suggest in a questioning form the proposal that gave such rapture to the afflicted mother.

We cannot fail to admire the wisdom of the young Miriam, destined herself to play such a conspicuous part in the future history of her people. Ere the pity of the king's daughter could be cooled by the thought of the embarrassment and annoyance the preservation of the child might bring upon herself, the interrogation of the discreet maiden gave fixedness and character to her awakened sympathy, and afforded her an opportunity of exercising her benevolence without fear of her father's displeasure or personal trouble. The whole relation is so true to nature that we feel the events might have been brought about fortuitously, even while we know that God directed the result. Could every individual be favored with an inspired record of his own lot, we doubt not that many occurrences which are generally ascribed to accident would be perceived to be links in a chain which led to some important event. The belief of man's free agency seems to me not only consistent with, but even necessary to our idea of the magnitude of Infinite Wisdom.

That certain specific purposes may be effected by mere mechanical force, no one is surprised at. But that God should leave the human will free and unfettered to pursue its own projects, and at the same time make the most clashing events, opposite tendencies and inveterate hostilities subserve his designs, gives us a sublime conception of his greatness. We see an invisible power noiselessly, calmly and unperplexedly pursuing its unwavering course amidst all the labyrinthine difficulties which, to human vision, the perpetual war of moral elements is continually increasing and multiplying. "The wrath of man shall praise thee," is the Psalmist's significant commentary on this truth; and most conspicuously was it made to praise him in the manner of Moses' preservation. Had the cruel proclamation of the king never been issued, the young Levite had not been exposed to the surges of the Nile—had he not been exposed there, he would not have been rescued by the Princess, adopted as her son, and thus obtained the advantage of a princely education, which must have proved of incalculable value to him in his after ca-

\* Continued from vol. iii, p. 304.

reer. Thus the very method employed by the short-sighted Pharaoh to crush the power of the Israelites incidentally promoted the ascendancy of their future leader. And it may be that the faith evinced by the parents of the young Moses in their efforts for his preservation, was the reason of his being selected by Providence for the temporal deliverer of his people. How far his training by his mother, as the adopted son of the king's daughter, contributed to his future eminence we cannot learn; but I doubt not her lessons had reference to the elevated station he was to occupy in the Egyptian court, and to the opportunities which might thus be granted him of ameliorating the condition of his suffering brethren. Perchance her precepts influenced him to refuse "to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin." But without any further speculation relative to that point, we may learn from the contemplation of her adventurous faith to confide our cares and anxieties to God, while fancy-pictures her emotions as she bore her treasured infant to the river's bank:

It is thy mother, boy,—  
Whose heart would freely bleed thy life to save,  
Who bears as if with purpose to destroy,  
Her cherish'd darling to the swelling wave.

And yet in sweet repose,  
Thine infant head is all unconscious prest,  
And blissful ignorance of human woes,  
Against her wildly beating, tortur'd breast.

Sleep on, mine angel, sleep,  
And let thy anxious mother learn from thee,  
In child-like trust her feeble hold to keep  
On Him who reads her bosom's agony.

He will thy Savior prove,—  
He none deceives who in his truth confide,  
Thy mother dares confide thee to His love,  
E'en on the brink of the ascending tide.

Then hush, my throbbing heart,  
Thy impious doubts and thy ungrateful fear,—  
One kiss, my precious infant, ere we part,  
Thy mother leaves thee, but thy God is here.



#### DOMESTIC LIFE.

ALL the virtues of domestic life are lessons which are taught in the Christian school. It is like the sun, who, though he regulates and leads on the year, dispensing life and light to all the planetary world, yet disdains not to cherish and beautify the flower which opens its bosom to his breast; so the Christian religion, though chiefly intended to teach us the knowledge of salvation, and be our guide to happiness on high, yet also regulates our conversation in the world, extends its benign influence to every circle of society, and peculiarly diffuseth its blessed fruits in the paths of domestic life.—*Hogg.*

#### A WORD TO PARENTS.

A MOTHER with a group of children clinging to her arms, and looking up to her for sympathy, for tender instruction and advice, and twining themselves round her heart with all the endearments of filial affection—a mother—to tear herself away from such a scene of thrilling interest and duty, or not to devote to it her most precious hours, and holiest feelings, and most efficient energies! The very idea is revolting to our common nature.

Where ought she to find sweeter pleasures—where ought she to feel that she is more faithfully discharging her duty to her God and Savior, than in the domestic circle, uniting with the partner of her bosom in sustaining a well-ordered family state, and in thus making it what Providence designed it to be, the preparatory school in which the good citizen is to be trained up for the service of his country, and the devoted Christian to the service of his Master.

Let conscience weigh well these solemn claims, both in the case of the father and mother, whenever the calls of business or of pleasure, the making of a little or more money, or the participation of social enjoyments, would interfere with them;—nay, when the calls of the public, or the voice of religion itself, would seem to urge to the performance of higher and more important duties. At least, let conscience weigh well these duties of domestic life, of God's own appointment, and on the faithful discharge of which the most important interests both of the public and of religion depend; and let an enlightened judgment, looking to the word of God for instruction, and to the throne of his grace for guidance, give its careful decision; before the sacrifice is made of a good which is certain, but may seem to be less, to another good, sometimes disappointing expectation, which may seem to be greater.

If both can be fully and conscientiously performed, both, beyond doubt, should be. If one or the other must be neglected, pause, pray, and deliberate, lest the sacred trust of a father, of a mother, should be violated, or in any degree impaired.—*Gallaudet.*



#### THE THEATRE.

HAD I no other and further reason to detest and abominate it as I do, and as I trust I ever shall detest and feel averse, both to it and to its advocates; had I no other reason to feel averse to, and condemn the theatre, yet this one should be abundantly sufficient, as it *ought* also to be sufficient to every professor of the Christian name, it *ridicules*, it *scandalizes* my Church; yes, and worse, it *blasphemes* my God! It *ridicules* his ordinance—it *ridicules* his word—it laughs him and his to scorn—and would, O yes, it *would* involve my soul in eternal misery.

## CHRISTIAN FIDELITY.

THE daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and traveling in foreign countries, and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her "heart was fixed." The God of Abraham had become "her shield," and "her exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in him, or displace him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined, so far as her prospects in this life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged, that, during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and among others, this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing, and music on the piano. If she complied, she parted with heaven, and returned to the world. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of this daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation, she rose, and with a calm and dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sung, accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:

"No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone;  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ;  
A moment's misery or joy;  
But O, when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies!  
How make mine own election sure,  
And when I fall on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
To glorious happiness!  
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!  
And whoso'er I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace!"

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ. I would rather be the organ of communicating such thoughts in such circumstances, and to the production of such results, I would rather possess wisdom thus to speak, as occasion requires, than to possess all that is finite, besides. What hymn, what thought in the universe, could be substituted for the one then uttered? The time, the occasion, the thought expressed, the hallowed and "sweet manner" of its utterance, present a full realization of all that is embraced in our idea of fitness. That surely was a "word fitly spoken."—*Mahan*.

## INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

THRUSHES feed very much on snails, looking for them in mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell while it was rolling about, and he therefore found out and made use of the spot, which would keep the shell in one position. When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps on the ground by the side of it with its feet; somewhat in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms, on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.—*Jesse's Natural History*.



Original.

## RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

MY DEAR HELEN,—I have hitherto found your conversation and correspondence very profitable. I have been led to adore our blessed Savior for his grace bestowed upon you; and, comparing my own wavering faith and faltering steps with your unshaken confidence and rapid journeying in the "way of holiness," have found myself involuntarily clinging to you for guidance and support. But there is one point on which you appear to me to have adopted views which would be dangerous to any one of feeble faith and low degrees of spiritual joy. It is the distinction between duty and privilege, as applied to Christians.

You say—if I understand you—that you regard secret prayer in the light of a privilege merely, and, therefore, when interrupted in the performance of it, feel, not that you have grieved the Holy Spirit, and incurred guilt, but only that *you* have suffered loss. This is doubtless true when, of necessity, you are interrupted; and you will scarcely be by any other means, so long as your soul rejoices, and prayer is more grateful to you than food to the hungry. But when clouds arise, and you suffer the sore buffetings of the enemy—when your heart sinks, and there is no more strength in you, do you then, in this view of "privilege," keep up prayer as steadily and as *steadfastly* as when the candle of the Lord shines upon you? If you do not, I fear you may yet be in danger of losing much of your strength.

You think me legal in doctrine, and formal in practice. May be it is so. But perhaps I have greater need of persevering in forms than you have; and when duty is "dry," I know of no way but, in the language of Mr. Wesley, to "persevere in dry duty." Certainly, as Christians, we are not to be controlled by our own impulses. And I see no way to avoid this, but to adopt rules for holy living, and then to make a conscience—or a duty—of observing them. This has been the practice of all the eminently pious with whose history I am acquainted.

Other specific duties I have heard you mention as coming under the same rule; but, for the present, I leave them, and will present, for your consideration and comment, the characters of three individuals, our common friends, but whose daily walk falls more directly under my own observation.

Delia has long been a doubting, diffident Christian, never daring to say, "I have really been converted;" and her mind, being never at rest on this subject, she has, as her only hope, rigidly bound herself to the observance of all outward duties. Her hours set apart for devotion she considers sacred; and if they are violated, (no matter by what

means,) she feels as surely condemned as she would for an "outbreaking sin." This principle she carries out in all she says and does. She prays in public, and fears she has done it "to be seen of men"—in secret, and fears it was in her own strength—exhorts sinners to seek the Savior, and fears it was not from a spirit of love—encourages her brethren and sisters from records of her own experience, and fears it was to honor herself. If she converses in company, she fears she has (in her language) chattered too much, and if she observes a marked silence, she has "tried to look gracious." Her scruples are endless. The consequence is that she has nearly lost the power to distinguish between right and wrong—is always perplexed and burdened, and often near despair. Her conscience, like the compass in certain latitudes, no longer inclines to its proper point of attraction, and robbed of this faithful guide, she wanders on her pathless way, sorrowful and almost alone.

Delia's embarrassment is greatly increased by the fact that she can remember no period in which she did not strive to be religious, and that there have, consequently, been no marked alternations in her experience.

Clara is, in all, the reverse of Delia. Grown to mature age, a gay, thoughtless creature, she plunged into all the excesses of fashion and folly, openly rejecting her Savior, and boldly disregarding his commands. Affliction arrested her career, and the Holy Spirit sealed its instructions upon her heart. Clara repented and found mercy. Her conversion was clear and rapturous; and she has usually enjoyed the "witness of the Spirit." But, naturally impulsive, and accustomed to be led only by feeling, it seems as though grace itself, in ordinary measure, could not keep her to any regular course. As if in condescension to her infirmity, her heavenly Father has given her a remarkable discrimination in spiritual things, and a simplicity of faith such as I have seldom witnessed. I have often thought that in her experience the tender care of the great Shepherd was peculiarly manifested.

Clara is a lamb sporting on a meadow surrounded by precipices and pits. She indulges the joyousness of her spirit, and capers now to the verge of the one, and now to the edge of the other; and often, by her heedless goings, she gets a wound on her heart, or a spot on her fleece; and then, by a glance at her Shepherd, or the sound of his voice, she is recalled to lament her folly at his feet, and to receive again healing and cleansing at his hand.

To be more particular—when Clara is happy she does scarcely any thing but commune with her God—"prays without ceasing"—reads nothing that will not inspire devotion—can scarcely hear a friend ask a question that pertains to the world, and sings with holy delight the song of salvation. But the

moment joy diminishes, and temptation assails, her soul faints within her. She thinks "all is lost now—my Savior is wholly gone;" and sometimes she manifests almost a fretful spirit that she should be thus left to grieve. In this state, when she most needs prayer and watching, she prays little, is not so careful what she reads, converses much more freely of earthly things, and suffers herself to float down the stream, till alarmed by some danger, or recalled by the voice of mercy, she makes a hearty return and is soon again "in the arms of her Redeemer." While observing these movements, I have often trembled for her safety. But then, to return to my figure of the lamb, I observe that wherever she strays, her Shepherd still has his eye of love upon her; and so long as her "heart is to the remembrance of his name," I feel assured she will never wander wholly away from the fold.

Lydia was many years ago called from the world to be a follower of Christ. She, too, has an ardent temperament, and is by nature impulsive; but in her Christian course she "started right." Having accomplished the entire consecration of herself to God, she made out a plan for the employment of her time and powers, from which she never suffers herself to deviate, unless *turned aside* by what she deems *providential*. Her own inclination is never consulted where duty is concerned. The opinions of others are only regarded so far as to "please them for their good to edification." She converses sparingly, and only upon subjects tending to spiritual improvement, few words sufficing for all purposes merely temporal. The Bible is her book of books, and the closet her favorite resort. And, above all, she is careful to keep faith in lively exercise—the cross ever before her. In a word, she walks steadily forward in the way of life, enjoying all its privileges, performing all its duties, and partaking of all its delights.

Thus, while Delia knows only duty, and Clara seeks only privilege, Lydia sees that to neglect a privilege is to violate a duty, and that to perform a duty is to embrace a privilege.

I admit that Delia dishonors God by doubting his word, and by seeking salvation by works, and not casting herself by faith on the atonement as her only hope; and also that her example discourages others who would "enter in at the strait gate;" for it is often said, "If religion makes its votaries happy, why is not Delia happy? She is a devoted Christian. Surely none can live better than she does, and I need not try." But does not Clara also dishonor him by her unsteady walking, and by the readiness with which, upon every slight discouragement, she "casts away her confidence?" And if any have, by the fervor of her devotion, and her strong expressions of confidence, been inspired to seek like enjoyments, how must their ar-

dor be damped, and their souls chilled to hear her, in the moment of dependency, exclaim, "Ah, it was all a mistake! The foe, or my own heart, deceived me. The great blessings that with so much rapture I ascribed to God were not realities," etc. And is not this course calculated to induce total infidelity in the unconverted?

Lydia, you see, is wiser than her sisters. Like them, she has struggles with unbelief, and conflicts with the tempter. But she is careful never to express a feeling that will dishonor her Savior. She knows that, whether she rejoices or not, it is her privilege to rejoice—whether she believes or not, Jesus is worthy of all faith—whether she is saved from sin or not, he died that she might be thus saved. If at any time she is in heaviness, through manifold temptations, she recounts the past manifestations of his love, and urges others to trust in him who has done so great things for her; and while thus engaged, many a beam of glory darts into her own soul—the Holy Spirit thus testifying to the correctness of her course.

And now, dear Helen, let us avoid the errors and copy the virtues of our friends—let us, like Lydia, be careful to maintain both faith and good works, and ever have a word to speak in praise of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light, and commands us to walk in the way of holiness. And that he may enable us to see and to prize our calling is the prayer of

Yours, &c.,

GERTRUDE.

#### THE IMAGE OF CHRIST.

The great work of Christ's disciples upon earth, is a constant and busy process of assimilation to their Master, who is in heaven. And we live under a special economy, that has been set up for the express purpose of helping it forward. It is for this in particular that the Spirit is provided. We are changed into the image of the Lord, even by the Spirit of the Lord. Nursed out of this fullness, we grow up unto the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus; and instead of heaven being a remote and mysterious unknown, heaven is brought near to us, by the simple expedient of inspiring us where we stand with its love, and its purity, and its sacredness. We learn from Christ that the heavenly graces are all of them compatible with the wear of an earthly body and the circumstances of an earthly habitation. It is not said in how many of its features the new earth will differ from or be like unto the present one; but we, by turning from our iniquities unto the Savior, push forward the resemblance of the one to the other, in the only feature that is specified, even that "therein dwelleth righteousness."—*Chalmers*.

Original.

## THE WAY OF FAITH.

I HAVE been greatly blessed by reading the experience of Christians in the sacred Volume and in memoirs. Indeed, it seems to be an efficacious instrumentality to reform the life, and to sanctify the Church. Look at the temperance reformation, which has been carried on principally by narratives of experiences. How many thousands have been raised from the degradation of brutes by these associations! Knowing that God can work by this simple means, I have been induced to offer a brief sketch of God's dealings with my soul.

I was reared amongst the gay, and entered into the amusements of the world; for I was brought up to believe that we are placed on earth to extract from it all the sweets we can. I had, of course, no compunctions of conscience. I knew nothing of the necessity of the "new birth," although I had read and committed to memory portions of Holy Writ, and especially Christ's conversation with Nicodemus. But parental instructions made stronger impressions on my mind than the truths of God's word. And so firm a believer was I in the doctrine, that *mere* morality secures salvation, that when I lay upon a bed of sickness, and my life was despaired of, I looked upon death with composure. Yes, astonishing as it now is to me, such was my delusion, that in the hour of death (as I supposed) I was willing to enter into the presence of my Judge clothed in my own righteousness. One glance at an immaculate God would have been sufficient to show me my standing. I should have been in the condition of the young lady spoken of in the memoirs of one of those pious women who lived in Wesley's time. She dreamed that she went to a ball, was sick, and fainted. A smelling-bottle was given her. She was placed in a rocking-chair, where she died, and was then carried to heaven; but she could not endure the blaze of glory with which she was surrounded, and begged to be taken away. She was not at home. She was then whirled down, down, till she awoke. This dream was realized by her; for she *did go* to the ball, though conscience forbade her—she *did faint*, and *that* very bottle *was* handed her—she *was* placed on *that* same chair, and there she breathed her last; and doubtless the rest was essentially verified. What a mercy that my end was not like hers! But, through the goodness of God, I was not sent into eternity in that condition. O, the forbearance of God! My heart overflows when I think of his long-suffering to me. He restored me to health. But I plunged again into the amusements of the world with more greediness than ever.

My sickness was in the fall. In the spring I was married to one who, like myself, was seeking the pleasures of this life; but his heart was not in

them. He was a wanderer from God. Once he had consecrated his life to Jesus, and solemnly covenanted before God and man to be his. But he had broken his vows. Although I had known him for several years, I was a stranger to this fact in his history. My surprise was great when, several months after my marriage, a friend told me that he had once been a professor of religion. As soon as opportunity occurred, I asked him if it was so; and when he confirmed it, I inquired why he had connected himself with the people of God, and whether they did not require something more of him than the life he was now leading? He said "yes," and informed me that he had experienced a change of heart. "But what is that?" I asked. He said it was a change in the affections and desires. "And do you believe," said I, "that none can be saved without this change?" "I do," said he; "for without this change we *cannot* love God, and therefore could not love heaven." "But why have you never told me this before? You did not, of course, think me prepared to meet my God." To this he made no answer—his heart condemned him. But I received an impression that I could *not* forget. What, thought I, is there a possibility of our being eternally separated? This thought fastened itself upon my mind, though it was not till nearly six months after that I gave my heart to God.

Like many others, determining not to die in this condition, I continually procrastinated. Many times I thought I would surrender my attention entirely to the subject; but then the world would come in with more cares, which, with greater promises of pleasure, induced me from time to time to delay. While in this state, an arrow from God's quiver pierced me to the heart. It was a remark from my husband on the mercy of God in preserving his life when he had so long neglected Jesus. I thought I would not stand in his way; for I presumed if I were a Christian, he would, of course, lead a different life. I resolved, from that moment, never to give myself any peace of mind till I knew whether there was a reality in religious experience; and from that hour I rested not till my heart was changed.

Never, perhaps, did a sinner feel the weight of guilt more than I did. So oppressed was I, that I could not bear up under the load, and was for several days obliged to keep my bed. But God in mercy looked on me, and showed me that prayers, tears, groans, and *all* that I could do, would avail nothing without faith in Jesus; and after trying every means in my power, I resolved to give myself entirely into his hands, and let him do with me as he saw fit. This was the very thing God required, and *all* he required.

As soon as I had done this my burden was gone.

I had thrown all upon Christ; and then did I know the verity of religion. Never shall I forget that day when I was born into the kingdom. It seemed as though I was in a new world. All creation breathed forth praises to God. For the first time I realized in nature the works of God. And when I heard the singing of hymns my soul seemed not to dwell on earth. I *cannot* describe my feelings. When I attempt it, language fails—I can never find words to set forth my joy. But they who have tasted His love, *know* what it is. O, the raptures of a new-born soul! I love to dwell on this period of my life, but must pass on.

How vain and foolish are this world's pursuits! And why do we ever go back to its amusements? Why not live continually in the enjoyment of religion? One reason is, because we find so little sympathy among the people of God. In Wesley's time, many did thus live, in continual peace and love. And what a sympathy then existed between the followers of Christ! But how worldly-minded has the Church become since then! How do Christians neglect *duty*, and depend chiefly on *excitement*! If they can but go to meeting now and then, and "get happy," they hope to inherit eternal life, forgetting that "faith without works is dead," and that we must *do* the will of the Father if we would have it said to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" One thing is certain—*excitement* alone is not religion, though excitement is produced by religion. And we must not depend upon mere emotions. Our trust in God must be the same, whether we feel joy or not. Carvosso says his *trust* was the same. Hester Ann Rogers says that she was taught to trust when destitute of joy. These faithful servants of God did not depend on their own feelings, but upon Christ. Is not this a fault in the Church? Many, I have no doubt, lose their confidence by supposing faith to be always attended by high excitement.

After my conversion, while my heart was so tender, I was told by a pious old lady that I must not expect to feel such joy long; for it always wore off. This rather chilled my feelings. I began to wish I might die soon, if that was to be the case. I desired to go where I should constantly have the presence of my Savior, and never wound his cause by sin. I did not then understand that Christ was willing and able to keep me from sin. O, no! I had not then learned the depth of his love, although I had a joyful and full sense of it.

I laid down several rules at the time of my conversion, from which I resolved *never* to deviate. One was that I would never pass a day without prayer and reading the Scriptures. I feared backsliding more than any thing on earth; for I saw how many lamented losing their first love. This was one reason that I made these rules. Another

rule was that I would never visit any place of amusement, or social parties, where the subject of religion could not be appropriately made a subject of conversation. From these canons I never deviated; and at times I enjoyed such communion with God as to raise me above the cares of life. But it was only at times. Since then I have learned to live by faith on the Son of God. But I continued three years without this full trust, during which the things of time took up too much of my attention. But God, who is infinite in mercy, watched over me, and preserved me from backsliding when surrounded with severe temptations.

But this is not all. He taught me that there is a more "excellent way," walking in which I may be free from all care, and enjoy a peace passing all understanding.

I became convinced by reading that little work, (put into my hand by an itinerant minister,) "Mahan on Sanctification," that entire consecration was my privilege. When I saw, by the teachings of the word and Spirit, that by an act of faith I might be "sanctified wholly," I felt condemned for not exercising it. And how is it with Christians who believe this blessing attainable, and yet "come short of it?" How will they endure the judgment? Do they not already feel condemned?

After I became convinced, the question with me was, How shall I obtain? After considering for a short time, I determined to go and ask the blessed Savior; for he could infallibly show me the way. I resorted to a friend, who was able to convince me of the folly of relying upon any thing I could do. While in prayer I saw that all my efforts were vain—that pilgrimages and penances could do no good—that perfect love was the gift of God, and received by faith alone. While at prayer, it was deeply impressed upon me that I must believe—"only believe," and the blessing was mine. Through grace, my heart responded, "I will believe! I will consecrate my whole being to my Savior, and trust in him for all things."

Since then my peace has been constant. At all times thereafter I could look to Christ when tempted, and he made a way of escape. If space would permit, I could relate many instances where, by simply looking to him, I have been delivered. The anxieties of life are banished by a full trust in Jesus. What a delight it is to be in his hands, willing to suffer all his will, and feel assured "that all things will work together for our good?" We should rejoice to yield to him the direction and control of all our interests. All properly belong to him. And does he not reasonably demand this of us? The parent knows what is best for the child. Let us go, then, to our heavenly Father, who is "able to save us to the uttermost, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Original.

## OUR MISTAKES.

IN reading the other day an ethical author, I lighted on this expression: "We often suffer as much from our mistakes as from our deliberate sins." Upon this I paused; for the idea seemed a bold and startling one. And yet upon a little reflection, I reconciled the assertion, in many instances, with my own experience, and perceived plainly that I could say to myself, had I not done thus, or so, how different, and how much more advantageous to me had been the results. And yet I recollected that in these same movements, I was, at the time, innocent, as far as any intention, or consciousness of evil, was concerned. I had acted in accordance with the rules commonly established as those of propriety. And yet, from these acts I had often suffered severely.

Whether these rules themselves were of sufficient authority, is another question; and if the rules were good for their own purposes, then the purposes were unsound. Certain it is, that error, and *mistake*, and *unhappiness*, were the results.

Does God then ordain that the innocent suffer, "not knowing what they do?" Is the matter in question an act requiring mental consideration or moral perception, and is the actor imbecile of judgment and slow to perceive; and for these things shall he suffer? Or shall we refer the whole to that doctrine of inscrutable mystery, by which the Omnipotent sees fit that the good and just, in this world, shall often be less prosperous and less successful than others of more peccable life and character.

"Good and just," as applied to mortals, all will understand to be the comparatively good and just; for "there is no man good, no, not one." In the transactions of life, we do not fail to see that the innocent often suffer by the impositions and villainies of the sinful and the crafty.

But we need take no remote reference for our satisfaction; the solution is much more ready; and we might adduce many texts in its corroboration. "The wicked shall prevail for a season." "The sinful runneth his course," &c.

Primarily, the parents are in fault, who do not put their children, yet infants in judgment, upon the right track; who do not insist upon the practices which square with order and happiness. This idea of parental responsibility reconciles a text which often disturbs the apprehensions of the unregenerate, namely, "That the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children, even unto the third and fourth generation." This clause is often explained by referring it to those physical diseases which are constitutional and hereditary, and which originated in the indulgence, the sloth, the intemperance and excesses of a progenitor. But this

may be deemed an inadequate solution; for unhappiness comes from other sources than those of sickness and disease: from the gangrene of the mind, the mortification of disappointed hope, the insufficiency of a worldly support; or from the unfaithfulness of its friendships, the want of social sympathy; and a thousand other causes may be adduced as producing the same effect—and all of which, however powerful they be upon the weakened minds which entertain them, might be thrown completely in the negative, and found less than the dust in the balance, if put into the opposite scale of that positive strength and joy to be found in the faith and practice of religion.

Yet worldly persons think they are doing their best when they resist and bear up under the accumulated ills of life; thus adding another *mistake* to those which originally caused the evil. For by this self-assurance, this stoical and heathen firmness, they do but depart the wider from their rule of redress, found only in the *religious method*, in the saving grace of resignation, and of submission to those inflictions which a divine providence has rendered necessary to many. Yet let us ever bear in mind that these ills are not of the will of God that we should suffer, nor necessary to our condition as human beings; but are superinduced upon us in consequence of our *mistakes*.

What a privilege, then, is it, that we may place the feet of our children upon safe ground! What a source of happiness to them! What a saving of care and anxiety, perhaps of bitterness and remorse, to the parents! What a happiness to lead our children wide of that path of error, where the unregenerate walk, even where, "when they would do good, evil comes!"

Yet it is in infancy only that the responsibility rests mainly with the parents; for soon shall this charge devolve upon the child himself. For, having been put in a good way, he should follow it up. If he do not so, it is evidence of a rebellious spirit; for is it not said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

An eminent philosopher has said, that "the results of a proposition (not a mathematical one alone) is morally contained within itself." How nobly does this idea sustain the divine attribute of *order*.

My theme would seem a trite one, and for that reason, by many not closely enough considered. And yet every day do millions go on to err, "not knowing the evil of their way." Yet no one would attempt to say that all error is of ignorance. For although man is inclined to evil, even "as the sparks fly upward," though his passions prompt, and Satan abets the cause, yet—having had a *religious training*—if he do commit sin, it shows rather

the perversity of his will, than that he has an irresistible tendency toward it; for "God made man upright," but "he has found out many inventions." O, parents, it is yours in the beginning to plant the unstable foot, and to commend the work to God.

To do this from early infancy is comparatively an easy thing; for the child, advanced to the state of youth, is prone, unless guarded beforehand, to follow after the fashions of the world, and deems it but a venial error to "do as others do." Alas, how often is this weak plea advanced even by grown men. "A venial error"—if known to be an error, is it any longer venial? And with whom is it venial at all? for "God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Yet so much does he love the happiness of his creatures, that having given them a revelation and a rule, he permits not, in the whole arrangement of his providence, one happy result to take place from mistaken and false premises. And by choosing wrong, whether consciously or ignorantly, we traverse his designs, and suffer, even here, the penalty of a disastrous retribution. And we may reflect that even the having too large a scope of choice, with our unwise desires, is not so good as a more restricted destiny; where we follow, with humble trust, the natural course of events, and take life as we find it; knowing that, by the simple performance of our duty toward others, we shall promote our own good. Such is the beautiful arrangement of Providence, that a reciprocation of the duties of life, contemplates also its successes. And this were ever apparent, but that we may not expect its manifestations in isolated acts.

But, say you, how often do we see an individual who is not of Christian conformity, not even of average morality, yet prospering in the world, claiming its respect, enjoying all the wishes of his heart, and establishing the desires of his will; and all this by the performance of a merely selfish industry. We see instances of this kind every day, and all day long; it has been the case ever from the beginning: all the ages of the world have known it; the history of all time has chronicled the fact.

Yes, all these words are true. Industry, forecast, discretion, and perseverance, shall seldom make a mistake, in an outward sense, of their object; though perhaps the failure of any one of these attributes may hinder the effect of all the others. It is said that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." But we see that they are the children of this world; that, "in their generation" is an inference of short limitation, and that in the phrase they stand opposed to the "children of light." Though prosperity is the meed of their worldly economy, yet, if they "forget God," *there is no doubt that God will forget them.* At the same time the unfortunate

can take to themselves consolation, even from the rebukings of life, and know that God sees them, for "whom he loveth he chasteneth." Though disas-tered, they are not at their worst; they have made some mistakes, of which the experience and the penalty shall learn them to correct in their after course. They suffer themselves from the want of a sober discretion; but they have offended God less, than if they had become "rich too fast."

How important then is it, that we set out aright; how auspicious, if a faith in the unerringness of these events have been timely imparted to our inexperience, thus basing us on God! and thus, exciting us by the principle of true self-love, through a mistaken view of which all our *mistakes* had come.

But I would illustrate, taking my view from recollections of a family of lively genius and vivacious spirits—just such as are most likely to fall into error. Having few evil dispositions or wicked designs in their hearts, yet lacking the guidance of religion, for their very virtues they fell a more easy prey to the beguilements of pleasure, and to over-reaching in their business connections.

The family, at the time I designate, consisted of the widowed mother and seven children, three sons and four daughters. Though they were courted by society for the liveliness of their minds and the frank hilarity of their manners, were yet denounced by the world at large as a wrong-headed and foolish set. In southern phrase, perhaps they would have been called a "rapid set." And it is a fact that the gift so much desired, and so much envied—the gift of genius—stands in the progress of life, in broad contrast, not to sobriety alone, but to wisdom and success.

Of our young family, the mother was yet hardly middle aged. She had married at the early age of fifteen; she had had no experience herself by which to advise and conduct the early years of her daughters; especially in regard to their establishment in life, and selection of partners, so far as the limitation of their choice allowed. She contented herself with the negative counsel that they should eschew the vicious, but gave no admonition against ambitious and false views upon the subject; by the influence of which we shall see, in the sequel, that several of them made no choice at all, and were fain to walk in maiden loneliness even to their graves.

The deceased husband had been the senior of his wife by about ten years; and she had been accustomed, with well placed confidence, to consult him upon every move of importance. And now in this season of sudden bereavement, thrown upon herself, her grief had overpowered her; and her children had unconsciously gained a sort of habit of self-government, not unusual in such cases, and not

tending to that subordination most salutary and proper in a family. The effect here was too much expenditure, and a hospitality bordering upon excess: of which the prodigality of money was less to be deplored than the prodigality of time. The property in the family, with good management, had been amply sufficient for all purposes, yet was found insufficient for the desires of the young people. And as it was in estates which did not yield much income, the sons, who were the eldest children in the family, persuaded their mother, from time to time, to alienate certain portions of it—an unwise and ruinous course—yet it was what to them seemed necessary upon the occasions in which it was resorted to. But with prudence these occasions need never to have occurred.

The eldest son, George, was a well-conditioned, comely youth, possessed of extraordinary perspicacity, of generous sentiments and a warm heart, yet prone to be led by an ambition which sometimes obscured his better qualities. His mother had allowed him to decline a collegiate course, as his choice of an occupation was that of a merchant, hoping thus to realize a fortune, which he coveted not even so much for personal uses, as for the consideration which it confers. To a merchant accordingly he had been apprenticed, as soon as he had completed his school education. In choosing a situation for her son, the mother had reference rather to the lenient temper of his employer, than to any business capacity which he possessed. This was a mistake of consequence. The merchant was faithful in training his apprentice to the method and modes of business, so far as he was himself competent. But his operations were on a rather limited scale, not for the want of moneyed means, but from the peculiar narrowness and particularity of his own character. His distinguishing trait being, what is in western phrase, not inaptly called, "fussiness." So that what with little jobs about the house and premises, extra errands, and works of supererogation about the store, the clerks consumed more time than was appropriated to regular business. All this tended to give them desultory habits. This trait of fussiness, which, from the tried and trying experience of its disagreeableness, George had failed to imbibe; did yet not hinder him from losing all the time it had occupied, and finally of falling short, by that much, daily repeated during his six years' apprenticeship, of what he ought to have learned of merchandising. But at the expiration of his term, his master gave him a good character, and a bonus, or lift in business, at the beginning. So, choosing a small town in a neighboring state for his operations, George set up for himself in a shop of "all wares," as best suited to the wants of a new and somewhat rustic neighborhood. And now he is his own master; twenty-

one finds him in possession of health, and hope, and competency, and an independent occupation; and he is enjoying the smiles and caresses of the people; they admire the liberality and obligingness of the young merchant, who supplies them as freely without money as with it. For, says he to himself, "my master did the same, and he always did well." He did not reflect upon the difference betwixt an old established community, responsible to society as well as to the laws for their conduct, and of a population, promiscuous, and newly thrown together, and where there was as yet nothing like compact or society to take cognizance of the acts, good or bad, of their neighbors—always excepting personal cases, where the recrimination was instant, and *personal* also.

George, I have said, was a comely youth, well-bred, and of unexceptionable manners and disposition—was acceptable in all companies, which that very social neighborhood could boast. Moreover he was companionable as an excellent rider and an accomplished sportsman. He carved elegantly, and presided at a feast with an urbane grace possessed by few. Fortunately he was constitutionally averse to wine; or it is probable that his convivial popularity would have committed him, even more deeply than it did. As it was, he spent more time away from his business than was advantageous or proper, and he gave return dinners of more expense than his means warranted. The town he resided in was in one of the western counties of the state of New York—then a western, now an eastern, county. My very youngest reader does not apprehend that the cardinals had changed places to effect this. But it is a fact, fancifully speaking, that we may reverse the order of the thing, and say, "We would not go to the mountain, so the mountain came to us."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

#### THE TERM CATHOLIC.

The Church of Christ is called catholic, i. e. universal, to distinguish it from the Jewish, which was composed of one nation; while the Christian Church was composed of individuals of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, who are destined hereafter to stand before the throne of the Lamb with white robes and palms in their hands; they having been washed in his blood, and having overcome by keeping pure and undefiled that faith which has been delivered to the saints. This faith of Christ, designed for all ages and every nation, in opposition to the types and shadows of the Jewish economy, which were confined to one people, is therefore, that which, when received, confers the name of catholic upon a Church.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

Original.

BAPTISM.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

In our last number, we argued that *baptizo* signifies pouring, (ceremonially,) in the New Testament, from the fact that "poured out," "shed forth," "come upon," and similar phrases, are used to describe the baptism of the Spirit. We closed on the topic of objections. Having disposed of the first, (which see,) we proceed to conjecture others.

It may be objected, in the second place, that, "as the Holy Ghost is omnipresent, he is not really *poured out* or *shed forth*, as that is strictly impossible, because his presence must always surround and fill all things; and that these phrases are of course significant of no mode, but merely of the general fact that the soul is awakened to a consciousness of the operations of this divine Agent."

If our opponents were to start this objection, it would doubtless appear forcible to feeble minds. We are not concerned to know whether it has been thought of, as our present business is to invent objections and reply to them.

Without regard to fact, we are willing to grant, at present, that the omnipresence of the Spirit renders it impossible that he should be "poured out." And on the back of this conceding we must press the inquiry, why have Jesus Christ and his prophets and apostles used these phrases? If the words express no mode, seeing they are properly significant of mode and *nothing else*, why did the Holy Ghost dictate their use?

1. Was it without design? That is, were the inspired penmen careless of their language, using words as children do at play, without serious regard to their import? If this be our conclusion, it is not important to discuss this topic. If the Bible is a book of such careless diction, we cannot know but *baptizo* is everywhere used without any definite design. We are uncertain whether several other words would not have answered just as well as this. Does this seem profane? Then there was design in applying the phrases *poured out*, *shed forth*, &c., to the Spirit's baptism.

2. Were these phrases introduced for the specific purpose of leading us astray? That assumption were still more profane. It would imply against God the charge of malice prepense. Far better that he should have given us no revelation, than to have imposed error on us in a portion of its lessons. "All Scripture given by inspiration of God, is profitable"—because all is true, and guides us safely. We may be assured, then, that in announcing the *pouring out* of the Spirit to baptize,

there was no design to lead astray, although there was *some design* in the use of such phrases.

3. Were not these phrases introduced as a light or guide in regard to the *mode* of baptism? Immersionists should carefully survey their ground before they venture to say no. The moment they deny, they are thrown back upon ground which we have just passed over, and there can they find a resting place? Will they dare deny that these phrases, "poured out," "shed forth," "come upon," and "such like," are used *without design*? If not, will they dare to say that they were designed to *lead astray*? If not, will they say that they are not *phrases of mode*? If they cannot deny some one of these three propositions, how can they deny that these phrases were introduced specifically to teach us the mode of baptism? They cannot. And we are ready to affirm that no other object can be assigned for the use of these phrases in connection with spiritual baptism, than that they had in view, and harmonized with, the mode of water baptism. And if this be true, it settles beyond all contradiction the manner in which this sacrament should be administered. And now, whoever can let him show another reason for the use of these varied phrases. Let him not forget the premises—the postulate with which we are agreed to start on this career of reasoning, namely, "as the Holy Spirit is omnipresent, the phrases 'poured out,' 'shed forth,' &c., cannot designate a *spiritual mode*; but they merely express the general fact of the Spirit's operation." Our conclusion is, if they denote not a spiritual mode, they have some office, and their mission is to point us, not to spiritual, but to substantive facts, which stand in some way related to the Spirit's operation. They denote *ideal* modes, and in water baptism we can trace the substantive from which the ideal are derived. To say no, were bold indeed, unless the contradiction should be prefaced by designating some other design of these frequent phrases. Is this possible? Until it is done, we shall adhere to our opinion. We can no more do otherwise than we can perceive that two and two do not make four. If these *phrases of mode* denote *no mode* in that of which they are affirmed, they can have but one remaining office. They point us to certain facts in some closely related theme, whose substantive mode answers to this mere ideal. And where are these facts, or realities? They are found in outward baptism—in the mode of applying water sacramentally. There can be no *shadow* of reason why the phrases "*poured out*" and "*shed forth*" are adopted in this connection, except, first, that Christ literally gives the Holy Spirit in that manner—or, second, that it is an ideal form of speech, and refers to the *pouring of water* as the *substantive* from which this ideal is derived.

\* Continued from page 60.



It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that either of these alternatives is fatal to the claims of immersionists. If they say that the Spirit is literally *poured out*, they can no longer urge that this is a mere figurative baptism, and that *baptizo* properly means "immersion, and nothing else." If they fly to the other alternative, their position is no safer. On the contrary, as must be evident to all, if they affirm that the *phrases of mode*, so numerous and varied, which the inspired penmen and the blessed Redeemer have applied to spiritual baptism, are without proper or literal force, because the Omnipresent cannot be poured out, they are bound to show some other reason why such phrases are thus used, or the inference in favor of pouring is inevitable and incontrovertible.

In connection with this view of the subject, we admire the boldness with which immersionists charge on us the substitution of *rantism* for baptism. "If effusion is the proper or admissible ceremony," say they, "why was not the proper word, *rantize*, applied to it?" We return them the question thus: If dipping is the proper ceremony, why did not John say, I *baptize* you in water, but he shall *rantize* you with the Holy Ghost? When God is "*pouring out*" his Spirit, it is called by Christ's forerunner baptizing; but immersionists would correct his phraseology. Nor can we suppose, if this were a visible work—if the Spirit should descend as a dove on an assembly, or come upon worshipers like descending showers, that these advocates of immersion could hesitate to say this is any thing but baptism. If Christ himself, as he *pours* the revealed influences on the people, should audibly exclaim, "I baptize you with the Holy Ghost, might we not expect to hear answering voices interrupt the Redeemer's benediction with—"Stop, Jesus! this is not baptizing—in deed or in word, thou erreest. This is called rantizing." In spirit, this very folly may have been committed often. An immersionist declares "God has poured out his Spirit, and converted souls: I have baptized forty, and the Pædo-Baptists have *rantized* fifty."

Did he see the bearing of this last remark? He had just said, "God has *poured out* his Spirit," thus presenting Jesus in the act of baptizing. Yet, a moment after, this "pouring," sacramentally, is denominated, in sharp polemics, mere *rantism*. Well may we lament the methods good men often take to sustain indefensible positions. Let immersionists carry out their views in practice—let them describe revivals thus, "God has revived his work, and immersed the people in the Holy Ghost," and we shall see if this *usus loquendi, vel scribendi*, will help their reasoning amongst those who read their Bibles. Pædo-Baptists will adhere to a practice equally consistent, and continue to say, "God has *poured out* his Spirit upon the people."

Vol. IV.—12

Original.

## WHAT IS IT TO BE HOLY?

BY THE EDITOR.

"If sanctified throughout," says a tempted follower of Jesus, "why is it thus with me? I am often without joy; sometimes my mind is not perfectly composed; now and then my communion with God is interrupted; again I suffer severe inward conflicts; I am frequently unconscious of any thing like triumph; and, finally, I cannot always, in these distresses, understand my condition, but am perplexed in regard to my religious state."

Let us consider, one by one, these several particulars, and see if each of them may not consist with an entirely sanctified state.

1. Does entire sanctification imply *perpetual joy*? From all we can learn, by consulting the written testimony of deceased and living witnesses, and by conversing with those who bear the fruits of perfect love, this is far from being the case. Mrs. Upham says, "The prevailing state of my mind has been in no wise that of high emotions. On the contrary, there has been great calmness, placidity, and quiet of mind." This is the concurrent testimony of the pure in heart. None who profess perfect love should be shaken in mind, because their state is not one of high and joyful excitement.

2. "*Sometimes my mind is not perfectly composed.*" This also may be true of the sanctified. The mind may become hurried, through its connection with the body, that is, by nervous influences. It may also be discomposed through ignorance or misconception. In any such cases, mental disquiet does not certainly infer un sanctified affections.

3. "*Now and then my communion with God is interrupted.*" This may be a mistake in regard to fact. What is communion with God? It does not necessarily imply unceasing rapture in prayer—nor an unvarying sense of God's presence and smile—nor an equally distinct apprehension at all times of his love to us—nor an unchanging *degree* of assurance that we are now accepted of him. Faith without joy is communion with God. Christ communed with him when he said, "Thy will be done!" Fellowship with him, in any other sense, is not essential to entire sanctification.

4. "*I suffer inward conflicts.*" Yes, and so do all the sanctified. Can there be war without conflict? The Christian's state on earth is militant. He is sanctified to *prepare* him for conflict. Those who are most holy are often set in the front of battle. They are Zion's "forlorn hope." God has trained them for his "vanguard." They, above all Christians, should look for sharp conflicts. They are detailed to commence assaults on Satan, and lead

the sacramental host in holy onset against his legions. Of course they are marks for his arrows. All hell is aiming at their overthrow. One of these, cast down, is better for the cause of sin than the discomfiture of regiments of mere subalterns. Conflicts all the sanctified shall have. It is peculiarly their heritage. The Lord leads them into the hottest of the battle, that in and through them his grace may be made known, and the name of the blessed Jesus glorified. "At times," says Mrs. Upham, "I have not been exempt from severe conflicts. Heart-searching and soul-trying questions have come up before me." The author of the "Way of Holiness" testifies the same. The sanctified have always assured us of this fact. The apostles confirm it, and Jesus Christ himself is a witness. Without conflicts, then, we cannot even deem ourselves sanctified.

5. "*I am frequently unconscious of any thing like triumph.*" Perhaps so. But is it strange, since this is our battle-field? The soldier first fights and then triumphs. But, if infallibly secure of victory, he ought to maintain hope. This or that man may fall at his side, the carnage may be terrible, this or that wing of the army may now and then waver, or even begin to give way, the foe may press on exultingly, and seem to be bearing down all; yet, if assured that the tide of battle will soon turn, he should *hope*, and bear himself courageously. But he cannot just then *triumph*. The shout of exultation is at present with the enemy. You say you do "not triumph." *Fight*, and you shall triumph by and by.

"*Finally, I am often perplexed in regard to my religious state.*" This involves the intellect, rather than the affections. Entire sanctification does not imply perfect self-knowledge. If it did, we need not be told to "examine ourselves." We may wish to know too much. If we understood all, we should have no need to trust. Faith refers many things to God, with confessions of our ignorance. We may know, and *ought* to know our general state, as that God has changed and sanctified our hearts. But we must not expect to know all the minute processes of the training work of the Spirit. Grace as well as providence is mysterious in many of its stages. We may know enough of both; but we cannot know all of either. It is enough, for instance, to be assured that God cannot err—that all his works are done in wisdom; and that, ultimately, he will bring forth "our righteousness as the light," if we will simply "trust, and not be afraid."

To engross our thoughts briefly, we conclude that entire sanctification is not, 1, a state of *perpetual rejoicing*; 2, nor of *constant composure*; 3, nor of *uninterrupted rapturous communion with God*; 4, nor of *perpetual freedom from conflict*; 5, nor of con-

stant *inward triumph*; 6, nor of unvarying *clear-sightedness in regard to our inward states*.

And now, to confirm these propositions, let us glance at the blessed Redeemer. In him, as the son of man, we have a perfect example of entire sanctification. Let us, then, examine whether he was always in possession of the six things above enumerated.

1. Was he "perpetually joyful?" Turn to Matt. xxvi, 38, and Mark xiv, 34, and read his own words: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The original denotes the greatest anguish—an inexpressible horror of soul. From his history we should infer that, in the common acceptation, our Savior was seldom joyful. He had no remorse, as none of his faithful followers have. But whose "sorrow was like unto his sorrow?" The prophets and evangelists represent him as "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." The latter speak of him as rejoicing only once during the whole course of his ministry, while a characteristic scene of his life is that where, seated on the declivity of Olivet, he sheds his tears, and makes his lament over the devoted metropolis of his country. If the disciples of Christ are often sorrowful, let them not forget that "*his countenance*" was "so marred more than any man, and his visage more than the sons of men."

2. Did Christ maintain undisturbed *mental composure*? Certainly not. It was generally true of him, as it is of his faithful disciples, that while he suffered he had peace. But, in regard to both, may not the general rule, "sorrowing, yet always rejoicing," have some exceptions, to display, as in the case of Job, the efficacy of grace, and the glory of God? The scene of agony above referred to, forbids the supposition that the mind of Jesus was never ruffled or disquieted. The narrative states that he began to be "*sore amazed*." The original signifies a state of *overwhelming consternation*.

3. Had Jesus uninterrupted communion with the Father? In the sense of confidence, or resignation, doubtless he had. But we doubt whether he always had such communion as implied a sense of the Father's smile. If he had, why that expiring exclamation, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" As man, he was then forlorn of the supporting presence of his Father. Bishop Hall says, "The words 'why hast thou forsaken me?' imply that God had, for the time, withdrawn from him the sense and vision of his comfortable presence." Dr. Scott understands, by this expression, "the total want of the light of God's countenance on his soul."

4. Had our Savior perpetual freedom from severe conflict? Alas! his was a *life* of conflict. It had scarcely any intermissions. Persecution without,

and temptation within, harassed him from hour to hour. Follow him to the wilderness, where, for forty days, he endured the assaults of Satan in the most cruel form, being tempted even to *fall down and worship* the prince of the power of the air. And after a trial so severe and protracted, the devil departed from him a "little season" only.

5. It is scarcely necessary to say that Jesus did not always triumph. To withstand is not properly to triumph. He always withstood. Never, under the severest assaults, did he yield, or begin to yield to the adversary. But he often withstood, in the midst of fearful anguish, such as no tongue can describe. So terrible were his conflicts that angels were sent from heaven to comfort him. Triumph implies exultation, which, both with Christ and his followers, is the fruit of overcoming, but is not found in the mere *struggle* to overcome.

Lastly. Was Jesus, *as man*, always aware of the necessity of his present sufferings? Were his own mental states fully understood by himself, in their relations to the salvation of man, and the government of God? We hesitate to reply according to our private convictions, lest we should seem inventive, and rash in our conclusions. But with the Bible before us, we will venture to say, no. And for proof we refer to Matt. xxvi, 39, and xxvii, 46. The first reads, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The other is, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" These expressions, with an if and a why, indicate that, in his amazement and agony, the Savior did not apprehend the exact purpose of the Father's dealings with him. He knew not as to the "cup," whether it was strictly necessary for him to drink it; or if necessary, wherefore. And he knew not, on the cross, *why* "God had forsaken him." In both cases the anguish of his soul was enhanced by a certain darkness of mind, which rendered his sorrows more intense, and was the bitterest ingredient of the cup.

In conclusion, let us remember, "as *he* is so are we in this world." "It is enough that the servant be as his Lord." Christ, as to his human nature, was sanctified. His life is a pattern for us. Whatever he was in his humanity, and no more, we may, through grace, become. He was "holy, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Thus we should be. But, on the other hand, he was not, as we have seen, always *joyful*, or *composed*, or in blissful *communion with the Father*, or free from conflicts, or in a state of *triumph*, or, as man, fully aware of the *ends* of his suffering states. Yet, in all these particulars, a certain something, which was their unvarying concomitant, rendered him "holy and undefiled." If we can determine what that certain something was, we shall have discovered in what the holiness of the sanctified consists. And can we not perceive that *perfect resignation* marked all

the Savior's suffering states? "Not *my will* but *thine* be done!" Herein was he holy. Under whatever sorrows his soul was burdened and oppressed, this was his temper. And this is the sum of all creature holiness. Where there is perfect resignation there is a perfect reign of grace. "Not *my will*, but *thine*!" Humble disciple, so long as thou canst feel and speak after this example, whether in joy, or in sorrow—in composure, or in disquiet—in more or less intimate approaches to God—in rest or in the severest conflicts—overwhelmed or triumphant—in light or in darkness as to the reasons of God's procedure, thou art sanctified throughout; and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of thy faith, be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Satan desires to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat; but Christ hath prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. If Satan shake thy confidence, he has half conquered thee already. He will never cease to war against thy faith. And that he may succeed in this, he will accuse thee in many ways. He will strive to convict thee of error in self-judging—of having professed too much. To all his insinuations let this be thy reply, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Then turn to thy Savior and say, *I will believe*. He will never rebuke thy faith. Cleave to him more closely, and, approving thy bold confidence, he shall keep thee in all thy ways, and crown thee his for ever.

Commit thou all thy griefs,  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands:  
Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.  
No profit canst thou gain,  
By self-consuming care:  
To him commend thy cause, his ear,  
Attends the softest prayer.

Thine everlasting truth,  
Father, thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove;  
And whatsoever thou wilt,  
Thou dost, O, King of kings!  
What's thy unerring wisdom's choice,  
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast way,  
And all things serve thy might;  
Thine every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light;  
When thou arise, Lord,  
What shall thy work withstand?  
When all thy children want, thou giv'st:  
Who, who shall stay thy hand?"

Original.

## "NO TEARS FOR THEE."

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

"No tears for thee, though our lone spirits mourn  
That thou with spring's sweet flowers wilt ne'er return:  
No tears for thee, though hearth and home are blighted,  
Though sadness clouds the scenes thy love has plighted:  
No tears, for while with us thy soul, oppress,  
Oft longed for refuge in thy Savior's breast:  
No tears, for thou hast found thy home above—  
No tears, thou'rt sheltered in the arms of love."

No, Christian, no! we will not weep,  
Though we may greet thee here no more;  
Thy form, now stilled in death's cold sleep,  
The grave a sacred trust shall keep,  
Till ocean's surges cease to roar.

Before us thou hast found thy rest,  
Where nought shall o'er disturb thee more,  
In robes of heavenly triumph drest,  
And pillowed on thy Savior's breast.  
Thy pains, and toils, and cares are o'er.

A radiant crown, bestud with gems,  
Rests lightly o'er thy placid brow—  
A golden harp of tuneful strings,  
Whence melody celestial springs,  
Employs thy raptured moments now.

To where the patriarch spirits live,  
And near thy unvail'd Savior's throne—  
Whose beatific smile can give  
All thy immortal longings crave—  
To that bright mansion thou art gone.

O, then, we may not weep for thee,  
Our tears shall not invade thy rest;  
But when a few short days shall flee,  
We'll greet thee in eternity,  
Among the myriads of the blest.



## THE THINGS ABOVE.

Now in the bloom of youthful days,  
Ere care has come to cloud thy brow—  
Ere thou the world's deceitful ways  
Hast learned, O, make this solemn vow:  
That, since all things beneath the sun  
Do blight and fade from earth away—  
Since all thy joys shall, one by one,  
Pass off, and all thy hopes decay,  
Thou wilt in heaven thy treasure store,  
Where blight shall never, never come—  
Where joys shall bloom for evermore,  
And thou shalt dwell at home—"sweet home."  
Then bid all fading charms adieu,  
And seek a part in Jesus' love—  
The path he kindly marked pursue—  
It leads to cloudless realms above.

## NOTICES.

SACRED BIOGRAPHY, OR THE HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCHS. *By Henry Hunter, D. D. In one vol., 600 pp. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This series of lectures has long been familiar to the reading public, yet may not have attracted the attention of a majority of those for whom this periodical is published. As to its themes, it comprises sketches biographical and historical of Adam, Cain and Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Melchizedek, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Aaron and Balaam—and of those female worthies, Deborah, Ruth and Hannah—together with the history of our blessed Lord.

The style of this book is popularly eloquent—suited to the occasion that called it forth. Nearly one hundred pages of the book are devoted to the lives of Deborah, Ruth and Hannah, in which all the graces of language are employed to celebrate the virtues of those matriarchal worthies, and set forth the excellencies of the female character. It is an entertaining as well as a useful volume.

This is not exactly a book of history or biography; but rather of eloquent dissertations or musings, in which the patriarchal character is used as a text—or as the thread to hang beads of gold upon. This mode enables the author to present truth more in the concrete, and not wholly in the abstract.

THE LIFE OF JAMES ARMINIUS, D. D., *formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. By Nathan Bangs, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.*—Impelled by deep interest in the character of Arminius, we have hastened to give this book a partial examination; and present to our readers the assurance that Dr. Bangs has executed an important and thankworthy office, in preparing this biography of Arminius. The Doctor depended chiefly on Nichols' voluminous notices of the Life and Writings of Arminius, which, valuable as they are to the well read theologian, are of no popular utility.

This volume is of the form of the "Family Library." It can be obtained by all, and will, we are sure, be examined by those who bear the ecclesiastical relation to Arminius which our Calvinistic brethren do to the Geneva professor.

The book presents a condensed, yet sufficiently minute sketch of the prominent incidents of Arminius' life, from his humble birth, through his educational course, his pastoral and pulpit labors, his theological professorship, his polemical career, and finally his persecutions for truth's sake up to the time of his death. Dr. Bangs has executed his task excellently well, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, and the sources to which he had access in preparing the history. And we are thankful for the privilege of consulting this compendium, and announcing it to thousands of interested readers.

Professor Stewart, of Andover, rendered an unexpected tribute of praise to Arminius, (and a righteous rebuke to his misinformed accusers,) in the first volume of the Biblical Repository. In his introduction to the article "Life and times of Arminius," (see Bib. Rep., vol. 1, pp 228,) he says, "From my youth up to the present hour I have heard much said for and against Arminianism and Arminius. It has so happened, that until recently I have never had it in my power to make a thorough examination into the merits and demerits of

this applauded and reprobated man. But as I have now obtained most of the materials for such an examination which I could desire, I have thought it matter of interest to know something more definite on the subject than I have hitherto done."

It seems then, that only fourteen years ago, Andover itself, with all its stores of theological literature, scarcely supplied materials to examine "into the merits of this applauded and reprobated man." And if Professor Stewart viewed Arminius as a heretic of the worst sort, closely allied to Pelagius, and mainly harmonizing with him in his theological opinions, no doubt ninety-nine hundredths of the clergymen in America agreed with him. Yet we are left to infer, that for a whole century prejudiced tradition was the only ground on which the ministers of New England based their conclusions and made up their verdict of reprobation. Professor Stewart supposed that both "the friends and foes of Arminius would be disappointed" at the announced results of his examination. "Arminius," says he, "was a very different man, as to his own theology, from what either of them suspect; unless indeed they have been at the pains to institute a particular and extended examination."

There were, perhaps, persons not a few, (unknown, however, to this learned professor,) who were as familiar with the "life and times of Arminius," as he was with the life and times of Calvin; and who understood the doctrinal views and teachings of that great man as fully as the Professor did the doctrinal views of Hopkins; or even of Leonard Wood or Ebenezer Porter, his own learned and excellent colleagues. They knew the views of Arminius, not because they had been polemically provoked to an "extended examination of his theological opinions," but because he was, like Wesley, a man after their own heart—a skillful interpreter of God's word, and a vindicator of its pure doctrines. They had as deep an interest in the Leyden divine, as the Andover professor had in Gesenius, the Hebrew lexicographer, or in Tholuck's evangelism—nay, deeper, for it was not an interest of mere admiration, but an interest of the heart.

How it seemed then to Methodists, when Professor Stewart announced the *surprise* he should inflict on the friends of Arminius, can scarcely be conjectured. Had Dr. Bangs taken it into his head that none in America but himself had scarcely any knowledge of Edwards or Emmons; of Neander abroad, or of Stewart himself at home, and published a notice of them in the Methodist Magazine, stating preliminarily that the Theological faculties of Cambridge, New Haven and Princeton would be surprised at "the development he was about to make concerning their strength of intellect and their scholastic acquirements," it would have excited little more wonder in those seats of learning, than did this innocent assumption of Professor Stewart. We say innocent, for how could the Professor, himself so ignorant of "Arminius and his Times," conjecture that others were any better informed? His business was study. Almost a pioneer among learned American orthodox interpreters, (the only formidable foe of Cambridge in biblical literature,) it is not strange that he concluded nobody knew more of Arminius than himself.

But the Professor committed another error, still more injurious to charity. When he had examined and ascertained what Arminius taught, and found that it was neither Pelagianism, nor any other destructive heresy, but essentially the same system of theology which, to

use his own words, "Richard Baxter, Sherlock, Tillotson, Doddridge and a multitude of others in this country and abroad, who have been honored and revered as burning and shining lights in the church" had taught, he proceeds to say, "What Arminianism is now got to be is well known. It is Semi-Pelagianism in some respects and Semi-Rationalism in some others: a compound of latitudinarian sentiments, such as Dr. Taylor of Norwich was accustomed to advocate, with divers other views which he rejected." \* \* \* "Arminianism now is, one might almost say, any thing and every thing that is opposed to orthodoxy"!!

There must then, after all, be something in *some* names. In that name, Arminianism, there is, it seems, *much*! It means almost every thing opposed to orthodoxy. Of course orthodoxy has also a large comprehension. If Arminianism excludes almost nothing but orthodoxy, orthodoxy embraces almost every thing but Arminianism! Would the Professor say, yes? It might then be difficult to say where, except with orthodoxy, we shall class Unitarianism, Universalism, Taylorism, Finneyism, and now at length Perfectionism and Millerism of comparatively recent birth; for by no points of resemblance, as we perceive, can these be reckoned species of the *genus* Arminianism. They all sprung up on Calvinistic soil, from a Calvinistic stock, under Calvinistic culture, and even claim, as we think, a Calvinistic ancestry. And indeed, if we mistake not, some of them claim to be *Calvinism itself*; from which, it is affirmed, all varying opinions have swerved, and of which they have grown ashamed.

Is there any pure Arminianism amongst us? We answer, the Methodist Episcopal Church holds and teaches throughout those views of Christian theology which were inculcated and defended by the godly James Arminius. Calvin has no disciples in these United States, who so closely hold to the doctrinal system called by his name. Dr. Bangs says in his preface, "It will be perceived, that with the exception of a full belief in the possibility of a total and final apostasy, concerning which Arminius hesitated to express a decided opinion, while it is evident that he strongly inclined to believe it, he taught the same doctrines as those afterwards promulgated by John Wesley." And surely if there be harmony between Wesley and Arminius, it is not difficult to show that amongst the one million and more members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the religious views of John Wesley are so cordially received, that scarcely another example can be found upon earth, where so many persons, with so little mental reservation, accord with the religious teachings of a pure and master mind. This unity of opinions, referred as it confessedly is to Wesley and his labors, would cause embarrassment if not shame, (knowing as we do that our neighbors call it servilism,) were it not for this one fact—it results not from a blind admiration of Mr. Wesley, but from his correct and scriptural views, and from the experimental and practical use made of the common sense theology which he so legitimately inculcated from the Holy Bible. So long as Arminians or Wesleyans continue practical and experimental, they will retain this unity. Whenever they turn to metaphysical and scholastic subtilities, there will be an end of unity.

We have drawn into the notice of this book what may seem to be irrelevant, or at least unnecessary. Our apology is, that we seldom speak of a book in which we

feel so great an interest. It was needed. Learned theologians and erudite professors may consult it with advantage, not only for information, but in regard to charity. They will learn from it that no theological systems are at wider variance than Arminianism and Pelagianism; and that to include almost every thing, except "orthodoxy," in the former, betrays a want of information so remarkable, that it scarcely has a parallel, except in the assertion that "Arminianism as Arminius himself taught it, has no place amongst us in these times."

We again commend this little book to every body, with the assurance that it is worth a double reading.

**INVITATIONS TO TRUE HAPPINESS, AND MOTIVES FOR BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.** By Joel Parker, D. D., Pastor of the Clinton-street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—Although Dr. Parker has acquired reputation as an author, we have read but little from his pen. This little volume is a fair pledge of future usefulness in the line of authorship. Its themes, in nine chapters moderately brief, are as follows. Will the reader ponder them? The Desire of Happiness Addressed; Man constituted for Happiness; Happiness Attainable; A Leading Motive for becoming a Christian; Sin incompatible with present Happiness; The unhappy consequences of Sin; The Happiness of a Religious Life; The Wisdom of Promptness. These topics are admirably treated. It is an excellent book for the family, and suitable to be presented to young persons.

**SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES, OR BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.** By T. S. Arthur. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There seems to be more of gravity in the current and aim of this volume, than we supposed in glancing at its title. A story is made up, as it seems, chiefly for the mere purpose of presenting truth in a form which will provoke the indolently curious to pursue it. We have not read it. But glancing at certain passages, we are pleased with their force and beauty.

**GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, with notes.** By the Rev. H. H. Milman. Harper & Brothers.—The third and fourth numbers of this work have reached us. We hear various opinions in regard to the sufficiency or insufficiency of Milman's notes, to guard the credulous reader against the poison of Gibbon's infidelity. It is a point on which we dare not trust our own judgment. Our opinion would have been, that the annotator is entirely successful in replying to the infidel insinuations of the historian. How far those predilections for skepticism, which all carnal minds contain, may strengthen the cause of error and weaken the force of truth, we know not. We would suggest, however, that in this world of enmity to God, we cannot preserve our children from contact with error. They will find infidelity everywhere; and doubtless will hear, if not read, its deceitful advocacy of frauds and lies. Is it not better that they trace the profane sophistries of a blaspheming age, side by side with those exposures and contradictions which strip them of their speciousness, and rob them of their power? So we have concluded. Let a young man who has read Gibbon with Milman's notes, be assailed by an infidel disciple of the historian, and he will not be taken entirely by surprise; and he may be able to silence or even convict his skeptical antagonist. We cannot, on the whole, deem it advisable for parents to exclude this history from the domestic

library, or to withhold it from their children. Let them urge the notes upon the attention of the young, and if necessary add explanations of their own, which every parent should be prepared to do, by having carefully and religiously passed over the ground.

**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE, with a portrait.** New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work is now complete in eight numbers, at twenty-five cents each. Its literary value is well understood. In its present cheap and convenient form it ought to be widely circulated. The works of Hannah More are a library of themselves.

**M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.** Harper & Brothers.—Number seven is received; to be completed in eighteen or twenty numbers. This, as a book of reference in matters geographical, will be useful in offices and families, in professional and private libraries. It is surprising what an amount of literature is obtained in this Gazetteer, at a price which could once scarcely have purchased Murray's Grammar and Parish's Geography.

These publications are on sale at the western branch of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, 311 Main street, Cincinnati.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**CHRONOLOGICAL PROPHECIES.**—The word Chronology is compounded of the Greek dissyllables *χρονος*, time, and *λογος*, discourse. It is properly the science of dates; as it teaches us to refer events to their just periods. Any principal occurrence of the past may be assumed as a starting point of chronological reckonings. Different nations have fixed on eras, suited in their view to the current of their civil, military, or religious history. The Jews reckon from the creation of the world, Christians mostly from the birth of our Savior, and Mohammedans from the Hegira, or the flight of their prophet.

The chronology of events which have fallen out since the incarnation of our blessed Savior, may be depended on as tolerably accurate. Not that there is no ground to dispute many dates involved in this long period. It is even debatable in what year our Savior was born, if it be granted that the world is 5843 years old. And it would not be expected by any one versed in chronological science, and aware of its uncertainties, that perfect harmony of opinion should prevail in regard to present popular dates. Still there is, if not infallible certainty, or acknowledged accuracy, a satisfactory approximation towards the true "year of our Lord."

But it is far otherwise in regard to events which transpired previous to the advent. So far from confidently holding that the real age of the world is 5843 years, we cannot assure ourselves that it is not variant from it scores of years.

There is an embarrassing want of harmony between the dates of the Hebrew and the Samaritan copies of the Bible. The former would bring the Savior's birth at the year four thousand, or four thousand and four, while the latter would bring it about one thousand years later. And various copies and rabbinical expositions of either text would make that variation still greater.

Several Jewish expositors fix the birth of Christ as early as the year of the world 3700, or about three hundred years before the vulgar era. Taking this as the boldest assumption on that side, or as the *minimum* of

dates, (though Isaac Abarband will have it a century earlier,) we proceed to make the following notes.

Joseph Scaliger will have it that the Christian era commences with the year of the world 3947. The celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine is as near him as the year 3984. The chronology of Josephus is disputed. Some will have it that he fixed the birth of Christ at the year of the world 4163, or 167 years after the vulgar era, and others claimed still later than that. Pagninus indisputably fixes it at the year 4051. Nor do we suppose that there is any thing superstitious or impudent, or contrary to reasonable presumption, in assuming that there are many probabilities at least in favor of a date as late or still later.

These variations, great as they may seem to persons unacquainted with the theme, are most of them not far beyond the limits of probability. We will proceed to notice others which, although themselves incredible, have this important influence—they lend a shade of gravity to some of those already named. Aurelius Cassiodorus deems that the birth of our Savior was Anno Mundi 4697; adding to the age of the world almost seven hundred years. The celebrated Augustine, whose name will sound familiar to our readers, and whose authority was once almost decisive in questions ecclesiastical, is believed, from rather disputed monuments of his opinions, to have fixed it as low down as the year of the world 5351, so that according to his dates we are now living in the eighth millenary. To Augustine's reckoning we must still add nearly 300 years for Clemens Alexandrinus, while Cyprian commences the Christian era at the year 6000. Nor is he in the extreme, for several others come down to 6400 and 6900. Thus nearly all periods between the year of the world 3700, and the year of the world 6900, (ranging every way between the two extremes,) have been fixed upon for the incarnation.

These different dates, making nothing of alledged obscurities during the Christian era, would render the age of the world uncertain to the amount of more than 3000 years. Confessedly there is not so great an uncertainty. We can indisputably confine the debatable ground within a very much narrower compass. We can reduce it by tens of centuries. But because the opinions of some Jewish expositors, and the calculations of Cyprian, Augustine, and Cassiodorus can be set aside, we must not infer that all variations from the vulgar era are unwarrantable. It is true, that to ascertain within a century the time of Christ's birth, is a tolerably assured task. But several periods of Jewish history cannot be so measured, even if the Hebrew text is correct, as to render us certain of the year. And though a literary friend, who has diligently pursued this theme, thinks we may come within ten years of it, his "may" is potential and implies to us that we may err by several tens.

"What matters it," the reader may ask, "whether we mistake or not?" We answer, in these days of calculation, when so many persons are diverted from devotion, to study the mysterious numbers of Daniel and of John, engrossing all duty into a search for "the time of the end," we ought to be aware that none can know that time. We may perceive at a glance, that the knowledge of the end implies a knowledge of the beginning. If one would measure thirty yards of cloth, he must pass to both extremes. The beginning, the end, and the intermediates, must all in turn come in contact with

the measure. So in prophecy; if perfectly assured of the length of Daniel's 2300, 1260, 1290, and 1335 days, we must next know where to commence these periods, if we would get at the "time of the end." We are aware that a few profess to understand. But the profession is a fond one, as we may see if we recur to the facts set forth above.

And these very facts are claimed by some persons beforehand, as possibly working out for them a trifling disappointment. They begin to say, "Christ will come in 1843;" and then add by way of bold hypothesis, "it will be 1843 until he *does* come." Yet some among themselves begin already to dispute whether the event shall be in 1843, or by four years of a convenient overrun, in 1847.

Sects divide and subdivide. And we cannot blame those who have wrought at such nice additions and subtractions, if they should spoil the unity of their own arithmetic, and with partisan disputations branch into as many plans of ciphering up the prophecies, as there are numerals and symbols in the whole sacred canon.

It may be asked, "cannot the numbers in Daniel and John be understood?" Certainly they can. Any one may see that 2300 are not at all obscure unless we obscure them. And all the other numbers are just as plain when read. The number seven is plain enough. But he who will show the reasons of its use in Revelation, shall render what was plain obscure; as he who looks at flowers for beauty shall find beauty and be refreshed, but if he will say he knows the nature of light he is a fool. It is often the greatest wisdom not to know too much. That the will moves the members of the body, is plain and sober sense. But to study *how* spirit governs matter, shows as great a want of sense as to affirm that men can climb the rainbow or sail in clouds. As to finding out precisely when the prophetic numbers commence and close, there are obstacles unfolded in this article which place it beyond all hope. If we knew how old Victoria would be at her death, we could not fix the time of her burial unless we also knew the period of her birth.

It may be asked if the 2300 days did not begin with the decree to rebuild Jerusalem? We have read over and over again the alledged demonstration of it; but never did we know a thing *less proven*. They say it is evident from the fact that seventy weeks are "cut off"! We doubt if this is said at all, for the verb has cognate meanings. But if it means "cut off," there is as much evidence that they were cut off from *all time* past or future, as that they were cut off from the period of 2300 days. Yet if cut off from 2300 days, it is doubtful if the decree of Artaxerxes is the commencement of the seventy weeks. The language of Daniel is "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and thy holy city." (ix. 24.) Then in the 26th verse it is added, "The people of the prince that shall come shall *destroy the city*," &c. We see no reason why the *destruction of the city* should be excluded from the period of seventy weeks. Nothing in the language of the prophecy warrants its exclusion, which shows how uncertain are all castings up, to determine the year of this or that event, even if, (as is far from truth,) it were agreed what the events shall be when they come.

But is it not said, the reader may ask, that *the wise shall understand*? Yes, and the wise have *always* understood. Daniel was wise. But what did he under-

stand? That he should "stand in his lot at the end of the days." To understand this is true wisdom, and it is wisdom enough. The martyrs were wise. But as to these dates of the prophecies, in the sense now imposed upon them, it is certain that they understood them not. Nor is it any part of wisdom thus to understand them. If a man would lose what wisdom he has, be it much or little, let him turn from the practical and devotional books of Scripture, and begin to pry into these reserved mysteries. Was not Jesus wise; and did he not understand the prophecy of Daniel as well as we can hope to understand it? If so, remember that with the prophet's numbers all before him, he could say of "that day and hour knoweth no man, no not even the Son, but the Father." He who can presume to have ascertained from the prophecies of Daniel, what Jesus could not learn from them, is a bold interpreter of Scripture.

"But does not the apostle say, "Ye are not in darkness that the day should overtake you as a thief"? Yes; and why shall it not overtake them as a thief? Because they know the time? No. But because not knowing the time, they were *always* watching. "Watch therefore," says the Savior, "for (because) ye know not the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." The very reason we are to watch is, that we *know not the time*. In the 12th chap. of Luke, verse 40, their ignorance of the time is presented as the very motive to watchfulness. It will not overtake the true disciple as a thief. But the reason will be, not that he knows the time, but that he is always "ready," so that come when it may there can be no surprise.

The reader may say, "none profess to know the day nor the hour." We answer, they profess to know that the Son of man will come between the 23d of March, 1843 and the 23d of March, 1844. Now if he does not come until the 22d of March, 1844, will they not then know the *day*? And if he should not come till twenty-three hours of the 23d of March, 1844, are passed, would they not then know the *hour*?

"But do you not think we should study to understand the 'time of the end'?" We think the true Christian is deeply convinced that there is a coming general judgment. But we do not consider it any part of faith to believe that the judgment will be this year, next year, or any given year. Faith looks at Christ on the cross. The apostle says, "We preach Christ crucified," (not Christ's advent.) He says, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross," (not in the advent.) Jesus says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him," (lifted up, not coming down.) Satan cares not what else we do, if he can divert us from the cross. He knows it is by the cross, not by the advent, that "we are crucified to the world and the world unto us." Did we wish to make sure of a preparation to meet the Savior at his coming, we would never once look at the figures of Daniel or of John; but we would make it our sole business, day and night, to gaze at the cross. And we are satisfied from what we have seen and felt, that when our Lord *does* come, they will be best prepared to meet him, who studied the history of the crucifixion more, and the prophetic numbers less.

"But," says the reader, "would you not wish, at the moment of Christ's advent, to be looking for him in the heavens?" No. Others may find it edifying to be gazing into the heavens. We do not. The cross, not

the clouds, attracts our gaze. The *death* of Jesus, not his advent, melts our heart. And if in our day the Savior should come to judgment, may we like Paul, "be glorying in nothing but the cross!"

**THE WAY OF FAITH.**—The author of this narrative is a valued member of the Presbyterian Church. Her acquaintance with modern Methodism is of course very limited. She learns from books what Wesleyans were, but not from intimate acquaintance what they now are. Dr. Adam Clarke was a personal friend of Wesley, and a laborer in the vineyard almost from the beginning. But a few years since, he declared that Wesleyanism, to his certain knowledge, had not depreciated since the days of its founder. Dr. Robert Newton (and who is a better judge?) declared the same in the General Conference of 1840 at Baltimore.

From the best data within our reach, we derive the fullest conviction that there never was a time since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, when she contained more doctrinal, experimental, and practical piety, in proportion to the number of her members, than she does now. There is, to be sure, as there always was, much to lament in all these particulars; but praised be God that there is also much to provoke gratitude and praise. The impression has always obtained, more or less, that "excitement" is an evil amongst us. If it were excitement without evangelical faith, this would be true; but we rejoice that providence has placed us in a position to understand, that in a large majority of cases, excitement is, with us, the legitimate fruit of a faith so strong and a love so pure and fervent, that without excitement the symmetry of Christian character amongst us would be actually marred. We deprecate excitement without faith; but we are skeptical in regard to any faith which does not enkindle as well as purify the soul's liveliest affections. They who "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," must be in a state of very deep excitement. "M." would agree with us in all this, and we do not say it in a way of contradiction or fault-finding, but to guard the reader from a misapprehension of her views. *Faith* and excitement is the true creed—not excitement without faith, which, blending with no purity of walk or conversation, will prove the professor a hypocrite and bring scandal to the Church. As to the state of the Methodist Church, we doubt not but this writer will rejoice to be corrected, (if our testimony should be received,) in regard to its not declining either in piety or morals.

**EMBELLISHMENTS.**—The publishers authorize us to say, that one of the numbers of the Repository during the year, will be embellished with a fine steel-plate engraving, which will form the frontispiece of the volume when bound. The engraving did not appear in the first number, because it was not then convenient to obtain one suitable for the work.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Several articles of poetry, intended for insertion in this number, are unexpectedly crowded out. They will appear in April. The prospect of being absent in the month of May, renders it necessary to anticipate our issues up to the month of June. The three succeeding numbers will therefore appear earlier, and contributions intended for them should be hastened forward, as if they do not reach us at a very early period, they cannot be inserted in either of those numbers. We trust our friends will be prompt.



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1844.

Original.

## WHY MUST WE BE HOLY?

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

FEW men have ever existed, either in Christian or Pagan lands, who have disbelieved in a future state. Indeed, an Atheist—if such a being really exists—is an anomaly in the universe of God. Yet while the vast majority of mankind, in every age and clime, have assented to the doctrine of a future existence of pleasure or pain—dependent upon conduct here—in no one thing, perhaps, have they differed more than in the means which they have deemed necessary for the obtaining of the one, or the avoiding of the other.

Moloch and Juggernaut have demanded the immolation of human victims—a demand unhesitatingly complied with by their deluded votaries, as the price of future bliss. The Jew has placed his reliance upon an involuntary connection with the Father of the faithful. The Mohammedan trusts to the intercession of God's favorite prophet, whose services he expects to secure by a rigid compliance with the precepts of the Koran; while the nominal Christian has sought out many inventions and labored hard to make the declarations of God's word and his own inclinations coincide on this momentous subject.

But that word is plain and explicit. It declares, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

"Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame:  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb."

This holiness is not confined to mere external conduct. It goes beyond all outward manifestations of character, and requires internal purity—purity of *thought* as well as action. In short, it is *holiness of heart* that is required, and all else will be unavailing.

Is this demand an arbitrary one? Or has it a foundation in the nature of things? It will be my purpose to show that the latter of these, and not the former, is strictly and philosophically true; or that HOLINESS OF HEART is necessary, in the nature of things, to an entrance into heaven, and a participation of its enjoyments. This will appear evident from a consideration of the fact that heaven is a place of perfect happiness. God designed it to be the great centre of a holy moral universe. It

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is his own royal residence—the city of the great King. In order to secure perfect happiness to its inhabitants, it was absolutely necessary to exclude for ever all sin. Sin is the great, the only source of unhappiness in the universe of God. But sin does not consist in action *alone*. It may carry its pestilential and deadly influence in the heart long before it breaks out in open hostility and rebellion. It may lurk there, producing discontent, sullenness, gloom, and consequent unhappiness, long before it could be perceived by the most watchful eye; for the heart is open only to the inspection of the omniscient God. To prove that sin, and sin alone, is the cause of all unhappiness, we have only to look around us and witness the condition of society in this world. What is it that constitutes the happiness or misery of any community? I answer, virtue, or its absence. Let us take any community, remarkable for its purity—for the high-toned moral and religious sentiment which pervades its inhabitants, and we will always find a corresponding amount of happiness. The same is also true of nations. Do we seek for that nation whose citizens or subjects enjoy the greatest amount of real happiness, we may confine our search to those whose moral character stands most exalted; for it will ever be true that righteousness not only exalts a nation, but produces all the essential happiness found within its borders. The converse of this proposition is likewise true. What causes the misery of those communities where ardent spirits are freely used? Go to the vicinity of one of those outlets of perdition—a distillery. What causes the universal misery and degradation which surrounds it? The appearance would almost justify the belief that the flames of the *pit* had literally scathed and destroyed every vestige of domestic comfort and enjoyment. Is real happiness ever known in such a community? Ask the poor victim of the fatal cup if he is happy. A ghastly smile for a moment plays upon his countenance, as he swallows the intoxicating draught, either to satisfy the cravings of an insatiable appetite, or to drown the remembrance of some private grief in the forgetfulness of inebriation. Enter his miserable looking hovel. But mock not that desolate wife and those weeping children with the inquiry if they are happy. Unhappiness is depicted in every thing around. Every lineament of the countenance is but the bold outline of misery personified.

If sin be not the cause of this unhappiness, what

is? Is it holiness? Then heaven must be infinitely unhappy; for there all is holiness. There is no other cause adequate to produce it but sin. Between sin and misery there is an immediate and necessary connection. If a man takes fire into his bosom, or poison into his system, he is sure to suffer pain as a consequence. What the efficient cause is we cannot tell—we only know that such is the fact—or what adaptation there is in excessive heat to produce pain more than pleasure we know not. Every day's experience, however, convinces us of the fact. Now, we may not be able to ascertain the real cause of the connection between sin and suffering any more than between heat and consequent pain; yet the facts which establish the one are as numerous and undeniable as those which confirm the other. But God has not left us in entire ignorance of the relations subsisting between transgression and misery. The human mind is so constituted that it needs some superior being upon which to lean for support. The ivy cannot grow of itself. Its tendencies are upward. But it has not the power of self-support. Yet plant it by the side of the sturdy oak, and its tendrils fasten upon its protector with such tenacity that they stand or fall together. While the oak remains in its upright position, in vain will the fiercest blast attempt to prostrate the feeble climber. Let once the connection between the vine and the tree be severed, and the latter will stand in all his pride, resisting every storm, while the former will be disturbed with a gentle breeze. In some respects God is to the human soul what the oak is to the ivy. He is the support of the soul. While the creature retains his allegiance to him unbroken he has nothing to cause unhappiness. By this connection the happiness of God and the subject are, to some extent, united and reciprocal. Every desire of the soul is met and satisfied. The infinite benevolence and power of Jehovah is the security and pledge of its perfect and continued enjoyment. All its powers—all its susceptibilities—are called into delightful exercise, and all find perfect and entire satisfaction in him. But sin has come in and disturbed this harmony. It has broken and destroyed that delightful connection which before subsisted between God and the soul. It has not, however, destroyed those susceptibilities of the soul for happiness, or that want of self-confidence and desire for support which was implanted by its Creator, and which constitutes a part of its very existence. Those who have been so unfortunate as to lose a limb, tell us that they frequently feel, at the point of amputation, a sensation like the twitching of the nerves of the part amputated. The soul, in its wanderings from God, experiences a somewhat similar sensation. It feels a constant desire for something which is native to it, but yet

beyond its reach. That object is God; while in its separation from him it finds nothing which can satisfy its desires. The ivy when torn from the oak may cling for support to the nearest weed. But the support is feeble and of short duration; for when the frosts of winter come the frail object upon which it leaned is destroyed. So the soul may lean upon some earthly object—it may seek to transfer its affections from God to some fellow creature; but the support is unsatisfying and transitory. Often by the chill hand of death is it cut down.

It is impossible for the soul, in this state of separation from God, to enjoy permanent happiness. The child, when walking in a forest, enjoys every thing around it so long as the mother is near; for it feels no cause of anxiety or alarm. But let it be alone—let fear take possession of its breast—and all the things which before caused delight are passed by unnoticed. Uneasiness, consequent upon an apprehension of some unknown danger, precludes the possibility of calm and continued enjoyment. Yet let that child hear once more the kind voice of the parent, and all source of uneasiness is immediately removed.

The great object of the Gospel is to bring back the soul to its lost connection with God, and to remedy the evil effects of that wandering. Until this is effected, permanent happiness never can be found. That happiness—real, solid, enduring happiness—may be obtained by a return to God, we have the testimony of God's word—confirmed by the experience of those who have thus returned. If, then, happiness can be found only in God—in conformity to his character—and if heaven be a place of happiness, we can see at least one reason why holiness is necessary to its possession.

Again. *The society of heaven is holy.* Angels who have never sinned are there. The spirits of the just made perfect are there. God, in his unveiled glory, is there. With such inhabitants, it could not be otherwise than a holy society. Among these blest inhabitants are to be found those of different powers, and different capacities. We read in the Bible of angels, principalities, thrones, dominions, powers, &c.—all doubtless referring to the different orders of the celestial hierarchy. Throughout these celestial hosts one principle prevails, which binds each to each, and all to the throne of God—that principle is *sympathy*. Sympathy is the great bond which unites all society. But sympathy cannot exist between essentially different characters. The miser, in all pecuniary matters, can have no feelings in common with the man of liberal soul, whose hand is ever open to the calls of benevolence. Howard, the philanthropist, could have had no sympathy with Buonaparte. The one spent his time and his fortune, and even endan-

gered his own life in relieving the wants and woes of his fellow man. The other, to gratify ambition and lust of power, would have sacrificed a world to the Moloch which he worshiped. What sympathy could be supposed to exist between Washington, the patriot, and Arnold, the traitor? There was an essential—a radical difference between the characters of the two men, which most clearly developed itself in their respective courses of action. The one was wholly devoted to the welfare of his country—the other to the gratification of himself.

Let us now apply the same general principle to society and character in heaven. What concord can be expected between Christ and Belial? If it were possible for Satan, with his present character, to be reinstated in his former glory, what social happiness could he there enjoy? "Devil with devil damned firm concord hold." But what concord could subsist between the arch apostate and Gabriel, or any other of the sinless hosts? Could they take sweet counsel together? Could they harmonize in their plans and purposes? Could they together bow before the omniscient God, and offer worship with equal devotion and equal joy? The question scarcely needs a moment's reflection, to produce a negative answer in the mind of every one. *There is no sympathy subsisting between them.* The one makes the glory of God his supreme desire. Every action which he puts forth has that for its ultimate object. The other seeks his own self-aggrandizement, irrespective of the claims of God, or the happiness of those around him.

The minds of the heavenly inhabitants differ in respect to their intellectual powers and pursuits. The highest archangel can have but little intellectual fellow-feeling with the Christian who has just entered the sacred portals of bliss. Their intellectual intercourse must of necessity be limited. The same must also be true, at least to a considerable extent, of many others of the celestial inhabitants. In order that they should minister to each other's happiness, we have seen that they must sympathize with one another. This concordant feeling cannot spring from intellect—it cannot spring from knowledge. It must be the offspring of love. This principle is sufficient to unite the feeblest and the mightiest mind. This will cause the new-born soul to beat in unison with the eldest sons of heaven—to seek their company—to share in all their pursuits, and seek and promote their happiness; while it in return becomes the object of affection to the universe of holy mind. Supreme love to God, and impartial, sincere, and ardent love to all holy mind, is the distinguishing characteristic of the society of heaven.

Let, then, a man without holiness of heart be admitted within its sacred walls, and he would be

*alone*, although in the midst of millions. Go where he would amid the countless myriads of the blest, and neither seraph, nor archangel, nor any inferior intelligence could he find to sympathize with him. The miser could find no gold there to satisfy his morbid appetite, unless he attempted to tear up the pavements of the celestial city. The man of pleasure would find all the sources of his enjoyment cut off; and while the desire remained insatiable, not one thing could be found to minister to his gratification. His strong social propensities and feelings remain. But he is like a man in a strange land. He indeed sees the inhabitants, and hears them speak, but knows not what they say. He has never learned the language of Canaan. He cannot, therefore, communicate his wants, nor enter into the social pleasures of those around him. To wander thus *alone*—to meet with no familiar countenance—to see all around enjoying themselves to the utmost extent of their capacities, without the possibility of participating with them in the common happiness—and in addition, to be shunned and avoided by all those pure spirits as a moral pestilence, breathing contagion and death—this—this would be the lot of that soul who, without holiness, should enter heaven. How dreadful such a condition! How necessary, then—how perfectly consistent with the happiness of all concerned—is the declaration of the Bible, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



#### UNAVOIDABLE INFLUENCE.

THE fact that all who live are exerting an influence which will be felt when they are dead, is a circumstance which invests the present state of our being with immense importance, and connects with the existence of every individual inconceivably interesting consequences. And it calls upon you to determine where you will stand, and how you will exert your influence. But let it be understood that the appeal which it makes is not to any unholy aspiration after human applause, but directly to the conscience, to the inherent sense of right and wrong, to that which lays the foundation for all virtuous action. You will have influence, whether you desire it or not. Your influence will be felt, whether you intend it shall be or not. It is felt even now, in whatever circle you move. It will teach another generation, and still another, and will go on widening and extending even after your name is forgotten. It will pass beyond the limits of time, and stretching on through eternity, will appear in the everlasting songs of heaven, or in the wailings of despair.—

*Lathrop.*

Original.

## THE ITINERANT.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the works of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—*St. PAUL.*

THERE is, perhaps, no situation calculated to impress the mind with a deeper or more salutary sense of the changes and vicissitudes of life than that of the itinerant preacher. Besides having himself no "abiding place," he is called upon to witness the changes and sympathize with the sorrows of a new community each year. The young disciple is sent out on his first mission at a time of life when his Christian zeal is warmest and his natural sympathies the most lively. His destination, over which he has no control, does not always fall in "pleasant places." On arriving at his station he may perhaps find outward things unsuited to his taste; also, the state of his Church may be such as to fill him with inward disquietude. His people may be lukewarm, and without religious sensibility. Here he feels he shall have much to suffer and little to enjoy. Yet "he has a great work to do." He arouses himself to fulfill his mission, and straightway preaches the Gospel with all earnestness and godly simplicity, and trusting in *Him* whom he serves for the "quickening of the Spirit" in his own good time. He labors on month after month, perhaps, without any encouragement—his words seem to have fallen upon their ears without profit. But perhaps at the eleventh hour, and near the close of his term, some one poor lost sheep is brought into the fold, and over him he rejoices as do the angels over "repentant sinners." Another, and yet another, is awakened. His heart now burns within him in behalf of his people—he trusts that their salvation is nigh—that this is the beginning of good things—the earnest of a blessed revival. But just as his labors are to be rewarded they are at an end. Another will reap where he has sown. The year has revolved, his term is out, and he is again called to go—he knows not whither. Still he "goes on his way rejoicing," that the fire has been kindled before he leaves them, and he prays that it may run from heart to heart until there remain not a Laodicean worshiper amongst them. Such is the devoted, self-denying life of the true disciple of Wesley. But, alas! "all are not Israel who are of Israel."

Many years ago, and when the Methodists were few and scattered, and looked upon as a fanatic and "peculiar people," I visited one of the interior villages of New England, which, like most other places in the land of the Puritans, was remarkable for its strict observance of the Sabbath, especially in those places where the Presbyterians

prevailed, as was the present case. That sect observed each Sabbath as a sort of *half fast day*—their two first meals being always spare, and, like the Jewish Passover, "eaten in haste"—their dinner, even in winter, presenting nothing warm but the tea or coffee—meats they had none. There is no idle conversation while partaking this frugal fare, and no lingering at the board when they have done. Now again they repair to the afternoon meeting; and here every thing is conducted with such sanctimonious ceremony, that one scarcely dare turn the eye in any other direction than that of the pulpit. And when the services are over, and the congregation dismissed, there are no greetings at the door; for these really good people think nothing is *reverently* done on the Sabbath that is not done with *quietness* as well as order. The religious duties of the day being over, each young eye instinctively turns to the west, to see how high the sun yet is; for when it shall have sunk below the horizon, *holy time* will be over—the household will resume its occupations, and the whole current of life again flow on without restraint. Then, too, they partake of an abundant and cheerful meal, after which, perhaps, the old lady takes her knitting work, and the old gentleman the newspaper, whilst the young ladies are sitting in the parlor expecting their attendants to escort them to conference meeting. This is marked by none of the stiffness of the day meeting. These customs were all new to me; for at the time of my visit I knew little of the usages of any other Church than the one in which I had been educated—the Episcopal. Of the Methodists I know nothing. I had never seen but one of their preachers—Lorenzo Dow; and his personal peculiarities I supposed common to the sect.

In this village they had a small frame church, near the bank of the river. This house was carried away by a froshet during my visit, and floated, apparently uninjured, into Long Island Sound—a distance of some fifteen miles. After this loss, that society was obliged to hold their meetings in private houses; and although the sect was less numerous, they were no less zealous than at the present day. Their meetings were now held in the midst of the village; and as it is a matter of course that wherever there is found a zealous Methodist minister there will be *some noise*, curiosity was excited, and many would linger around the house to listen who neither desired or dared to enter it. At length a number of young fashionable girls formed the design of attending one of their evening meetings, for the ostensible purpose of learning some of their tunes, but in reality to gratify their curiosity as to their mode of worship. I was invited to join with them, but declined. As this scheme was to be carried into effect *without* the knowledge of their

parents, one after another gave out, until there remained but *three* hardy enough to follow it up. They were all young and gay, full of life and laughter; and they were somewhat fearful that they should not be able to restrain themselves so as to behave with proper decorum whilst there. Still they did go; but they were sobered before they came out. And when I saw them the next day, they appeared disturbed and uneasy, and said they were sorry that they had not, like myself, staid away. All the people, they said, had frowned upon them, and the minister *prayed* for them.

The room where the meeting was held was small, so that they were distinctly seen as they entered, and their dress and deportment made their motives in coming distrusted at once. They had previously agreed to join in the singing; and when the first hymn was given out, they all turned and looked upon each other and laughed slyly, not irreverently, but to signify that they must all strike in at once. This was misunderstood by those around them, and soon all eyes were resting reproachfully upon them. The preacher, too, looked at them earnestly, but they thought less harshly than the rest. He was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, and his dress was more conformed to the primitive Methodists than is that of the young preachers of the present day. The plain way in which he wore his hair, the absence of any thing approaching to fashion, and the cut of his coat, all proclaimed him a true Wesleyan. He was as zealous as he was plain, and preached the Gospel with great earnestness. When he made his closing prayer, he forgot not the intruders. He prayed, if there were any in that little assembly who knew not God, and would incline to make a mock of holy things, that the Lord would forgive them; "for," said he, "they know not what they do;" and lest the enemy of souls might get the dominion over them, he prayed that the Savior might cast upon them the look that he cast upon Peter, and that, like him, they might go out and "weep bitterly," and finally become his true disciples. This prayer, which was breathed with the pathos of deep feeling, touched them, and left a lasting impression upon their hearts. Years after, one of them acknowledged to me that she doubted not it had had a conservative influence upon her life during those years when the young spirits are most apt to lead the heart astray.

My readers well know that, according to the system of Methodist itinerancy, it not unfrequently happens that after a lapse of years the same individual may be again sent to the same station. It is then that he feels the most painfully the mutability of human things. He gazes around, and all things wear a strange look—old faces have passed away—old landmarks have been removed—even

the sanctuary in which he used to worship is gone; and although its place is now supplied with a larger and better, his spirit is still saddened when he enters it, for he finds himself in a congregation of strangers—"a generation has arisen that know not Pharaoh." We are more reconciled to the changes that take place under our own eye than those which occur during absence. Presented in detail they affect us less; but when the changes of many years, amongst a people for whom our deepest sympathies have once been awakened, are summed up, and presented in the aggregate, they become overwhelming. And thus it was with our itinerant. This had been his first station. Here he had labored with all the zeal of a new convert, and had, as we have seen, left his people just as they were awaking from their long slumber of spiritual indifference. Fifteen years afterward, by the appointment of his bishop, he again finds himself there. The hills and the river, with here and there a substantial edifice, are still the same—all things else have changed. The population has doubled—the Methodists quadrupled. The village has now become a city, and all outward things wear the appearance of prosperity.

But there are other changes, not visible to the eye, in many instances. The poor have changed places with the rich, and sickness and affliction have been at work, and death has been no respecter of persons. Our preacher inquires for his *three intruders*, and his heart is pained, while his spirit is made glad by the answer. One had been many long years resting in the Christian's grave—another was in the hospital for the insane, her mind having become unsettled by studying too deeply the prophecies, and searching into the hidden things of God. These had both become decidedly pious before they were twenty years old; and although neither of them became Methodists, they were both awakened to religious things by the faithful and fearless prayer of that young itinerant. The third one, he learned, was still unconcernedly clinging to the world. He prayed that she might yet be cleansed, and, like the leper, turn and give thanks to God. He was cheered, and measurably satisfied in the thought that he had been instrumental in turning *two* out of three from the error of their ways. And as they had been unwilling hearers, he said to himself, "I must never, under any circumstances, neglect to admonish 'in season and out of season.'"

But these trials are trivial, and only noticed as recollections; for they bear no proportion to what may be accounted "sufferings" for "righteousness' sake." The time we trust is passed for ever—at least amongst Christian nations—when persecution shall arise against the preachers of "Jesus and him crucified;" for however sects may

disagree in points of doctrine, none surely can claim the title of Christian who are hostile to the spread of the Gospel, and to its teachers. And it must be a consoling reflection, (thanks be to the *itinerancy of grace!*) that it has been already spread so far; and, still more, that its influences shall, with the blessing of God, henceforth not be measured by districts and lands, but that the good spirit of faith, imparted from father to son, may go on to people our hemisphere, even to its western borders, with light and life. Many savage tribes, we rejoice to learn, are even now "coming in." And may their evangelization and civilization be simultaneous and co-extensive! And may not it be a fair hope that those who have accepted the "temperance pledge" at other hands, may, at their's, accept a "pledge" of far greater importance—even that which shall preserve "both body and soul" eternally! The time may not be distant when, as our young traveler would read his map, and retrace his journeyings, he shall see no *dark spot* thereon; and as far as population shall have penetrated, so far shall the "ark" have been borne by the hands of a faithful, devoted, and persevering *itinerancy*.

AUGUSTA.



Original.

## FRIENDSHIP.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

I SEARCHED along the pearly shore,  
Where India's silvery waves had beat,  
And turned each gem and diamond o'er,  
To find the source of bliss complete:  
The search was vain—not on its fairy ground,  
Nor 'neath its deep blue waves could it be found.

The coral's home in turn was sought,  
Amid the deep Pacific's bed,  
Where, with the noiseless step of thought,  
Those cluster isles first raised their head;  
But not upon their dark and treacherous base  
Was found the priceless jewel's hiding place.

Far off, in glowing southern lands,  
Upon an ever-verdant plain,  
Where waters flow o'er golden sands,  
I sought again, but sought in vain:  
Though *golden shores* illumed each passing wave,  
The precious gem their waters could not give!

With impress of celestial birth,  
At length I found the welcome boon;  
Though tarnished by th' adhering earth,  
A heavenly lustre round it shone—  
Soft whispering voices spoke its lasting fame,  
And FRIENDSHIP was the priceless jewel's name.

Original.

## THE RESURRECTION.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

'Twas evening. On Judea's vine-clad hills  
The sun's declining rays yet lingered,  
The olive groves, the clusters of the vine,  
Gleam'd in the fading light, and brighter seem'd  
By the soft light of the retiring day.  
The gales of even sported 'mong the leaves,  
The streams sent forth their strains, lulling each  
sense,

And waking thoughts worthy of Eden's bow'rs.  
There, in the distance, stood old Carmel's hill,  
All clad with fig-trees, and the blooming vine,  
Whose fragrant odors, and whose cooling shades,  
Invited contemplation and repose.

Far off, in grandeur, Lebanon arose—  
Its cedars, lost in clouds, wav'd in the wind,  
And woke wild murmurs and unearthly sounds,  
Which peal'd like music in the hush of night,  
And melody was breathed in every strain.

Hermon, the vine-clad hill, lent to the scene  
Enchantment—lent delight. Old Jordan's rush  
Blended with Kedron's pensive murmuring:  
Its flower-strown bank sent up its rich perfume,  
Whose fragrant lilies, with their beautiful tints,  
Contrasted with the rose of Jericho.

'Twas the calm hush of eve—all round was still:  
Nature herself seemed hush'd to deep repose,  
Save the low melody of sighing winds—  
The pure sweet harmony of heav'n's own harp—  
The rush of distant torrents, borne along  
On the light breeze, through groves of date and  
palm,

Then in the plain died noiselessly away.  
But now behold! Up Calvary's rugged steep  
Two men, in senatorial garb, ascend;  
Their mien is sad, and solemn is their pace,  
As on they press up to its loftiest height.  
Dejection deep hangs on each gloomy brow,  
And scarce their manhood could repress their tears.  
The height is gain'd—before them stands a cross—  
On it a victim, pale, and cold, and dead,  
Yet peaceful as in slumber.

On his brow  
A crown of thorns, as if in mockery,  
Wreath'd in derision for a diadem.  
Though pierced and bleeding, yet compassion play'd  
Upon the still, pale features of the dead.  
'Twas he the Jews in scorn call'd Nazarene,  
Who here, upbraided, hung unsepulchr'd.

Still night was closing round,  
Darkness was mingling with the tints of day;  
For night and silence gazed upon the scene—  
Companions meet for such a scene as this.  
Day fled from it amazed—a sight so dark

Ne'er burst upon it since creation's birth,  
 When suffering Love, expiring on the tree,  
 Proclaim'd to man a love as strong as death.  
 The nobles look with awe upon the scene—  
 A scene from which the sun himself shrunk back.  
 Then circling all the corse in snowy folds,  
 They bear it slowly, silently away.  
 They reach a tomb untenanted before,  
 And there in silence now the dead is laid—  
 Laid, as they thought, to seek its kindred dust,  
 And be awaked but by the trump of God.  
 And now the last sad offices are paid,  
 The tomb is closed, the twain have left the spot,  
 Musing upon the virtues of the dead.  
 Now up the steep a Roman guard ascends,  
 Full armed in all the panoply of war,  
 With banners flying, as to meet the foe—  
 To watch the sleeper in his place of rest.  
 Their spears and helms flash in the moon's pale  
 beams,  
 As slow, yet firm, they seek the rocky tomb.  
 The watch is set—night flies on leaden wing—  
 Longer to them than on the battle plain,  
 Amid the strife and stern alarms of war;  
 For men who've kept their vigils in the camp,  
 Tremble to stand where death and silence reign.  
 But, lo! the east is ting'd with thousand dyes—  
 The groves again to harmony awake—  
 Darkness recedes—light beams on all things fair,  
 And radiant morn bursts on the joyous earth.  
 The sleeper moves not yet—the monster's grasp  
 Clutches him still, and all within the tomb  
 Speaks of the silence, calm, and gloom of death.  
 Satan exults—his victory seems secure—  
 Saints tremble, and the lonely twelve despair.  
 The sun is sinking in the west again,  
 And yet the tenant of the tomb is still.  
 The soldiers' crests reflect his fading rays,  
 And sable night begins her gloomy reign.  
 Now in the star-lit vault the moon appears,  
 Shedding her soft, pure light o'er hill and stream,  
 And gleaming brightly on each glittering spear  
 That guards the silent dwelling of the dead.  
 'Tis midnight! but the chain is still unbroke  
 Which binds the victim to his narrow home.  
 Hope droops, and even expectation fails,  
 And faith has turned in anguish from the scene.  
 Day is at hand—the listless warriors now  
 Lean on their swords, impatient for the dawn,  
 And wonder why brave men should watch the dead,  
 Or circle thus with arms the sepulchre.  
 But lo! they reel—they grasp their swords in vain:  
 An angel's hand hath smote them, and a shock  
 Vast as an earthquake's rolls the stone away.  
 Death struggles now; but life has overcome,  
 And vanquish'd him within his own domains.  
 The dead now lives—a captive now no more—  
 He rises! but to rule o'er all his foes—

He lives to cheer his friends—give smiles for gloom—  
 Each tear to dry—each pang and pain to soothe—  
 A foretaste slight of joys, far purer joys,  
 Reserved for them at his right hand above.  
 The weeping few rejoice—the Lord is ris'n—  
 The grave has lost its pow'r—he lives—he lives—  
 The first fruits of the dead—to die no more.  
 O tremble, grave! thy conq'ror is our King—  
 He lives—we, too, shall live, near to his throne:  
 Thy reign is past—thou canst not bind our race—  
 The victory is ours—be God's the praise.



Original.

THE SAVIOR.

BY HARLEY GOODWIN.

—  
 "Whom having not seen ye love."—1 PETER 1, 8.  
 —

Tho' we have not seen the Savior,  
 Yet we do adore and love;  
 And tho' now we cannot view him  
 Seated on the throne above,  
 Yet, believing,  
 Is our joy ineffable.

All his character was lovely,  
 Spotless, innocent, and pure—  
 Meekness shone in all his actions,  
 While he insults did endure;  
 Yet, undaunted,  
 He rebuked his proudest foes.

He, kind Messenger of mercy,  
 Healed the sick, the lame, the blind—  
 Dried the tears of friendless sorrow—  
 Calmed the wild distracted mind—  
 Went with sinners,  
 To instruct, reclaim, and save.

In his final scene of suffering,  
 While his anguish they deride,  
 He asked pardon for his murderers—  
 "Father, O, forgive," he cried,  
 "O, forgive them;  
 For they know not what they do."

Sinners, this is your Redeemer,  
 On the cross he bore your guilt,  
 And, to save your souls from ruin,  
 His own heart's blood freely spilt;  
 O, then love him,  
 For he gave his life for you.



JESUS,

I'll speak the honors of thy name  
 With my last laboring breath,  
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.

Original.

## REVIVAL INCIDENT IN NORTH WALES.

BY B. W. CHIDLAW.

THE anniversary of important events forms an interesting era in the progress of human life. To the Gospel minister engaged in the arduous duties of his high and holy calling, the retrospect "of times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," affords strength in the conflict, and encouraging hope for the future. If, amid present toil, the joyous shout of triumph does not thrill his ear, and swell his heart, his eye may be fixed and his soul enchained to some hallowed spot—some scene of by-gone conflict, when the deep laid entrenchments of sin in human hearts were summoned, assailed, and demolished—when souls redeemed, and sins forgiven, were the trophies of glorious victory—and when the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ was indeed declared to be the power of God. It is reasonable, natural, and Scriptural to rejoice in the advancement of religion, and the salvation of sinners. No event that transpires on earth can claim a comparison with the redemption of the soul. The genuine, soul-saving repentance of a sinner, is an incident of such magnitude and importance, as to be observed with commanding interest in heaven. Angelic hosts, catching the benignant smiles of a triune God, are filled with rapturous delight; while the redeemed in glory strike anew their harps of gold, that another heir of hell is made a child of God; and why may not the saints on earth partake of heavenly joys? To hear the anxious cry, "What must I do to be saved," bursting simultaneously from more than a hundred tongues, giving utterance, in tremulous accents, to the deep anguish of as many souls convinced of sin, is an incident never, never to be forgotten, but always cherished with unfeigned thanksgiving to Him who causeth us to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ.

On the last Sabbath day of 1839, the writer witnessed a most powerful and gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in an obscure village among the mountains of Wales. The sanctuary, where the people of God for centuries past had been accustomed to assemble for divine worship, was an immense edifice, gray with age. Its location, in a deep glen overlooked by towering mountains, had a solemn, soothing influence upon the mind. The gathering of the people, the song of praise, the voice of prayer, and the preaching of the everlasting Gospel, alone broke the silence that reigned around it. This had been the house of God and the gate of heaven to hundreds—here, during generations past, souls had been born of God, and born for heaven. But for the last fifteen or twenty

years the demon of division and discord had revealed on its prosperity. During this unhappy period, the professed friends of Christ, instead of making a common cause against the powers of darkness, exhausted their energies in unhallowed strife, and soul-destroying animosities among themselves. Such a state of things was followed by the most fearful and disastrous consequences. The peaceful Dove took its flight from the noise and confusion of brethren falling out by the way, and the once flourishing and efficient Church was left for many years to the withering blight of Divine abandonment. Like the sturdy forest oak shriveled by the scathing fires of the lurid lightning, the Church at L— stood among its sister churches a monument of God's displeasure against the sin of strife and division among those pledged to love one another.

For twenty years the ruinous results of such unchristian warfare were fully developed. All the interests of spiritual religion declined—the youth advanced to manhood unconverted to God—the conservative and recuperative energies of the Church were lost in the angry elements of strife. Zion was clothed in the sad habiliments of mourning, while desolation filled her borders.

In the autumn previous, the brethren, who had been ejected by civil law from the house of God in which they and their fathers had worshiped their Maker, obtained a peaceable repossession of the chapel, and once more within its solemn walls they mingle their songs and prayers, and hear the words of life from the lips of their venerated and faithful pastor. This was the auspicious dawn of a brighter day. The friends of Christ, the few and feeble, again rally under the banners of the bleeding Lamb, and take their position on the tented field. Strengthened by the love of Christ constraining, they cast the stumbling blocks out of the way, and labor for the salvation of souls. Pastor and people shared the toil in preparing the way of the Lord—together, in cordial and efficient co-operation, they repaired the breaches in the walls of Jerusalem—addressed the mercy-seat, and in faith looked for the blessing.

For some time, the female members of the household of faith met together for prayer, and free religious conversation. This was emphatically a "new measure" among the people of God; but it proved a most blessed and successful measure in the revival of religion in the hearts of Christians, and in the hopeful conversion of sinners. These transatlantic sisters had heard of American revivals, and of pious females prevailing with God. Knowing that such besiegings of the "throne of grace" by their American sisters, had been so signally blessed, in their emergency they were ready to adopt any means sanctioned by Christian practice and not forbidden in the Divine word. How



great and memorable have been the achievements of devoted female piety in every age of the Church; how much have they accomplished in the great cause of saving a lost world! When our blessed Redeemer hung on the cross, "many women were there," and ever since female piety has been baptized with a nearness to the cross. This spirit was not wanting in the character of female godliness, as it existed among the mountains of Wales. In the praying circles of pious women, the first dawns of a day of salvation to this people were discerned—in the humble, persevering fervency of their pleadings with God, was heard the first echo of the rumblings of the chariots of salvation.

Such the circumstances, and such the people, among whom I was to spend the last Sabbath of the year. It was a solemn time—the field was white for the harvest, and hope alternated between doubt and fear. Would God make bare his arm, and come forth from his hiding place and triumph gloriously? or should we spend the day unblest? were questions of thrilling interest, as we bowed around the family altar, and in the loneliness of secret devotion.

The morning and afternoon services were numerously attended by solemn and attentive hearers; but no special indications of Divine power in the ministrations of the sanctuary were seen. After tea, a young female member of the kind family whose hospitality I was enjoying, requested that after the evening service we should hold an inquiry meeting, to point dying sinners to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; "for," said she, "several of my young friends are convinced of sin, and anxious to be saved." This request electrified my whole soul; it was the voice of God, replete with encouragement and hope. Before the evening meeting, while the lingering rays of the setting sun crowned in brightness the summits of the surrounding mountains, I sought a place of retirement, to commune with God, and to seek his aid. I followed a path on the side of a gentle declivity, overlooking a placid lake, sleeping in undisturbed beauty and grandeur, till I found a vast amphitheatre formed by projecting rocks. Here, every thing was conducive to devotion; and I found in this secluded spot a Bethel to my soul, and sweet intercourse with heaven. In retracing my steps to the house, listening, as the shades of night were encircling the earth, to the foam-encrosted torrents, dashing wildly from rock to rock on the mountain side, I heard the voice of prayer from an old cow-house on my left. This simple, fervent, and holy pleading at the mercy-seat, enchained me to the spot. My heart was moved within me. Such an appeal to God, so urgent—so full of faith—such clinging to the high horn of the altar of the atonement, I never heard

before. It was an aged domestic of the family, the old cow-man, taking hold of God's strength, and securing divine aid to a worm of the dust, about to stand as an ambassador of God between the dry stubble and the consuming fire.

In repairing to the chapel, the surrounding mountain sides seemed illuminated by lanterns, borne by the groups that were hastening to the house of God—to the gospel pool. Would the angel of mercy descend? was a question of growing interest as I entered the threshold of the sanctuary. The general state of the Church—the faithful labors of a devoted pastor—the female prayer meetings—the manifested interest of my young female friend—the prayer of the old cow-man, and the blessed promise of the Holy Spirit, whispered hope in my trembling ear, nerved my soul, and encouraged my heart to meet the solemn responsibilities of the evening.

The chapel was crowded to overflowing, and during the sermon the silence and solemnity of the grave pervaded this vast assembly. Instead of closing the services as usual, by singing and public prayer, as the occasion was peculiar—the last Sabbath evening in the year, and the last time I ever expected to meet the congregation till with an assembled universe we meet at the judgment—the time was spent in silent prayer. Christians were exhorted to seek for more of the life and power of religion, the halting were pressed to decide, and the careless to consider their ways. These were moments of fearful, awful interest—decisions, involving the changeless destinies of eternity, were to be made—hell, earth, and heaven seemed in mighty conflict. A few minutes of unbroken silence elapsed, then followed suppressed groans and heavy sighs, from hearts broken by the power and grace of God. At length, "God be merciful to me a sinner," in a loud, piercing voice, was heard from a distant corner of the gallery. It was a strong man, a hardened sinner, waving the signals of distress in sight of the life-boats of salvation, while the tides of Divine love were flowing full and free. The sanctuary was now a Bochim—a place of weeping. The scene beggars description. At the expiration of the time designated for silent prayer, the congregation was dismissed, and those whose hearts were pierced by the sword of the Spirit, were invited to remain for conversation and prayer. Near one hundred and fifty poor sinners, lost and helpless in themselves, were found convinced of sin, anxiously inquiring the way to Jesus. "It was the Lord's doings, and it was marvelous in our eyes." God came suddenly into the camp of Israel; and the valley of dry bones, as the Spirit breathed its life-giving energy in answer to the prayer of faith, became the arena of spiritual life and animation. Before midnight, many poor backsliders, who for

years had wandered away from God, were rejoicing in the joys of pardoned sins, and many souls, happy in their first love, gave evidence that God had power on earth to forgive sins. Others, and by far the most numerous part of those that remained, were slain by the law, drinking the wormwood and the gall of conviction, and were pressing their way to the cross, crying, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

The good work advanced—the interest became more and more intense; the claims of religion gained a complete ascendancy over the vain pursuits of earth and time. At my embarkation, two months after, the good pastor communicated the glad intelligence that over two hundred souls had been hopefully converted to God. When Christians come up to the help of the Lord, what a great and glorious work God will do for them. In this rich display of Divine grace, the agency of praying females, the deep anxiety of a young lady in the salvation of her associates, are plainly discernable. When the Christian feelings and sympathies of devoted females, are embodied in actions, the influence of female piety carries trembling into the centre of the empire of darkness, and courage into the hearts of the men of God to labor for souls.

Every reader of the Repository, her heart glowing with intense love to God and his cause, has in her power to perform a great work in winning souls to Christ. Her prayers, her conversation, and her encouragement, may set in operation a train of causes, whose effects will tell on the salvation of multitudes that are now ready to perish, and whose labors shall be abundantly rewarded in the resurrection of the just.



#### THE MOURNER.

I SAW a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved and so lovely? I call, but no voice answers. O, my loved one will not hear! O, death! inexorable death! what hast thou done?"

When he thought thus in agony, the form of Christianity came by. He heard the song and transport of the great multitude which no man can number, around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there, the spirit of her he mourned! Their happiness was pure, permanent and perfect. The mourner then wiped his tears, took courage and thanked God: "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come;" and he returned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

#### ALMIGHTY.

MY SAVIOR is "THE ALMIGHTY." I have his own high and supreme authority for it, in his revelation of himself to St. John. He, who made all things, and by whom all things consist, has exhausted none of his power by its boundless exercise through eternal ages. He is still able to do all things—"able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him:" and, since he stands engaged by covenant to do all he can for his people, they are secure of having all things effected for them.

Does an aged patriarch, in his hundredth year, feel a rising anxiety as to the accomplishment of God's promises? Is he ready to ask, "How can these things be?" Jehovah appears to him, and says, "I am the Almighty—I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect." "Let *this* be thy anxiety. Leave my promises to my faithfulness and my omnipotence." Unhappy Balaam knew the Star of Jacob, and the Sceptre of Israel by this name, for he "saw the vision of the Almighty." A believer knows that trial and sorrow are not the work of chance. They are too important links in the chain of sovereign mercy, to be left under any other control than the Lord's. Ruth's pious mother-in-law felt this, when she sorrowfully, though resignedly, said to her friends at Bethlehem, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me: and the Almighty hath afflicted me."

It is remarkable, that this grand appellation of Jehovah occurs no more than sixty-two times in the Scriptures, and that of these one half are in the book of Job. The afflicted patriarch is exhorted not to despise "the chastening of the Almighty, although he felt his very arrows within him, the poison whereof drank up his spirit." He is reminded of the duty of submitting to Jehovah's mysterious dispensations by the humbling inquiry, "Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" He is encouraged to cultivate a cheerful repose in the Lord's mercy and righteousness. "Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice."

Beloved Savior, my faith regards thee as my only refuge. Thou art "the secret place of the Most High"—the Holy of Holies, where whosoever dwelleth, "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." How unapproachable by any foe—how unassailable by any danger is my hiding place in thee! Let me feel and rejoice in my security, and give to thee all the glory of it. Poor, indeed, is my highest praise; but my joyful and exulting hope is, that I shall ere long add my voice to the choir, which "rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." And my crown shall lie at thy feet,

mingled with their glorious diadems, while I take up their chorus, and cry, with a full heart, and a full voice, "Thou art worthy, O, Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." I seem to catch the melody of that anthem, and the spirit of their praise, while I indulge my longing desire to sing with them "the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb," "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O, Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest."

Contemplating my Savior's omnipotence, and my own impotence, together with the power of faith, as a divine principle, I see that life can plunge me into no difficulties, by which I need fear to be overwhelmed. For even the "things which are impossible with men, are possible with God." Faith gives to my weakness the strength of Jehovah. Jesus teaches me this in his conversation with the afflicted father of the demoniac youth. That father's prayer ran thus: "If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us." The compassionate Savior replied, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Thus he seemed, as it were, to transfer the powers of his Almighty arm to the faith of the supplicant. That supplicant, fearing to lose the benefit he sought through the feebleness of his faith, yet conscious that he did possess real confidence in Christ, exerted the strength, which in the hour of his humility and of his extremity, the Lord infused into his soul. The tears gushed from his streaming eyes, while the exclamation burst from his lips, "Lord, I believe! help thou mine unbelief!" Faith triumphed over all the difficulties of the case. The child was rescued from the power of Satan. The father was blessed with the fruits of his faith, joy and peace. O, my Savior, graciously impart to me that faith, which shall thus make my feeble soul strong as omnipotence in thy Almightyness!

His word omnific was creation's birth:

The star-pav'd firmament, the verdant earth,  
Ocean's vast world of waves, life, spirit, man—  
Th' immensity of being was His plan,  
His work—MY SAVIOR'S. And unwearied still,  
He amplifies infinity. His will  
The only limit to his potent hand—  
The universe is ruled by his command.  
Yet was creation's work a thing of naught,  
Compar'd with the redeeming love that brought  
A sin-curs'd world back from the dark abyss,  
And rais'd lost heirs of hell to heav'n and bliss.

ALMIGHTY! Yes, he prov'd himself no less  
When on the cross he bore our guiltiness:  
Else had he sunk beneath the enormous weight,  
For human strength, or angels' far too great.  
ALMIGHTY! then his precious blood could give

The law its honor, and let sinners live.  
ALMIGHTY! then his word can never fail—  
The omnipotence of mercy *must* prevail.  
Lord, on thy mighty grace my soul shall rest,  
Amidst its weakness of thy strength possess.  
Nor, till thy arm too shorten'd is to save.  
Will I despair of heaven, or dread the grave.

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Original.

#### FEMALE TEACHERS.

PERHAPS in no station does woman exert a more important influence than as a teacher. Surrounded by young beings, in whose hearts she often holds a rank next to the mother's, she guides them in the pursuit of that knowledge which is to render them the instruments of good or evil in all after life. If she have any just conception of the responsibility resting upon her, what a task is hers! Seeking guidance from above, she has first to learn self-government, that she may, both by example and precept, illustrate the beauty of a meek and quiet spirit, and of all the active and passive virtues. Next, she must study each disposition in the little community around her, and endeavor, by every means in her power, to arouse the indolent, encourage the timid, repress the wayward, and form in all, habits of industry, order and submission.

Among my earliest and most pleasing recollections, ever arises the form of her who presided over the little ones, daily assembled in the old log school-house of my native village. Miss S. was not one whom strangers would admire, but such were her good sense and kindness of heart, that few could know without loving and respecting her. Blending patience with firmness, she faithfully labored to give her little band a thorough knowledge of those plain, old fashioned branches of literature, which in modern times are too often neglected. I remember the long—long lines of "spelling" we had to learn, and how carefully we were compelled to pronounce each word of our reading lessons; and after these had become somewhat less difficult, came geography. And we must stand by her side while she explained that the world was round—not like a dollar, but like an apple, which, with her pencil passed through it, (for we had never heard of a globe,) was made to represent the earth wheeling on its axis. This, in its turn, was succeeded by arithmetic and writing; and finally grammar, that mystery of mysteries to the uninitiated. How much toil and patience were required, before she could make us comprehend that there was really some meaning in the seemingly senseless jargon, "A noun is the name of a thing."

After several years, she left us for the far west. Among the many who succeeded her, (for a village school is subject to frequent changes,) I will mention two. Miss L., the first, soon won our hearts

by her extremely agreeable manners. Although very young, she devoted her whole energies to what she considered the improvement of her scholars; but she had mistaken the true meaning of that word. Of a very ambitious spirit, she was desirous that the — Seminary should surpass all those around it; and for this end she spared no pains, but devoted almost every moment of her time to its accomplishment. She soon infused into our minds a portion of her ambition, and desiring to make an exhibition of learning on "examination day," we naturally employed much of our time in acquiring a superficial knowledge of the more difficult studies, while we neglected those which were more useful. But this was not the greatest evil: for in many a young mind were sown seeds of envy and rivalry, which might in after life bring forth bitter fruits. I know not where she, of whom I speak, now is; but may it not be hoped that she has learned, ere this, that knowledge is valuable only as it assists us in fulfilling the important duties of love to God and man.

Miss M. formed a striking contrast to Miss L. She had early learned the value of religion, and feeling deeply the responsibility of her situation, she daily sought that aid which would enable her to train the young minds intrusted to her care, for future usefulness. Were all who, like her, have the charge of the young, as faithful in the discharge of their duty, we might see many in early life listening to the voice of true wisdom, and seeking that bliss which is immortal. MARY F\*\*\*\*.

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### THE ANGEL.

MY SAVIOR is the "Messenger" or "Angel of the covenant," in whom I delight, even the Lord, whom I seek. This title is a name of office, not of nature. "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham." In nature he is infinitely "better than the angels;" and in fact he receives from them the homage which intelligent creatures owe to their Creator, and which it would be the highest treason for them to offer to another. As an equal party in the covenant of redemption, the Son of God assumed the office of Messenger, or Angel of the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, to the guilty children of men: and with the office he also took the name.

In the form of an angelic being, my Savior frequently appeared to the saints of old, and they recognized him under that title as their Guide, their Guardian, and their future Redeemer. Let me look back to a few of the most remarkable visits, which he thus paid to his people.

Thy first manifestation of thyself by this form and name, O, thou glorious Angel of the covenant,

was to a poor outcast female servant, as she sat in melancholy solicitude "by a fountain of water in the wilderness of Shur." She wept, and thou didst observe her tears. She cried, and thou didst hear her lamentations. Thy promises to that lonely wanderer stand good to the present day, and the "wild man" of the Arabian desert bears an unwitting testimony to the veracity of thy word! She recognized thy divinity, "for she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou, God, seest me!" So, Lord, vouchsafe to observe me, when I weep. Hear the prayer of my affliction, when I cry. In all my wanderings here upon earth, may I ever retain, and be at once admonished and cheered by the recollection, that, "Thou, God, seest me." Under thy guidance may I always find a fountain in the wilderness, for my support and refreshment, and find thee near to sweeten that fountain, by thy manifested presence and thy promises.

Wast not thou, O, my Savior, "the Angel who redeemed Jacob from all evil," and whose blessing he devoutly implored upon his grand-children? The venerable patriarch knew thee, as his Redeemer, and supremely valued thy blessing, as the richest inheritance for his descendants. Graciously dispose and enable me to contemplate thee in the same relation to myself, and to set the same exalted value upon thy favors for those whom I love, and whom I may have to leave behind me upon earth. I might bequeath them wealth, and might thereby entail upon them a heavy curse. If I leave them under thy blessing, they will have indeed "a goodly heritage."

And is it not respecting my Savior, that my faith hears a voice from heaven, saying, as of old to Israel, "Behold I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in thy way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared?" Isaiah thus spake of that period of Israel's history: "So he was their Savior. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them: in his love and his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old." I am often animated in running the race that is set before me, by the thoughts of the great cloud of angelic witnesses, who surround my course, and "who are sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Yet what is this to the assurance, that Thou art with me, to be my constant protector, to supply my wants, to uphold my faltering steps, and to conduct me in safety to the Canaan of my final rest? O, give me grace ever most affectionately to revere thee, to obey thy voice, and to follow thy guidance. Aid and support my drooping soul by thy Spirit. In thy almighty hands hold thou me up, and keep me in all my ways, lest I dash my foot against a stone.

Original.

## HOLINESS.—NO. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES  
BY THE WAY."

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

"Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be estab-  
lished."—SOLOMON."It is a good thing that the heart be established with  
grace."—PAUL.

HITHERTO, dear R., you have been wavering in your purposes. Paul says that it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace; and doubtless you now feel that it is a *necessary* thing, not only for the repose of your spirit, and present *usefulness*, but also to insure your place among the sanctified hereafter. O, dear R., I am sure your heart is burning with desire for this establishing grace. And is it not possible that you may have it before you lay this communication from you? Yes, all things are possible with God, and all things are possible with him that *believeth*. Do you observe that this implies a *present* act? not something in the future. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die!" *Believest thou this?* say, R., *believest thou this?* Then your soul may be raised to entire newness of life this hour. O, the omnipotent power of faith! God cannot work in keeping with the designs of his grace, where unbelief prevails. You will remember that it was said of the blessed Jesus, "He could not do many mighty works, because of their unbelief." The order of his government would be perverted should he, in condescension to your unbelief, work in your heart previous to your having ventured your whole being upon him, to bring about this entire renovation for you.

O, will you not now know the power of his resurrection, and be brought into that state that will empower you, in the fullness of your heart, to exclaim, "'Tis no more I, but Christ that dwelleth in me?" where you may, in verity, realize that your life is hid with Christ in God. Then let me again say, "Come, for all things are ready!" A complete salvation—a redemption from all iniquity, has already been wrought out for you, and all that remains to be done is, that you *accept on the conditions* specified in the word. Conditions, very readily apprehended, are recorded in second Corinthians, latter part of the sixth chapter, with the commencement of the seventh. Paul, as you will here observe, was communing with his "dearly beloved" brethren, who as yet had not seemingly apprehended the necessity of an entire renunciation of their former unholy associations. And how much under the dominion of such principles

has my own *dearly beloved* R. been? And now I will exhort you, dear R., that you pursue precisely the same process urged by Paul on his "dearly beloved." Communion with and conformity to the dark and polluting spirit of the world around you has been your error; and now "what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?" You are a child of light—"a temple of the living God!" O, I am sure you are now sorrowing that you have not, ere this, more fully apprehended your holy calling, and are now longing to comply with the condition upon which God is now about to sanctify you.

"Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." Do you now comply with the condition? You know it is one thing to be *willing* to take a necessary step, and another thing to *do* it; and if you proceed no further than to be *willing*, you will yet miss the mark. \* \* \* Ah! the vision of your mind is resting on this and the other beloved object. \* \* \* One surpassingly endearing to you is presented, and your heart is saying, "Am I indeed called to sacrifice this object of all most prized?" It may be a dear friend that stands between God and your soul—perhaps your reputation—or some favorite scheme—the idea of prosecuting which troubles you. It matters not what it is—God now requires that every idol be dethroned—he is a jealous God, and will have no other gods before him.

But perchance you may feel that the object presented is not an idol. You may have even regarded it as one of the precious gifts of your heavenly Father; and can he now require that I should renounce it? say you. Why, dear R., if it is indeed a gift from God, is not this of itself a conclusive reason why you should give it up at the bidding of the giver? Cannot you now say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord?" But you may apprehend no conceivable reason why you should sacrifice it. Neither could Abraham why he was called to sacrifice Isaac; and is your object more endearing to your heart than his only beloved son was to his?

Perhaps nature still shrinks, notwithstanding all your efforts to induce a willingness to the sacrifice. What shall be done? Is there no help? Shall my beloved R. linger in a disheartening attitude here? Spirit of holiness, forbid it! Cheer up, dear R., my heart exultingly apprehends a way for your escape—a way by which your spirit may overleap the snare of the fowler, and bound at once into perfect liberty, light, and rest. An illustration will help. Bid your imagination pass cen-

turies of time in the past, and observe, under the dispensation of shadows, a sincere and would-be upright Jew. He is fully aware of the law demanding the sacrifice without blemish—the choicest of his flock. A latent spark of covetousness kindles to a yet more ardent flame, as he gazes with increasing interest on the valuable sacrifice, until aroused by the consideration of what indulgence in the unhallowed propensity will lead to, he at once, with decisive step, hastens to the hallowed altar. The sacrifice is laid upon the altar, and the moment it touches the altar “most holy,” it is sanctified. Did the sanctification of the gift depend on the freeness of the offerer, or on the sanctity of the altar? And in full view of the most explicit declaration, “Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy,” do you conjecture that offerer stood in perplexing uncertainty, saying, “I do not know whether the altar will sanctify my gift.” It would indeed have been most impious, in face of God’s direct testimony; for, as you will observe, not only the sanctity of the altar would be undervalued, but the faithfulness of God doubted; and what could be more dishonoring to the faithful, promise-keeping Jehovah?

And now, dear R., I presume that you are saying, “Would that I could find an altar most holy! If the shadow of good things to come is presented in the illustration just given, where shall I find the substance? Has God provided an altar most holy, whereunto the believer in Christ may come? Where is the Christian’s altar? What were the intervening of almost interminable distance, if the certainty of success would but prepossess my heart! This decided, gladly would I this moment leave all and hasten with unwearied step, and repose my whole existence upon the sanctifier.” Listen to God, dear R. The decree has passed the throne that thou shalt be instructed. The Holy Spirit is now taking of the things of God, to reveal them unto thee. Hark! through the medium of the written word the ardent inquiry of thy heart is answered: “We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve the tabernacle.” How explicit! What more would your waiting spirit require? Do you ask whether it is an altar of sufficient sanctity to warrant the conclusion that if you lay your offering upon it, it will, by virtue of its inherent holiness, sanctify the gift the moment it is laid thereon? Divine authority settles the matter—“We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ, once for all,” Heb. x, 10. Surpassing conception is the superior sanctity of the altar to which you now come. The Jewish altar was sanctified by modes of purification prescribed by the law: “And now, if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall

the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God.” Yes, dear R., the Christian’s altar is “most holy”—unutterably beyond human thought. Inherent holiness is here! The purity of the innumerable company from time immemorial in the upper sanctuary, as also of that of every humble, holy believer that has ever existed on earth, has all been derived from this fountain-source of purity.

Yes, R., Christ is the Christian’s altar! How wonderful! What a stoop of mercy and love! My spirit bounds with unutterable joyousness at the thought. May I—aye, more—do I indeed lay all upon this inconceivably hallowed altar? Yes, R., I know it—I feel it; and now where shall I find words to express the abundant realization of blessedness which my soul enjoys? My case proves, dear R., that these shrinkings of nature, resolutely unyielded to, are no barriers in the way. Do they not even serve to bring out more strongly the principle of obedience? God said to Abraham, “Take now thy son, thine *only* son, whom thou lovest.” The intimation here is most conclusive that God intended that Abraham’s paternal affections should be recognized; and may we not presume that this part of the sacrifice constituted the most prominent characteristic, in the eye of God, of his faith and devotion. You will observe that after he had passed through this trial, God specifies *this* surrender of paternal affection as a test by which the principle of holy fear and obedience was brought out, and said, “For now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son—thy *only* son—from me.” How fully God assures us here that “obedience is better than sacrifice.”



#### ADMONITION.

WE should not be too proud to learn from a savage. Moffat, in his missionary labors in South Africa, mentions the fact of his giving a hat to an African chief, who, on putting it on his head, was cheered by the shouts of his admiring tribe. Immediately, the chief, taking the novel article from his own head, placed it on that of one of his own attendants; on being asked his reason, he, with great *naivete*, replied that he could not see and admire it on his own head! Now here, we thought, is an idea worthy of improvement. Many of our ladies clothe themselves extravagantly for the sake of gratifying the eyes of others, and all they receive in return is the trouble of taking care of their costly articles. We advise those of our acquaintance to imitate the African sage, and content themselves with admiring these things on others.—*Phil. Pres.*

Original.

## SKETCH OF WYOMING.

BY S. COMFORT.

THERE are few spots on the continent of deeper interest than Wyoming Valley—few, whose local associations are more full of thrilling interest to the traveler, who, as he passes over its romantic plains, with its beautiful and extended landscapes spread out before him, terminated by circumambient mountain barriers on either side, feels that he is treading on classic ground. Few spots are more fruitful in aboriginal and chivalrous incidents. These have enriched the historian's page while they have inspired the poet's muse. The history of Wyoming has already been written by several hands. But the subject is not yet exhausted. Here the geologist may find abundant material for analysis and speculation. And as long as aboriginal and Revolutionary narrative shall continue objects of interest to the world; as long as the naturalist shall delight himself in attempts to decipher the records of the earth's disruptions and transmutations, as they may be legible in geological deposits and mineral strata, will the Valley of Wyoming not only retain its present degree of interest, but continue in the ascendant. The traveler and the scholar of future generations, will be astonished at the apathy and insensibility of those of the present to her various and enchanting attractions.

*Etymology of the name.* Wyoming is an Indian name Anglicised. In all such instances two things are chiefly important—the true aboriginal name, and its import in our own language. The tribe of Indians who were proprietors of this celebrated valley, at the date of the earliest historical records extant, were known by the designation of *Lelenappes*. By the first English adventurers they were denominated the Delawares, after the name of a river, which, in honor of Lord De-la-War, they called Delaware, and which name it still retains. By this tribe this valley was called *Maugh-wau-ma-me*: *The Large Meadows*. But the Five Nations, who subsequently conquered the Delawares, called it *S'gah-on-to-wa-no*: *The Large Flats*. The Moravian missionaries, endeavoring to catch the sound as nearly as they could from Indian articulation, wrote the name *M'cheawammi*. Other pronunciations and corruptions followed, such as *Wiomie*, *Wajomie*, *Wyomiuk*, and finally *Wyoming* obtained, the present name.

*Dimensions of the Valley.* The distance from the Lackawanna gap, where the Susquehanna plunges into the valley through a narrow defile of high, rocky mountains at the northwest, to a similar passage at the southern extremity, is about twenty miles. Its average width is about three miles. It

is walled in by two parallel ranges of mountains; that on the east being about one thousand feet in height, and that on the west about eight hundred. The eastern range is still as wild as when first surveyed by the eye of the white man, covered with pines, dwarf-oaks and laurels, presenting a forest interspersed with various deciduous and ever-green trees and shrubs. The western range is not only less elevated but less rugged and sterile, readily yielding to the hand of culture, and here and there dotted with a good upland farm. Than the alluvial grounds, which skirt the margin of the river which winds its course mid-way through the valley, nothing finer can be conceived for the various purposes of easy and well compensated cultivation. But the mountain ranges, commencing at the southern elliptical point, or Nanticoke gap, thence circling off and stretching along in parallel lines at the distance just stated, do not unite at the Lackawanna gap, where the Susquehanna steals into the valley through a pass so narrow, with perpendicular bluffs on either side, as scarcely to be perceivable by the stranger at a short distance only, above or below, but continue on in the same direction some twenty miles further, at about the same distance from each other, till they pass the celebrated *coal lands* at Carbondale; thus forming the Lackawanna Valley, which is but an extension of Wyoming Valley. The entire basin is, therefore, more than forty miles long. The Lackawanna section, however, is far inferior, both as to beauty and productiveness, to the Wyoming section, which commences at the junction of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna rivers; the former at this point suddenly bursting through a narrow gorge in the mountain to receive the latter, which scarcely varies from its general course to form the junction.

*Wars of which Wyoming Valley has been the seat.* The first of which we have any historic record, was one which occurred between the Delawares and Shawnees. They occupied opposite sides of the river at the lower extremity of the valley. The immediate cause of this war was the most frivolous and trifling imaginable, while, in its results, it was the most bloody and disastrous ever waged. It is known as the *grasshopper war*. It is described as happening thus: On a certain day, the warriors of both clans being engaged in the chase upon the mountains, a party of Shawnee women and children crossed over the river to the Delaware side to gather wild fruits. In this occupation they were joined by some Delaware squaws and their children. In the course of the day the harmony of the children was interrupted by a dispute respecting the possession of a large grasshopper, probably one with parti-colored wings. The mothers took part with their respective children. The Delaware women being the most numerous, and being

on their own side of the river, the Shawnees were driven home, after several were killed on both sides. On the return of their husbands from hunting, the Shawnee warriors instantly espoused the cause of their wives, and crossed the river, full-armed, to give the Delawares battle. The latter were not unprepared to meet them, and a bloody conflict ensued, which, after great slaughter on both sides, ended in the total defeat and expulsion of the Shawnees from the valley. They fled to their brethren residing at that time on the banks of the Ohio.

The first white settlement in Wyoming, was made under the auspices of the Susquehanna Company, in 1762. This association was formed in 1753, by sundry persons in Connecticut, for the purpose of establishing a colony in this delightful spot. Here we must date the commencement of a sort of second Punic war—in other words, one of the most unpleasant controversies respecting land titles, which ever existed between citizens of the American colonies. It arose between the Connecticut claimants to lands in Wyoming, which they claimed under royal grants and titles obtained by purchase from the Indians, and the proprietories of the colony of Pennsylvania, who also had effected purchases of the Six Nations. This controversy continued down to 1788, through the long period of thirty-five years. Its adjustment was finally effected, chiefly through the mediation of Colonel Pickering. But our limits preclude detail.

It was not till 1762, some nine years after the organization of this company, that a body of settlers about two hundred strong, entered the valley. Short and eventful was the history of this infant corps of pioneers. The first Indian massacre is identified with its termination. The Six Nations looked with jealousy and burning envy upon the Delawares, with whom our white settlers had now lived for two years on terms of the greatest friendship. A party of warriors from the Six Nations came to the valley under the specious pretense of friendship, who, after loitering about a few days, most treacherously set the house of the unsuspecting Delaware chief on fire, and with it the veteran himself was burnt to ashes. To increase their atrocious cruelty, they charged this incendiary assassination upon the white settlers, and most unfortunately they had the address to inspire the Delawares with such a belief. And while the settlers were as unconscious of any such imputation as they were of the crime itself, the storm of savage revenge suddenly broke upon them. Some thirty were massacred in cold blood at noon-day. The rest, amounting to several hundreds of men, women and children, fled through the wilderness to the nearest white settlement, some sixty miles distant. With immense suffering some arrived

alive, while many of their comrades in flight perished in the wilderness.

An intervening period of fourteen years, filled up with a tissue of strife and conflict between the Yankees and Pennamites, attended with the various fortunes and distresses of open, hostile, civil war, brings us down to the celebrated Wyoming battle and massacre. This was one of the most disastrous events recorded in the history of the Revolutionary struggle. It combined the most refined cruelty of savage with civilized barbarity, as will appear from the following, on the authority of Chapman, *History and Poetry of Wyoming*, Silliman's *Journal*, &c.

Early in the spring of 1778, a force consisting of about eight hundred men, of British regulars, Tories and Indians, under the command of Colonel John Butler, assembled at Niagara, and marched to the reduction of Wyoming. The Indians, four hundred in number, were commanded by Brant, a warlike chief of mixed blood. At Tioga Point these troops embarked on boats and rafts, upon which they descended the Susquehanna till they came within about twenty miles of Wyoming Fort, arriving here the latter part of June. On the evening of the 2d July they took possession of a fort which the settlers had built about a mile above the head of the valley, called Fort Wintermoot. A council of war was called at Forty Fort, so named from its having been built and defended by forty of the settlers, three miles above Fort Wyoming, on the morning of the 3d July, to determine between the expediency of marching out and giving the enemy battle, and of waiting his advance. Some advocated delay, in the hope that a reinforcement would arrive from General Washington. Others maintained that as no advices had been received in answer to their message, the messengers had in all probability been intercepted and cut off; and as the enemy was constantly increasing, it was better if possible to meet and repel him at once. The debates were warm on both sides. But before they were ended, five commissioned officers arrived from the continental army, who, having heard of the invasion, on permission, had come for the defense of their families. All hope of succor was now extinguished, and a determination for an immediate attack was the result of the council. Colonel Zebulon Butler, from the continental army, who chanced to be at home, yielded to the urgent request of the people to take the command. As soon as the necessary dispositions could be made, he led on his undisciplined force with a view to take the enemy by surprise. And such, historians say, would have been the result, but for one of those untoward incidents which no human wisdom could foresee. A scout of two men had been sent forward to reconnoitre, who found the enemy at



dinner in high and frolicsome glee, not expecting an attack. But, most unfortunately, on their return they were met and fired upon by a strolling Indian, who fled and gave the alarm. Consequently, on the approach of the Americans they found the enemy's line displayed ready to meet them. They immediately displayed their column, forming in a corresponding line. But as the enemy was more than double in number, their line was much more extended. Yellow pines and scrub oaks covered the battle-ground, so that the movements of the enemy's troops could not be so well ascertained. Col. Z. Butler had command on the right, opposed by Col. John Butler, at the head of the British troops; and Col. Nathan Denison on the left, opposed by Brant, at the head of his Indians, on the enemy's right. The conflict began soon after four o'clock, P. M., at about forty rods distance, and for a time was kept up on both sides with great spirit. The right of the settlers' line advanced bravely as they fired, and the best troops of the enemy were compelled to give back. But far different was the aspect of affairs on the left. Penetrating a dark swamp, a strong body of Indians, unperceived, succeeded in outflanking Col. Denison, and like a dark cloud suddenly fell upon his rear. At the same time, Col. John Butler, finding that the settlers' line did not extend as far as his own, doubled that end of his line which was protected by a thick growth of brush-wood, and succeeded in throwing Col. Z. Butler's division into some confusion. This little veteran band, thus standing between two fires, fell fast before the rifles of the Indians and Tories; but they faltered not, till an order of Col. Denison to "fall back," for the purpose only of changing position, was mistaken for an order to *retreat*. This mistake was fatal. The confusion instantly became so great that restoration to order was impossible. The enemy, not more brave, but better practiced in the horrid art of savage warfare, and withal more than double in number, at once sprang forward, commencing a most hideous yell, rushing upon the Americans hand to hand, with rifle, tomahawk, and spear. But the handful of regulars, amounting to some fifty in number, having enlisted just before under Capt. Hewit, who had been acting as recruiting officer in the valley, and those who were not at first thrown into confusion, did all it was possible to do to retrieve the fortunes of the day. It is said that Col. Dorrance, observing one of his men yield a little ground, called out to him with the utmost coolness, "Stand up to your work, sir." The colonel immediately fell. As the enemy were pressing upon the rear, an officer inquired of Captain Hewit, "Shall we retreat, sir?" A profane negative was his reply, and the next moment he fell at the head of his little command. The retreat now became a general flight, attended with

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horrible carnage. "We are nearly alone," said an officer named Westbrook, "shall we go?" "I'll have one more shot," said a Mr. Cooper in reply. At the same instant a frightful savage sprang toward him with his spear, but was brought to the ground in his leap, and Cooper deliberately reloaded his piece before he moved. He was one of the few who survived the battle. It is said, that on the first discovery of the confusion which began on the left, Col. Z. Butler rode into the thickest of the conflict, exclaiming, "Don't leave me, my children! The victory will yet be ours." But overpowered by numbers under better discipline than could be expected among troops hastily collected, composed of boys and old men, fathers and sons, aged men and grandfathers, who had been compelled to seize such weapons as were at hand and take the field on a moment's warning, the band of patriots were compelled to leave the field to the enemy.

The day was lost. But in the brutal slaughter which attended the rout and flight of the vanquished fugitives, savage barbarity was eclipsed by civilized men. Historians give the following example: A short distance below the battle-ground there is an island called "Monockonock Island." To this, several Americans, in their flight, succeeded in swimming, where they secreted themselves among the logs and brush-wood upon it. Having thrown away their arms in their flight, before entering the river, they were quite defenseless. Two of them concealed themselves in sight of each other. While here, they saw several of the enemy, who had followed them and fired at them as they swam the river, approach the island. On reaching it, they immediately wiped and loaded their guns. One of them soon passed by where one of these men lay concealed, and was recognized as the brother of his companion who was concealed near him. This man being a Tory, had joined the enemy. Passing carefully along, examining every covert, he soon discovered his brother in his concealment. Suddenly stopping, he said, "So it is you, is it?" Finding himself discovered, he advanced a few steps and fell upon his knees, and begged that his life might be spared, promising to live with him, serve him, and even to be his slave, if he would only spare his life. "All this is mighty good," replied his more than savage brother; "but you are a rebel," (with an oath,) and shot him dead on the spot!

But the scenes of horrid carnage did not end with the setting sun. And while we cannot but mourn over the fate of those who fell on the battle-field, those who were overtaken in their flight and sunk under the tomahawk, or who were taken prisoners alive, deserve even a still greater share of our pity. While the widows and children

of those valiant troops were flying to Fort Wyoming, or threading their way to the Delaware through the swamps and wilderness, in which numbers perished, at every glance behind them, as they ascended the eastern mountain side, they only saw the valley below lit up with the fires of their own consuming dwellings. And they were constantly haunted with the agonizing reflection, that their savage foes were at that moment luxuriating in the tortures of their captives. The place of these murders was about two miles north of Forty Fort, upon a rock near the river, around which the Indians formed themselves in a circle. At this spot sixteen were placed in a ring around the rock, and one after another seized and held by stout Indians, while the squaws split open their heads with the tomahawk. At another place a little further north, nine more were sacrificed in the same manner. This was indeed a dismal night to Wyoming; and is described by the bard of Wyoming as the hour when

"Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,  
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,  
Ring out the pealing thunder-bolts of war.  
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,  
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;  
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed;  
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed."

Those settlers who had not already fled into the wilderness toward the Delaware, as just indicated, hastened to Wyoming Fort, which stood not far from the centre of the present borough of Wilkesbarre. On the morning of the Fourth of July, articles of capitulation were signed by Col. John Butler and Col. Nathan Denison, by which it was agreed that the settlers should lay down their arms, the fort be demolished, and the continental stores be delivered up. The settlers were allowed to occupy their farms peaceably, without personal molestation, while the loyalists were to remain in the quiet possession of their farms, and to trade without interruption. Col. Denison and the settlers were not again to take up arms during the contest, and Col. Butler agreed to use his utmost influence to cause their private property to be respected. One historian, however, says the conditions of the capitulation were entirely disregarded by the British and savage forces, and that they committed all kinds of barbarity. The village of Wilkesbarre, consisting of twenty-three houses, was burnt; men and their wives were separated from each other, and carried into captivity; their property plundered, and their farms laid waste. The remainder of the settlers were driven from the valley, and compelled to proceed on foot sixty miles through the great swamp, almost without food and clothing. A number, principally women and children, perished in the journey. Some died of their wounds,

others wandered from the path in search of food, and thus were lost. Of three hundred and sixty-eight who went into the battle, only sixty survived—occasioning one hundred and fifty widows and six hundred orphans.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



Original.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SKY.

—  
BY L. J. CIST.  
—

WHEN grief's dark clouds o'ershade us,  
And turn our day to night—  
Dim skies, that Hope portrayed us,  
As ever fair and bright;  
When here the tempest lowers,  
And fly the friends we love,  
From earth to fairer bowers  
Of the bright world above;  
When pleasures fled, entreat us  
Seek those that will not fly;  
When disappointments meet us—  
How sweet to lift the eye  
Where Faith presents, to greet us,  
The land beyond the sky!

When those we trust deceive us,  
And turn our trust to shame;  
When friends, beloved once, leave us,  
To mourn th' inconstant flame;  
When Fortune's frowns, which make us  
No more their light desire,  
Bid summer-flies forsake us,  
Like frost before the fire;  
When wealth and splendor garish  
No real joys supply;  
From earthly hopes that perish,  
Our spirits long to fly  
Where holier trusts we cherish—  
The land beyond the sky!

And, O! when here o'ershades us,  
The "dark Destroyer's" wing;  
When anguish fell invades us,  
With keenest, sharpest sting;  
When dearest ones have left us  
To seek the grassy shade,  
By Death's cold hand bereft us,  
In the lone church-yard laid;  
When sweetest ties are riven—  
We check the murmuring sigh:  
The lost will back be given,  
Where they no more can die!  
The parted meet—in HEAVEN,  
The land beyond the sky!

Original.

## CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

BY L. D. M'CARE.

CIVILIZATION has been variously defined; but the fundamental thought in each definition is progressive improvement. Improvement, then, in its widest application to the individual and the race, is our definition of civilization. This improvement, advanced to the highest degree of that perfection of which the susceptibilities of man are capable in this life, is the sentiment of perfect civilization. Where lies the power—where rests the agency for the accomplishment of this great work? These questions have interested the sons of reflection in every age and clime. System after system has been launched into existence, specious in appearance, but inefficient in influence—promising much, but effecting little. The eye of the philanthropist, wearied at beholding the fruitless efforts of the past, is looking up with tearful anxiety and dread suspense for a solution of this mighty problem. Where shall we find those civilizing principles which can warrant a realization of the perfection of man and of society? To this question Christianity, as exhibited in the life and doctrines of its founder, affords the happiest solution, and the most unequivocal answer. Placing it hypothetically on a footing with other systems of religion, such as Polytheism, Mohammedanism, and Brahmanism, awarding to it no greater credence in its authenticity, and even supposing its author the basest of impostors, yet we affirm, and propose to show, that its philosophy is the only solution the world has ever had of the difficulty before us.

In civilization, it is the faculties of humanity and the elements of society that are to receive the pleasing impress of improvement. The former embraces three great classes, distinct and complete—the corporeal functions, the intellectual powers, and the moral feelings—the latter, universal union of sentiment, of feeling, and of effort, in relation to the great principles of human destiny, personal responsibility, the foundation of right, and the perfect equality of the race. Man dwells in the midst of the most stupendous truths, all of which are apparently solicitous of his attention and examination; but none present claims so high as the wonder of his own organization. The sublimity of the moon riding in paleness, the grandeur of the sun journeying in fire, are not to be compared with the triumphs of the human understanding, and that mysterious union of the immaterial spirit with a material structure. The form and mechanism of the human frame are grand indeed. The vast number of the parts,

their exquisite finiteness, their happy adaptation to the accomplishment of their ends, gracefulness of symmetry, and dignity of action, proclaim it the most admirable work of creation. If this splendid erection be but the temporary encasement—the temporary abode of the immortal mind, how elevated must be its character, comprehensive its power, rapid its activities, huge its conceptions, sublime its creation, and glorious its destiny! By its power of abstraction, it is capable of marshaling evidences for and against the most difficult and abstruse propositions. By the judgment, it can decide the most subtil questions, and disengage truth from the wildest entanglements of error. By the memory, it can grasp the facts of experience, the beauties of language, the truths of science, and the doctrines of morals; and by the imagination, it throws life, light, reality, objectivity around all it reads, hears, sees, feels, or conceives. If this immortal mind be dependent for its character, its happiness, and its destiny, upon the affections, what majesty gathers around those affections! The resplendent faculties of the moral nature lift their proud columns from the rocky summits of intellect. They form the superstructure reared upon the foundation of mind—they are the finishing and crowning excellences of human nature, and they cover it all over with magnificence. Without stopping now to inquire the cause, we are forced to admit that these faculties do not move on harmoniously—that disorder, unknown in the physical world, has, in her desolating march, left her giant tread upon this fairest specimen of creative energy—that life is a battle-field, where the instincts and desires, propensities and affections, wage perpetual war, each striving for the mastery, each grappling for the ascendancy. This presentation of humanity is seen in every individual of the race. Amid its great diversity of circumstances, its almost infinite variety of situations, its essential nature remains the same. By this nature there is an object to be attained, a perfection to be experienced, and a good to be realized. Unless this object, this perfection, this good, be perfectly adapted to this nature, its end is not attained, and, consequently, its perfect development is not secured. This nature being unchangeable, there can be but one object, one perfection, one good—the attainment of which constitutes perfect civilization. There is, then, one grand elevation to which this sublime nature, even in the midnight of ignorance, and the depths of degradation, never forgets to point. When the needle forgets to point to the northern pole, then, but not till then, will this nature forget to point to that which alone can gratify it. Perfect civilization is its only conveyance to the possession of this glorious

reality. Hence, the necessity of universal unanimity of sentiment, of feeling, and of effort, in relation to the great principles of human destiny, personal responsibility, the foundation of right, and the perfect equality of the race. How vast the system that is qualified for this difficult task, that, seizing man at his birth, can lead him on to perfect physical, mental, and moral development—that can establish order where all was disorder, and so tune the vast machinery of society, that it may pour forth the strains of harmony from its eternal revolutions. When we contemplate the magnitude of the work—when we contrast man's actual imbecility with the destiny his capacities reveal, we shall not be surprised that the world has struggled in vain for the conception, erection, and adoption of an adequate system of civilization. We might easily define the transforming principles, the leading ideas of every form of civilization that has appeared in the different ages of the world; and having their elements at our command, we could exhibit their defects, point out the rock upon which they foundered and shipwrecked humanity. Time forbids entrance upon this interesting discussion; yet, in our demonstration of the Christian solution of the great problem of civilization, we shall make those occasional comparisons which will reflect light upon the subject, and glory upon Christianity.

The application of the powers to some task, to the achievement of some end, lies at the foundation of all improvement. To secure the development of the bodily functions, in themselves considered, nourishment, exercise, and temperance are indispensable. The great importance and absolute necessity of the development and subjection of these functions, are seen from their immediate and powerful consequences upon the mental and the moral constitutions. Those systems of civilization which sacrifice intellectual excellence and moral refinement to the pleasures of sense—those systems which forbid or discountenance, either directly or indirectly, physical exertion, are inadequate to perfect civilization; for they aim at an end which, once attained, throws the dark folds of stupid effeminacy and morbid insensibility over the higher and the highest departments of our nature. Upon this subject Christianity is full of injunctions, holding out the richest rewards of respectability, distinction, and happiness, as incentives to unflinching perseverance, and painting, in the most frightful horrors, the pathway of indolence and inactivity. Here we meet examples and precepts posted upon every eminence, vividly setting forth the necessity of a rigid regulation of all the appetites and passions. The response she sends back is neither flattering nor undecisive—she speaks with the majesty of thunder, and gives

her unqualified condemnation to the love of indulgence. Her pensmen record the ruinous overthrow of many a noble spirit, of much moral character, at this point in the history of man. And they tell the mournful desolations that have swept over society from this fascinating source. Curiosity to interest and incite, importance to cheer and encourage, difficulty to task and concentrate, must belong to a subject whose investigation can communicate perfection to the intellectual character. These essential traits are most felicitously blended in Christianity; and were it not for the fact that it drives its most pointed shafts at man's own character, and that which he most fondly loves, it would receive the spontaneous veneration of every mind. The novelty that hangs around the portals of the Christian's edifice, the difficulties that meet us on our passage to its centre, the sublime truth everywhere inscribed, the infinite importance it assumes, declare its tendency to intellectual development more intense, more capacious, and more universal, than the combined essence of all other systems. While it presents essential truth so plain that the feeblest of perception may comprehend, it nevertheless requires maturity of judgment, tenacity of memory, purity of logic, boldness of imagination, and the most patient study, for the solution of all its mysteries. The subject matter, the manner of its presentation, its histories, prophecies, and poetry—its examples, precepts, and ordinances—its philosophy, science, and religion, open a boundless field, glittering with gems of the brightest truth. Here each power of the mind finds an object upon which it may exercise itself, even for ever, with increasing delight and improvement. The intellect is so closely connected with the physical and spiritual natures, that derangement in either must thwart the perfection of mental development. That the appetites have ever claimed a notice to which they were not entitled, and that the affections have been dishonored, cannot be denied. Hence, saving Christianity, there never has been a system so wide in its embrace, so salutary in its influence, as to promise the perfection of intellectual character. The few who have stood erect in the general prostration of intellectual greatness, were those who, disheartened at their own unavailing struggles, had sat down in despair of aid from unassisted reason. Most gladly would they, while locked up in the chambers of doubt and conjecture, subject to agonizing suspense, have embraced a system that proffered to guide the world to the summits of perfection. Had Socrates, who bowed at the presence of truth, ever beheld Christianity, he would have done homage to its philosophy, even if forced to reject its authenticity.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Original.

## DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY WILLIAM YOUNG.

CHRISTIAN biography is a subject of edifying and profitable contemplation—particularly so when the person or persons of whom account is given were distinguishedly pious. We herein behold the intrinsic worth of religion exemplified in a manner that elevates it in our esteem, strengthens our attachments to it, and excites in us desires to have both our hearts and lives brought more thoroughly under its experimental and practical influence. To subserve, if possible, these beneficial results, we shall present the following succinct biography of *one* who was deeply experienced in the things of God, and whose praise lives in every circle of her acquaintance.

ANN E. STILLEY was the youngest daughter of Randall and Sarah Russel. She was born Dec. 28, 1798, in Kent county, England. By her pious mother she was early instructed in the truths of the Christian religion. From her childhood she was piously inclined. She was a strict observer of the holy Sabbath, and uniformly discharged the duty of prayer. She also, in early life, connected herself with the Sabbath school, in which she continued—first as a pupil, and subsequently as a teacher—for several years. In both these relations to this institution she was distinguished—in the former, by her aptness in acquiring a knowledge of the holy Scriptures; and in the latter, by her diligence in imparting a knowledge of them to others.

In her fifteenth year she joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society. She was soon after happily converted to God. Her experience of religion was sound and clear—not a doubt lingered upon her mind in reference to her acceptance with God—"the Spirit itself bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God." From thenceforward she went on her way rejoicing. She also became a member of the "Stranger's Friend Society;" the object of which was to relieve the stranger in affliction, distress, or peril. In this society she operated with great usefulness, abounding in works of faith and labors of love.

In the year 1831 she immigrated with her relatives to America. She connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. She was a great lover of the doctrines and Discipline of our Church, and continued in close union with it until she was removed to the Church triumphant in heaven. She also united herself with the "Female Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in Cincinnati. In this praiseworthy association she served as an efficient manager for

several years, "visiting from house to house," praying with the sick and dying, and administering to the wants of the "suffering poor;" and, doubtless, through these means, she has caused "the blessing of many who were ready to perish to come upon her."

Not long after Mrs. Stilley received the blessing of pardon, her mind became deeply impressed with the importance of the blessing of sanctification. She believed this blessing to be clearly and positively promised in the Scriptures, and that it might be obtained by believers in the present life. She hence resolved that, by the help of God, she would seek it. This she continued to do, by fasting and prayer, and in a diligent use of all the means of grace, until early in the year 1841, when God invested her soul with the full blessing of sanctification from all sin. Of the reality of this great work she received a clear assurance; and ever after, "while memory held her seat," she retained a vivid recollection of the happy hour when she received the blessing of perfect love. She did not, however, conceal her "light under a bushel," but frequently declared to her brethren and sisters in the Church "the great things God had done for her." She not only professed the blessing of sanctification, but she lived it. Who ever heard Mrs. Stilley indulge in unchristian conversation? Who ever detected her in inconsistency of conduct? Her words were seasoned with grace, the law of kindness was written upon her heart, and love commanded her tongue, and her life was a practical, living comment on the elevated piety she professed.

Nearly three years since she was united in marriage to Mr. James Stilley, by which union she incurred the care of a large family. In this new and responsible relation, she was the same pious, holy woman—affectionate and devoted to her husband, and kind and motherly to a family of orphan children, whom she endeavored to "train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Sometime last fall she gave evidence of declining health. The disease which terminated her earthly career was of a complicated nature, which caused her to pass through a tedious and exquisitely painful course of suffering; but through the whole course her soul was happy in God—

"Not a cloud did arise to darken her skies,  
Or hide for a moment her Lord from her eyes."

Amid some of her severest paroxysms of pain, she would say to her friends that stood by, "Let every breath be prayer. I know I am the Lord's—pray that if it be his will he would cut short his work, and take me home." At another time, when her paroxysm was so intense that her death was momentarily expected, she said, "Tell my brethren I die in full prospect of heaven and im-

mortal glory." Soon after she added, "Blessed Jesus, take me home!" Then turning to her friends she said, "O, pray, that if it be the will of God he may cut short the work, and take me home to heaven! O, kneel down and pray!"

On the Sabbath previous to her death, she desired her minister to come and administer the holy sacrament to her. We went, and whilst with her we partook of the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ, we realized that her chamber "was privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven." She was greatly blessed in the ordinance, and we all found it good to be there. When we took our leave of her, she being unable to speak, through prostration, we asked her, if she now realized Jesus precious, and had victory, through his blood, to give us a sign. She immediately gave us an affirmative, by raising her hand. Shortly after this she revived a little; and though realizing the most acute pain, she said, with joy beaming in her countenance, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." As her death drew near, her faith triumphed more and more. A few hours before she died, she was asked by her sister if God was still precious to her. She replied, her countenance bearing an unusually heavenly aspect, "O, yes; I wish I was able to tell you all about it; but this much—God is all in all to me." In this happy frame she continued until the bitterness of death was passed, and in her last moments raised her hand in token of complete triumph, through Jesus Christ. She died January 17, 1844. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord—they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

—••••—

#### GOD GREAT IN ALL THINGS.

GOLDEN evening, rosy morning,  
Gracious One! have their adorning  
From thy hand, which frameth all.  
Nothing is despised before thee,  
E'en the least is touched with glory—  
Thou regardest great and small.

To the lion food thou sendest,  
And thy gracious ear attendeth,  
When the raven nestlings cry;  
Thou the floweret's grace bestowest,  
E'en thy humblest working showest  
Boundless might and majesty!

By all knowledge unincumbered,  
Thou our sighs and tears hast numbered;  
Guard of childhood's weak estate;  
Widows, orphans, hast thou cherished;  
Heard the bondmen when they perished;  
Thus art thou in all things great!

Original.

#### THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

—  
BY MRS. HARLAN.  
—

SHE stood in loneliness—the evening breeze  
Wav'd the tall grass around her; and above  
Rustled the boughs of the old oak that spread  
Its giant branches toward the azure sky.  
Her dark veil thrown aside reveal'd a face  
Lovely amid decay. One pallid cheek  
She fondly press'd to a lone monument,  
And over it the evening twilight threw  
A shade hueless and dim.

Anon she knelt.

The evening star gilded the horizon,  
And one by one the higher orbs above  
Looked down serenely thro' the dreamy night;  
And while the moon rose up the starry vault,  
She breath'd to the all-hearing ear of Heaven  
The supplications of a broken heart.

What shall I to thy sacred altar bring,  
God of the universe, to purchase peace?  
They say there is a gift, offer'd aright  
To thee, can bring joy to the lonely heart—  
A balm to soothe the tortur'd bosom's grief—  
A light to gild the widow's solitude.  
Is this pure offering a parent's prayer?  
Far, far beyond the ocean, in a vale  
Among our highlands, now the breeze of night  
Plays in the aged thorn above the couch  
Where low my parents take their last repose.  
Is it a brother's deep devotedness?  
I have no brother. On the stormy deep  
The winds conveyed him to his dreamless rest,  
And wail to midnight shades his lasting dirge.  
Is this pure offering a husband's love?  
Ah, me! I kneel beside the monument  
That marks his couch of everlasting sleep.  
And my sweet boy, was this pure offering  
His innocence? I saw the light of life  
Fade from his lovely eyes, and the last sigh  
That heav'd his little breast fell chill on mine  
Too sadly, as it pass'd his parted lips,  
And all was calm and still. This was my soul's  
Last treasure. I have naught for thee, O, Heaven,  
Save a poor broken heart.

This was the gift  
That Heaven alone required; and while she knelt,  
Her broken heart was healed. Years pass'd away,  
And still that lonely widow's heart was glad.  
But He who chastened her, came and receiv'd  
Her to himself, that she might find repose;  
For she was gather'd to the same green spot  
On which she knelt at evening, when she gave  
Her broken heart an offering to God.

Original.

## OUR MISTAKES.\*

THIS neighborhood was settled by Dutch yeomen, mostly rich, and by several distinguished families, who, living upon their manorial lands, held station, and affected to exclude those living in the town and engaged "in trade" from their society. Now, George, *malgre* his shop, had been admitted, and had become an especial favorite amongst this class—a distinction which, though gratifying to his vanity as a youth, was yet of no advantage to him. In point of family, he was of the same class as themselves; but in point of fortune very far below them. Yet within two years he had taken a wife from one of these families. And although the lady was an amiable, excellent woman, yet, as George was situated, it was a mistake to marry her. For he was too proud to let his wife live, if not as splendidly, at least in any less comfortable way than she had done in her father's house. And in making the effort to do this, he drew too heavily upon his income, or rather upon his receipts; for a good portion of what came into his hands was still due for the stock in his shop. And so from one cause and another he became embarrassed. At this he was only slightly alarmed at first, and hoped things might be better another year. This hope, entirely unfounded in circumstances, was but the airy offspring of a free imagination and a sanguine temperament; and was absurdly out of place amidst the realities and the liabilities of business. Finally, pay-day came, and with it came bankruptcy. Nor were the parents of the young couple, on either side, disposed to relieve them; for they saw that there had not been close attention enough to business to warrant its continuance. George was much mortified at his failure; and especially that he had involved his young wife in the suffering, or, as he expressed it, in the disgrace. When freed from his present involvements, his father-in-law gave a farm to his daughter; and George's mother supplied some funds for a new beginning. But unaccustomed to this sort of life, the young couple thought more of reciprocating the visits of their neighbors, than of attending to the proper business of their condition. They could not make up their minds to a few years' retirement from society—which is the only method of retrieval—so that matters were soon getting in bad train again. One great disadvantage of George's present position was, that the only Church within accessible distance was a Dutch one. And although he had been accustomed from early childhood to observance of the Sabbath, yet now he thought himself excusable from Church atten-

dance, because he did not understand the language in which the service was conducted. This was a *mistake* of moment; for although it were better to know the words of the service, yet the spirit of the occasion might have been observed and respected without them; and thus some admonition afforded to a course, where so much was needed.

The people of his neighborhood, though not addicted to the practice of "jockeying," in the gross sense of the word, were yet too fond of horses, and of Sabbath excursions—the idea that "Sunday is a day of leisure," was a general mistake amongst them. Its appropriate duties should fill the day; where they do not, something else of questionable tendency will. Now, George, without having any thing originally vicious in his disposition, yet with his ease of temper, fell readily into the vagrant habits of the community, who, having made or inherited fortunes, were what is termed "gentlemen at large"—namely, idlers and, practically, infidels.

From the sin of infidelity, George's early education, perhaps, saved him; for its influences had extended thus far into his life and swayed his mind, though it had not effectually controlled his outward actions. Whether a longer course of vagrancy, with its hardening effects, could have withstood the contagion, we may not say.

George had now a young family of three children; and doing not very well with his farm, he was smitten with the prevailing mania for western lands. And obtaining a loan from a younger brother, (the grandfather having left him a fortune,) he fits out forthwith for the journey and the speculation, believing that the adventure shall reimburse him for all former losses. But, alas! he cannot outgo himself—the habitual freeness of his life follows him in this, as in all other things. He leaves his health to take care of itself; and, as has ever been his wont, he gives his sole attention to the chief object, and leaves all accompaniments and accessories, which in a manner compose it, out of the question. And yet he was not reckless, nor had he any spirit of desperation in his character. But he was *heedless*. In the flush of his spirits, he *neglected his religion*. Which he been *prayerful*, the same sobriety of mind which constrained to this duty, should also have preserved his prudence and forethought, and he had been saved from these sad and fatal mistakes—fatal in the precise meaning of the term; for poor George, journeying in these wildernesses, traveling at late and early hours, taking the dews of night, and the damps of the impervious forest, exerting and overheating himself, brought on a most distressing and irremediable asthma, which, together with his disappointment and chagrin at the utter failure of all his hopes and schemes,

\* Continued from page 87.

after the suffering of a twelvemonth, terminated in death, before he had attained his thirty-second year. Yet the prospect of an early grave was welcome to him. He seemed to himself old, from the variety of scenes he had passed through. His constitution shattered, his feelings worn, his spirits gone, he was indeed circumstantially old.

In reviewing his whole course we see the effects of bad management, and of a mere self-relying energy. He committed no actual crime—nothing certainly that called for condign punishment; yet, from the continual presence of pride—from the neglect of business performances—from his short-comings of duty to God and to himself—from all these mistakes, he no doubt suffered as much as if he had deserved and incurred what is termed capital punishment.

The second child of the family, the same as referred to in the above history, had become in infancy a great favorite with an aged and decrepid grandfather. The child was often taken to the invalid's room by his nurse; and rendering the little service of carrying his pipe to him, after the servant had lighted it, and childish prettinesses of the kind, he became a great favorite, and the old gentleman dying when the child was three years old, bequeathed to him a fortune of thirty thousand dollars. This bequest was esteemed by the family a cause of great joy; yet in the end it proved not so. It was rather unexpected, as the child was not a blood relation of the testator—the latter being a second husband of his grandmother. Little William being of a rather sickly constitution was, on this account, the more readily excused of his early education; so that when he should have been acquiring a knowledge of business, he was yet at his grammar and languages. The notion, too, of his possessing a fortune, created for him, without any idea of preference, a sort of domestic distinction over the rest of the children, as establishing certain immunities and indulgences, on the score of his being able to afford them. William was a good child, and naturally so meek, that he was as little hurt by this injudicious treatment as the case possibly admitted of. As he grew to manhood, he evinced strong principles of integrity. He possessed a good mind, and no deficiency of discernment; but from his own experience he could never distrust a human being; for in his course thus far all had bent to him. He had been occasionally annoyed by little selfishnesses incidental to such a training, hurting himself most of all. But these were not excessive, and did but serve to show how excellent a character had been interfered with by this wind-fall of fortune and its indulgences. His brothers and sisters had never the slightest envy of his superior fortune; but, perhaps, they loved him not quite as well as if the world—i. e., his townsmen—

looking on, had not so much praised him for the propriety and liberality of his course; for he was enabled to help his family, by loans to his brothers, and by presents to his sisters. And he did it freely. His brothers wished that they, like him, could afford to give, and be admired; and would sometimes observe that they, too, might occasionally have earned the meed of praise with only the same means of deserving it. Yet was there not ever any bitterness of feeling toward the more fortunate brother, but only at times a youthful longing and looking at this one-sided aspect of the world, its mistaken judgments, and its interested sympathies.

William, like his brothers, had, at an early age, decided on an active business, as his ultimate choice. His collegiate education had been postponed from year to year; and, finally, it was decided by his mother that he could do without any employment or profession. In a pecuniary sense it was correct that he might do without it; but, as an engrossment of time and character, it was indeed a sad mistake to judge so.

But William grew apace in the affections of all. Liberal and benevolent, he was a prime favorite with his associates, whom he could assist and oblige without looking for a return. In boyhood he could do this without materially embarrassing his property; but in manhood it was otherwise—extended purposes requiring greater sacrifices; and these, in many instances, were made by the obliging companion to the advancement of others, and to his own injury.

Finally, by the selfish purposes of others, was he induced to risk his safely-funded property in commercial speculations, which his previous ignorance of business rendered worse than doubtful. And soon, in the partnership of men of suspicious integrity, and by the fickleness of the winds and the waves, his whole property was dissipated, or enthralled, leaving him, at the age of twenty-eight, destitute and helpless as a child, with the embittered experience of a profligacy of which his own upright mind could hardly conceive the possibility.

We say he possessed integrity, and was upright. Yet these were but the spontaneous graces of nature, and subject, like all merely natural graces, to the drawbacks of others, and conflicting elements of his own character—subject to that human reliance upon his own strength, which forms its own mistake, and which, unallied to spiritual principles, is "altogether weakness." William, as a merchant, had never been taught that, in his business, there was resource beyond himself, which, if asked, shall in season detor, or in season forward to prosperity and success. He lived before the brothers Rothschilds were known as merchants, or had yet given to the trading world, by their example of prayer preceding the execution of every enterprise, a noble



commentary—Israelites as they are—upon the excellency of a practical faith—asking, in all honesty, for success to honest plans, and receiving, probably, as much more than others, as that act—prompting and crowning their deliberate prudence, their consummate knowledge, their industrious and methodized practice—would deserve and insure.

It has been said, by a calculating and sagacious inquirer, that only three out of every hundred merchants succeed. The exception seems enormous! What can account for such mistakes in a known science? Perhaps there are only three in a hundred—though praying for other things—who add to their own prudence in merchandising that “wisdom which is from above.”

With chagrin and depression of spirits, William's constitutional weaknesses took a deeper hold upon him. He visited the south in search of health; but contracted a fever and ague, and returned more enervated than he went; and closed his life, the victim of mismanagement and mistakes, in the thirtieth year of his age.

The reader deems him weak, and in conduct he, perhaps, was so; yet, in intellectuality, he was superior. Ever a great reader of history, he took the worthies of a golden age for the models of his own life, and practiced a disinterestedness which suited not the iron tone of the utilitarian age in which he lived.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



#### BARGAINING.

Mrs. ELLIS, in that excellent work, the “Wives of England,” makes the following judicious remarks:

“Above all things to be guarded against in making bargains, is that of taking advantage of the poor. It is a cruel system carried on by the world, and one against which woman, with her boasted kindness of heart, ought, especially, to set her face—that of first ascertaining the position or degree of necessity of the party we deal with, and then offering a price accordingly. Yet how often do we hear the expression, ‘I get it done so well and so cheaply; for, poor things, they are in such distress, they are glad to do it for any price.’ And a pitiful sight it is to see the plain work and fine work that is done on such terms. A pitiful thing it is to think of the number of hours which must have been spent, perhaps in the endurance of hunger and cold, before the scanty pittance was earned; and to compare this with the golden sums so willingly expended at some fashionable milliner's, where, because the lady of the house is not in want, the kind-hearted purchaser would be sorry to insult her feelings by offering less.”

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Original.

BISHOP ROBERTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE history of Satan would be more entertaining to irreligious minds than that of Gabriel; and for the same reason that the biography of Napoleon interests them more than that of Wesley. They love comedy and tragedy, and without sin there can be neither. Holiness forbids the levity of the one, and the cruelty of the other. The life of an unsinning angel would present no variations abrupt enough for depraved tastes. Such variations abound in the rebellious career of fallen spirits. Hence, they are introduced by Milton, with great discrimination, as the bewitching theme of most inimitable song. And his choice, sound as his judgment was, (as well as the unrivaled popularity of his poem,) confirms the declaration with which we started. The hero of Milton's sublimest passages is the prince of infernals; and, to the profane, the crisis of those passages is composed of Satan's conflict and defeat.

Why is it so? We cannot answer the question. It would lead us beyond the “ultimate fact.” Morally, it infers diabolical depravity. It is, of itself, one of the most revolting expressions of that depravity.

It would be deemed a slander on mankind, if we should say that the fall has superinduced in us a sanguinary temper—an appetite for blood. Yet we are tempted to affirm and argue it. The tiger loves blood, and laps it with his tongue; and is it not probable that man, who suffers the severest curse from his own rebellious act, has some corresponding evil in his own lapsed nature? Doubtless he has. He also loves blood—loves it in pictures—loves it in fictions—in a word, his *imagination* loves it. If we adhere to facts, we must proceed still farther. In a posture of conscious self-security, he (we lament to add *she*) is fond of it, as a spectacle to gaze upon. If called on to sustain this unchivalrous reproach, we would point to the bull-baitings of continental Europe, gotten up to entertain a Catholic queen and her ladies; and to the recent public execution at Columbus.

One thing more must be named in this connection. Whoever is enterprising in sin, with whatever results, is watched and heard of, by persons of merely curious minds, with deeper interest than he who, with the same industry and issues, is enterprising in virtue. The cases may have similar features, in their progress and conclusion, except that there shall be *moral* opposition; yet let their history be written with a precisely equal amount of graphic, poetic, and rhetorical felicity, and that only which chronicles vicious deeds and enter-

prises will be greedily devoured by the irreligious world. For this we can suggest one reason only; and whether it be a reason, we refer to each one's judgment. Those narratives are most exciting which set forth our own experience. A Christian loves to hear of another's religious feelings and enjoyments, because they harmonize with what he himself has felt. This imparts a zest to class meetings and love feasts. But the unconverted have no experience of evangelical virtue—of the workings of Christian benevolence; yet they are familiar with moral depravity in various forms, having felt its pride, envy, covetousness, selfishness, fierce revenge, and murderous malice, in their own vile hearts. And when these diabolical tempers and passions are set forth in their outward manifestations, by the pen of the historian or the poet, the unsanctified (feeling that the malignant impulses of their own bosoms constitute a counterpart) can but feel a lively interest in the graphic representation.

If these statements and reasonings be admitted, it follows, as a corollary, that whoever sketches the character of a great *good* man, may fear that to many his theme will be unattractive. But to the pious there is a charm in goodness. They contemplate *virtue* as sublime; and whether its career is fraught with bold adventure, or is in the form of unpretending beneficence, they will trace it with edifying interest. And one reason is, that they have learned to associate it with the grace of God—they trace it to its proper source—the cross.

The character of Bishop Roberts is a theme for *pious* minds. It displays nothing bold, and is associated with nothing tragic or romantic. He never commanded conquering armies, nor directed the sacking and burning of towns or cities. He never met a challenged foe or friend in mortal combat. We know not that he ever fell among thieves, or escaped an ambush, or suffered imprisonment or shipwreck. His life is not a region of mountains and valleys—these so deep and covert that the sunbeams cannot penetrate them, and those so lofty as to be crowned with summer snows. Yet, like a rolling country, it has charms of some sort, even as the prairie, with its groves and wild flowers, is by no means devoid of nature's graces and enchantments. He who loves nothing but crags and cataracts, need not read this description; but whoever delights to trace a stream in its gentle meanderings through fields, which it moistens and fertilizes, may feel some interest in this brief notice. Probably a more satisfactory description of the character of this patriarch, will appear in the forthcoming biography by Dr. Elliott.

Bishop Roberts was comely in his person. His stature was about five feet, ten inches. His frame was heavy and robust, and in middle and later life

corpulent. But his old age was not helpless; and up to within a year of his death, (beyond which we did not see him,) his walk and all his motions indicated that he was formed for physical action and endurance. God, who called him, at a given period, to a work which demanded much physical force, endowed him, in this respect, for his vocation. He sat, stood, and moved, with great dignity, in private and in public, without any effort or stiffness. There was great uniformity in his appearance and manners. He was never caught in a slight overt swell, or momentary pompousness, as though the inner man were slightly high-blown, or the sails of his soul were unreefed under the sudden pressure of a breeze of favor or applause. And as he was not easily puffed up—a mood which we challenge all willing or unwilling witnesses to charge on him—so neither was he wont to be cowered. He endured ill treatment, if necessary, with the calm dignity of unaffected meekness. We once saw him tested in this way; and in no circumstances did he ever win from us greater admiration.

He had large—not gross—features. His countenance expressed as much of manly benignity as the human face can well set forth. His eye was blue; and its *calmness* was particularly noticeable. Under provocations to inward change, it did not report much that seemed worthy of notice, except that the provocation had taken little or no effect. In a word, it was not a *kindling* eye. It did not, under the colorings of inward emotion, sparkle with inflamed lustre. We cannot describe this feature of the Bishop better than to say he had a *calm, blue eye*. His personal presence—“*tout ensemble*”—was truly venerable, and commanded great respect.

His manners were wholly suited to his profession, and his sphere. He was exceedingly unaffected, which is more important than any other single item in reckoning up the severalties of what is called “good manners.” His *artlessness* was manifest to all, for it was unequivocal as sunshine. Every glance, and smile, and cadence, was in the spirit and the style of true *simplicity*. This being uniform, imparted a peculiar charm to his cheerful domestic and social fellowships. He was, in heart, sincere. And when an actor is without disguise, his movements will, of course, seem unconstrained. His were so. In private and in public, *naturalness* was so prominent in the Bishop's character, that the most unpracticed observer would scarcely fail to remark it.

We shall err, if we conclude that this simplicity had in it any thing improperly juvenile or childish. Incompetent judges, who knew not his station and character, might blunder, and infer that, as he was plain and unpretending, so, also, he was

without merit and consideration; but there was little danger that he should be so mistaken by sagacious and experienced observers.

Nor must it be inferred that he had not the talent, or inclination, to judge of the manners of those with whom he mingled. None noticed more promptly than he did, the improprieties of behavior which occurred under his observation. We have seen him blush like an embarrassed child, at the errors and self-exposure of others in the conference-room, when he had no manner of concern in the misfortune, except an interest of sympathy for the perpetrator of the folly. On one occasion, when a rule of conference prescribed that no member should speak a second time on any resolution, till all others, who desired it, had enjoyed the opportunity, two brethren arose together. The Bishop awarded the floor to the elder, who had not yet spoken. But the younger, who had already made two efforts, commenced declaiming in the most impassioned tones. "That brother," said the Bishop, "is now up the *third time*, and here is a much older brother on his feet, who has not spoken at all. The rules give him the floor, and I wish he might be permitted to speak—I think the conference wish to hear him." Meanwhile, the younger speaker was under full way, and, in the heat of his endeavor, never paused to hear what the Bishop said. The members on all sides were staring at his effrontery with astonishment, and could scarcely restrain their indignation. The Bishop said no more; but his face was crimsoned with blushes for the misfortune of the young orator, who had placed himself in a position so repulsive before his brethren and the spectators.

The religion of Bishop Roberts was deep, ardent, uniform, and active. His piety was *deep*. Early subdued by Divine grace, the spirit of religion had become as a second nature.

Some of us were so late in our return to God, (blessed be his name that we were ever brought to love him!) that our religion, though it makes us joyful in Christ, seems scarcely to set easy or naturally upon us, as it does on those who were early and faithful in their profession. Like scholars without early advantages, who are always apt to betray the defects of juvenile training, by incorrect orthography, or some other little matter, and whose science, though extensive, does not appear to form a part of their mental constitution, (as it does in cases of precocious scholarship;) so sinful tempers and habits, long indulged and strongly fortified, do sometimes, after the heart is changed, mar the symmetry of Christian character. But Bishop Roberts was an example of the intimate blending of our holy religion with all the sanctified elements of the being. There was an unconstrained religiousness in all his types of man-

ner, in every mood, which was exceedingly proper and attractive. He never seemed to *strive* to be religious, but appeared to be spontaneously so. Doubtless, he *did* strive; but the effort itself had become so much a habit, that it did not look like striving.

His piety was *ardent*. It was not light without heat—a phosphorescence which could neither kindle nor consume. It is true, that he was well trained in Christian doctrines and ethics. He was sufficiently meditative; and his *intellect* was religious. But this is so common, especially with the ministers of Christ, that it need not be testified of those who occupied prominent ecclesiastical stations. But ardent devotion is another thing—less common, and not certainly to be inferred from any man's sphere, however responsible or prominent. But none could be intimate with the Bishop, and note his manners in private and in public, without gathering sufficient proofs that his heart, as well as his understanding, was deeply imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and was controlled by the impulses of charity and inward godliness.

On this point, we testify what we have witnessed in various circumstances, and at different times. We never saw him at class meeting; but we observed him at prayer meetings and love feasts. There he seemed to forget that any other dignity ever attached to him than that of the humblest follower of the Lamb. In 1841 we saw him rise to speak in a large love feast. He commenced thus: "Brothers and sisters, I feel a desire to rise and tell you what Jesus has done for *my* soul." Struck with the simplicity, and the *commonness* of his language, we immediately treasured it up in our memory. Had a stranger to Bishop R. entered the door at that moment, he would probably (but for his position in the pulpit) have set the speaker down as a plain old farmer, of good sense and sincere piety, but far less episcopal in his manner than half the brethren present. And he would have inferred, from his manner, that his whole heart was absorbed in the one great and glorious interest of personal religion—of seeking and enjoying the in-dwelling God. Sanguine temperaments, though chastened and subdued, when kindled by fire from heaven, as was the heart of Bishop Roberts, are apt to glow, as his did, with intense ardor. We have said he had not a kindling eye; but he had a flaming heart. He was no stranger to deep emotion. We have seen him when grace was a flame in the soul, and he scarcely knew how to express his rapture. We remember that once, as he sat behind a preacher who spoke with great zeal, he burst out in a loud and passionate exclamation, and *might* have been pronounced, by certain Christians of the colder sort, "beside" himself.

But it may be asked, how so much ardor could have been blended with the calmness, or *evenness*, which we have ascribed to him. We answer, that it depends in part upon the fact, that his religion was also *uniform*. It did not kindle up, to blaze a moment, and then expire. It was a lamp well fed, and always lighted. We often find ardor blended with variableness; and this begets a prejudice in our minds against it. But, then, this variableness is an accidental, not a necessary accompaniment of glowing Christian zeal. Angels are all ardor, yet never waning in their holy zeal and raptures. So of glorified saints, who "rest not day nor night." And as in heaven, so on earth there may be in us *unremitted* ardor. Paul, Fletcher, and (near the close of life) the godly Payson, are examples to the point. Bishop Roberts belonged to the same class in the great Teacher's school.

His piety was *active*. No monkish tendencies restrained his inward zeal. In a hermit's cell, or the ascetic's cloister, he would have been as an eagle caged. A continent was narrow enough for him. Like the "angel flying through the midst of heaven," his charity sought audience of nations. Think of the expanded field of his ministry; and instead of gradually diminishing it, as advancing age might have suggested, in the very last Spring months of his life he breaks away from the assigned bounds of his episcopal toil, and, unappointed of all but God, plunges into western wilds, on extra missions toward the setting sun. We know not how the miasmatic agencies of the unsettled regions through which he then traveled affected his health, or were remotely connected with his death; but we think of him in these extreme wanderings as we think of the setting sun, when, in his pure and cloudless occident, he seems to pour his brightest beams over the landscape, as he pauses a moment to bid the hemisphere adieu.

As a preacher, his manner was earnest rather than impassioned. He spoke with great fluency, and his words were well chosen. They did not seem to be "sought out," and yet they were "acceptable." He never labored for thoughts or language. They came spontaneously, like water flowing downward. He was a student, yet his sermons never "smelt of the lamp." To the writer he was one of the most impressive speakers, and yet we can scarcely tell why. He had the same unaffected manner in the pulpit, which rendered him so agreeable in private.

His discourses were didactic, yet by no means wanting in hortatory effect or pathos. They were very systematic, without any apparent labor or pains to make them so. His eye, as we have already described it, did not speak to the audience by intense, wild flashings, but its calm and benev-

olent expression most pleasingly impressed the hearer. He was free from defect—was, as an orator, in this respect perfect.

It is said of Curran, that in his common mood he was vapid and wholly uninteresting—that his person was diminutive and his attire slovenly—that his gestures were ungraceful, his countenance spiritless, and his eye perfectly destitute of the sparkle of genius, or even the light of intelligence. When he commenced a forensic address, the witnesses say he was inanimate and repulsive, and that a stranger would have been tempted, by his unpromising appearance, to withdraw from the court-room. But as he pursued his argument, and his heart waxed warm under its inspiration, the man was strangely transformed into the *orator*. It is affirmed that his very stature seemed to change, and he rose in the eye of the astonished spectator into a form of the most imposing and commanding dignity. His unmeaning features were remolded, and became all animate and seemingly immortal with the kindling fervors of his roused and glowing genius, until—to use the language of a celebrated writer—"he alone seemed to be majestic in creation."

This was not Bishop Roberts. He was no such orator as Curran. Yet he was an orator. We hazard nothing in emphatically re-affirming that he was an orator. For eloquence is as various as beauty. It is now a torrent, and now a gently flowing stream—now a rushing tempest, and now a soft, refreshing breeze. But it is always something that charms the inward sense, which was precisely the effect of the Bishop's happy efforts.

His delivery was uniform. It was a full current from the beginning, and flowed on evenly to the end. He commenced with a pitch of the voice which all could hear distinctly. He never committed the most glaring of all errors in a public speaker—that of restraining the voice at the beginning, so that not a fourth of the audience can gather his meaning for the first ten minutes, and, of course, must lose the force of what remains. Unlike Curran and many others, the first sentence of his lips began to find favor with the hearer.

We will add—not so much for his memory's sake, as for the good of Christ's living ministers—that Bishop Roberts *preached from experience*; not that he spoke of himself, but *from himself*; that is, he testified what he had felt and therefore knew. When he proclaimed that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save," it was not a mere speculation, affirmed to him by Scriptural authority, sacred as it is; but it was also an experimental verity, assured to him by unequivocal consciousness—by the witnessing of the Divine Spirit with his own. He was not—as we fear many are in the sight of the great Shepherd—a hireling, whose

profane end is worldly gain. He made merchandise of none. He was not a nurse applying the spoon or bottle, to feed others on what himself had never tasted, and could not relish. He first feasted his own soul on the life-giving promises, and, then, like a mother to her infant, he poured out the "sincere milk of the word" from his own overflowing bosom, to the precious nurslings of Christ's growing family. Happy pastor, who thus cherishing the flock, is himself fed in distributing to others!

Let us, in conclusion, glance at the character of Bishop Roberts, as it was unfolded in his last and most responsible relation to the Church. The functions with which he was clothed, by the free and competent suffrages of his ecclesiastical peers, (and by the act of the whole Church, represented in his peers,) brought upon him the severest embarrassments of his ministerial life, and afforded the surest test of his integrity and worth.

He was a bishop. That office he derived from the purest source, and executed by the highest warrant known upon earth. In harmony with its holy origin and perfect sanction, (we speak not now of carnal successions, or other wanton fables,) his episcopal duties were exceedingly onerous, and influential to an unrivaled extent. His incumbency was not like that of a mere diocesan, with a flock of two, five, or ten thousand souls. His concurrent jurisdiction was over hundreds of thousands. The *clergy* alone of his supervision, were more than the membership of three or four surrounding dioceses of a sister Church.

In this elevated sphere, he proved to all how richly, for self-control and public duty, the grace of God endowed him. He still "magnified his office." What was worthy of special notice in his episcopal career, may be set forth under the heads of *meekness, diligence, decision, and discretion*.

And first in order is his meekness. In him the "bishop" did not spoil the man, nor mar the Christian, nor, by exalting, minify the minister. *Bishop Roberts* was never in the way of *Mr. Roberts, brother Roberts, or Rev. R. R. Roberts*. The apostle did not hinder the disciple. If *primus inter pares*, (first among equals,) he did not forget the important fact that his *peers placed him first*, and that through them "the Holy Ghost made him overseer." It was a pleasant thing to sit beside him in the parlor, or before him in the conference-room, and note with what Christian modesty and meekness he indulged his free communings with all the flock of God.

In 183- a declaimer against bishops lectured in N., where we were stationed. He described them as lordly and tyrannical, passing through the country in a style not much less magnificent than that of

the finical *Borgia*, the pompous son of the Pope. The citizens became indignant at Methodism, which fostered, as they supposed, a high-blown aristocracy. A few weeks after, Bishop Roberts providentially came along, and spent a Sabbath with us. The news spread on all sides, that one of the puffed up *magnates* would preach at eleven o'clock. The house was early over-filled with the curious and the prejudiced, to witness a *display*. In due time forth came the Bishop in his worn calico "robe," (which probably cost twelve and a half cents per yard,) with all his other vestments in strict keeping with its splendor. Seldom were a people more surprised than at his appearance and address. And as the good old man preached Jesus in his usual artless tones and manner, the strong premature current of indignation was changed to the most unbounded admiration. The next day the irreligious on all sides were uttering bold denunciations against "the hypocritical vilifier of Methodist bishops;" and not long after, the seceders, to whom that man had lectured, gave up their new church, returned in a body, and left no relic, as we are aware, of their former disaffection towards Episcopal Methodists, or their bishops.

As to his *diligence*, enough has been said to prove that he was not an idler in the vineyard. No man could consecrate his energies more undividedly to the cause of Christ. Through the infirmities of age and the power of disease, he failed in a few instances to perform the labor which fell to him in the division of the work. But the only wonder is, that he did not oftener fail. And it is admirable that some of his colleagues, as though a new life inspired their sinking age, and renewed in them their palmy vigor, should continue to traverse the continent, like the apostle "taking pleasure in infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon them." We have had, as yet, no sinecures in the high places of our Zion; and from what is past, there seems no special need to guard with dread suspicion against that misfortune. The spirit of our superintendents has been strongly antagonist thereto; and if more than are needed for these duties were set apart for the office, we presume the evil would find a cure. The course of Dr. Fisk, and the voluntary surrender of his prerogatives by Bishop Roberts, in 1836, which the conference so suddenly (and perhaps wisely) declined to accept, warrant the hope that bishops will not so multiply as to become an irreformable reproach, or an overburden to our Zion. God grant, in his mercy, that like Roberts and his colleagues, we may retain in this high office men who shall continue abundant in labors, and who shall feel, "*it matters not where I fall, so that I fall at my post.*"

*Decision* was a trait in the character of Bishop Roberts. When necessary for public ends, he was

immovable as a rock. Not that he was *obstinate*. It is a legal principle that "the law minds not little things." Neither did Bishop Roberts. He would not contend for trifles, nor for what merely concerned himself. There must be something which he deemed worthy to inspire decision, and then it was inspired. If the Church was concerned in some measure that seemed to threaten danger or expose to harm, he stood in the breach. Peaceable as he loved to be, and retiring and self-sacrificing as he usually was, when duty demanded, he was ready to "speak with the enemy in the gate." In our church judicatories, when disorder arose and long forbearance proved unavailing, with what effect did he finally put forth his presiding power, to reprove inattention, and command order in business and debate. Many will recollect examples in which he instantly hushed the confusion of the conference-room, and secured the prompt and decorous attention of every listless member to the subject in hand. Yet all this was generally done with a spirit and manner so conciliatory, as to provoke no other than the kindest feelings.

Finally, though he was decided, he was also *discreet*. Like a judicious commander in the battlefield, he would throw himself into any posture of responsibility or danger, if some exigency rendered it his duty. But never would he do it wantonly, or for mere love of power. He invoked no episcopal prerogatives where the law of the Church did not prescribe their use. Like the high priest of the theocracy, he would, when permitted, gladly lay aside Urim and Thummim. He loved his *robe of office* only when he must execute its *functions*. He knew *when*, as well as *how*, "to be exalted and abased;" and of the two the latter was preferred.

It follows that he was concentric in his official movements. He never plunged into spheres which did not need and claim him. He was as careful not to transcend, as he was prompt to approach the line of duty. Like the morning star, (for thus had Christ appointed his radiant goings forth,) he was content to shed a lustre on his own ordained circle, without impinging on remote or smaller bodies; for he remembered that all the stars are held "in His right hand;" and that, if harmony prevails, each lends a grace to others, by diffusing another charm, or revealing another glory, in that moral hemisphere which does contain them all.

Some who trace this record, may question the claim set up in behalf of Bishop Roberts. That he was a godly man they will scarcely deem doubtful. But, "as an elder and a bishop, whence came his ordination? Had he the true succession?" We anticipate such queries, on no other ground than because the times are fruitful of them. They seem, indeed, to be nearly all that certain soils can now

produce. For in what is called the Church, many regions once productive, are now become cold and sterile, impoverished by we know not what imprudence of their cultivators. And when charity and zeal can no more grow, like fields bearing thorns, they produce things unwholesome; and sinister, proud challengees, like those above suggested, are sometimes scattered here and there, amongst many other sorts equally unsightly and unsavory. But if such a growth is met in this or that field, it were better not to curse, but if any thing reform it. And with this simple hope we will give a meek reply.

There is a true succession. And he who is not in it can be no minister of Christ in any sphere. He is alien from all orders, whether of deacon or presbyter, till he floats in the current of this true succession. The only question is how to find it. Some will have it traced from the apostles, biographically, setting down names as links in this lengthened chain of priesthood. But this labor is all useless, for two conclusive reasons:

1. It is so in *science*, for we have no means to come at certainty, or even probability, in regard to the necessary facts. We might nearly as well go to "Thaddeus of Warsaw" for such a line of succession, as to more frequented annals. For one breach is confessed to be as fatal as a thousand; and that there are several breaches, is beyond all dispute.

2. This labor is useless, because the Bible nowhere teaches that such a succession, could it be traced, has any virtue in it. It promises no such chain. But it "provides a better thing for us."

If we wish to find what course the streamlet takes through half a dozen fields, we must not stand by the fountain and judge by the pointings of its first outflows. Ascend the brow of the hill, and cast your eye over the adjoining meadows. Do you see yonder lines of rich, rank green, parted here and there by the willows? Note how it winds this way and that, first through one and then another man's inclosure. That line of fruitfulness represents the true succession. You need not trace the stream from its source. Cross those fields in any direction, and where you strike that line of luxuriance, you touch the true succession. These fields are the Churches. Examine them. Minutely scan that which claims to be "*the Church*." Trace its fruitful streams. With its aspects before you, turn to Methodism. See her converts in hundreds of thousands, springing "up as willows by the water courses," and then say whether Asbury, M'Kendree and Roberts, with all their fellow laborers, whose ministrations were the channels through which these streams of life did flow, were without the gifts and callings of an approved apostleship.

## NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF MISS CATHARINE REYNOLDS, of *Poughkeepsie, New York: with selections from her diary and letters. Edited by Rev. G. Coles. New York: 1844.* Christian biography is eminently calculated to rouse and instruct the disciple of Jesus. So far as *direct* religious influence is concerned, it is questionable if the "Life of Hester Ann Rogers" is not one of the most useful volumes in our language. How many holy women among the Methodists have been impelled by its recitals to follow Jesus closely. Through it, Mrs. R. is now speaking to thousands and hundreds of thousands in more persuasive accents than when she was a living witness. Then her words were right and forcible, and were borne home by the remarkable purity of her bright and lovely example. But that example then lacked one thing. It had not yet the finish of a certain perseverance unto the end, and a calm, triumphant death. In her memoir, we look upon the finished portrait. We see it under the last touches of the divine pencil.

With such views of the value of Christian biography, we cannot but speak favorably of all contributions of this character, which possess intrinsic merit, as is the case with the book now before us. The merit of such a book consists of worthiness in its subject, and such a delineation of the character as shall exhibit that worthiness in a just and proper light.

Mr. Coles has added one to the several excellent books of this sort which contribute so much to aid our members in their pilgrimage to heaven. Miss C. R. was a very proper subject of public biographical notice. She was gifted and devout. The Lord set her on high amongst his daughters, and it was right and meet that one who shone so brightly in her life should leave a reflected light behind her. Mr. Coles has executed the interesting office of arranging her papers for the press, with various edifying remarks and explanations from his own judicious pen, in a manner perfectly satisfactory. As a specimen of Miss R.'s manner of writing, as well as for the interest which attaches to the character of Dr. Fisk, we present the following extract:

"President Fisk is no more! O, that his mantle may descend and rest on his successor, whoever he may be, that shall be called to fill the vacated seat and office held by this truly eminent and devoted man of God! Well do I remember his pale but highly illuminated countenance; that noble but slender frame, as he stood up before the audience, the only time I ever heard the sound of his voice. It was during the sitting of conference here. With what pleasure did I listen to the cadences of his eloquent voice, and to his impassioned appeals to the hearts of his hearers! His animated countenance even *now* presents itself to the eye of my mind. I can almost see its kindling radiance, and hear the words falling from his lips, burning with heavenly zeal and earnestness, as in tones, mild and silvery sweet, he awakened his hearers to the delightful truth contained in his text, 'Godliness, with contentment, is great gain.' Long shall I remember that text, and that memorable sermon, which to me seemed breathed from inspired lips. Oft have I wished to list again to another such appeal: but ah! that can never be. He now sleeps in Jesus. 'The silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern.' All animal and vital functions have ceased, and the clay tabernacle has be-

come motionless as the cold Parian marble. Yes, that man of noblest mind is dead! Who can supply his place? Who can speak of the many virtues which shone conspicuously in this noble, but unostentatious man, whose life will furnish matter for volumes; whose writings will be a rich legacy to his family, friends, and the Church, and for generations to come? O, that we may emulate the virtues that adorned the inestimable, respected, and beloved Dr. Fisk! The tasks, and pains, and labors of life are with him all over: all the ills of life, to which his suffering body was long subject, are forgotten. The conflict with the "king of terrors" is over! He has received the crown which awaits the righteous; and having well improved the talents committed to his care on earth, has received the cheering plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' O, what love, what joy, what glory now swells his soul as he sings, 'Glory to God in the highest,' in the blissful regions where all tears are wiped away; where sorrow and sighing can never come, and pain and death are felt and feared no more. O! 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'"

METHODIST MINISTERS, TRUE MINISTERS OF CHRIST. *A Discourse delivered in the Centenary church, Richmond, on the evening of Friday, the 17th of November, 1843, under the appointment of the Virginia annual conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. Leroy M. Lee. Richmond: 1844.*—Mr. Lee's text is, John xv, 16. His leading propositions are,

- I. Jesus Christ is the source of ministerial authority.
- II. Ministerial character and success are the only evidences of ministerial authority.

These points are forcibly and conclusively argued. He proves that a "Divine call" is the only foundation of a right to enter on the discharge of ministerial duties. In answer to the question, what is a Divine call, he shows, negatively, that, 1st, *Parental dedication* to God is not a Divine designation to its functions; nor, 2d, *Educational* for that intent; nor, 3d, *Ordination*; but, 4th, The "personal designation of Christ"—the Head of the Church. Under this head he has the following remarks:

"But we deny the whole theory of the transmission of ministerial powers; and dispute and reject the doctrine of succession on which it rests. The fact of apostolical succession, as it is so confidently called, is no fact at all. It is devoid of all the elements of sound essential truth; and involves principles too strange and contradictory for the sober verities of history. On the pages of just legitimate history, its course is as tortuous and intangible as the way of a serpent upon a rock. Its genealogies are fables, defying all evidence, and only sustained by the crucifixion of truth and spirituality; its morals, are canonized impieties; its fruits, sanctimonious arrogance, and the privilege of imposing upon human credulity by displacing the ancient landmarks of religion, introducing *another Gospel*, and substituting tradition for Scripture, the ministry for Christ, and ordination for the *unction of the Holy One*. The whole fabric is reared on the sand, and upheld by assumptions as unworthy of Christianity, as they are unbecoming its accredited ministers."

Under the second general head, Mr. Lee notices the following points:

- "1. A consideration of the end for which the ministry was established, will show the necessary dependence of

legitimate ministerial authority upon the possession of a ministerial character.

"2. A consideration of the mission on which the ministry is sent, will show, that without fruitfulness in winning souls to Christ, there can be no real and sufficient proof of ministerial authority."

This discourse is well suited to the times; and was exceedingly appropriate in a conference of faithful ministers, who, in the region where they labor, are among the chief instruments of the Gospel's efficiency; yet are pointed out to the public as graceless intruders in the Lord's spiritual vineyard. We regret the necessity of such an argument on such a topic; but the necessity does exist, and Mr. Lee has ably executed the task which it imposed on him.

A LECTURE delivered to the students of the Medical College of Ohio, at the opening of the session, 1843-4. By Professor M. B. Wright, M. D.—The Professor embraces in his range of thought, three topics, viz:

1. The science of medicine as a compilation of truth.
2. The integrity of the profession.
3. Its moral courage.

The first is the leading topic, and shows that in the cure of diseases, physicians must proceed upon the principles of induction. We have no doubt that a sound system of practice constitutes a department of natural philosophy in which experiment alone must be the physician's guide—not his own experiments, for these, when he enters on his career, must be insufficient for his purpose—but the experiments of the profession in successive centuries, as their results are recorded in medical books.

THE BENEFITS ACCRUING TO SOCIETY FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. An Introductory Lecture, delivered Nov. 18, 1843. By Professor John P. Harrison, M. D.—Dr. Harrison's address notices briefly the three liberal professions, and then dwells at large on his own. Its benefits he considers as direct and indirect. The indirect consist of its contributions to general science—such as Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, and other branches of natural science, (denying, however, that the vagaries and fooleries of Phrenology and Animal Magnetism are included in the sciences,) and a wholesome moral influence, as, for instance, in the temperance reformation, and in beneficence toward the poor.

The direct benefits of the profession are included in the prevention, removal, and mitigation of diseases. Dr. Harrison is an excellent writer, as well as an eloquent advocate for his profession; and both of the learned professors, whose introductory we here notice, exemplify in their lives, so far as mental labors and moral worth are concerned, what honorable men in their arduous profession should always strive to be.

THE CINCINNATI JOURNAL OF HEALTH, devoted to instructions in Anatomy and Physiology, and the means of preserving Health. Edited by Leonidas M. Lawson, M. D., Editor of the Western Lancet; Lecturer on General Anatomy and Physiology.—In addition to that valuable monthly, "The Lancet," which is intended principally for the faculty, Dr. Lawson has issued this first number of a more practical journal, intended for family use. This, as a specimen number, seems to us well suited to its professed purpose. It does not attempt to teach us how to restore health when it is materially impaired; but how to preserve it, by avoiding occasions of sickness. It is an octavo of sixteen pages, at 10 cts.

per number. May it have a wide circulation. The Lancet is still continued, and as far as we can judge, each succeeding number improves rather than depreciates. It is, undoubtedly, worthy of the most extensive patronage, and will we trust receive it.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of the state of Ohio, for the year 1843.—This interesting document proclaims the continued prosperity of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. It seems, however, that the receipts of the institution have fallen short of its expenditures the last year to the amount of \$1410. Improvements are also needed to accommodate a larger number of pupils, and an appropriation of \$10,000 is recommended for that object. The building was designed to accommodate fifty or sixty pupils, whereas eighty-three were taught in it the last year. The document contains a catalogue of the pupils, from which we gather that five only are from Hamilton county. Thirty out of the eighty-three were born deaf. The remainder became so by the influence of various diseases. We trust that no necessary appropriations will be withheld from this excellent institution. Such provisions of philanthropy and Christian charity for the unfortunate of our race, are the fairest monuments of a nation's glory. As it may directly interest some of our readers, we append the following rules respecting the admission of pupils:

"1. Pupils are admitted into the Asylum for one hundred dollars for the session, of ten months, payable quarterly, in advance. This sum covers all expense, except for clothing, traveling to and from Columbus; and, in case of sickness, the physician's bill.

"2. The annual session commences on the first day of October, and ends on the first day of August. Pupils are admitted at the beginning of the session and at no other time, except in extraordinary cases. This rule ought to be carefully observed; and those who delay may be altogether excluded, even if they have been previously in the Asylum.

"3. The vacation lasts from the first of August to the first of October. Payment must be made at the rate of \$1 50 per week, for those pupils who are permitted to remain in the Asylum during the vacation.

"4. Application for admission may be made to the Rev. James Hoge, Columbus, Secretary of the Board, or to Mr. H. N. Hubbell, Principal of the Asylum; and every application should be accompanied by testimonials from the Associate Judges of the proper county, or other responsible persons, respecting the suitability of the applicant to be received and educated, agreeably to the design of the Legislature.

"5. All applicants must, in order to be admitted, be free from immoralities of conduct, and from contagious and offensive diseases.

"6. It is expected that all pupils shall come at the very beginning of the term, and continue until its close; and that they all, and especially the state pupils, shall remain in the Institution during the entire course of study—five years—unless providentially prevented.

"7. It is recommended that pupils should be sent at the age of ten or twelve years, and that, previously, they should be taught to write, and to know their own name, and the names of their parents, and brothers, and sisters, and place of residence.

"8. The clothes of the pupils, which require washing, should be marked with the full name of the owner."



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1844.

Original.

## WHY MUST WE BE HOLY?\*

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

But again: *The employments of heaven are holy.* In what these employments consist, we are not definitely informed. We know, however, their general character. They are all the offspring of benevolence, pure and unbounded. They will consist, generally, in praising God, and promoting, in every possible way, the happiness of the intelligent and holy universe. These gross bodies, which were intended for the earthly residence of the immortal spirit, will have been exchanged for glorious and ethereal bodies, like that of the Redeemer. The movements of the soul will not then be impeded by its cumbrous tenement. There will be no interruptions from sickness or fatigue—from storms nor darkness; for all these things have no place in the land of the blessed. The redeemed will thus be prepared to join their companions of celestial birth in the blissful employments of heaven.

The Bible reveals to us that the chief of these will consist in praising God, and studying his character, as revealed in creation and moral government. The wondrous plan of redemption has long been a subject into which the angels desire to look. It will, doubtless, be the object of intense study, and will afford an ample theme throughout eternity. At each new development of its effects, the harps of heaven will be attuned to the high praises of the triune God. We are not to suppose that the employments of heaven will be confined to mere acts of praise and holy adoration. Mind, to be happy, must be active, and its every power employed. In the study of God's character, as revealed in his works, and manifested in redemption, it will find an ample field for the full exercise of its every faculty. Thus, the means for intelligent acts of praise and glory will be continually afforded.

For the study of God's character, the wide universe will be thrown open to inspection. The laws which regulate the physical universe will then, undoubtedly, be clearly understood. How little do we know of the structure of even that part of the creation on which we live! We know

nothing of the principles of gravitation—of vegetable life—of the nature of the mysterious union of the soul and body—in fact, we know nothing of the *mode* of existence, or the *efficient causes* of any thing around or within us. What a delightful theme of investigation would these and kindred subjects afford! How would they manifest the transcendent wisdom, power, and benevolence of the Creator!

But this world is not the only one in the universe. Millions on millions deck the starry firmament above. Illimitable space seems full of worlds. Some of these, it has been ascertained, are so far removed from us, that it would require a period of forty-eight thousand years for their light to reach our earth! And yet light travels with the amazing velocity of eleven millions of miles in a single minute! How vast a field does this present, in which to study the works of God! Yet all these manifest his wisdom, power, and benevolence—much more so may the administration of his moral government in each of these provinces of his extended dominion.

The wicked may take delight in such studies here; for in this physical state of existence there are many things which may divert the mind and the thoughts from God. Not so there. God's presence is seen and felt there in every thing. He only is the great object of study, as seen through his works. A mind who loves not God, could not there delight in such pursuits and investigations.

Another of the *general* employments, which will occupy the time and energies of the inhabitants of heaven, will be the carrying out of God's purposes in other worlds. We know that both angels and redeemed spirits have frequently visited this world on such errands. We have instances of this in the histories of Abraham, Lot, Moses, David, Elijah, Daniel, and others, under the old dispensation. Moses and Elijah conversed with Christ on the mount of transfiguration. An angel loosed the chains of Peter in prison. And one of the prophets of the former dispensation appeared as an interpreting angel to the beloved John, in the Apocalyptic visions. These ministrations are probably not confined to this world only. God may, and most probably has, employments of a somewhat similar character in all the parts of his vast empire.

All these exhibitions, whether of mercy or judgment, manifest the goodness and glory of God. They require, for their execution, hearts which

\* Concluded from page 99.

beat in unison with his own. Those, and those only, can be intrusted with such business, who desire God's glory supremely, and the highest happiness of all his intelligent creatures. Those only whose moral characters are perfect before God, can thus be permitted to roam at large throughout the universe. Those who have the least inclination to disobey, must be confined where their disobedience will not work rebellion, or invade the peace of loyal subjects. That place is the great prison-house of the lost.

We remark, finally, as a reason why holiness is necessary for an entrance into heaven, and a participation of its enjoyments, *God is holy*. He is the great moral sun of the universe. Around him all minds, from the mightiest to the feeblest, revolve. From him they derive both the power of enjoyment, and the means of promoting that enjoyment. Their great, their chief happiness, consists in his approving smile. In whatever they are engaged, they have the sweet consciousness of his approbation. His holy law is their only rule of action. They delight to do his will. The thought or desire of disloyalty and disobedience never enters their pure minds. They have no desire, no will, no purpose, contrary to the great will and purpose of Jehovah. For him every thing is done. In his presence they find ineffable delight. Every thought of every heart is open to his inspection. Yet conscious rectitude deprives them of all fear. The desire of concealment is the offspring only of sin. There every heart is open to the searching eye of that Being in whose sight the heavens are not clean. The infinite holiness and purity of Jehovah finds nothing in them inconsistent with the perfect rectitude of his own character. Their feeble minds—feeble when compared with his—cannot comprehend all the wisdom or designs of his purposes. He sits and sways the sceptre of universal empire over both loyal and disloyal minds. He executes the moral government which he has established. Even to them his ways are past finding out. How, then, can feeble, created mind, find happiness in the presence of such a God? how they of but yesterday hold intercourse with a being who has existed from all eternity? His powers are infinite, while theirs are finite and feeble. His knowledge embraces all things past, present, and future, while theirs is limited to a few events of past or present existence. Do they bring intelligence with the speed of thought from the most distant part of his empire? To him it is not unknown. His omniscient eye beheld it while yet future, and acted accordingly. Have they made some new discovery in the works of nature? has some law of the physical creation, which has hitherto eluded their grasp, been detected and brought to light by more careful and vigilant in-

vestigation? That law is not new to him. His power first impressed it there. What intercourse can feeble, created mind, enjoy with such a God? There is but one point of union between the infinite Mind, and that of any of his creatures. Through that all their social enjoyments must flow. That single point is *sympathy*! The feeblest mind can love as perfectly as the infinite mind of Jehovah. This is the great point of union, not only between all created minds, but between them and their Creator. But one heart—if we may so speak—pervades the moral universe. Every beat of the heart of God causes a pulsation in the breast of every loyal subject. Here is that perfect union which binds the happiness of all together, and unites with that of God. While they continue obedient, it is impossible for them to be unhappy. The infinite God loves them; and his love sends ineffable joy through their souls. All the powers of his eternal mind—all the resources of Deity—are employed in promoting their happiness; while they, in return, love him with all the powers that he has given them. He fills them with himself; and so long as he is happy and they obedient, their happiness will be commensurate with their utmost capacities, and run parallel with the existence of God himself.

But, O, if the golden cord of love be severed, where then shall rest and happiness be found? A mind thus cut from God and holy beings, would be like a planet without an orbit, and without a fixed centre. The laws which keep the others, immovably in their undeviating track around the sun, upon this exert no power. Solitary and alone it pursues its uneven way—subject to no law—a wandering star—cast out from the great family of harmonious spheres, and doomed to perpetual desolation.

Upon the wings of imagination, we might follow a spirit destitute of holiness in its flight to the imperial city, and to the throne of God. Arrived at the gates of the New Jerusalem, it knocks for admittance. "The heavenly gates on golden hinges turning," are opened for his reception. Struck with the external beauty of the place, we may almost hear him congratulate himself upon his safe arrival. A pure spirit approaches, and presents him with a golden harp, and bids him follow to the place whence were offered their morning oblations. The song of adoration begins—"Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah of hosts! Heaven and earth is full of his glory." As they cease, a responsive choir bursts forth in the strain—"Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous are his judgments." A single voice is then heard, saying, "Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great." And the

grand chorus of the universe is heard, like the sound of many waters, and mighty thunderings—"Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad, and rejoice, and give honor to him. Alleluia! for Jehovah reigneth." During these devotional exercises, the heart of the new-arrived trembles and sinks within him. He never liked, when on earth, to engage in the worship of God; and must his eternity begin with an employment so disagreeable? He did not like to retain God in all his thoughts on earth—he preferred to think of any other subject; yet, since he entered the celestial gates, every thing has been about God, or, in some way, has brought him up before his mind. Then the ascriptions of holiness to God were incongenial with his feelings. That holiness he dreads—he hates—he feels that it has no counterpart in his own heart, and he fears the consequences. The thought of spending *eternity* in such company, and in such employments as were unpleasant to him on earth, produces no happiness in his breast.

After the morning devotions are over, we may follow him as he walks around the celestial city, seeking something to divert his mind from the thoughts which burdened it, or to find some congenial spirit with his own. A heavenly intelligence condescends to be his guide—his companion he cannot be; for the newly-arrived cannot enter into the spirit of his conversation. His only theme is God. His character—his attributes—or his works, fill the mind and heart of the attendant spirit. Wherever they go the same feeling is seen. God is the universal theme of all the holy inhabitants. Wearied, at length, with the monotony of a scene in which he could take no delight, he pants for the society which he once enjoyed on earth. "Where are the learned men who have come from earth?" he asks; "I have often held delightful intercourse with them below, when viewing the works of creation. May I not see some of them again?" "Certainly," replied the attendant angel. "Come with me, and I will speedily bring you to them." They are quickly saluted by some pure ones, whose countenances bespeak high intelligence. Among them the newly-arrived recognizes one, with whom he had often mingled in society on earth. He had been a faithful minister of the Gospel, and had often, while engaged in his earthly ministrations, faithfully warned the spirit before him to flee from the wrath to come. A new thrill of joy pervades the soul of the devoted servant of God, as he beholds another of the fruits of his labors walking the streets of the New Jerusalem. He immediately commences extolling the love of God in Christ, in thus bringing rebels back to allegiance and happiness. Such a strain reaches the heart of the earth-born, and produces dismay.

"What!" he exclaims, "is the same theme here, too? I came here to converse with you on themes such as delighted us below—not on such a subject as that!" The servant of God shrinks from him with surprise. "If this grieves you," he replied, "nothing can give you pleasure here; for every object only reveals, in different ways, the same wisdom, power, and benevolence of God." In dismay, the stranger turns to his attendant, and exclaims, "Take me to the society of the polite and refined—take me to such society as I have been accustomed to on earth." "And what is refinement but purity?" asks the attendant spirit. "Those whom you seek are these same ones who stand, with uncovered heart, beneath the eye of God, yet look up to his face without fear—in whose bosoms every passing *thought* may be read, yet not a blush rise to the cheek, or one shrinking feeling lead them to draw away from God, or one another. If, with unveiled heart, you, too, can be happy among these, then ascend with me."

A sullen sigh of disappointment escapes from the throbbing breast of the unhappy stranger, as he shakes his head and retires. "Is this to be my eternity?" he pensively asks himself, as with slow step he departs from his attendant spirit. "All those scenes in which I found no delight on earth, constitute the chief employment of all the happy spirits here. Yes, they are happy in such scenes, and I can never be. Those scenes which gave me most pleasure on earth are all vanished. I can find no companion here. Even the music of this harp sounds grating on my ear."

From such a state of unhappy soliloquizing he is aroused by a company of celestial minstrels, breaking forth in the strain—"Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty! Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy." At this sound, the unhappy earth-born raises his head. But, O, what a view meets his eye! Before him stands the glorified Redeemer, in "celestial loveliness arrayed." His piercing eye is fastened intently upon him. His own inmost thoughts are read. A once freely offered, but rejected Savior, stands before him, with all the scrutinizing power of Omniscience. O, those searching eyes—that soul-piercing look—how it scorches and withers his soul. Kindness, pity, compassion, and justice, all seem blended in that thought-reading—sin-hating—transfixing gaze. He would flee—but cannot. There he must remain, and await his doom. A moment's pause—the sentence is pronounced—and the angelic harp, and unwelcome song, and employments of heaven, are gladly exchanged for the gratings of the prison-house, and the wail of perdition; for God himself has spoken it: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Original.  
NIGHT.

BY MRS. DUMONT.

The gathering night  
Is stealing softly on, to rule the hour  
With dusky robe, and gems of pure, pale light,  
And many a ministry of voiceless power;  
With gorgeous train the regal day hath past—  
Another way is o'er us to be cast—  
She comes like dark Sultana from her bower.

The quiet night!  
Stilling with viewless weight the roar of life,  
Labor's deep din, and action's fierce delight,  
And earth's wide jar, and myriad sounds of strife.  
How the hush'd air fills with the calm intense,  
As awed by her serene magnificence,  
While through the heavens her kindling lamps  
grow rife.

The silent night!  
Shedding soft coolness o'er life's heated tide,  
Even as the dews, poured with her misty light  
That give new freshness to faint nature wide;  
So on the throbbing heart, and burning brain,  
As on she moves amid her vestal train,  
Her balm descends like showers on Hermon's side.

The slumb'rous night!  
Shedding on worn and weary frames soft sleep—  
Bringing the beggar visions warm and bright—  
Curtaining his straw with her own shadows deep,  
And calling out from nature's chords around,  
Her many whispers of sweet lulling sound,  
The blessed seal on his closed eyes to keep.

The *changeful* night!  
For she hath sterner ministries than these:  
She comes not always with her stars bedight,  
Nor trailing Summer's floating incense wreaths,  
Nor with the tender gleam of summer hues,  
Nor the still-dropping of her stealthy dews,  
Nor low, soft sighs, like those that young love  
breathes.

She hath other train!  
Blackness and rushing storms attend her sway—  
Wild dancing lights, exulting in her reign,  
And lurid fires, round her pavilion play;  
While the deep measure of the winds afar,  
Mingling their rush with the loud thunder's jar,  
Round their dark chambers holds its pealing way.

But night—deep night—  
Owes not the pomp of storms her awful power—  
'Mid all her beauty, when her starry light  
O'er earth and sea falls like a silvery shower,

Through her long watches gathers fearful gloom—  
A breathing sense of mystery, and the tomb  
Through all her realm, deepening her softest hour—

A language traced  
By her dark shadows, 'mid her wide repose,  
Whispering of *sleep*, by heavier chain embraced  
Than that *she* links at day's recurring close—  
A dreamless rest no matin sound shall break,  
Though *all* glad sounds with morning's call  
awake,  
And day's broad radiance o'er the slumberer glows.

Prophetic night!  
Yet, while she breathes of death, before her shrine,  
The spirit, drinking her unearthly light,  
Draws, of its own immortal nature, sign;  
For its awed depths swift ecstasies o'erweep—  
Revealings of the beautiful—too deep  
For its full grasp, yet speaking it divine.

As gleams of sight,  
With brief, bright flash, poured on the imperfect eye,  
Leaving sad yearnings for the glorious light,  
Witness the power of its veiled faculty;  
So the soul's lightning glance, its fitting sense  
Of splendors, for its vision too intense,  
Give token of its place of birth on high.

O, holy night!  
Awful in strength—in beauty strangely fair—  
Priestess of Him who filled thine urns with light,  
And of whose effluence all thy glories are—  
What temple is like thine—o'ershadowing earth—  
And where, 'mid songs that with the stars had  
birth,  
Thou callest all its living throngs to prayer?

—•••••

Original.

TO A DEPARTED SAINT.  
AND thou art gone to thy long resting place,  
No more on earth to meet love's fond embrace—  
No more to hold communion with thy friends;  
For here, alas! all love—all friendship ends.  
And thou art gone! yes, gone from toil and care—  
From all that mortals know, or feel, or bear—  
Gone to the lonely, quiet shades of death—  
In peaceful slumbers yielded up thy breath.  
No more shall tears of grief each other chase  
Adown thy time-bleached, and thy care-worn face;  
For now, with thee, all tears—all griefs are o'er—  
Nor pain, nor sorrow e'er shall reach thee more.  
How tranquil now thy once so anxious breast!  
How calm thy sleep! how undisturbed thy rest!  
And thou wilt rest till Christ shall say, "Arise!  
Come home! come to thy dwelling in the skies!"  
And then thy scattered dust shall re-unite,  
And thou, all pure, shalt dwell with him in light.

ELLEN.

Original.

## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN BRAZIL.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Landing at the Palace Square—The Crowd—Buildings—Rua Direita—Coffee Carriers—African Songs—Cries—Plaçã do Commercio—Alfandega—Post Office—National Flag.

THE stranger, in whatever way he may have arrived in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, usually lands in a small boat at the Largo do Paço or palace square. At flood tide the waters of the bay dash and foam against the stone parapet, which at this point marks their limit, with a violence that enables one to appreciate the granite stairs upon which he may set foot, while the boat is held fast along side. At various other places of landing, the passenger must expect to be indebted to a ride through the surf on the shoulders of his boatmen, or to receive a wetting in attempting to jump on shore. Of docks there are none, nor any semblance of our usual facilities for bringing vessels into connection with the shore, save in some recent fixtures for the steam ferry-boats, which ply between the city and Nitheroy on the opposite side of the bay. Coasting steamers, merchant vessels, and men-of-war, lie at anchor in the stream.

At the palace square, the stranger finds himself surrounded by a throng as diverse in habits and appearance, and as variegated in complexion and costume, as his fancy ever pictured. The majority of the crowd are Africans, who collect around the fountains to obtain water, which flows perpetually from a score of pipes, and which is caught in tubs or barrels and borne off upon the heads of both males and females. The slaves go universally bare-footed, but some of them are gaily dressed. Their sociability, when congregated at these resorts, is usually extreme; but sometimes it ends in differences and blows. To prevent disorders of this kind, soldiers are generally stationed near the fountains, who are pretty sure to maintain their authority over the unresisting blacks. At certain hours of the day, great numbers of citizens and foreign residents walk out in the Largo do Paço, to enjoy a look down the bay and the refreshing coolness of the sea-breeze. A guard of soldiers usually stands in front of the palace, which is a heavy building, exhibiting the old Portuguese style of architecture. It was long used as a residence by the Viceroy, and for a time by Don John VI., but is now appropriated to various public offices, and contains a suite of rooms in which court is held on gala days. Not unfrequently an imperial coach makes its appearance here, whose galloping guards and out-riders produce a sensation in the crowd of a different species from that caused by a desire to

see its inmates. The buildings at the rear of the palace square, were all erected for ecclesiastical purposes. The oldest was a Franciscan convent, but has long since been connected with the palace, and used for secular purposes. The old chapel remains, but has been superseded in popularity as well as splendor by the imperial chapel, which stands at its right. Adjoining the imperial chapel is that of the third order of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is daily open. In apartments at the rear of this edifice, is the public and national library.

The streets of the city are generally quite narrow, and paved with stones of a large form. The unevenness with which these stones are laid, causes great jarring of carriages. The houses seldom exceed three stories in height, but nearly all are occupied as dwellings. Even in streets chiefly devoted to business, the first floors only are appropriated to the storage and display of goods; while families reside above. Granite is the material of which nearly all the edifices are constructed. The outside walls, however, are not laid up with hewn blocks, but with finer and irregular fragments, cemented together and coated without by plastering. The color is almost invariably white, and glistens in the sun in powerful contrast with the red earthen tiling of the roofs.

Passing out of the Largo do Paço to the right, we enter the rua Direita, which is the widest and most important street of the city, running nearly parallel to the shore of the bay, on which the city fronts. Nothing can be more animated and peculiar, than the scenes which are witnessed here during the business hours of the day. These are governed by the regulations of the custom-house and consulado, and extend from nine A. M. till two P. M. During these hours only, vessels are permitted to discharge and receive their cargoes, and at the same time all business at the public offices must be transacted. Consequent upon these arrangements, the utmost activity is required to remove the goods dispatched at the custom-house, and to embark those productions of the country, which are daily required in the transactions of a vast commercial emporium. When the reader, moreover, is told that all this labor is performed by human hands; that scarcely a cart or a dray is used in the city for such purposes—unless, indeed, it be drawn by negroes, as, for the heavier burdens, a few are—he will be prepared to figure before his mind some scores of negroes moving, with loads upon their heads, in every direction. The coffee carriers usually go in troops, numbering ten or twenty individuals, of whom one takes the lead and is called the captain. These are usually the largest and strongest men that can be found. While at work they seldom wear any other garment than

a pair of short pantaloons. Their shirt is thrown aside, for the time, as an incumbrance. Each one takes a bag of coffee upon his head, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and when all are ready they start off on a measured trot, which soon increases to a rapid run. As one hand is sufficient to steady the load, several of them frequently carry musical instruments in the other, resembling children's rattle-boxes. These they shake to the double-quick time of some Ethiopian ditty, which they all join in singing as they run. Music has a powerful effect in exhilarating the spirits of the negro, and certainly no one should deny him the privilege of softening his hard lot, by producing the harmony of sounds, which are sweet to him, however uncouth to other ears. It is said, however, that an attempt was at one time made to secure greater quietness in the streets, by forbidding the negroes to sing. As a consequence, they performed little or no work, so the restriction was, in a short time, taken off. Certain it is, that they now avail themselves of their vocal privileges at pleasure, whether in singing and shouting to each other as they run, or in proclaiming to the people, the various articles they carry about for sale. The impressions made upon the stranger, by the mingled sound of a hundred voices falling upon his ear at once, is not soon forgotten.

The *Piaça do Commercio*, or exchange, occupies a prominent position in the *rua Direita*. This building, formerly a part of the custom-house, was ceded by government for its present purposes in 1834. By means of considerable expense, it was modernized and beautified, so that it now presents an aspect quite in contrast with the antique structures by which it is surrounded. It contains a reading-room, supplied with Brazilian and foreign newspapers, and is subject to the usual regulations of such an establishment in other cities. Beneath its spacious portico, the merchants of eight or nine different nations meet each other in the morning, to interchange salutations and to negotiate their general business.

Adjoining the *Piaça* is the public entrance of the *Alfandega*, or custom-house—an institution which most travelers in foreign countries have occasion to remember. The vast warehouses of this establishment extend quite to the sea-side, upon which conveniences are constructed for landing goods under cover. Once out of boats or lighters, they are distributed and stored in respective departments, until a requisition is formally made for their examination and dispatch. That troublesome delays should occasionally occur, in the dispatch of goods and baggage, is not surprising, to any one acquainted with the tedious formalities which the laws require; nor would it be strange, among the host of *empregados* or sub-officers connected with the estab-

lishment, upon very limited pay, that some are occasionally found, who will embarrass your business at every step, until their favor is conciliated by some direct or indirect appropriation of money to their benefit. Most of the large commercial houses have a dispatching clerk, whose especial business it is to attend upon the *Alfandega*; and the stranger, who is unaccustomed to the language and customs of the country, will always avoid much inconvenience by obtaining the services of one of these. If he does not then succeed to his liking, his only remedy will be "*ter paciencia*," to have patience. From my own experience in passing books and baggage through the different custom-houses of Brazil, I am prepared to say, that a person who understands and endeavors to conform to the laws of the country, may expect, in similar circumstances, to meet with kind treatment and all reasonable accommodations. Should he succeed in getting through the *Grande Portam Rio*, about the time that huge door is being closed up for the day, he will witness a lively scene. Boxes, bales, and packages, of every species of goods, cases of furniture, pipes of liquor, and coils of rope, lie heaped together in a confusion only equaled by the crowd of clerks, feitors, and negroes, who block up the whole of the *rua Direita* in their rush to obtain possession of their several portions, and in their vociferations to hasten the removal of their merchandize.

In the same street, and near by the *Portam da Alfandega*, is the *Correio Geral*, or general post-office. You enter by a large vestibule with a stone floor, which is occupied by several soldiers, who frequently lie in a very unmilitary posture, on the benches around the sides of the apartment. A flight of stairs conducts you to the second floor, from which you may enter on the left the offices of the national bank and treasury. On the right, behind a high counter, are the letters and newspapers of the post-office distributed—not in boxes, according to alphabetical order, but in heaps, according to the places from which they have come. On the sides of the room are hung numerical lists of names, arranged under the head of *cartas de Minas, de S. Paulo, &c.* The foreign letters, with the exception of those belonging to certain mercantile houses, who pay an annual subscription to have their letters sent them, are generally thrown together promiscuously, and he who comes first has the privilege of looking over the whole mass, and selecting such as belong to himself or his friends. Although in such a method of letter delivery there is an apparent liability to frequent mistakes, yet, in my own experience, mistakes or loss of letters seldom or never occurred. Charges for postage are moderate. It sometimes happens, however, that books or packages, which ought to have passed through the custom-house, find their way to the

post-office, and then the expense is extravagant. If the person is dissatisfied with the amount charged, he can appeal to the decision of the Inspector General, to whose office he will be conducted, through several apartments, in the rear of the office of delivery. When the sum to be paid is fixed, the person to whom the parcel belongs must take it, or expect to receive nothing more from the office until he does. In general, the civilities which a person will receive at the post-office of Rio de Janeiro, are in happy contrast with the sullen and boorish indifference often met with in the post-offices of the United States.

The transmission of mails throughout the country, is slow and unfrequent, being performed on horse-back or by foot-carriers. The larger mails are sent and received by vessels on the coast. The inland mails to the distant provinces, depart once in five days, and return at corresponding intervals.

In all the public offices of Brazil, the visitor will be struck with one arrangement, as being in peculiarly good taste. Owing to the warmth of the climate, there is no necessity for closed doors; but, on the other hand, ventilation is desirable. Hence, each door is hung with a screen of green cloth, bearing the imperial coat of arms, and resembling the national flag. This emblem is decidedly beautiful. It exhibits an armillary sphere of gold on a cross of the order of Christ, surrounded by a circle of stars, in silver, representing the different provinces of the empire. The back ground is an escutcheon surmounted by the imperial crown, and supported by a wreath from the coffee tree and the tobacco plant, to indicate the commercial riches of the country. No people more enthusiastically admire their flag than do the Brazilians, and their respect for it seems to increase with its daily exhibition, either suspended in the manner described, or floating over their forts and vessels. This flag has not seldom been the theme of poetic inspiration, as, for example, in the following verse of an ode on the accession of the young emperor Don Pedro II.

"Troal canhoens! trombetas bellicosas  
Tangel! rufal tambores!  
Nos ares, auri-verdes estandartes,  
Radiantes tremulem."

Let the tambors ring and the cannons thunder,  
Let the trumpets sound with a warlike roar;  
As the gold and green of the nation's standard,  
Are waving aloft on the tremulous air.

#### INCONSISTENT.

WHAT strange servants some Christians are! always at work for themselves, and never doing any thing for him whom they call Master! And what subjects! ever desiring to take the reins of government into their own hands.

Original.

#### DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

YE come, O! ye bright and ye beautiful band,  
To wake up pure thoughts in the heart;  
From the place where ye dwell, in the shadowy  
land,  
Ye come but as quickly depart.  
Like the soft breath of even, ye steal o'er the soul,  
And ye tread all the mazes which thought can  
control.

Ye come, beauteous visions, as light as the air,  
As soft and as silent as sleep,  
And smiles linger too on the cheek of despair,  
The mourner e'en ceases to weep,  
When the scenes which ye wake burst at once on  
the view,  
And the hopes of the future all pass in review.

Ye banish all sorrows, ye dry all our tears,  
Ye bury all thoughts of the past,  
And hush to repose all the promptings of fear,  
But die as a voice on the blast.  
O, ye came, yet like phantoms, ye bright, happy  
throng,  
And the music of spirits was heard in your song.

Ye came on the moonbeams; the voice of the  
streams  
Such music as yours can supply:  
For words such as those that we hear in our dreams,  
The children of fancy, soon die;  
And those sounds seem to flow from that long  
sought for strand,  
Which we oft call our home, in the bright spirit-  
land.

Sleep's blissful companions, how oft have I seen  
Your forms with the spirit's own eye,  
While treading the halls of my thoughts, you have  
been  
Like beings too lovely to die;  
And I've thought in such moments my spirit was  
free,  
And beheld the bright land where its home soon  
shall be.

#### THE RAINBOW.

I KNOW that each moment of rapture or pain,  
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;  
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,  
May pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave,  
Yet O, when death's shadows my bosom becloud,  
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and  
shroud,  
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit in fold  
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Original.

## MY COLLEGE CLASS-MATE.

BY PRESIDENT COLLINS.

"SHALL we walk awhile?" said I, to a very dear and intimate friend, as we sallied forth from our last daily recitation, one fine autumnal evening, in October, 183-. The proposition was acceded to; and heartily glad to escape from the toils and confinement of study, we started out, not knowing whither, and having no other object in view than to enjoy the beauties of a most lovely landscape, and revive our somewhat drooping spirits, by inhaling the soft yet exhilarating atmosphere of one of the sweetest evenings I remember ever to have seen. There is something in the communings of the soul with the loveliness of nature, which infuses a holy influence. We cannot look upon the various works of God—the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime—and notice how infinite benevolence is interwoven with every condition and circumstance of our being, without feeling a mysterious, yet holy eloquence, come up from the scenes around; and we return from the sacred lessons thus inculcated, feeling that we are both happier and better men. The sympathies of the soul become tuned in harmony with the thousand voices which speak around us—the ruffled temper is soothed into quietude—the clamors of soul-corroding care are unconsciously hushed, and the turbulence of passion, we can hardly tell how, feels itself rebuked as if in the presence of holier influences.

Our walk was in the midst of one of the loveliest of New England's many lovely scenes. The suburban way, on which is situated the Wesleyan University—over which institution, at that time, preided one of the noblest Christian spirits, as well as elegant scholars, which the Methodist Church in America has ever produced, but who has now gone to his eternal reward—overlooks one of the most charming cities of that land of the Pilgrims. Its beautiful white houses, of neat and tasteful architecture, intermingled with so plentiful a variety of forest trees, present a fine instance of the *rus in urbe*, so delightful to the eye of taste, and always so refreshing to the soul. Far below, on their ocean-ward journey, danced the clear waters of the majestic Connecticut, glittering in the bright sun of that October sky, and sweeping around as if they loved to linger in the soft bosom of those merry green hills. Far in the distance, on all sides round, rose an amphitheatre of hills and gently swelling mountains, spotted with beautiful farms, and crowned with their woody crests, rising tier above tier, and stretching away till they seemed to cut the azure canopy of heaven.

My companion was of a thoughtful, melancholy

temper—of sincere and ardent piety, and exquisite sensibility to all the finer shades of beauty, either of nature or art. He was born and had passed his earlier years among the grand and picturesque scenery of the Green Mountains. His youth had been one of remarkable interest and vicissitude, spent as a missionary teacher among the Indians of Upper Canada. There, by his ready perception of character, the facility with which he accommodated himself to their rude habits of life, and his superior qualifications—obtained, while yet so young, by the energies of his own self-instructing mind—he had won largely upon the affections of these stern children of the forest, and acquired great influence over them while yet a boy. Through difficulties, which would have daunted for ever a mind of less energy, and with delicate health, he had pursued his preparatory studies at Potsdam and Cazenovia, New York, and now, at the age of twenty-two, had come, along with many other youthful, yet devoted sons of the Church, to enjoy the advantages of our then infant university. Reared thus in familiar intercourse with nature, his glowing imagination was delicately alive to all that is tender and beautiful, as well as bold and sublime, in the works of God. Every thing in the scenery around us, on that evening—ever memorable in the annals of friendship—was calculated to awaken such emotions; and as we pursued our rambles toward the setting sun, often did his excited feelings burst forth in strains of pious and poetic fervor, which would have done no discredit to a Brainerd's head or heart:

"The sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,  
The melody of woods, and winds, and waters,"

were all so many incentives to pious contemplation; and he loved, by the ladder of faith, thus to climb through nature up to nature's great Architect.

Suddenly we came to an old burial ground, where sleeps the sacred dust of hundreds of the early dwellers of that land. Who could pass by such a spot, and not feel his lighter thoughts and gayer feelings rebuked, as if in the presence of the dead? It always seems to me as if the spirits of the departed were lingering in such mournful places, to guard their mouldering ashes, and to whisper some sad *memento mori* in the ear of the vagrant school-boy, or careless visitor, who dares to intrude upon their sacred realm. The solemn sound of the wind, as in fitful gusts it wanders by, or sighs, through the trees and the long grass, its sad monody to the dead, strikes upon the imagination like a spirit's voice, and whispers, "Thou too must die." We paused to look upon the various monuments which affection had erected to those who had gone. Alas, how futile our attempts to rescue from oblivion even the *names* of those we love and honor here.



A few years pass away, and they fade from the page of memory. A few years more, and the deeply chiseled marble, worn by the destroying elements, no longer tells its tale to the passer by. Here was sleeping before us the gray-haired sire of the olden time, who, with lion heart and valiant hand, had done battle nobly for his wife and little ones, against the savage Mohicans, the stern and cruel aboriginal possessors of that proud land. Here, also, as we saw by the fresh made mound, was the tender infant, which the heart-broken mother had just laid down in its long resting place, and with anguish of spirit had returned to her now desolate home. The youth of tender years was there, and the man of middle life—the faithful soldier of Christ, and the stout-hearted scorners of Redeeming love—all the grim trophies of the monster death—all undistinguished in their narrow houses, yet we doubted not that the faithful were safely garnered in the memory of Christ. 'Twas sad to look upon such a scene. 'Twas sad to think that such was the end of all human expectations. Sadder still would have been the heart, had not hope been there with the sweet assurance, that from many of these humble mounds, beneath which lay hid the repulsive remnants of festering mortality, there should ere long go up the sainted spirit, clothed with angelic vestments, and crowned with immortality and eternal life.

What wonder then, as we wandered by this scene so fruitful of melancholy reflection, that our conversation, just now the mere overflowings of buoyant and cheerful spirits, should give way to intenser feeling, and we pass on in silence? At length resumed my friend, with an abruptness which showed whither his thoughts had been straying, "I don't know, C., why it is, but I have often thought, since I came to M., that this will be the last chapter in my life, and that I shall lay my bones here upon the cold banks of the Connecticut; but"—and here he paused, his voice trembled with emotion, and his whole manner was indicative of an intense struggle within—"if thus it pleases God"—he paused again, as if the thought were too big for utterance—"I can say, 'not my will but thine, O God, be done.'" The deep and solemn feeling with which these words were uttered, and the pious resignation which they expressed—knowing as I did, how ardently he had toiled for the benefits of a liberal education, and that the consummation of his wishes was now so near—convinced me that H. was a Christian of no ordinary piety, and that his spirit had been in close and holy communion with God, while we were lingering around that place of graves. Little did I think that these solemn words were so full of prophecy, or that the solemn prophecy would be so soon fulfilled.

A half mile further brought us to the summit of

Indian Hill, a beautiful eminence, from which, on all sides, the prospect was most extensive and delightful. The sun, which thus far had been riding through a cloudless sky, was just sinking in the west. But now, a thin, fleecy cloud seemed to diffuse itself suddenly far over the western horizon, and to shoot high up toward the zenith. On this the solar king, shorn of his intenser rays by the vapors of evening, was painting a thousand fantastic hues, which art can neither imitate nor language describe. Above him was a circle of brilliant scarlet, which softened, in the distance, into the most beautiful vermilion. This again melted away, first into the deep blush of the rose, and then the delicate hues of the lilac, the most soft and spirit-like I ever beheld. Beyond this was a pure apple green, which gradually subsided into the gorgeous purple, and then the azure blue—all so characteristic of the Indian summer, the evening skies of which are no where else so splendid as in New England.

"Do you notice that rich lilac tint, so exquisitely soft and delicate?" said H., pointing to the heavens.

"I was just admiring it," said I.

"That is precisely the tint to which I alluded, a few evenings ago, in my senior declamation," he replied, "when attempting to describe 'the consumptive.'"

"I remember the comparison perfectly, and thought it very happy and beautiful; but to whom did you refer?"

"To Miss —, of M.," he answered, "on whose death I also preached last Sabbath."

I forgot to inform the reader, that my friend was a licentiate preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During his senior year, thus far, he had stately ministered on the Sabbath, to a small parish, about five miles distant. Here he had deeply endeared himself to the small society for whom he labored, by his excellent spirit of piety, and the superior intellectual character of his ministrations. His heart was in the work. He loved nothing so well as to labor for God, and the salvation of immortal souls. His deep and growing piety, carried a living refutation to all of the objection so often raised, that college life and college learning are unfriendly to godliness. Indeed, he panted for nothing so much, as to be loosed from the bonds which yet bound him for a while, that he might give himself unreservedly to the service of his Divine Master.

"A few days before her death," he continued, "learning that her end was near, I called to see and converse with her, respecting her prospects for that spirit world, which it was obvious she soon must enter. I found her calm and composed—fully conscious of her situation. She was about eighteen years of age, and though on the very brink of the

grave, one of the most beautiful and lovely objects I ever beheld. So delicate—so frail—and the hectic flush of that ever flattering, yet cruel disease, shone so clear and beautiful through her almost transparent skin. Her sufferings, also, had chastened her naturally amiable temper into almost angelic sweetness. But all this loveliness was still more enhanced, by the meek and holy resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, with which she endured the insidious approaches of the awful messenger—death. Though just arrived at that interesting age, in which the young heart lays hold of life with its freshest and strongest affections, no murmur escaped her lips; and when she died—as she did before my next appointment in the neighborhood—I learned that her end was peaceful and glorious. She sweetly slept in Jesus. And what rendered this case still more affecting, she was the *third* sister who has died out of that family with the same disease, and all within one year!"

By this time the dews of night were falling around us, and we hastily returned to our rooms.

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A few days afterward, while engaged in preparing for an afternoon recitation, I was interrupted by a slight rap at the door. A friend opened it, and hastily informed me that, "if I wished again to see H. alive, I must go to his room immediately." A cold, indescribable shudder passed over me, as I arose and followed him. It was not unexpected, yet it was not expected so soon. I had been with him an hour before, and found him failing fast. On entering, he extended his cold, death-pale hand, and said, "I suppose you have heard what the physicians say respecting me?" "Yes," I replied, "yet I can't give up hope," although my heart smote me with the conviction, that medical aid had done its utmost without avail. It was obvious that his trembling spirit was about

"To join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long sought rest."

His feet were already cold, and had lost their sensibility. The chill waters of Jordan were already swelling around him, yet we did not think his end so near. In reply to the allusions which he had made to the decision of his physicians, I inquired, "Do you feel ready?" "If I did not," he answered, "it would be a poor time to prepare now." I could say nothing further, but sat on his bed-side and wept in silence. Though from the nature of his disease, his sufferings had been uncommonly great, no murmur escaped his lips. A holy, unshaken confidence in his Savior sustained him to the last. Though dying in a land of strangers, far from his surviving parent and friends, he expressed but one wish which could not be gratified: "Could it please God," said he, "I should like to see my father once more before I die." When thus hastily summoned

to his room again, I found that the approaches of death had been fearfully rapid. A crowd of friends—his fellow-students and the professors—were hanging, with sad and awful interest, over his bed. His manly form was evidently struggling with his last enemy. "More light," said he, in a faint whisper, as the darkness of death began to seal up his mortal vision. Presently he stretched out his hand, as if to catch at some thing above him—his eyes became fixed and glassy—a slight groan, and all was over. His emancipated spirit was with his God.

Many a heart ached that day, for never have I known an individual more universally beloved. To his intimate friends he was peculiarly dear; and when in solemn procession we carried, the next day, his lifeless body, and laid it beneath the cold clods of that same old burial ground, the remembrance of our recent walk, and the solemn presentiment which then hung upon his spirits, and which had hastened to so melancholy a fulfillment, awakened a gush of feeling which could not be restrained. A deeper gloom never pervaded any community, than what reigned throughout the college. We all felt that death had come very near, and with cruel lust, had taken our noblest spirit. Our brightest star had set. Yet, sweet and holy consolation mingled with our grief. Although his light was extinguished here, we felt that he had set like the morning star,

"Which goes not down behind the darkling west,  
But melts away in the pure light of heaven."

Though cut down in the morning of life, and the proud column of his lofty hopes thus prostrated and broken, he left behind him the sweet savor of a Christian name, which will not soon die from many hearts. Though his destiny seemed broken off in the midst, we doubted not that infinite Wisdom had called him to a higher sphere. And though his harp on earth was thus for ever silenced in death, we believe it is still attuned, in choral symphony, with those of the blood-washed myriads on high. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

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#### SIGNIFICANT HINTS.

Dost thou envy another's wealth? Be as industrious, as prudent, and as persevering as he, and then thou shalt find thy disorder gradually to abate, and finally entirely subside. Dost thou envy another for the beauty of her person? Study the philosophy of the eye, and then thou shalt learn that beauty lives only among the virtues, which is a sure antidote to the malignant poison of the disorder. Dost thou envy another's good name? Be as good, as just, as useful as he, and thy health shall be as fresh as the morning rose.

Original.

## CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.\*

BY L. D. M'CAE.

But the transcendent majesty of the Christian system, is exhibited in the development of the moral faculties. Upon the proper exercise of these depends the perfection of humanity, and the harmonious triumphs of society. Upon this point Christianity sheds her brightest rays, and pours her happiest effulgence. A disposition to love with supremacy, and serve with fervency, some object, is immovably imbedded in the soul. Hence, no age, no tribe, no nation, has failed to elevate some being, to whom they have paid divine honors. Reason decides, and facts confirm the decision, that the character of the worshiped will be thrown back upon that of the worshiper. This consequence cannot be avoided—it is as invariable as the attraction of steel by the magnet. Hence, the great point of weakness in all the systems of civilization, has been the inability to conceive of an object worthy the nature and the dignity of man. Had they been able, or disposed if able, to have presented to the world an objective being, in every way worthy of its supreme veneration and universal service, they then might have led on the race in the path of illimitable improvement; but, failing in the adjustment of this keystone of moral excellence, the loud acclamations of "grace—grace unto it," have never been shouted over the perfection of our nature. Many were the plans adopted, mighty the efforts made, and splendid the conceptions reared; but all of no avail—man still found himself cut from his moorings, driven by the winds, and dashed by the tempests.

For the purity of the affections, the exaltation of the character, and the peace of society, the object worshiped must be worthy of adoration. And no being is worthy of man's adoration that is not incomprehensible to his understanding. But his understanding can comprehend all that his imagination can conceive. Hence the utter impossibility that a conception should ever be reared, so infinitely removed from man, that toward it he might approximate for ever, gathering perfection and bliss at each succeeding step in his eternal journey. That would operate as a centre of gravity, to which the elements of society, and the faculties of humanity, would unerringly tend.

But when the last ray of hope is merged in the gloom of despair, a light streams from the "Star of Bethlehem," and Christianity presents a spiritual being, in every way worthy of man's affections and obedience—one infinite in wisdom

and power, justice and holiness—one to whom he was more nearly allied than to all else—one sustaining the commanding relations of Creator and Preserver, Benefactor and Redeemer—one ready to receive into his favor the most unhappy of the sons of misery, on the simple condition of penitence, and consecration of his powers to the highest interests of himself, his fellow, and the universe. Now, admitting that around the authenticity of the Christian system encircle the most impenetrable clouds, yet it must strike every mind as being philosophically the very principle to bind together the various elements of man, and of society. Let man fasten his affections to this conception—let him love and serve the God of Christianity—he is at once fired with a proper estimate of himself. Immediately spring up before him, for the first time in all his history, an object—a perfection—a good perfectly adapted to his nature. From the reveries of the dreamy past he is aroused by this thrilling discovery. The voice of authority salutes his delighted ear, urging him, by the most moving incentives, to the attainment of his destined home—to the possession of these blessed realities. *The beams of perfection, irradiating from the centre, throw their hallowing influence over the soul. A conquering energy falls upon every element of society.*

With this incomprehensible divinity at our head, whose hand we see grasping the peaceful resultant of the capacities of every man—binding it to society—grasping the resultant of society—attaching it to civilization, and the ship directed to that point so earnestly craved by human nature, can any one doubt that we are driving right on to the confines of perfection?

The destiny of man is two-fold—that of his existence on earth, and that of his being in a future state. The present being but an introduction to the future, there is an intimate connection between them. The nature and importance of the present can only be known from a knowledge of the nature and importance of the future. Man's destiny in this life will assume a form and dignity, corresponding to his conception of the future. If this conception be degraded, imperfect, or undefined, the present will partake of the same indefinite and debased character. Now, all the light which other systems have reflected upon the future has been misty and uncertain. But it is not possible that a more precise, refined, and ennobling state should ever be presented, than that portrayed by the Christian writers. They indissolubly bind together the present and the future, declaring that a realization of future perfection is suspended upon the accomplishment of the destiny in this world; that the least violation of the precepts of Christianity will not fail to meet us at some point in our

\* Concluded from page 116.

onward development, detracting from our happiness, and retarding our advancement to the goal of absolute perfection. Such views attach the greatest importance to the present life, offer the weightiest inducements to rectitude, and present the most exalted objects of pursuit. Skepticism may affirm that this rectitude has no foundation, and that these objects have no existence; but it cannot affirm that between them and human nature there is no fitness, or that the latter has no affinity for the former.

Society must be founded upon principles of right. But if right be arbitrary, or if it have no existence, society cannot exist, and, consequently, civilization is impossible. What then is right? At this point, too, the world has lost its way, and has formed as many conceptions of right as they have introduced objects of religious homage. Right, that is adapted to the character and condition of man, can have but one foundation. Remove it from that, and you introduce eternal fluctuations—you open the flood-gates of strife, and let the dark waters of contention pass over the fragrance of society. It is the character of the object worshiped that furnishes the idea of right. Now, the character of the divinity of the Christian system cannot be imitated without results the most pleasing upon the individual, and effects the most healthy and generous upon community. Right is made to take its resting place upon the changeless will of this exalted Sovereign. His will being the perfection of the universe, renders divinely sacred all individual and social rights; and the highest of his creatures dare not intercept the feeblest in their strugglings for the accomplishment of their destiny. Let this definition of right, which finds its echo in human nature, take possession of the race; then the splendid discovery, that man's highest and truest interest is attained by perfect devotion to the welfare of his fellow, bursts upon the astonished world. But this discovery only makes way for one still more vivid. Now the race appears as one stupendous whole, whose centre is sustained by the hand of Omnipotence; and, consequently, individual perfection is involved in the perfection of the whole.

This is one of the bright achievements of Christianity—a conquest over ignorance and darkness, that no other system ever has or ever could secure. But Christianity speaks the bright conception before us, and steadies it for our gaze. If that conception recede from our view, and be lost in mystery, farewell for ever to civilization. No other system has revealed the grand point of human weakness. The miseries, the failures, and the helplessness of man have been treasured up by the historian; but the severest minds have sought in vain for that invisible cause whose effects upon the stupendous

system of human destiny were so palpably dreadful. In every system of philosophy and morals there is a mighty chasm. The moralist presents the rules of action that would be applicable to beings who have not, like ourselves, experienced the paralyzing power of some unseen agent. Their want of application to man as we find him he is free to admit and lament; but the obstruction in the tide of human volitions that urges it from its destined channel, he does not see—he cannot comprehend. But Christianity marches to the point, grasps the difficulty, sheds light upon the cause, shows the commencement of its ravages, and proposes an efficient remedy. It declares that disobedience has separated between the soul and its Creator—that obedience is the only hook upon which man fastens his destiny. Remove the power of gravitation, and the universe is wrecked—planet dashes upon planet—system thunders against system in the wildest confusion; so take away the fastening to the throne of the Christian divinity, and the universe of mind is bestormed. Leaving its source of light and heat, it wanders on, far from its destined orbit, in ever-thickening darkness. This revelation accounts for the great disparity between the nature and the condition of man, opens a silver passage back to that eminence from which man has precipitated himself, and proffers assistance for the accomplishment of that for which he has been incapacitated by disobedience. This fact must be admitted—this cause must be discovered, and this remedy must be obtained, in order to perfect civilization.

History shows us that all the backsets civilization has met with, have arisen from a neglect of the principles of Christianity. Not a solitary instance of failure can be adduced, in which the principles and views involved were not diametrically opposed to the principles and views of Christianity. A careful examination of Egyptian and Assyrian, Persian and Carthaginian, Grecian and Roman, European and American civilization, must bring us to this conclusion. Unless there be a system that can perfectly develop, carrying along the development of man and of society, there can be no permanency of civilization. However perfect it may rise, it must give way to the introduction of some new theory, and shock at shock—change after change. Those great impediments of improvement will spot and make up the history of the future as it has that of the past. What mind, unmoved, could see civilization, now proudly careering onward, checked and driven back to the darkness of savage barbarity? The effects of such a shock would be more terribly awful than the journey of the mightiest earthquake from continent to continent. By admitting the total falsity of the Christian system, has it not been established

that its philosophy is indispensable to avoid these constant innovations? To it, and to it alone, is the world indebted for all definite notions of human destiny—from it, and from it alone, has rolled the grand idea of personal responsibility—it, and it alone, has planted right upon its moveless base, and its arm alone has upturned the sublime truth that all men are equal.

These ideas are indispensable; consequently, our proposition is true. Then let the apostles of philanthropy rally around Christian philosophy. It alone has discovered that great chain of principles which, traced to its fastenings, will indissolubly bind together the wide-spread family of man. Upon this interesting topic the brightest stars in the intellectual firmament have shed their congregated splendors. Each new invention—every additional acquisition of one, has been treasured up by the succeeding generation. A mind has appeared in every age, whose mammoth power has collected the rays emanating from the history of the past, and cast them, with dazzling brightness, upon the civilization of his own time. But, until a lone stranger wandered from a distant world—a pitying messenger—and scattered the true principles of civilization, man, to himself, was the greatest enigma—his origin he knew not—his condition he could not understand—his destiny he was unable to conjecture, and society was as the angry twistings of the rolling cataract.

Having shown that to Christianity we are indebted for the fundamental principles of civilization, pleasing would be the task, and rich the reward of tracing out and comparing the legitimate consequences flowing from these principles with those of any other system. One example from the many must suffice. Every other system that has appeared in the world has intentionally degraded one half the human family, and that half the mothers of the whole. They have thrown up mountain barriers across their pathway to perfection—they have denied them access to the fountains of improvement—they have plucked them from their destined sphere, and settled upon them the densest darkness. But Christianity snatches them from the noon of horror—makes them the companions, the counselors, sustainers, and equals of man—irradiates them with responsibility, intelligence, and immortality—adorns them with modesty, submission, and obedience. O, Christianity! Christianity! whether thou hast taken thy birth-place on the celestial plains or not, thine is the work of mercy. Our advancement and thy prosperity are inseparable. Whether death be an eternal sleep or not, in thee centre the world's hopes of perfection. Let not the inveteracy of man's hatred, bent on his own ruin, drive thee from this wandering province of Jehovah's dominions.

Original.

## HOLINESS.—NO. III.

—  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES BY THE WAY."

—  
"Will thou be made whole?"  
—

AND now may my beloved R., indeed, with the Father of the faithful, be permitted to make a sacrifice of all her heart holds dear to God! May she, notwithstanding these shrinkings of the flesh, prove the willingness of her spirit in the sight of God, angels, and men, by now laying all upon the altar!

Is your heart saying, "I cannot apprehend the altar as near?" Take the sword of the Spirit and drive away this apprehension; for "it is nigh thee." There is no intervening distance between you and Christ. The righteousness which is of faith speaketh in this wise, "Say not in thine heart who shall ascend to heaven; that is, to bring Christ down from above; or who shall descend into the deep; that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead." You have already observed that Christ hath set *himself* apart as the altar wherunto he designs that all his redeemed ones should come, and, by virtue of the altar upon which the offering is laid, become his *peculiar* people, zealous of good works. You are one of the dear disciples for whom he prayed when on earth, and he is now assuringly saying expressly to you, "For *your* sake I sanctify myself, that you may be sanctified through the truth."

And now what is wanting but that you, as a worker together with him, perform the work assigned you? Perhaps you may have, in part, forgotten your holy calling. It is the design of God that you should now, with the hallowed company of the redeemed, begin the everlasting song, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and *priests* unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." May you now, in spirit, apprehend the vocation wherewith you are called! You are of God's *royal priesthood*! Will you now enter fully and actually into the work required by virtue of the relation which you now sustain to God? It is now your *duty* to offer up spiritual sacrifices. The *offering* to be presented is as *near* to you as is the altar upon which it is to be laid. The description of sacrifice now required at your hand, is found in Romans xii, 1. It reads thus: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"*By the mercies of God!*" What an argument is that! O, can thine heart resist? Hear and obey, I beseech you. This moment present thyself "a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, unto God."

Original.

## THE SUFFERER RELEASED.

—  
BY MRS. HAMLINK.—  
"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."  
—

THE object of Christian biography is not to throw attractions round the sinner, but to illustrate the efficacy of the cross, and the glory of its Divine victim. And if, in the blindness of our natural love, we should swerve from this intention, how would our glorified friends reprove us; yea, and weep, could there be tears in heaven. They sing, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, unto Him be glory." This, we doubt not, is now the song of her whose brief career we are about to sketch; and in the spirit of this language, we are happy to present to the notice of the reader another "sinner saved by grace." If in this "young disciple" we find fewer faults, and more virtues, than are often found in those of her age—if in her protracted sufferings she was patient and cheerful—if in sickness she was weaned from earth, and made ready for heaven, let all the praise be given to Him who sanctified her through affliction. For God is the author of every pious emotion in every human heart.

Elizabeth Elstner was born in Moscow, a small town on the Ohio river, in the year 1823. In her infancy her parents removed to this city, where they still reside. In early childhood, she exhibited not only a great degree of filial affection and obedience, but also, strong indications of piety toward God. Before seven years of age she became the subject of religious convictions, and expressed a desire to unite with the Church of Christ. To this her parents objected, supposing it to be a mere impulse of the moment, and that she was too young to retain her impressions, or perseveringly to pursue a religious course.

Sometime after this she was attacked with scrofula, in a most painful form; and for many weary months was wasted to a skeleton by this fearful disease. Upon partial recovery she was again found at the house of God; and as soon as an invitation was given, rose, and went to her father to ask his permission to offer herself as a "probationer." The urgent manner in which she presented her request induced him to comply, and she proceeded alone to the altar—then in her ninth year.

Sometime during the following year a protracted meeting was held at Wesley Chapel, at which Elizabeth had another opportunity of publicly evincing the firmness of her resolution to be a Christian. Mrs. E. was confined at home by illness, but

Elizabeth, pressing her way through, presented herself among the "mourners," and there received the witness of the Spirit that her sins were pardoned. She returned home rejoicing, and falling on her knees beside her mother's bed, clasped her hands, and with loud praises proclaimed the love of her Redeemer.

She was strongly attached to the Sabbath school, and during her whole life continued in it, first as pupil, and then as teacher; never absenting herself, except when compelled by feeble health.

She early commenced a religious superintendence of her brothers and sisters, praying with them, and reading the Bible to them, and selecting portions of that holy book for them to commit to memory. It was also her custom to desire each of them to select a verse from the chapter read by her father at family prayer, and learn, and recite it to her; and such was her affectionate influence over them, that they delighted to perform the tasks she assigned them. Her younger brothers and sisters were members of the children's class, led by Mr. Wm. Neff, on Sabbath afternoon, at W— C—, at which it is the usage for each one to recite a verse from the Bible, expressive of his own feelings. In this she took a deep interest; watching carefully that no class, and no duty of the class, were neglected.

At school she was an example of propriety. Her affectionate and respectful deportment won the esteem of her teachers, and her amiable and discreet manners secured the confidence and love of her companions. Here the natural firmness of her character, and the strength of her attachment to the cause of her Savior, were displayed in a manner worthy the imitation of all who may be placed in circumstances like hers.

She completed her education at a school which was attended by many who were quite unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Church of her choice; and by the more thoughtless of these, she was often rallied on the subject of her attendance upon places of worship of which they knew nothing correctly, save the name. But E. was as unflinching in her integrity as she was uncompromising in her course. When asked if she would attend a class meeting, she would reply, "Certainly, I do attend them;" and then proceed to speak of their interest and utility—manifesting no mortification for the profession she had made; nor shrinking to acknowledge her attachment to those institutions which she believed to be of Divine appointment, how contemptible soever they might appear to the view of "the world."

The religious tone of her compositions was also a subject of remark in the school; but nothing daunted at this, she "pursued the even tenor of her way;" and, in glancing over her numerous

efforts of this kind, I observe comparatively few in which the subject dear to her heart is not introduced. In some the theme chosen is strictly religious; in others a theme in itself moral, or grave, is made to terminate in expressions of gratitude to God.

In her books of school compositions, commencing with the year 1837, the following are a few of the subjects chosen: "Promises of Religion to the Young; Close of Life; The Holy Scriptures; Busy Idleness; The Ten Talents; A Providence Visible in every Country of the World; Palestine; Reflections on the Works of God; Scene in the Holy Land; The Prodigal Son; Christ Walking on the Sea of Galilee." In dwelling on themes taken from the Bible, her method was to sketch the scene in her own language, and then to add such reflections as it awakened in her mind. In some instances, she appears to have selected a subject and treated it expressly with reference to the improvement of her companions. Several of these are written in the style of a conversation held with her friend Narcissa. There is, also, an address to Narcissa in verse, which is here introduced:

"TO NARCISSA.

"Life, now, dear friend, to thee seems sweet,  
 'And golden hopes thy fancy greet.'  
 Thy pathway now seems strewed with flowers,  
 And hap'ly pass thy sunshine hours:  
 Thy eye, as yet, shines clear and bright:  
 Not lost amid the gloom of night;  
 And o'er thy brow no trace we find,  
 Of grief's sad impress on thy mind.  
 Thus may thy days glide sweetly on,  
 Unruffled by a single storm;  
 And with delight mayst thou behold  
 Approaching bliss, to thee untold.  
 This bliss, dear friend, doth not consist  
 In pleasures which do scarce exist,  
 Till time, or age, or other cause,  
 Commands obedience to her laws;  
 But it is found in heaven above,  
 The purchase of a Savior's love.  
 Then let it be our highest aim  
 This joy to seek—this bliss to gain.                      LITTLE."

Among her papers is, also, found "The Golden Rule," copied in her own hand, bearing date December 22, 1836. Her mother remarks, that this blessed precept of pure and hallowed charity prescribed by the Savior, seemed to be emphatically the rule of her life. She evidently strove to keep it in her mind, and carefully regard it in her intercourse with others; and not only do her parents testify, greatly to her praise, that her "feet with swift obedience did move" in acts of submission to their expressed will, and of kindness to her friends, but, also, that she was ever ready to bear supplies of food and clothing to the needy. Of this we might specify some affecting instances; and often was she seen hastening across the street in pursuit of "the blind beggar" (a person well known

by that appellation) who used to pass that way, to slip into her hand the gift of charity.

Mrs. M.,\* well known to many in this city as one who for many years sustained the keen blightings of adversity with Christian resignation, was an object of deep interest to Elizabeth. She was accustomed to visit Mrs. M. in her afflictions, and has left the following tribute of affection for her, written shortly after her death. Little did she then expect so soon to follow the sufferer to glory: "THOUGHTS ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF AN AGED FRIEND AND CHRISTIAN.

"'The memory of the dead is blessed.' How true it is, and how natural it seems, that all enmity should find a resting place this side of the grave—that strife and malice should repose within the cold tomb of oblivion. Yes, even the most desperate of mankind, (let his character have been ever so sullied and blackened with crime,) in the grave finds, in some degree, a hiding place. A religious awe restrains our feelings, and forbids us to speak censuringly of the departed. And then, if we thus hallow the memory of the sinner, with what delight, what ecstasy, should we dwell on the life and death of the Christian. Well do I remember our departed friend, Mrs. M. Affliction had strewed her path with sorrow; but religion, *vital* religion, had elevated her far above the ills of life; and though destined to breathe the breath of mortality, her happy spirit seemed continually rejoicing in the hope of one day bidding adieu to earth, and soaring to mansions of heavenly rest.

"Never shall I forget the first time I saw her. Even then her frame, weak with age and disease, seemed tottering on the threshold of the grave; and yet—O! what a lesson—yet, amidst threatening disease, infirm old age, and the sufferings

\* It was the privilege of the writer to visit this afflicted saint a few times, and to witness her glorying in tribulation, and the holy joy with which she hailed the approach of dissolution. In addition to entire poverty, her heavenly Father saw fit to send her extreme and long protracted personal suffering. But he gave her power to triumph over all. It was her custom to throw her emaciated arms around us, and with tears of gratitude, to thank us for any little kindnesses we bestowed upon her, and to exhort and *entreat* us to meet her in heaven. On one occasion, we asked her if she enjoyed "perfect love?" She replied, "Yes, I have enjoyed it the last six months." And then, with streaming eyes raised to heaven, she proceeded, in the language of ecstasy, to tell us how, at the commencement of that period, she had resigned herself wholly to her Savior; and how he had taken possession of her heart, filling it with perfect peace—how she felt him ever with her; in the day time and in the night season communing with her, and making her to feel that "these light afflictions were working out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," while he enabled her to "look not at the things which are seen, and are temporal, but at the things which are not seen, and are eternal." She died as she had lived, proclaiming victory through the blood of the Lamb.

attending poverty, she wore a heavenly smile. How was it? Was it that she was insensible to the miseries which surrounded her? Impossible! for her feelings were the most delicate, the most sensitive. But her trust was in the Savior. From Him she drew comfort and consolation at *all* times; and thus her countenance was made to express the inward joy of her ever grateful and overflowing heart. Humility, too, was one of Mrs. M.'s most striking characteristics. But it were impossible for me to enumerate her many amiable and Christian-like graces; and I can only wish that, like our beloved and departed Mrs. M., I may live and die the death of the righteous, and thus be prepared to reap their joy in an endless eternity,

Where the troubles of life are over and past,  
Where we're free from the fear of adversity's blast,  
Where love, peace, and joy, eternally reign,  
And bliss is the portion we there shall obtain.

"A FRIEND TO THE DEPARTED.

"September 28, 1843."

A part of the summer of 1843 Elizabeth spent with her beloved cousins in Kentucky; upon whom she exerted a pious influence—leading them, by precept and example, to a "throne of grace." During this visit she addressed the following letter to her father, which, though not strictly religious, may be here introduced, both for its interest as a description of the springs to which she resorted for health, and as a specimen of her relish for the beauties of nature:

"Sulphur Springs, Aug. 12, 1843.

"DEAR FATHER,—Here I am at last, with the droppings of the spring sounding in my ears, and with mountains towering on every side; and here, down by the spring, whose waters, I hope, will prove a blessing to me, have I chosen to write. We started from cousin's about eight o'clock this morning, some of us riding in a nicely-covered wagon, and the rest on horseback. I of course formed one of the equestrian company. The distance is about fifteen miles, and through the most beautiful country I have ever yet seen. Nature, dear father, seems to have given to man every wish of his heart. To-day I have seen earth's store-house completely filled with fruits of every kind which are common with us, and some, to me, altogether new—such as the chestnut tree. The growth of hemp, too, has been to me a strange sight. But it has grown so dark I can see no longer, and shall have to finish in the morning, although it will be —. But this water—indeed, father, I know not how I can ever drink it. Good-night, dear father! O, how I wish I had a glass of water from home!

"This morning, dear father—this beautiful morning—do I re-commence my letter; and now, as my ideas are somewhat better collected, I shall at-

tempt, in few and simple words, to describe this region of fairy land.

"Imagine, father, on your right and left mountains, lifting their lofty heads seemingly to the clouds, covered with trees—unlike any I have ever before seen—so tall and straight as to appear more like the works of art than of nature. But, notwithstanding, they are beautiful in the extreme; for where does nature appear in her true grandeur so well as when contrasted with the artful designs of man. From the mountains on the right issue forth the springs of water—two white sulphur, one chalybeate, and one black sulphur. The fountains are pretty, and the water cool and limpid; but, to the taste and smell, very disagreeable. In the front we have Mr. —'s house, who you will recognize as our most gracious landlord. He is in the decline of life, stooping a little from the weight of years, with locks white as winter's snow—is very friendly, and altogether, I should think, an agreeable old gentleman. Our cabins are situated in the same yard, with the springs just before us, being far more convenient than I had anticipated—almost too much so.

Such, dear father, is the place in which I am at present located—at the greatest distance I have ever been from all that to me is dear. O, how I wish you all were here! Tell mother I should then be the happiest of the happy.

"Give my love, with Mary Ann and Louisa's, to mother and all of the children. And now, dear father, expecting— anxiously expecting—a letter,

"I am, as ever, your affectionate

ELIZABETH."

Twelve long years she had been the subject of unremitted affliction; and it is not remembered that she was ever heard impatiently to complain. Her last attack was sudden and severe. From this she partially recovered; and for a few days strong hopes were entertained that she would again enjoy her usual health, though she steadily insisted that she should not. Her relapse commenced with spasms, which, for several days, deprived her of reason. During this period, her characteristic affection for her family was strikingly manifested; and as soon as recollection returned, she clasped her mother in her arms, and again assured her that death was near, adding, "Why has father ceased to attend family worship in my room? I want to hear his sweet voice once more."

She was told, in reply to her question, that the physicians thought talking in the room would injure her.

"No," said she, "it will not hurt me. I cannot live more than a day or two at most, and I wish to improve the time. I wish the whole family to assemble in my room for prayer." She conversed with each one separately, kissing all, even her in-



fant brother. She observed, "I am more concerned for brother —, (who was growing up without religion,) than for all the rest." After she had addressed each of the domestics, she expressed her deep sympathy for the little bound girl in the family, to whom she had often manifested her attachment by gifts, &c.

Her father, too much affected immediately to attempt prayer, was walking the room, endeavoring to recover himself, when E., observing his struggle, calmly said, "Now is the time to try our affection for each other."

Her cousin, a gay young man, now resident in her father's family, (but at that time abroad,) was, also, an object of her deep solicitude. She had often spoken to him of the importance of a change of heart, and was now extremely anxious that he might return in time to receive her dying advice. She has left a warning to him in verse, apparently written about the time of his departure upon the above-named journey. The following is an extract:

"But, Milton, yet, beware! beware!  
The world for you has many a snare;  
And bright-eyed fancy now portrays  
Some happiness for future days.  
But trust not fancy, she'll deceive you,  
And longing hope will, also, leave you.  
Then, Milton, try some surer means,  
And seek for bliss from heavenly streams."

She desired to see Rev. L. Swormstedt, to whom she was greatly attached. He visited and prayed with her. As he was leaving, she called after him, and said, "Give my love to Sarah."

Rev. G. W. Walker, her pastor, asked, "Do you find the Savior a present help in time of need? Are you sensible that your afflictions are being sanctified? And do you feel more than ever like devoting yourself, should you recover, (as her friends then trusted she would,) to the Lord?" To all which she responded in the affirmative. She asked her mother to read the 61st Psalm, and repeated after her the first and second verses.

She sent her love to many friends, particularly to her class-mates, and to the dear cousins who had, in her own language, "been so kind to her last summer."

She expressed a desire, also, to see her instructress; but added, "She'll never see me. She'll see my lifeless body a cold lump of clay; but what is that?" Her mother said, "Why E., the doctors think you better, and that you may recover. I hope yet to see you well." She kissed her mother's hand, and said, "No. I am no better." Her mother then left the room, and E. turned to Mrs. P., who was sitting by her, and smiling, said, "My mother loves me a great deal, but my Savior loves me more."

On Friday morning, (the day before her death,)

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Mr. Walker again saw her, and asked, "Is the Savior precious?" "Yes," she replied, and added her assurance that he would take her spirit to rest in the paradise prepared for his saints.

During the afternoon of that day, as her mother was arranging her hair, she became weary, and being desired to rest her head upon her mother's bosom, said, "I am now resting upon my mother's bosom. To-morrow, at this time, I shall be resting upon my Savior's bosom." And then, checking herself, said, "O, presumption! What! unworthy me!" And after a moment, added, "but the blood of Jesus can wash away all my sins." After this, she desired her beloved friend N. to be called in; threw her arms around her, and said, "I am going to leave you;" and then repeated her accustomed exhortation to seek the Lord.

Toward evening, her mother entering the room, she smiled, and said, "Mother, I always desired to die shouting, but now I can't"—referring to her inability to use one hand—but began clapping with the other upon that which was paralyzed. Mrs. E. laid her head upon the bed, and Elizabeth continued the same motion of the hand upon her mother's face, and proceeded thus, "Mother, don't have much ado at my funeral."

She was again told, "You may yet recover."

"No," said she, "I am almost gone."

These were nearly her last words. Soon after uttering them she fell into a calm slumber, from which she was never roused.

Of this young disciple it may well be said, "Come, see with what composure a Christian can die!" In her lucid moments she seems never to have thought she could recover—yet every action and word indicated the settled calmness of her soul. And this was not a stupor induced by disease; for she expressed constant concern in all that interested her friends, saying to her mother, in addition to what has been repeated, "You will have to give me up"—to her physicians, "Don't let mother grieve for me"—to her brother, "Kiss me, and promise me that you will be good"—reasoning with her mother, on the subject of her immoderate grief at the prospect of their separation.

Nor was it the result of philosophical stoicism. No, no. She saw herself a deathless spirit, just launching upon a boundless, fathomless eternity, and she felt that, after all her attempted piety, she was "unworthy." But, then, she saw beaming upon that eternity the Star of Bethlehem. She read in its light, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and exclaimed, "The blood of Jesus is sufficient to wash away all my sins." Yes, dear Elizabeth, hadst thou been the chief of sinners it were still true—gloriously and for ever true—"the blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient to wash away all sins."

Original.

## THE SOUL AND THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many of our readers are yet unconverted. They are serious, and intend to be religious; but time glides on, and silently hurries them toward the judgment. For them we insert this discourse. They may consider it an expostulation, which we would gladly address to them with the earnestness of a living voice, if an all-wise Providence did not forbid it. Thanks to the God of all mercy, that we can write (when we may not speak) "of the common salvation."

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—MARK, viii, 36.

"WHAT shall it profit?" Nothing!" exclaims the reader. "There is no ground for such a query. At least its terms should be wrought into a suggestion of loss, and not of gain; for who can associate the idea of advantage with a contract in which the soul is to be exchanged for a world?"

Your theory is orthodox; and were your life as rational as your moralizing, the writer might pause, your Christian friends might dry their tears, and our humble expostulations might be superseded by grateful songs and praises. But do you really esteem the soul to be worth more than the world? Is this your firm conviction? Does it agree with what your friends observe in your behavior? Is there no discord between your language and your life? Alas! while you affect surprise at the query of the text, does not your own conduct suggest that query? We fear your life is an example of that folly which, in words, you seem so willing to reprobate? Whatever you may now profess, as to the value of the soul, you have, in practice, contemned it; and with mad ambition have pursued this fleeting world. And now, to moderate this madness, we invite you to consider,

- I. The intrinsic value of the soul and the world.
- II. The estate we may acquire in them.
- III. Their usufructuary benefits.
- IV. The consequences depending on our use of them.

I. As to their intrinsic value, we shall be brief. It is a very familiar topic, and nothing new can be said upon it. The soul is a spirit like unto God—intelligent and active—endowed with strong emotions—capable of the very holiness of Deity—and of his happiness—constituted with tendencies as deathless as the Godhead—and destined to an equal term of being. Who can pretend to estimate the value of such a soul? God alone can set a price upon it. Nothing short of infinite intelligence can survey its rich capacities—can forecast its destiny.

We ask you to turn and glance a moment at the world. Is the soul a spirit, subtil and indissoluble

as the essence of the Godhead? The world is gross in all its elements, and, in its fairest forms, is doomed to foul corruption. Is the soul intelligent and active? Has it an eye to search for truth, and a wing on which to soar, in its pursuit, to the very throne of God? Earth has no eye nor hand to employ in a work so ennobling and delightful. Is the soul rich in heaven-inspired affections? Does it feast on created and uncreated beauty? By its pathetic powers does it reach after and appropriate the very joys of Deity? The world is unconscious. It has no capacity for happiness. It can neither smile nor weep. Is the soul immortal? The world is even now the victim of gradual dissolution, by fires half concealed within its tortured bosom. Soon those fires must rage throughout its melting mass, till it forms a universal conflagration.

The history of creation presents man in an attitude of glorious pre-eminence. It advises us of the commencement of the work without any note of deliberation on the part of the Creator. No stage of its progress appears to have been of sufficient moment to induce delay, till it approached its consummation. It was prosecuted with unflinching assurance, till the heavens and earth were finished, and all the irrational host thereof. It seemed a trifling work to reduce chaotic ruins into order, and lift the everlasting curtain which concealed them from the light. To build up earth and heaven, and beautify and garnish them, was scarcely a serious enterprise for an Almighty hand. It was the pastime of Omnipotence. When it was accomplished—when the sun was stationed to diffuse his splendors all abroad upon creation; and the moon to shed her silvery beams upon the night; and the stars to repose like diamonds in their airy, ocean beds—when earth commenced her course around the spacious heavens, and bore aloft her verdant vales and hills, her flowery charms and forest glories, her flowing streams and crystal fountains, her ocean depths and terrene heights, and, last of all, her animated tribes in all the fresh glowing beauty of their first natal hour—then, indeed, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Then, too, God looked forth to survey his handiwork, and pronounced it "very good." Yet all these required no pause—no formal counselings between the persons of the Trinity. They were the unstudied efforts of an unhesitating mind, apparently engaged in a familiar avocation. But how different when man was created! This was a work of such signal interest as involved a consultation between the persons of the everlasting Trinity. Mark the Scripture record of this mysterious procedure: "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness;" so "God created man

in his own image," &c. Observe, first, that the soul of man, unlike any thing beside, has the likeness of the eternal Spirit; and, second, to form the soul with such divine features, was a work so momentous that it was preceded by a pause, and was prosecuted by the Trinity in counsel, and in concert. So great is the difference between the soul and the world.

The world was merely a residence for man—a house which God did build and furnish for his use. Its soil was his footstool—its appendages his furniture—its living tribes his servile ministers. Its darkness was the curtain of his balmy midnight hours—its light his harbinger, announcing to creation the appearance of its elected and its anointed lord. Man was to the world like the sun to the system which he cheers, and binds, and regulates. That world was destined to receive beauty and blessings from his presence and his smile. From man the world derives its value, and without him has no excellence. To him it is like the stage to the actor—like the canvass to the colors which combine in enchanting imitations of what is seen or fancied. Let man be exiled from the world, and it may be buried in the profoundest abysses of the universe, and none will lament its everlasting ruin.

II. We proceed to consider what estate we may acquire in the soul and in the world.

Two things constitute riches; namely, great possessions, and a liberal tenure. And now, although, in themselves, the soul is so precious, and the world so worthless, yet, if we reflect, our relation to them may reverse their values—may make the first last, and the last first—the precious vile, and the vile precious. Ten acres of land in fee simple are worth a thousand by lease, with heavy and consuming rents. A shilling of one's own, is worth thousands deposited with us for an hour. One loaf of bread is of more value to a hungry man than a crown of gold to the dying. Thus do circumstances increase or diminish the value of objects around us.

In our second division we use the word estate in its legal acceptation, to designate the interest a man has in that which is his by just possession. This interest depends on covenant engagements, or on the law of the land. The most valuable estate is termed, in legal phrase, a "fee simple." This is where property is assured to a man and his heirs for ever. It is conveyed in the strongest terms, and is intended to be like the Median and Persian laws—unalterable. If a man were to gain the whole world, he could expect no more than to hold it by this tenure, and must rest in the security of a mere human warranty.

But the grant is sure to be defeated; first, by the failure of the warrantor, or, second, by the death of

the warrantee, or, third, by the destruction of the thing warranted. How vain is that security which is derived from man! He pledges to his neighbor an estate "for ever," and writing it on parchment, drops the pen and dies; or he who takes the pledge gains a title to that which is worth very little, except it be as a purchased burial spot, where it is doubtful if his bones will be permitted to repose through two generations. But were the parties to survive, and were death itself destroyed, the world will perish. Then where would be the mountain which seemed to stand so strong? What is a fee simple in that which is doomed to dissolution? Man cannot properly thus convey nor take, because the world will be subject to no such disposition. The lofty word "FOREVER" is unsuitable to every thing but that which is inscribed with the characters—ETERNAL.

Again: As we cannot have a fee simple in the world, so neither can we hold in it a "life estate." While we journey through the world, we need its ministrations. But these are not secured to us. Millions die without them. How often, by the malice of a foe, or the envy of a friend—by some popular convulsion, or by some unexpected providence of God, do we lose, in one brief hour, what an impotent conveyancer had assured to us for ever! We cannot have a life estate in this fading world.

What then can we have? Nothing but the lowest estate of all; namely, an estate at will. And the law recognizes no other interest so worthless. Originally, it was so insignificant as not to be the object of covenant provision. It was an estate dependent on the mere will of another. To omit its modern qualifications, we hold all we have on earth by this humble tenure. Multiply your warranties to infinity—hold them with ever so firm a grasp—spread them on the public parchments, that they may evidence your rights, and defend you in the undisturbed enjoyment of them, and after all you gain nothing but a mere estate at will.

Whose will? His who claims the world—who "raiseth up one, and putteth down another." God has said, "The world is mine and the fullness thereof." He waits to take its reversion at our hand. He teaches us to look for no extended term—for no warning of its termination. He tells us to be always ready to resign to him his own; because his claim is absolute, and his seizin will be sudden. Thus God controls our fortunes. What we bind on earth he does not bind in heaven. Should we gain the whole world, it is a mere estate at will, too cheap for wise ambition to covet or pursue. The technical precautions which a thousand years have furnished, can secure to us no higher interest. We might as well hold the winds and vapors in fee simple, as the world in its most stable, solid forms.

The rainbow hues which deck the shaded skies, are an emblem of the fitful fortunes of poor mortals.

But what estate may we have in the immortal soul? I answer, more than an estate at will. A covenant, faithful and unchangeable, secures to us a higher interest.

More also than an estate for life. The soul survives the ravages of death. At that awful hour we must resign our worldly interests. But the process which ejects us from all temporal treasures, will only consummate our seizin of those inward energies of which we now possess the mere germinating seeds. At death all the moral tendencies of the soul will be retained—all its aptitudes strengthened—all its powers invigorated—all its efforts liberalized, by its escape from the clay which did enshrine and cumber it. These will form, thenceforth, our everlasting treasure of weal or woe—of curses or of blessings.

This leads us to say that our estate in the soul will be strictly a fee simple—assured to us “for ever”—not by the covenant of feeble man, but by the warranty of Heaven. This estate will be indefeasible by the act or wrong of others, and will be to the holder an inalienable property.

It seems, then, that an interest in the world is of the cheapest kind, and an estate in the soul of the very highest nature. The former is contingent, may terminate at any moment, and must, at all events, soon yield to the stern demands of death. The latter is certain—has for its security the pledge of God's own covenant, and will last while God shall live. We proceed to notice the soul and the world in regard—

### III. To their usufructuary benefits.

By this law term we mean the *advantageous uses* to which both may be appropriated. The world is useful to us. Its ministrations we much need in probationary life. We must breathe its air, bask in its sunshine, drink at its fountains, and feed on its fruits, or we wither like the seared leaf. Yet we need but little, and all beyond that little is a mere encumbrance to us; because it imposes care, and can impart no real satisfaction. But, more particularly, the world is not subject to man's actual, but only to his constructive or nominal possession. We divide society into the rich and the poor; but how great is the difference between them? Has not the poor man air to breathe, and food to eat, and shelter and raiment to protect him? What else do riches furnish? Can the “whole world” supply any satisfactions but such as it pours in upon us through the senses? There was one to whom history ascribes the conquest of the world. And what did he derive from his vast acquisitions? Could he possess what he had conquered? Could he “with one hand touch the east, and with the other the west?” and breathe at once

the odors of every clime which his sanguinary hand had seized and trodden under foot? Could “he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth,” and spread the folds of his royal garments over their broad wastes? Were the regions which confessed his prowess, and yielded to his sway, transformed as by enchantment into Edens, to cheer and emparadise the conqueror? Could he carry Persia into Egypt, or convey both into India, or transfer them all to Greece, and there eat them, or teach them how to sing or dance, or shine like suns, and entertain him? No. He held, by actual occupancy, the spot on which he stood, or sat, or slept, and all else he was compelled to resign to the vagrant multitudes whom Providence might present to the vacant benefice.

As with the great so with the little. He who has one hundred acres of land, well tilled and innocently appropriated, possesses all he can possess; for actual seizin is by the senses. What we see, and hear, and feel, and taste, and smell, we properly possess, and nothing more. Man has no capacity for the world. He may claim, but cannot hold it. And where, then, is its value? He may also point to the moon, and all the planetary worlds, and call them his; and these would be as useful to him as the world.

Not so with regard to the soul. Here our possession is not nominal or constructive, but actual and intimate. Here every element, pure and impure, blissful and painful, alluring or repulsive, is so held by us as to be a portion of ourselves. In the soul are no wastes unoccupied, no desert regions unfrequented and forgotten. We are related to our souls as God is to the universe which is pervaded by his omnipresence. With regard to our souls, we are omnipresent. Consciousness, as an all pervading spirit, dwells and breathes in all its chambers, attending it in all its outward excursions, and returning to watch its secret retirement. What God possesses he eternally pervades. He dwells in the bright and the obscure—in the low and the lofty of his vast dominions. So do we in regard to our souls. Do we fly backward and hover over the graves of buried scenes? Consciousness is there. Do we soar upward on the wings of expectation and gaze at reversionary treasures? Consciousness is there. Do we unloose an excursive imagination, and yield it to the pastime of a thousand unrestrained wanderings? Consciousness is there. Consciousness dwells amidst all the powers, and intermingles with all the elements, and flows in all the affections of the soul; sees all, and reports all, to the reflecting mind. Thus intimately do we possess the soul.

But there is a difference, not only in regard to the intimacy, but also in regard to the constancy of these possessions.

The world is capricious. She gives and takes away by turns. Her modes are mutable as the lunar phases. At one moment the world is all love and beneficence. She can scarcely bestow enough upon her children. Her ministrations seem as they began to be toward unsinning Adam in paradise. She sends to caress us, all her sweet and smiling ministers. She shines upon us with her light, warms us with her fires, and fans us by her gentle breezes. She spreads before us the verdure of spring; feasts us with summer dainties, and enriches us with autumn harvests. She waters us from her cloudy canopy, wreathes the gloom with rainbow charms, and spreads over us the bow of the covenant to assure us that her love is everlasting. But we soon find her in another mood, and experience from her another dispensation. She yields up her smiles and meets us with frowns. She puts out her lights and blinds us. She quenches her fires and freezes us. She rekindles them like a furnace, and scorches us. She blots out the beauties of spring, snatches from our lips the fruits of summer, and consumes from our garner the stores of autumn. She converts her dews into frosts, her calms into storms, her temperate ardors into torrid heats, and from caressing, frowns upon and persecutes us.

The soul is not thus affected. If we seek aright, we shall find it overspread with a perpetual calm, and cheered by constant sunshine. We shall feel the refreshing dew, and dread no blighting frost. We shall find its climes all temperate, its aspects all fair, its moods all amiable. The charms of a moral spring, and the sweets of a moral summer, and the riches of a moral autumn, all blend in its Divine constitution. And no morose winter will come to despoil it of these glories, and chill and freeze the spirit.

Christ is become a sun to the sanctified soul, and his beams will always cheer it—Christ is become its shield, and he will guard it—Christ is become its food, and he will fill it—Christ is become its heritage, and he will enrich it with everlasting treasures. Thus, all that belongs to the soul may be possessed without interruption. The apostle says, "Rejoice evermore."

Again: The world depreciates, the soul improves by use. The world does not bear acquaintance. The more we have to do with it the less it satisfies us. At first its novelty attracts and entertains us. Familiarity diminishes these attractions, and spoils our entertainment. In the meantime death is on the way to dismiss us from these scenes of hope and disappointment, and transfer us to the judgment, and to an eternal retribution. We hold the world as the lessee does his premises. The term is every day approaching its close, and of course every day lessens its value. But in the soul we

have a reversionary interest, whose value is increased in proportion to the depreciation of the leasehold.

Let the sinner lay it to heart, that all he has, and all he can obtain, is of less and less value every day and every hour. Each moment steals a jewel from his treasures, and soon time will take all. Let the Christian realize, that while the world depreciates, the soul may every moment enrich itself by fresh acquisitions.

The soul is formed for improvement. It is projected for an everlasting progress—if holy, a progress upward toward God and the heights of his throne—if unholy, a progress downward, into the depths of sin and misery. Rising or sinking, it must advance, in the vigor of every faculty, in the reach of every thought, and in the measure of every capacity for ecstasy or agony. All may see that the powers of the mind are feeble in the morning of life. A ray of light first flits in its tabernacle. The breath of God fans and kindles it. At last, from a spark of intelligence, without system of thought or effort, it becomes a vigorous spirit, aspiring to the heights of the eternal throne, and watching the developments of its lofty administrations. Do you seek for evidence? Watch the prattler in its playful moods, and then the youth in the glow of opening genius, and then the man in his maturity of wisdom, and you shall find the evidence.

If the soul improve on earth, it will improve in heaven. There it will be free from a thousand embarrassments which now check its pursuit of truth, and detain it in its march through the fields of science. A glorious destiny awaits it. Sanctified by grace, it will journey on for ever, through floods of light and [fields of bliss, still nearing the throne of God, and happier still in the sweet approximation. Each discovery will become a new point of enlarged observation more entertaining than the last. And she will pass from one point to another—from the summit of one discovery to another—for ever extending the range of her vision, and for ever increasing her raptures by the rapid ascent and enlarged survey. Thus the soul improves and the world deteriorates by use. If they were now of equal value, it would be madness to choose the world. If the world be silver, it will depreciate to dross—to sordid dust. If the soul be as iron, it will, by transmutation, become as silver—as gold—a diamond so precious that Christ will delight to set it in his everlasting crown.

Again: The world is useful only in certain conditions—the soul in all conditions. The world suits the caprice of childhood, the gayety of youth, and the cheerfulness of bright and prosperous states. It answers not in declining age, or in the hour of death. Take the whole world to the dying

man, and tell him all is his. Can the world allay the rage of fever? Can it assuage the pains of dissolution? Can it anoint for burial, and animate him with the joys of eternity? No. When man needs help, when he seeks support for a sinking frame, and demands cordials for a fainting spirit, then the world falters and forsakes him. But these are the times for inward triumphs to the soul which spurned the world in anxious care for its own choice interests. Now that soul hath a light within, and beareth through the vale of death sweet and reviving cordials, and maketh music as it passes along, leaning on the rod and staff of the Almighty.

Having glanced at the usufructuary benefits of these estates, we shall,

IV. Consider the consequences depending on our use of them.

These are summed up in the "gain" or the loss of the soul. Here we doubt some may object that the soul cannot be lost. We reply to such a suggestion, that the soul is *lost* already. If not, why came the Son of man to seek and to save it? The soul whose security you boast, is not only in peril from future events, but it is already forfeited to justice; and by God's unerring sentence, is doomed to punishment. "He that believeth not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him." We are not to rest in security already acquired, but we are yet to *acquire* security. The soul is to struggle from darkness into light, from slavery into liberty.

The Gospel is a system of *recovery*, not of *preservation*. It seeks to *change*, not to *confirm*. It bears a commission to effect a new creation, not to proclaim the beauty and excellence of the old. It descends to be our angel guide from darkness to light; from midnight glooms and perils to mid-day calms and splendors. Let this be granted, and does it not follow, that to recover what is lost requires greater effort than to preserve what is already safe? And Heaven has, with correspondent effort, commenced the work of our salvation. We, in the same spirit of effort, are to prosecute and consummate it. And it leaves no time to pursue the world. Heaven is to be gained not by the conquest of this world, but by victories over our own hearts, and their affections—by cleansing the base and impure, and seeking in prayer the gracious sympathies of a renovated, heaven-born nature. To accomplish this, so great a work, much need we have to let the world alone, and resign it to those who seek no greater good. Much need we have to follow His example, who, absorbed in the glorious enterprise of man's redemption, so earnestly prosecuted it that he lacked food to stay his hunger, and couch to rest his weary frame. He saw the world only as an object of God's wrathful indignation,

which he longed to rescue and to save. So we must see it. In the same spirit, we must live, and toil, and die. In our zeal for salvation the world must be forgotten. If we waste our energies in digging for its treasures, we shall inevitably lose our souls.

What is it to lose the soul? To lose the world is to be deprived of it. To lose the soul is quite another thing. The loss of the soul is not deprivation. It is not the loss of perception and reason, and memory and consciousness. It is infinitely worse. It is the perversion of all its faculties, moral and intellectual. It is not the destruction of the noble edifice—vacating its site to the rose, the lily, and the fragrant air. It is the desecration and pollution of the temple, till it becomes a scene of loathsome and abhorred abominations, which none can bear to look upon.

But we must abruptly close. Turn back to the commencement of this sermon, in which we present you—as if startled at the language of the Savior—insisting that the interrogation of the text is preposterous—that its suggestion should be of loss, and not of gain, in a contract where the soul is to be exchanged for the world. Review that opening paragraph. Consider well whether, at some former period, the sentiments therein expressed were not your own. If, as we supposed, you deem the query of the text unfounded, then we entreat you, in the spirit of your theory, live, and act, and die, and live for ever. Steadily survey these objects till the value of the soul appears in striking opposition to this fleeting world. Set the former, in all its grace and durability, against the latter, in all its corrupt and wasting forms. But why should we exhort you? We persuade you that the soul is superior to the world, and you acknowledge it. You confess that the soul is a diamond, precious as God can make it, and the world a mere bed of dust on which that gem reposes, till God shall select it from such unworthy rubbish, and set it, in all its sparkling beauty, among the jewels of his crown.

But, alas! "while your tongue talks of wisdom, your hand dealeth foolishly." And that immortal soul, enstamped with God's own image, and made to "drink of the river of his pleasures," is each hour exposed to sale, and the most trifling earthly good is buying all its interests. Satan would fain possess it. He strives to outbid the Son of God; and with some he does succeed. Jesus has paid his blood, and offers heaven to purchase it. Satan holds up the world, and says, "This will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Do it. Take the price. Serve the world. And that jewel which Jesus intended to ornament his crown, shall soon grace the coronet of the triumphant prince of hell.

Original.

## SKETCH OF WYOMING.\*

BY S. COMFORT.

*Wyoming Monument.* Such was the termination of this most disastrous engagement that was ever chronicled. More than a month after the battle, the mangled bodies of those brave men who fell on that fatal day were deposited in a common receptacle. On this venerated spot a monument has been erected, which is just completed. It consists of a single shaft or obelisk. The column consists of two sections. The base section is thirteen feet square and twenty feet high. The remaining section gradually tapers from the top of the base section to the apex, a distance of forty-one and a half feet; making the entire elevation sixty-one and a half feet. It has been erected by the inhabitants of the Valley, at a cost of four thousand dollars. The material is a species of granite found in the neighborhood. Such of the bones as have been found, from time to time, have been collected together and deposited in a chamber of the monument. Several of the larger bones—of thighs, and arms, and shoulder-blades—are perforated with bullet holes—rifle balls, evidently, by the size. Every skull, with barely one exception, bears the mark of the deadly tomahawk; evincing the savage process of destroying life. The strokes seem not to have fallen vertically, but in an oblique or side-blow direction. One of the skulls received two strokes of the hatchet; one upon the crown and another in the side of the head, by the ear.

*Mineral resources of Wyoming.* On this topic, the following from Professor Silliman will be deeply interesting to the reader. He visited the Valley, and personally examined the coal mines, some ten years since, at the request of many of the inhabitants. We give his description in his own language. He says:

"The anthracite region of Susquehanna is between sixty and seventy miles long, and about five in breadth: that portion which I have particularly examined is forty miles in length, and, although distinguished as the Valley of Wyoming and Lackawanna, it is, in reality, without a natural division, and constitutes but one formation.

"The double barrier of nearly parallel mountains, through whose included valley flow the Susquehanna and its tributary, the Lackawanna, is a perfectly well defined coal formation, and its geological structure is equally intelligible and interesting. Coal is often situated in basins; this region is, however, not a basin, but rather a trough; and its strata, seen in a transverse direction, would

present a series of elliptical curves. Leaving out of view its irregularities, this Valley may be regarded as the lower half of a vast flattened tube, lying horizontally, within which are laid a series of sections of small tubes, whose sides continually diminish in height; the bottom of these sections represents the strata in the lower parts of the Valley, and the sides those of the slopes of the hills and mountains.

"The strata or natural beds included in this great Valley, are those of the anthracite coal formation. The particular strata which require to be noticed are only three. Supposing them all present along a particular place, they are arranged as follows—beginning at the top:

"1. A rock composed of fragments of other rocks, the parts and cement of which are principally silicious; the fragments are of various sizes, from that of pebbles to that of sand; in the latter case the mass is called sand-stone; in the former, pudding-stone; other names might be mentioned, but these are sufficient; most geologists, however, will call this series of rocks graywacke, and when they are slaty in their structure they obtain the name of graywacke slate. They are usually referred to the transition class.

"2. Argillaceous slate, in many varieties of fineness and firmness, and often abounding with vegetable impressions, which are found, also, but more sparingly, in the silicious rock.

"3. Anthracite coal, in regular strata, between roof and pavement. This simple arrangement of three members in the series, appears to embrace all that is essential in the construction of the Valley. I omit, of course, accidental rocks, and unimportant varieties.

"The usual roof and floor of the coal is clay slate; but sometimes the sand-stone lies directly upon the coal, the slate being omitted; and not unfrequently, when the coal is near the top of the ground, both rocks are absent, having, probably, been removed by violent causes, or decomposed by time into coarse earth. In such cases the coal and slate in minute division, are usually mixed with earth, and even with the soil, which is thus rendered more or less black, and frequently appears on the surface in what are called *coal blossoms*.

"The inclination of the strata varies, generally between four degrees and fifteen or twenty, but it occasionally becomes much greater, and in some few instances nearly perpendicular. I have never seen it quite so in this Valley, or quite horizontal. The direction of the strata is between north and northeast, and south and southwest; the dip is generally toward the rivers, and of course it is opposite on opposite sides of the rivers. On the eastern side it declines to the west, and on the western side to the east.

\* Concluded from page 114.

"The strata of particular mines, however, generally copy the form of the upper surface immediately over them; they are, therefore, sometimes curved, or irregular, or saddle-shaped; and I saw one that was dome-shaped.

"The coal beds of the Valley are of every thickness, from one foot to twenty-seven feet. None are much regarded by the proprietors that are not as much as three or four feet in thickness; few are wrought which are less than six; a great number are found from six to twelve; a considerable number from twelve to twenty, and several mines are from twenty to twenty-five or more. I speak of course of solid coal, without reference to the rocks.

"The lateral extent of the beds is immense. They break out in the precipices and hills, and upon the banks of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna; they form, in some places, the pavement of these rivers, and they appear in the sides of the channels of almost every stream from the mountains; they blacken the soil in numerous places; in the Lackawanna Valley many wells are sunk into the coal—several, also, in the Valley of Wyoming; and even in the borough of Wilkesbarre.

"There is no doubt that, excepting the agency of violent causes and the slow operations of time in removing portions of the upper strata, the beds of coal are continuous through the whole region; that they pass under the rivers and accompany the strata of coal rocks through the lowest depressions of the Valley, under the flats and meadows, and up the hills and mountains, on the sides of which, and even near the summit, and in the banks of the river, they break out into view. The whole region is completely underlaid by coal beds, repeated again and again with their attendant rocks; five repetitions of the coal beds we distinctly saw, and sometimes in natural sections, made by rivers and other causes, three or four were at once in view. We understand that seven have been ascertained; and it has been supposed by a gentleman who was a scientific and practical observer, that the entire depth of coal strata, and their attendant strata, is one third of a mile. It is not certain, however, that the number of beds is limited to seven, or the entire depth to one third of a mile; it is, indeed, altogether probable that other beds exist at a depth still greater. If the preceding observations are just, it follows that all the lands of this great Valley are coal lands, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the coal beds may be found beneath every acre of ground."

*Vegetable remains.* "In visiting several of the mines of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna, the naturalist is gratified by seeing the vast deposits of vegetable remains which accompany the coal,

usually in the slate that forms the roof, occasionally in that which forms the floor. They exist, also, although in a smaller degree, in the sandstone; and sometimes, but much more rarely, even in the coal itself. There are instances where they fill the slate for a space of ten feet in thickness; and making a due allowance for the compression which they have undergone, the original deposits must have occupied a vastly greater thickness than their relics now do. The impressions are very perfect, indicating repose and a calm at the time of their deposition, and excluding the possibility of transport from distant countries; there are many species of ferns, none of them, as is said, modern, and most or all tropical; there are impressions, sometimes several feet long and broad, of bark of gigantic vegetables; some botanists say they are palms; occasionally there are entire limbs carbonized; frequently broad leaves are found of six or seven inches or more in diameter; culmiferous plants are numerous, and so are the aquatic algæ, and rushes; the leaves of the plants are usually in full expansion, the most delicate parts of their structure being exactly preserved and copied; and, according to Mr. Cist, flowers of a stellated form are occasionally found. Professor Hitchcock believed he had found a flower with unfolded petals, and so it appeared to me.

"The inferences to be drawn from the vegetable remains are very interesting; but there is not time to discuss them fully on the present occasion, or to apply the facts to account for the origin of coal; a subject sufficiently difficult. We cannot, however, hesitate to say, that vegetable life, on a great scale, attended the formation of this coal, and both preceded, accompanied, and followed that event; that the causes which establish its existence were repeated many times, and continued to operate during the deposition of successive strata; that a sedimentary rock, namely, the slate, in a loose and impressible form, was deposited with the vegetables, and enveloped, covered, and preserved them; that a fragmentary rock succeeded, composed of pebbles, rounded or angular, or of sand cemented firmly—the ruins of previously existing formations; that the causes which produced these rocks were many times repeated, and, of course, that all the causes which produced such deposits or the various ones now mentioned, were at different times, alternate, successive, and concomitant."

*Origin of coal.* "Is the anthracite coal of vegetable origin? Does the fibrous charcoal, frequently found between its layers, owe its origin to the vegetable skeleton? There seems no more reason to doubt the latter fact, than that the vegetable impressions, found in and upon the coal and its rocks, have the same origin."

Thus far Professor Silliman.



Original.

## OUR MISTAKES.\*

THE third son was decidedly a character of taste. He was educated in the naval service of the United States, passed through his degrees with credit, and gained the favor of his superior officers. In his conduct he reconciled subordination with enterprise, and in due season was promoted to the grade of lieutenant. The country at this date requiring no active services, he received a furlough, and obtaining a ship he went several merchant voyages to London, Liverpool, and to several cities on the continent. He was fond of adventure, and distinguished for a taste in the fine arts, in which the countries he visited gave him opportunities of improvement. He was an amateur painter, and acquired an excellent judgment in the art. He admired staturary, and made considerable proficiency in the knowledge of architecture. He was a musician and a poet, of no very mean order. He possessed a very uncommon share of personal beauty. This is always a matter of very questionable advantage to a gentleman, and one which, so to express it, more becomes a female, than one of the other sex. For, however vain a woman becomes from being beautiful, it will be allowed by all that it is a distinction which has less effect upon her than with youth of the other sex. And, perhaps, the preponderance of vanity (if a thing so light has any weight) were on their side, excepting that the cases do not so often occur as with females. Our youth, with much natural manliness of character, did not yet fail, being too much caressed by society, of being proportionately injured by it; imparting more lightness of manner than was necessary to his scope of mind, and rendering social life more engrossing to him than was either salutary or becoming. Yet Frank was an enterprising man of business; but he was more clever at making money than at holding it: like thousands, he could disburse much faster than he could earn money. And this disposition of expense he imparted in a manner to other members of his family. In his days of affluence he made profuse and costly presents to his sisters, creating in them a taste of expense unsuited to their circumstances; and the resource being but temporary, was rather a cause of mortification to them when no longer afforded, than of delight whilst it existed. This taste for expense beyond means was common to the family—a mistake which had been so long practiced, that it came to be viewed as a commonplace matter, and all sense of its impropriety lost in its frequency. The family were not altogether so thoughtless as they were gay and buoyant; and

keeping open house, and favorites in society, they trusted that connections would be formed which should sustain them in their present manner of living—and yet there was not one of them that would have made a merely sordid connection. Though they desired splendor, yet they would not forego certain tastes in obtaining it. This is little to say, but it is something. One other extenuation must be noticed for them; spendthrifts as they were, they made no debts, they squandered only what was their own. The females were young, and associated with a society who could mostly afford what they pleased. The mother was indulgent and fond, and the sons hardly knew what they were about—business, the greetings and the pleasures of life. No grave friend advised them that they went too fast. No family altar admonished them to stop. And they did not stop.

Frank married, unwisely, a beauty; that is, he chose his companion for her beauty only, without looking for qualities. In domestic life, with such an one, he found himself much less happy than before he formed the connection.

The wife was unreasonable, and required of him to relinquish his business on the sea and to stay at home with her. This change he endeavored to make; but inaction did not suit either his temper or his constitution. Poor fellow! he had "married in haste, and he repented at leisure." He had made a mistake in supposing that a lady who was amiable and courteous in society was, of course, disinterested and obliging in her whole character. He had chosen in the drawing-room, instead of at the domestic hearth. He had obtained a belle and a beauty, but not a companion. He belonged to a family who, with all their frivolity, yet had hearts, and he was a disappointed man. He became discontented, peevish, and sad, and fell into a dyspepsia. After suffering all the distressing stages of that disease for three years, it terminated his life. He died in the twenty-ninth year of his age, not regretting life, but only its *mistakes*; yet consoled in his years of sickness by that religion which, in his days of health, he had disregarded and neglected.

A few years before this, the eldest sister, who was next in age to Frank, had formed a precipitate marriage with a stranger. She possessed a benevolent disposition and strong family attachment, and seeing her mother's failing means, and contemplating her unportioned younger sisters, she had made the mistake to believe that it would be well and right for her to marry a rich man, without taking time enough to become thoroughly acquainted with his character. And, moreover, she had not considered the unfairness of appropriating much of his property to the use of her own relatives. It was not unreasonable in him that, after having

\* Concluded from page 121.

married a portionless girl, he was not willing to spend lavishly upon the rest of her family. This disagreement in sentiment, which was certainly the fault of the wife, was the beginning of distrust and want of cordiality, which ended in coldness and alienation, before the unhappy Alice closed her life; which event happened before she had completed her twenty-fifth year.

Her life had been a hurry of dissipation and company; and the profuse expenditure in her own home, had unfitted her to become the wife of a careful and pains-taking man, who had made his own money. Her very regard to her own family, lost much of its merit, when its romantic excess would prompt to a disregard of the sacred duty which the wife owes to her best friend. Though neither of the parties had taken sufficient time to become acquainted with the other before marriage, yet if the wife had not set out wrong, they might still have been comparatively happy. This was her greatest worldly mistake—being the sequel to the mistakes of her early education.

The next daughter of the family calculated upon making as advantageous a match, in point of fortune, as her sister had done; for although they were not sordidly attached to money, in its very basest sense, yet they were all well aware that they could not do without it. They also knew that they had none of their own; for their patrimonial inheritance had been, from time to time, alienated in a too profuse expenditure, until it was nearly exhausted.

Eliza had many suitors; for with all her faults and errors she still possessed some sterling properties of character, which the frivolity of her life could not entirely eradicate or conceal, and which, in her day of adversity, supported and served to illumine the darkness of her lot. Amongst the number of those who sought her, was one of high standing and character—and fortune. And him she preferred before all others. But, as he perceived too plainly that he had the play in his own hands, and was, moreover, distrustful of her disinterestedness, he was vacillating and inconstant in his attentions. And poor Eliza, conscious that her regard was genuine, although fortune was a concomitant advantage which she could not forego, resented these improprieties, and, in her maidenly pride, affected a degree of coldness which she did not feel. The mother could not explain; for the family were poor and the suitor was rich.

Eliza's female friends, who had envied her, now aggravated the matter, by continual informations of Mr. B.'s assiduities in other quarters, until the unhappy girl, believing herself really forsaken, took occasion to say, in the presence of the gentleman, that "no lady ought ever again to receive, as a suitor, a gentleman who had evinced any inde-

termination in regard to her." This Mr. B., who had not magnanimity enough to be exactly explicit, took as a final answer. And thus the want of that confidence which the daughter of a less fashionable family might have enjoyed, became the ground of unhappiness and alienation to two persons who undoubtedly loved each other.

The gentleman, after some years, married another. But for Eliza, her early mistake had interrupted her at a period critical to a female, as to her entering into life as she should do; that is, as a wife. She lived for some years in a vapid and inane state of the affections, which the frivolities about her were illy calculated to renew—an unwise waste of years—another mistake. For gentlemen almost universally eschew a girl who is already five and twenty—albeit she then possesses, if any, more merits of character than she ever did before. Eliza never married.

The two younger sisters, in succession, passed through the usual series of follies and frivolities claimed by their caste. Their position was an unhappy one—the members of an extravagant and decayed family—their property all gone—their brothers dead—yet claiming very little sympathy. For none, perhaps, but those who have experienced something of the kind, can know how much real suffering may arise from artificial causes. Rich men believed that, in marrying amongst them, they would have them all to support; and poor ones knew their utter inability to support one of them. The sisters meantime verged into middle age unconnected, passing some years of disconsolation at their obscure fate—the natural consequence of their own training and life. But, finally, by innate energy of character, they aroused themselves to a sense of their own moral responsibility and ability; and after all their early mistakes, they are now living a couple of contented, respectable, benevolent, and pious, old maids.

We have given the history of what is called an "unfortunate family." Yet, in reviewing their whole course, we find—though much to blame, and somewhat to pity—yet nothing very uncommon. And if they seem to us, in the aggregate, more "unlucky" than is usual, that is, perhaps, because, as a family, they were more numerous; and because the events which we have presented in the narrative, at a *coup d'oeil*, really occurred in a succession of many years. And though the gentle reader, in reviewing them as the personages of biography, may afford to sympathize for an hour in all their disasters; yet, in real life, and amidst contemporaries, they see but a single point at a time; and, moreover, are too much interested in their own portion of mistakes—and of consequent misadventure—to give much regard away from their own plans and schemes; or, perchance more

wisely, from the intention and pursuit of their own well being, as assured to them in the rule of *well doing*; thus making out so beautifully the axiom of Cousin, (with which we commenced,) that, morally, "the result of a problem may be found *within itself!*"

Original.

TRANSPLANTED.

"Died, in Paris, Ky., on Thursday evening, Feb. 15, after an illness of three weeks, ANN MARIA, only daughter of John E. Thornton, Esq., in the 17th year of her age."

SUCH is the brief announcement of the fall of one of those rare and lovely flowers which bloom on earth only to fade and die, but whose brief existence enables us to form some conception of their native beauties, when unfolded amid the paradise of God. Bloom? No! it was but a bud just displaying its delicate tints, when the Gardener removed it from the rude blasts which sweep over and blight terrestrial loveliness, to a more congenial clime, where those young beauties might bloom with unfading immortality. Lovely bud! Long and tenderly wast thou watched by anxious hearts. High did they beat with joyous exultation as, one after another, thy delicate charms were, with revolving years, brought to view! And severe was the stroke which removed thee from their care, although to bloom with celestial beauty above. Yet shall they again view thee, and far more lovely than when on earth; for imperfection no longer pertaineth to thee.

It was the privilege of the writer to become acquainted with the subject of the present notice during the autumn of the last year. By being for sometime an inmate of the family of her parents, he had a good opportunity of becoming well acquainted with her character—a character seldom surpassed in excellence by any of the imperfect offspring of mortality. It is not, however, the intention to eulogize the departed, but simply to narrate, very briefly, some of the scenes connected with the last few weeks of her life, illustrating as they do the power and the blessedness of the Gospel of Christ—a power which can divest death of his sting, and make the final hour one of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Ann Maria was blessed with pious parents. She had been early instructed in the ways of truth and religion. And it was the desire and effort of her parents, as her character developed itself, to interweave, as it were, with her very being the principles of the Gospel. The result has amply repaid them for their toil; for although she gave no evidence of a change of heart until a short time before her last illness, yet the way had been prepared—the seed had been sown in faith, and wa-

tered by prayer, and only awaited the vivifying influences of God's Spirit to make it germinate and bring forth fruit.

About the middle of January last, a protracted meeting was commenced in the Church of which her parents were members. The Holy Spirit's influences accompanied the prayers and labors of God's people, and about fifty were hopefully converted. Among these was Ann Maria. Having given her heart to the Savior, she came out publicly and consecrated her all to his service. She afterward remarked to a friend, that she had never known before what true happiness was. The child of affluence—with every desire, within the reach of parental fondness, gratified as soon as expressed—yet knew not the meaning of real happiness until she found it all in Christ!

A very few days after she made a public profession of religion, she was laid on a sick and dying bed. From the first she seemed to be fully impressed with the idea that she should not recover. During her illness she was very fond of hearing those around her sing the songs of Zion, in which, as long as her voice would permit, she joined with full heart.

On the morning of the day she died, one of her attendants sung the hymn—

"I'll try to prove faithful."

She listened with deep emotion till the last stanza was finished, and then exclaimed, "O, that is so sweet!" During the same morning, after remaining silent for sometime, with her dying eyes raised to heaven, she addressed a female friend standing at her bedside, "*I want to go up—I want to go up!*"

During a greater part of the day she was partially insensible. Sometime during the afternoon she exclaimed, with a full voice, "Alleluia! amen!" thus clearly indicating where her thoughts were. For hours before her death, her countenance wore the aspect of most perfect serenity, excepting when now and then a smile passed over her wan features. And even the cruel monster, with his icy fingers, "dared not steal that signet ring of heaven." "Death gazed, and left it there."

About an hour before her death, one of her friends, anxious to ascertain if she were still conscious of the things around her, stooped down and whispered in her dying ear, "Here is your father; do you not wish to speak to him?" But she gave no sign of recognition. "Here is your mother." But she knew not the sound of her name. Her friend then repeated to her a line of her favorite hymn—

"The soul that on *Jesus* hath leaned for repose," &c.—

a hymn which she had frequently sung during her illness. She turned her eye, now settling in death, and gave a sweet look of recognition, saying as plainly as look could do, that she understood that

name—"that sweetest sound in seraphs' song," and that her soul "leaned for repose" solely on Jesus.

At ten minutes past seven o'clock, on Thursday evening, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her precious remains were deposited in a corner of her own flower garden, there to await in peace a blessed reunion with her glorified spirit, when the archangel's trumpet shall assemble the sleeping nations of the earth. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers.

The following lines were suggested by that memorable expression—"I WANT TO GO UP—I WANT TO GO UP!"

I want to go up—I want to go up—

I see the blest spirits who beckon me on,  
With glory resplendent, and radiant with joy,  
They bid me unite in their own best employ,  
Where bliss is eternal, without an alloy;  
Since my labors and toils on the earth are now done,  
I want to go up.

I want to go up—I want to go up:

O, why would ye cause me a longer delay?  
'Tis my Savior invites me "up hither ascend,  
Where thy songs with the chorus of angels shall blend—  
Where assemblies dissolve not and Sabbaths ne'er end,  
Nor the soul's aspirations like clouds pass away;  
Then higher come up."

I want to go up—I want to go up:

O, why must I longer remain from my home?  
There is naught upon earth that suffices my soul—  
There is naught worth possessing from centre to pole,  
Where the waves of affliction continually roll:  
Then why longer stay—from my Savior why roam?  
I want to go up.

I want to go up—I want to go up:

Then farewell, dear friends of my life's early day—  
Dear mother, dear father, dear brothers, farewell!  
O, weep not, but list while, exulting, I tell  
My Savior has broken death's oft-dreaded spell:  
To his arms my wrapt spirit shall soon pass away:  
I want to go up.

I want to go up—I want to go up:

I will trace the blest way to that Savior's bright throne;  
Then, with pinions more rapid than thought can extend,  
To my long cherished home on the earth I'll descend,  
And guide you, dear loved ones, where unions ne'er end—  
Where sorrow invades not, and parting 's unknown;  
I want to go up.

I want to go up—I want to go up:

O, strive not to keep me yet longer below;  
For I see my Redeemer from heaven's shining dome  
Still calling me, "Rise, and ascend to thy home!"  
Dear loved ones, farewell! My Savior, I come!  
Unworthy, yet ransomed from guilt and from woe,  
To thee I haste up.

G.

THE character of secretiveness is repugnant to all—its question of dissimulation is, to be not disagreeable—its mistake is, that it is itself more odious than aught that it would hide.

Original.

SYMPATHY.

ADDRESSED TO REV. MRS. —, AFTER LEAVING THE GRAVE  
OF A MINISTER'S DECEASED WIFE.

BY MRS. M'CLINTICK.

AND didst thou stand and weep beside the grave  
Of one who, like thyself, forsook her friends,  
And childhood's home, to share the weal and woe  
Of him who stood aloft on Zion's walls?  
What thoughts, meanwhile, were passing in thy  
breast,

That, unassuaged, thy tears did freely flow?  
Did fancy picture to thy roving mind  
Her death-bed scene—the loneliness and grief  
Of him so sorely, suddenly bereft?  
Hadst thou stood by her dying couch, when hope  
Had fled, and seen him bend, with flowing tears,  
Over her wither'd form, and heard the tone  
Of deep distress, in which he call'd her name—  
Hadst heard no voice respond, and seen no sign  
Betray her consciousness that he was near—  
Hadst heard the piercing cry of bursting grief,  
That from his stricken, anguish'd heart broke  
forth—

Then thou hadst wept! Then there was cause to  
weep.

No heart so hard that melted not—no eye  
Was calm, that look'd upon the moving scene;  
And ne'er, while memory in me lives, will it  
Forgotten be.

Though years on years have fled,  
It still before me comes. O, yes; and still  
I seem to hear that sad and loud lament.  
Thou thought'st, perhaps, that she 'mong strangers  
died,

And there were few to feel or mourn her loss.  
Not so; for years before she 'mong us liv'd,  
And by her even course and gentle ways,  
Had won the warmest love of many hearts;  
And though 'twas not permitted, at the last,  
That she should speak, and tell her anxious friends  
Of prospects bright beyond the dreary tomb,  
And angels near, to bear her spirit home,  
Yet this we heeded not; nor could we doubt;  
For none who looked upon her blameless life,  
And heard her fervent, frequent prayers, and knew  
Her firm reliance on a Savior's blood,  
Could doubt her flight to everlasting bliss.  
And as we stood beside her couch, and saw  
Her fleeting breath grow short, and shorter still,  
We felt as though the "shining ones" were there,  
Waiting to bear her to her home in heaven.  
We laid her where thou erst did stand and weep;  
And naught disturbs her calm and sweet repose,  
Nor will, until the quick'ning trump of God  
Shall sound, and wake to life her sleeping dust.

Like as she was, thou now art call'd to go  
 From place to place, as God in love appoints;  
 And when the Lord at length shall call *thee* hence,  
 O, mayst thou still like her thus favor'd be,  
 To lay thee down and gently die 'mong those  
 Who shall, as hers, bedew thy grave with tears!



Original.

SPRING.

Come, lovely Spring—gay lingerer come,  
 With all thy beauteous retinue:  
 Walk forth amid thy flowery train,  
 And spread o'er earth its gayest hue.

The minstrelsy in yonder grove  
 Are heralding thy coming forth;  
 And caroling from twig and limb,  
 In all the revelry of mirth.

Thou'rt here! we feel thy balmy power—  
 Thy beauties rise in thousand forms;  
 Through echoing hills thy voice resounds,  
 And verdant plains reflect thy charms.

Aurora scarce has decked the east  
 With ruby tints—her daily care—  
 When, fairy form, thou wanderest forth,  
 To kiss the flowers—perfume the air.

At noon, beneath a shady bower,  
 Or on a gay-decked floral bed,  
 With smiling nymphs—a sylvan band—  
 Thou deignest recline thy radiant head.

And with return of evening hour,  
 Ten thousand beauteous starlit gems  
 Are spread around thy sleeping couch,  
 For morning wreaths and diadems. W.



“MY CUP RUNNETH OVER!”

BY REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.

Mercies, my God, like waters,  
 With me their course begun;  
 And, widening, deepening, sparkling,  
 To this hour's point have run.  
 Mercies, when strongly clinging,  
 In weakness, to the breast;  
 Mercies, in youth's hot fever,  
 And manhood's sober rest.  
 And shall I, when is ended  
 This brief probation's day,  
 Be endless gifts receiving,  
 That never waste away?  
 How may a perfect nature  
 Endure, the “weight” to bear,  
 “Exceeding and eternal,  
 Of glory,” given there!

NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. *By Robert Emory. New York: Lane & Sandford.*—To understand a code of laws, municipal or ecclesiastical, it is necessary to trace each provision, whether statutory or common, as far as possible, toward its origin. Then it should be understood whether the enactment or precedent, as the case may be, was *restraining, enlarging, or remedial*, in its intention. The position is then assumed, from which the law interpreter or the law maker can, with every conceivable advantage, proceed to exercise his functions.

Mr. Emory has placed it in the power of Methodist ministers, on circuits and on districts—in the quarterly, annual, and General conferences, to reach that most desirable ground. As to the General conference now at hand, we would not venture to express the degree in which its members will be indebted to Mr. Emory for that work of standard and pre-eminent merit, which we here so briefly notice. No minister or layman who wishes thoroughly to understand our Church polity, would consider this a dear book, even at thrice its actual cost.

APPEAL FROM TRADITION TO SCRIPTURE AND COMMON SENSE. *By Geo. Peck, D. D. New York: Lane & Sandford. 12mo., pp. 470.*—Dr. Peck has written well and argued conclusively on the “rule of faith”—a theme which for centuries was scarcely debated, and seemed to be ultimately and for ever settled; but by malicious machination suddenly springs up again to vex the feeble minded, and peril unstable souls. Dr. Peck states and examines the traditionary system; notices at large the arguments in favor of tradition, refutes them, and shows, finally, that Holy Scripture is a sufficient, and an exclusive rule of faith. We have only space to add, that the several topics are treated in a masterly manner, and that the Protestant argument is absolutely irrefutable.

METHODISM, IN ITS ORIGIN, ECONOMY AND PRESENT POSITION. *By Rev. James Dixon, D. D., Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference. Revised by the Editor. New York: Lane & Sandford.*—A sermon preached before the British conference, and the fathers of the Church, by Dr. Dixon, and published at their request, has grown, by revision, into a 24mo. of 360 pages. It is one of the most valuable issues of the Wesleyan English press. Text, Phil. iii, 16. Let all true friends of Methodism, especially preachers, study this sermon.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. ROBERT R. ROBERTS, ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. *By Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D. Cincinnati: Published by J. F. Wright & L. Swormstedt. 1844.*—It would be almost miraculous if this book had not defects. The only wonder is that it possesses so much biographical interest and merit. Seldom was the life of a good man, in so high a sphere of moral usefulness, produced out of materials so inadequate. Unusual perseverance was enlisted in composing it, or it never would have reached the press.

By scanty materials, we do not mean that the character of Bishop R. could not supply them. There was enough of him to have made a most valuable biography; and his times were replete with just such incidents, connected with his career, as would have heightened inconceivably the interest of his personal memoirs. The

records alone were wanting. His was a busy life. And from his own pen he left almost nothing for the use of his biographer. Dr. Elliott says, in the preface:

"After collecting and arranging all he could from his own resources and personal knowledge of the Bishop, the author proceeded to Indiana, assembled together the widow, and old acquaintances and relatives of the Bishop, and wrote down from their lips every thing they could recollect worthy of preservation. The same process was observed among his friends and neighbors at Shenango, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, and every scrap of information which they furnished was secured. As far, therefore, as the materials go, the facts are well authenticated, and may be relied on."

Under all the circumstances, we are so far from faulting the excellent author of the book, that we indulge only gratitude to him and to Providence, that so many passages in the life of the good Bishop are rescued from undeserved oblivion. The chapter on succession adds greatly to the value of the book; and we trust that, in the order of kind Providence, Dr. Elliott will yet amplify the discussion of this and kindred themes, and that the Church will have the fruits of his long and skillful attention to that whole range of literature, which so eminently qualifies him to write on these debated topics. We wish the General conference would move him (if he cannot obey a lighter impulse) to devote his maturest energies to this great work.

On sale, with all the above, at Cincinnati Book Room.

**NARRATIVE OF THE TEXAN AND SANTA FE EXPEDITION, comprising a Description of a Tour through Texas, the capture of the Texans and their march as prisoners to Mexico, with illustrations and a map. By Geo. W. Kendall. Two volumes, 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.**—Mr. Kendall had, in the first place, materials for an interesting book. His captivity and travels were replete with incidents suited to employ his gifted pen. And we need not say that he knew how to use his materials. He has a manner sufficiently graphic and unique to impart extraordinary interest to his descriptions. These volumes are not intended to be strictly statistical. They are more for entertainment than instruction. Yet they do blend exciting incident with important information. The book presents the every day occurrences, whether comic or semi-tragic, of his wanderings and misfortunes, in lively colors. We greatly prefer these sketches to mere fancy manufacture. Even if the writer imposed on his imagination a slight share of the labor—of which we do not accuse him—it comes to us as a narrative, and as such we read it, and are innocent of all intention to trace the errandies of an unbridled mind. Mr. Kendall turns his captivity to a good account; and surely he had a right to levy a tax on his own misfortunes, for his personal advantage, and for the entertainment and improvement of his contemporaries. We have not room at present to give our readers extracts from the book.

**THE HEART, delineated in its State by Nature and as renewed by Grace. By Hugh Smith, D. D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers.**—We would speak in the highest terms of praise of this excellent little volume. The author's plan is unexceptionable. He eschews fiction. He speaks like a Christian minister on this topic. In his preface he says:

"It had been easy to have thrown this little work into the narrative form, or to have given to it the attraction of fictitious incident, the embellishment of a fancy dress; but the author, from principle, was unwilling to minister to what he has long deemed a vitiated public taste, or to swell the number of those *sacred fictions* which tend, he is persuaded, to enervate the youthful mind, to diminish the reverence of the youthful heart, and to clothe the hallowed form of religion in too light and loose attire. Having on other occasions publicly expressed his conviction of their injurious tendency, and awakened some attention to the necessity of a change in public taste and practice, he is disposed consistently to act upon his expressed opinions, and to hazard the experiment whether truth may not be popularly and attractively presented, though it come in its own simple form, and rest only on its intrinsic merit."

We thank Dr. Smith, and praise God for this wholesome testimony. Novels are a cardinal curse of the age. Thousands of backsliding professors, bound to perdition, are the victims of this curse. *Religious* novels are a species of sacrilege. They carry religion into hell, so shaped and phrased as to please the devil and his angels. Like religious (?) tea parties, they ease the consciences of sinners of all misgivings, and open the way for full indulgence, so that reveling in the "Mysteries of Paris," or elsewhere, they point to the *pseudo* novel reading of the Church, and say, "We merely imitate Christ's disciples!" Dr. Smith's delineation of the heart is a grave, well written treatise on one of the most interesting themes. Buy and read it.

**PHARMACOLOGIA; An extended inquiry into the operations of Medical bodies, upon which are founded the Theory and Art of Prescribing. By J. A. Paris, M. D., Cantab., F. R. S. From the Ninth London Edition, with Notes. By Charles A. Lee, M. D., A. M., of the University of the City of New York. Harper & Brothers.**—This standard work on "THE PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINAL COMBINATION," needs nothing to recommend it. It must be sufficient to announce its republication to the "Faculty," and it will find a ready sale. Whether this edition is in the hands of the editor of the "Lancet," we know not, but we propose to secure a notice of it in that excellent journal, by which we shall bestow a favor on its publishers, to whom we are obliged for frequent and valued favors.

**HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE. Number II.**—This is an improvement, in some points, on the former number. None can object to its engravings.

**NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. Numbers II and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.**

**M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. Numbers VIII and IX. New York: Harper & Brothers.**

**LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. Number III, with cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers.**

These we have often noticed in former numbers. All the above publications, from the press of the Harpers, are on sale at the Cincinnati Book Room.

**EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, with the Constitution, etc., November, 1843.**—The eighth annual report of this society shows, that 1023 Bibles and 3254 Testaments were distributed by it during the preceding year, making an aggre-

gate of 24,400 copies of the Scriptures put in circulation by the society in eight years. We regret to hear that the income of the last was less than that of the previous year, to the amount of \$929. We trust, however, that this will prove to be a temporary failure, and that the society will not be straitened in its vitally important efforts.

UNIVERSALISM EXAMINED, RENOUNCED, EXPOSED; in a series of lectures, embracing the experience of the author during a ministry of twelve years, and the testimony of Universalist ministers to the dreadful moral tendency of their faith. By Matthew Hale Smith. Third edition. Boston.—Though there may be other publications equal to this, in argumentative force, yet, on the whole, we have never seen a book which presents the morals of Universalism in a light so repulsive. And on this point, Mr. Smith is, to us, an unsuspected witness. He evidently commenced the advocacy of Universalism, *ex animo*, and pursued it many years with ardent and determined zeal. All the prejudices of his early and only training fortified him in his persevering purpose. He became a ripe logician—if any ever did—on the side of sin and Satan, and an arch-antagonist of those who plead for truth. The most important stations amongst his class, were confidently intrusted to his pastoral protection. He saw Universalism in its private retreats, as well as in its disguised overtures. He was familiar with its domestic, as well as its public behavior. We cannot do a better service to orthodoxy, than to urge its advocates to read, and to recommend this book.

There are certain topics which Mr. Smith does not dwell upon at length, as, indeed, the general aim of his book would not allow. On the signification of *aionios*, he is exceedingly brief. This word, in its proper signification, and in its applications to the future punishment of the wicked, does of itself conclusively vindicate the orthodox view of this subject. This will be seen from the following brief statements:

1. Many of the promises of future bliss to the righteous, are believed by all to pledge an *eternity* of happiness. But this eternal is denoted by the Greek word *aionios*. Thirty times in the New Testament, *aionios* is used in connection with *zoen*, (life,) and is translated eternal, viz: In Matt. xix, 16; xxv, 46; Mark x, 17, 30; Luke x, 25; xviii, 18; John iii, 15; iv, 36; v, 39; vi, 54, 68; x, 28; xii, 25; xvii, 2, 3; Acts xiii, 48; Rom. ii, 7; v, 21; vi, 23; 1 Tim. vi, 12, 19; Titus i, 2; iii, 7; 1 John i, 2; ii, 25; iii, 15; v, 11, 13, 20; and Jude 21. In all these texts of Scripture, *aionios* is employed to designate the duration of the saints' happiness. And it is the strongest word ever used for that purpose. If the word, therefore, properly signifies a limited period, it limits the state of future blessedness, and the Bible nowhere teaches that any, even the holiest, shall be for ever blest. It is true, in 1 Tim. vi, 2, the *aioniou* (genitive) is dropped by Griesbach, and the propriety of retaining it will be disputed; but as it is found in other copies we insert it, and leave the dispute to others.

2. Fourteen times *aionios* is used in connection with life; but is translated in our version by the word *everlasting*, instead of *eternal*, viz: In Matt. xix, 29; Luke xviii, 30; John iii, 16, 36; iv, 14; v, 24; vi, 27, 40, 47; xii, 50; Acts xiii, 46; Rom. vi, 22; Gal. vi, 8, and 1 Tim. i, 16. It must not be overlooked that in these fourteen instances the same Greek word is used as in the first class. The translation only is different.

3. *Aionios* is used ten times in a form which signifies *everlasting life*, though the word *zoen* (life) is not used: 2 Cor. iv, 17, 18; v, 1; 2 Thess. ii, 16; 2 Tim. ii, 10; Heb. v, 9; ix, 12, 15; 1 Peter v, 10, and 2 Peter i, 11. Thus it will be seen, that in fifty-four examples the word *aionios* is used to set forth the *eternity* of a future blissful state. And these are the leading, and the most direct promises of everlasting blessedness contained in the New Testament.

4. *Aionios* is used twice to express the *eternity* of God, viz: In Rom. xvi, 26, "of the everlasting God," and in Heb. ix, 4, "the eternal Spirit."

5. It is used once to express the duration of Christian bonds, or of the union of believers in Christ, viz: In Philemon 15. To this it may well be applied in its proper force or plain significancy. Such fraternal ties, unless violated by the backslidings of the parties, will endure for ever.

6. Three times it is used in a plural form, and signifies unending, or eternity, viz: 2 Tim. i, 9; Titus i, 2; Rom. xvi, 25.

7. It is used once to denote the *eternity* of God's power, viz: 1 Tim. vi, 16, "To whom be power everlasting."

8. Once it denotes God's eternal covenant of favor toward man, viz: Heb. xiii, 20, "The everlasting covenant."

9. It is applied to the Gospel in Rev. xiv, 6, "The everlasting Gospel."

10. Once it is applied to the final judgment, as in Heb. vi, 2, "eternal judgment."

In these ten classes of texts, *aionios* invariably and indisputably signifies absolute eternity. No endurable degree of torture inflicted on the sacred text can make it mean any thing else. There remains one class only, and that is,

11. Where the word is used to denote the duration of future punishment. These texts are found, and read as follows in our translation: Matt. xviii, 8, "Cast into *everlasting fire*." (The next verse shows that this is *hell fire*.) Matt. xxv, 41, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into fire (*aioniou*) eternal," or, as it is rendered in our version, "everlasting." Matt. xxv, 46, "These shall go away into (*aionion*, accusative) everlasting punishment, but the righteous into (*aionion*, eternal life, or) everlasting life." Here, it will be observed, that in one and the same text *aionion* describes the duration of the punishment of the "cursed," and the duration of the happiness of the "blessed." Our translators, for mere variety, or 'as a matter of taste, have rendered this Greek word, *eternal* in one case, and *everlasting* in the other; these words in their estimation being synonymous. Mark iii, 29, "Is in danger of *eternal* damnation." Luke xvi, 9, "May receive you into *everlasting* habitations." 2 Thess. i, 9, "Who shall be punished with *everlasting* destruction from the presence of the Lord." Jude 7, "Suffering the vengeance of *eternal* fire."

His must be a bold mind which can adventure a denial, that a word which in all other applications but this, means eternal or without end, does in this case alone mean the very opposite, namely, temporal. What should we think of a judge who would interpret penal statutes in this loose manner. What would be thought of that legislature which should use words so negligently, that in one class of statutes they mean just the *contrary* of what they are usually employed to express.

One thing is certain—in the cases here presented, *aiōnios* has one uniform signification. If it denotes a limited period in one instance, it does in all. If in the seven examples of the eleventh class, it does not mean unending, absolutely, neither does it in the ten preceding classes. Then the New Testament does not teach the doctrine of eternal future happiness, and the righteous know not *their* destiny. Well may they exclaim to those who torture God's word and promises, "*Procul, O procul, este profani!*" which interpreted, means not precisely, yet is much in the spirit of, "Get thee hence, Satan!"

There are enumerated in this paper, seventy-one instances of the use of *aiōnios*, in some of its forms, in the New Testament. That in Timothy may be disputed; but setting that aside, we have seventy examples of its application, where the connection does not require any other than its proper meaning to be given it. If criticism could do no more to confirm the orthodox in their sound views, it would have done enough. But we will add a few thoughts.

There is no single word in Greek that signifies more forcibly and unequivocally illimitable duration than *aiōnios*. But there is a phrase which may be considered intensive—that is, it may be considered as more emphatic, more solemnly *terror-striking* to the sinner. It is that commonly translated "*for ever and ever.*"

1. This is used eleven times to denote the duration of the glory of the Trinity, or one Divine person: Eph. iii, 21, "Unto him be glory world without end. Amen." Phil. iv, 20, "Unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen." 1 Tim. i, 17, "Unto the King eternal, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." 2 Tim. iv, 18, "To whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Heb. xiii, 21, "The God of peace—to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." 1 Pet. iv, 11, "To whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." 1 Pet. v, 11, "To whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. i, 6, "To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. v, 13, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever." Rev. vii, 12, "Blessing, &c., be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

2. This phrase is used six times to describe the duration of God's being in some one of his persons: Rev. i, 18, "I (Jesus) am alive *for evermore*, Amen." Rev. iv, 9, "Who liveth for ever and ever." Rev. iv, 10, "Worship him that liveth for ever and ever." Rev. v, 14, "And worshiped him that liveth for ever and ever." Rev. x, 6, "Swear by him that liveth for ever and ever." Rev. xv, 7, "Wrath of God, who liveth for ever and ever."

Once it is used to denote the duration of Christ's regal dignity, viz: Rev. xi, 15, "He shall reign for ever and ever."

Once to signify the perpetuity of his disciples' royal assessorship in conjunction with their King, viz: Rev. xxii, 5, "They shall reign *for ever and ever.*"

Once in the singular, which is less forcible or intensive than its plural form, yet describes the duration of God's throne: Heb. i, 8, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."

Our readers may now be ready to inquire whether this phrase, so unequivocally and intensively significant of endless duration, is applied in the New Testament to the

punishment of the wicked. They are assured that it is thus applied in several texts: Rev. xiv, 11, "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Rev. xix, 3, "And her smoke rose up for ever and ever." Rev. xx, 10, "And shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."

If the phrase for ever and ever, means less than endless duration, there is no way to express such duration in the Greek language. And furthermore, there is in that case no declaration of God's eternity in the New Testament, and could be none. When it is said, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," it means no more than that God's throne is for a limited time; that is, it means nothing, or any thing, as we choose to understand it. We have read many criticisms of these phrases by Universalists, but never one that carried with it even that plausibility which skillful sophistry often wears. And we have concluded that though such critics may openly profess a regard for the Bible, and may declare their belief in its Divine origin, yet generally they feel no respect for its authority, and are in heart of the same opinion as Abner Kneeland, who has now publicly proclaimed himself an Atheist. We say generally, for doubtless there are a few who, from some mental idiosyncrasy, can be so glaringly inconsistent as to believe that the Bible is a heaven-inspired book, and yet reject the doctrine of endless future punishment. Such persons, if sincere, might be pardoned for believing almost any thing, for some people seem unfitted to trace truth or appreciate its evidences.

A SERMON delivered at the opening of the Tennessee Annual Conference, October, 1843. By Rev. F. E. Pitts. Published by order of the Conference.—The text is, Acts xx, 24, "But none of these things move me," &c. The topic of the sermon is, "Devotion to the work of the Christian ministry." This devotion must flow first, says the preacher, "From a conviction of the Divine authority of the Christian ministry." Second, "From the possession of the essential qualifications for the work." Under this important head he mentions *vital godliness, prudence, pure motives, studious habits, burning zeal, and untiring perseverance.*

This sermon is a valuable comment on the text, and well calculated to inspirit the excellent men who heard it, as well as the worthy brother who preached it, in their blessed and glorious work.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

To the Principals of several Female Seminaries, at Lexington, Lebanon, and other places, we would say, that anticipating the issue of our April number, rendered the reception of their notices too late for our use. Their appearance in May, after the commencement of the sessions, would, we suppose, not be desired. We regret it.

We wish that these seminaries may continue to prosper; and considering the moral regimen adopted for their control, and administered by those who now preside over them, we doubt not that they will. All the female seminaries in Ohio and Kentucky are flourishing, as far as we can learn. Mothers should make great efforts to educate their daughters; and daughters should be more than willing to be educated. Is it necessary that we should exhort either?



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1844.

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## A MOTHER'S FIRST DUTY.

BY THE EDITOR.

ARE your children baptized? We hold it to be your *first* duty to bring them to Christ. Till this is done, you are a violator of the divine precept, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. If children are the proper subjects of Christian baptism, doubtless we are correct. That point we will briefly argue, and leave you to settle the matter with your own conscience and the Head of the Church.

The subjects of baptism are plainly indicated in the New Testament. "All nations," and "every creature," are the two phrases designating these subjects. These phrases, it will be perceived, are of *great*, and, indeed, of universal extension. They include every thing that hath the form and the attributes of humanity.

But great efforts are made to narrow them down to a portion of the human family. We shall, for the sake of an immediate approach to a point of so great interest, lay down the following proposition:

The commission warrants the ministers of Christ to *baptize, as well as to teach, men, women, and children*. From the language of the commission, by which the ministers of Christ are directed to bestow the ordinance upon "all nations," and upon "every creature," one would think it impossible to question this proposition. And yet it is questioned; and they who embrace in "the nations" little children, are deemed, by some true Christians, derelict in doctrine and in practice. As men and women are admitted by all to be embraced in the commission, we shall not speak of them, but will proceed to consider the claims of *children* to the sacrament of baptism.

1. We urge their claims from Matthew xxviii, 19, 20: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." It has been objected to infant baptism, that in this text the disciples are commanded to *teach* all nations, and *then* to baptize them; and as infants cannot be *taught*, they *must* not be baptized. This difficulty is easily disposed of. Whoever will obtain a Bible with

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marginal translations, or philological notes on the common translation, will find that the text reads thus: "Go ye, therefore, and *disciple* all nations, baptizing them," &c. This is the correct rendering from the Greek. The English reader, who finds the verb "teach" before baptize, and the participle "teaching" immediately after it, would conclude that the same word was used in the Greek Testament in both places. This, however, is not the case. Go ye, therefore, and *μαθησασθε*, "*disciple*," or "*initiate as pupils*," all nations, baptizing, &c.; then *διδασκουτε*, teaching, (not *μαθησασθε*, as it would have been, if the same thing was to be done after as before baptizing them; but *διδασκουτε*, *teaching them*.) The word improperly rendered "teach," in the first part of the text, means to admit as a pupil; that in the middle of the text means to *instruct* the pupil thus admitted. How exactly is this direction suited to the condition of infancy! Go and disciple them—*μαθησασθε*—put them into Christ's school; then *διδασκουτε*, teaching them the *science* of that school; that is, as their minds open and enlarge, occupy them with the truths of the Gospel, and give every rising thought, as far as possible, an inclination toward the cross. No language could be invented, better suited to convey the impression that children are the objects of the apostolic commission, are to be initiated as pupils by baptism, and then *be taught* the lessons of *Christ's school*. If the term "nations" does not embrace children, we would ask what generic term in the language does embrace them?

Another text, in Mark xvi, 15, 16, is equally comprehensive. It embraces "*every creature*." As to the objection so often raised by the opponents of infant baptism, that inasmuch as infants cannot believe they must not be baptized, there is this to be observed—the language does not propose faith as a condition of baptism, but it proposes faith and baptism as two conditions of salvation. Analyze the proposition, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Here is not a *series* of conditions and promises. It is *one promise*, with *two conditions*. The text does not read, "He that believeth shall be baptized, and he that is baptized shall be saved."

To illustrate the independence of baptism, as it regards faith, suppose a teacher should say to his pupil, "Get a lesson in geography and a lesson in arithmetic, and you shall have a medal." The medal would depend on *both lessons*, but the lesson

in arithmetic would not depend on that in geography. Nor need the child get the lesson in geography first, because it happens to be mentioned first. Now faith and baptism are to salvation what the two lessons are to the medal. You may say that baptism, then, as well as faith, is essential to salvation. I answer, he who denies infant baptism is accountable for that. They *are* necessary to salvation on *his* principles, not on mine. His principles, carried out, will send all that die in infancy to hell; but mine will not. Mine will admit them to heaven, and, of course, will admit them to baptism; but his excludes them from baptism, and *much more—from heaven*. If he shrinks from the inevitable consequences of his own principles, and says, "These words mean that the *adult* only must believe in order to be saved," I rejoin, these words mean that the *adult only* must believe in order to be baptized. And he must not use this text to guard the font of baptism against little children, unless he will use it, also, to guard *heaven* against little children. If it shuts them out of any thing, it certainly is heaven. What! when one speaks of *baptizing* infants, shall I seize this text with polemic greediness, and forbid him, because the child has not faith? And again, when he talks of children being damned for want of faith, shall I reject this text as the greedy do a scalding mouthful, and insist that it has "*nothing to do with infants?*"

"We all agree to call it freedom when ourselves are free."

Surely, you may perceive, without any severe study, that if these words subject any person, young or old, believing or unbelieving, to any loss, it is the loss of salvation much more than of baptism. The pupil might get his lesson in arithmetic without getting his lesson in geography; but without both lessons he could not receive the medal. So in regard to this text, (and we now speak of this without reference to other Scriptures,) an infant might be *baptized* without faith, even though he could not be *saved* without it. How much more may the infant be baptized without faith, when without faith all agree that it *may* be saved. And here I have the best opportunity which my brief compass will afford, to apply the principle contained in this text, and its exposition, to many portions of Scripture. The principle is this: *Faith is a Scriptural condition of baptism, and of salvation, in all adults—in all who are capable of believing; but it is no condition of either baptism or salvation in infants, who are incapable of believing*. Take this principle along with you, and apply it to any example in the New Testament, and it will clear up all objections to infant baptism. For example, Philip said to the Eunuch who sought baptism, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." To whom did he say this? To an *adult*. And because he was an adult, and was capable of believing, he

could say no less, according to the principle which we have laid down. But would you infer from this that infants *may not* be baptized, because they *cannot* believe? Then consider another case, and see how you will maintain consistency. On a certain occasion, the jailor who had kept Paul and Silas, being roused by an earthquake, fell down before them and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" They answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now, would you infer from this that *infants* must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved? If you urge the objection to infant baptism in the former case, you must admit the objection to infant salvation in the latter case.

These examples serve to illustrate the satisfactory result of applying the principle laid down above; namely, that "faith is a condition of baptism, and of salvation, in adults; but is not a condition of either baptism or salvation in infants." Now, as "*all nations*," and "*every creature*," are the terms which denote the objects of the apostolic commission, you must find some language in Holy Writ to *exclude* infants specifically, or you are bound to consider them as embraced in that commission. Who ever heard it questioned, that infants were a part of the nation to which they belonged? Did not God consider them a part of Nineveh, when, mostly on their account, he spared the *whole nation*? Were they not considered a part of Israel, when God entered into covenant with that people in the land of Moab? "Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God; your captains of your tribes, your elders, and your officers, with all the men of Israel, your little ones, your wives, and thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood, unto the drawer of thy water: that thou shouldest enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath, which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day," Deuteronomy xxix, 10, 11, 12.

2. This leads us to argue the validity of infant baptism, from the fact that, in all the leading covenants made with mankind, *infants were embraced, and shared in all the benefits of those covenants.*\*

The first covenant was with Adam in his state of innocence. It secured to him and to his posterity the divine blessing, on condition of obedience. We find the blessing recorded in the first chapter of Genesis: "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This, with the subsequent prohibition as a condition of *retaining* the blessing, formed a

\* See Dick's Theology and Watson's Institutes.

covenant between Adam and his Creator. That covenant had a seal, or sacrament; namely, the *fruit of the tree of life*. This was consecrated, by the will of God, to some very sacred use. It was not like the other trees of the garden, for the common purpose of refection. That it was sacramental, we learn from the fact that it was too pure and excellent for the profane to approach and feed upon; therefore, after their fall the sinning pair were driven from the garden, lest they should partake of its fruit, and *live for ever*.

A *second covenant* was made with Noah before the building of the ark: "But with thee will I establish my covenant: and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee," Genesis vi, 18. And the ark itself, which Noah built by the direction of God, seems to have had a sacramental import, and to have been the seal of this covenant. (See 1 Peter iii, 20, 21, 22.)

Another covenant was made with Noah after the flood, and its sacrament was the *rainbow*. It pledged security from a second deluge. To this very day that covenant is of binding force; and to this very day nature, in one of her aspects, is a holy sacrament for the eye to feast upon. Never should we gaze at that celestial sign, but we should view it, not merely as the most beautiful phenomenon in nature, but also as a perpetual seal of the bond which secures to us an immunity from the horrors of a universal deluge.

The next was the covenant made with Abraham, which was a covenant of grace—the very covenant under which we live, and by which we receive all the blessings of the grace of Jesus. The sacrament of this covenant was circumcision.

The next covenant which we shall mention, is that which spared the first-born of Israel, when the angel of death passed through the land and slew all the first-born of Egypt. Its sacrament was the Passover.

And now, to go no farther, from which of these covenants were children excluded, and which of their seals or sacraments was not designed for them? If Adam had remained obedient in Paradise, would his children have been excluded from the sacramental tree of life? Were the children of Noah excluded from the ark, and from the benefits of the covenant? They were admitted for Noah's faith. "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all *thy house* into the ark: for *thee have I seen righteous* before me." Were the children of Abraham excluded from the covenant of grace, and from the sacrament of circumcision? "This is my covenant, which ye shall keep, between me and you, and thy seed after thee; *every man-child* among you shall be circumcised," Genesis xvii, 10. Were the children of the Israelites

excluded from the Passover? Certainly not. So far from this, that every child who was of sufficient age to partake of food was compelled to observe the Passover. This was the command of God: "Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, even that soul shall be cut off from the congregation. In all your habitations shall ye eat unleavened bread. And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and *thy sons* for ever."

But we invite your attention more particularly to the passage already referred to: "Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord; your captains, elders, and officers, with all the men of Israel, your *little ones*, your wives, and thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood, unto the drawer of thy water: that thou shouldst enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath, which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day: that he may be unto thee a God. Neither with you only do I make this covenant and this oath; but with him [*children as well others*] that standeth here with us this day before the Lord our God," Deuteronomy xxix, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Whatever men may say, one thing is conclusively proven by the history of God's covenants with mankind; namely, that infants can stand in a covenant relation to God *by the act of their parents*. In the last instance they did assume such a relation; for the fact is unequivocally asserted by God himself. So also in regard to the Abrahamic covenant, God commands that the seal of the covenant shall be imposed on the infant at eight days old. If the circumcised infant could not be a party to the covenant, this was as improper as it would be to write a deed on one sheet of paper, and in executing it, affix the authenticating seal to a different and to a blank sheet of paper. Or, to change the illustration, it was like drawing up a covenant between A. and B., whose names are inserted in the instrument, and then, in executing it, using the name of F., who is not a party to the covenant.

Would it be proper to use the royal seal of France on parchment which records a treaty between the United States and the Russian Autocrat? No more proper would it have been to put the seal of the covenant with Abraham upon the children of the family, when these children were not parties to the covenant.

Circumcision was the seal of a covenant which was fundamentally and essentially *our* covenant—the covenant of grace. This is positively affirmed by Paul, in Romans xi, 17-24: "And if some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive-tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partake of the root and fatness of the olive-tree; boast not against the branches. But if thou

boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee. Thou wilt then say, The branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in. Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear. For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. And they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graff them in again. For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive-tree; how much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive-tree?" What could more strikingly exhibit the unity of the Church, and the identity of its covenants, from Abraham to the times of the apostle! The Abrahamic and Christian covenants are *one olive-tree*. The falling away of the Jews is the excision of a branch from that tree, and the conversion of the Gentiles is engrafting them into the same stock, from which the Jews were broken off. The Church and its covenants are *one* in the days of Abraham and of Christ; and as in the days of Abraham, so in the days of Christ and his apostles, children are to be brought within the purview of that covenant by the imposition of the sacramental seal; namely, circumcision then, and baptism now.

But if the identity of the Abrahamic and Christian covenants be denied, it matters not. Infant baptism even then stands on an immovable foundation. If the Christian covenant be a new covenant, differing ever so much from the Abrahamic, it contains the same provision in regard to children as did the Abrahamic. In proof of this, consider the language and behavior of Jesus toward children.

*He declares them to be members of the Church.* "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them," Mark x, 13, 14, 15, 16. "*For of such is the kingdom of God.*" The kingdom of God, among the Jews, meant the Church on earth, or the Church in heaven. If Christ meant the Church in heaven, that was no reason why he should say, "*Let them come unto me;*" for it implied no attraction in their present character, that they amongst them who died in infancy, or were converted in old age, would

occupy seats in heaven. No. He meant that the Church on earth was composed of *little children*. The children which he then took in his arms bore in their bodies the token of his covenant. They were the children of the promise made to Abraham. The language, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," must have been remarked by all, as implying that the kingdom of heaven is composed exclusively of children. Now this is not the case with the beatific heaven. But it was a declaration which asserted most perfectly with the kingdom or Church on earth in our Savior's day. Then the subjects of that kingdom all assumed their citizenship in it by circumcision at eight days old. None of the children of Israel could defer their token of fealty later than this. To do so was fatal, and excluded them from the congregation of God's people.

Now, in saying, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," he does not mean that all in the Church are infants, but he means that all were infants at their entrance into the kingdom of heaven. He refers to their initiation, which always (except in some few instances of proselytism) occurred in *their infancy*. As if the husbandman should say to his servants, take care of the tender blades; for of such is the harvest; or as if the gardener should say, guard and train the young shoots of the nursery; for of such are the fruits of the orchard. In the Church were none but such as had taken their membership therein during their earliest infancy; and infancy, therefore, was the *hope* of the Church. Well, then, might Jesus rebuke those who proposed to shut out these infant disciples from his notice, and veil these budding honors of his vineyard from his eyes. Well might he say, "Suffer little children to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." So far as I have read, this is a novel exposition of this passage; but it is certainly the most natural exposition; and strong reasons must be urged to set it aside.

Now recollect that when Jesus uttered these words, and claimed for these circumcised children the immunities of the Church or kingdom of God, whatever in the Abrahamic covenant was (as some will affirm) contrary to, or inconsistent with, the Christian covenant, had passed away. John, the forerunner of Christ, had accomplished his work, and the kingdom of Immanuel was then being set up. If the dispensations *essentially* differed, the Abrahamic was expiring, and the Christian was assuming its place. Yet, just then, to his own disciples, who were to follow his words and example in their future ministry, he most solemnly, and in opposition to their apparent wishes, confirms the membership of little children in the Church. He rebukes their unadvised interposition, takes the children in his arms, and laying his

hands on them pronounces the blessings of the covenant sealed by circumcision, upon these infant disciples.

Turn now to these very disciples, who, in regard to children, and the treatment they were to experience under the regimen of the Gospel, had received a lesson which they were most unlikely ever to forget. The vivid recollection of Christ's displeasure, when they rebuked the parents who brought their children to Jesus, would be likely to remain with them for ever. If Peter, that rash man, who was so apt to commit indiscretions, was the offending disciple, as is probable, he would remember an occurrence which had so displeased his Lord, and he would remember, too, the saying of Jesus after the resurrection, "Feed my sheep," and "feed my lambs." Let us go forward, then, to the day of Pentecost, when Peter preached his first sermon, and see if there are any indications that these circumstances dwelt upon his mind. Should an immersionist, as has been the case, discover his error concerning children, and find that, like Peter, he had been laboring to keep them away from Christ, when Christ himself was striving to call them to him, he would make amends by preaching infant baptism in every sermon. So does Peter. The very first sermon contains provision not only for the sheep, but for the lambs: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, [here is food for the sheep,] and to *your children*," [this is for the lambs.] Perhaps, at that moment, the scene recorded in Mark was before him. In his mind's eye he saw Jesus hold the infant disciples in his arms, and with the authority of Godhead vindicate their claim to the covenant by which the Church had its very being. If you will substitute covenant for promise, and seed for children, in this language of Peter, you will have the declaration of an inspired apostle concerning Abraham and his children: "The covenant was to Abraham, and to his seed." So under the preaching of Peter: "The covenant is to you, and to your seed." For covenant and promise, as well as children and seed, mean the same things.

Now consider that God directed the seal of circumcision to be extended to infants, because the *covenant* extended to them. The seal and the covenant must be co-extensive; and, as the covenant was to Abraham and his seed, both must be circumcised. But, under the Gospel, Peter declares, "The covenant is [still] to you, and to your seed." What, then, would be the inference? If the Gospel *covenant* is to our children, (would the Jew say,) then the Gospel seal (baptism) is to our children also; for where is the validity of a covenant without a

seal? And who would ever think of inserting the name of a person in the body of a covenant as one of its parties, and then refuse that person's seal in executing the instrument. That baptism is the Christian circumcision, i. e., performs the same sealing office in the covenant of grace now as circumcision did formerly, is plain from the language of Paul in Colossians ii, 11, 12: "In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." Here baptism is expressly called the circumcision of Christ; i. e., the circumcision instituted by Christ.

And now, if, as we have seen, the commission given by Jesus to his disciples embraces all nations, and every (human) creature—if infants are capable of sustaining a covenant relation to God, by the act of their parents—if they *have been* embraced in every leading covenant which God has made with mankind—if the seals of these covenants have always been put upon them—if Jesus Christ pronounced them members of the Church, what presumption is it in mortals to shut the door of the Church, which he left so wide open, saying, "Suffer them to come unto me!" Do they who take on themselves this responsibility imagine that they will succeed? When the millennium shall come, and all nations shall be gathered in—when all the ends of the earth shall turn to the Lord, and all shall know him from the least unto the greatest—when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, then will infants alone be excluded from the visible kingdom of God? Without baptism they *must* be excluded. None can enter that kingdom without being born of water as well as of the Spirit. And while all the *world* is admitted, shall the innocency of childhood be excluded? Shall *all* be permitted to approach the tree of life—shall all be permitted to survey, with holy exhilaration, the splendors of that goodly scene—shall all be the seed of the promise, and the circumcised of the Lord, except little children? Was it left to the Gospel alone—that Gospel which was intended to be the most expanded covenant of God with man—that Gospel which was intended to break over the contracted bounds of all former covenants, and embrace a world—was it left to this *Gospel of mercy* to do what none of the partial and exclusive covenants had ever done before; namely, shut out from its purview and sacraments the sinless portion of our race—those that were *unfortunate*, but not actually *guilty*—those whose *natures* are defiled, but whose wills have not transgressed?

Is it true that the good news announced at the advent, embraced the disfranchisement of helpless and suffering infancy, which, till then, had been embraced in every covenant of mercy? Is it true that the star of Bethlehem stood over where Immanuel was, to warn the nations that the slumbering babe whose birth had just awakened the jubilee of the universe, (like the dragon which drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them down to the earth,) was about to sweep from the spheres, where the God of Abraham had placed them, constellations upon which at that moment his own infant glory shed a new and unfading lustre? Blessed Jesus! thou who hast sanctified infancy by passing through all its stages, and assuming all its weaknesses and prerogatives, have mercy on those who would select the objects of thine unconditional placency, as the only beings in this redeemed world who may not share in thy covenanted smiles—who may not claim those exceeding great and precious promises, which were intended as crowning tokens of thy universal and everlasting love!



Original.

### THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BENEATH the snow-white robe of yonder mount,  
Whose head on many a pillowed cloud reclines,  
A limpid stream—a pure perennial fount—  
With trackless path and noiseless step declines.  
A power innate propels its onward course:  
At first its trickling drops with slowness move,  
Till, every step more distant from its source,  
Its murmuring, foaming, dashing waters rove.

From height to height, o'er rock and cragged steep,  
The impetuous stream its headlong course maintains,  
Till on some fertile plain its billows sleep,  
Where Flora dwells, or golden Ceres reigns.  
Thenceforth, beneath their kind, benignant smiles,  
Its peaceful waters slowly glide along,  
Till, mingled with the boundless ocean's spoils,  
The mountain stream is lost amid the throng!

How fit an emblem of the human soul—  
Bright emanation of the Eternal Mind—  
Whose years shall through unending ages roll,  
Whose powers are varied, free, and unconfined.  
The earliest ray which marks its dawning life  
Beholds it wandering from its heavenly source;  
While ruling sin with truth maintains a strife,  
And drives it madly in its downward course.  
But when, by grace, th' impetuous stream is staid,  
How calm and peaceful its waters move,  
Till mingled, lost, amid those blissful waves—  
The boundless ocean of Eternal Love.

G. W.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

### THE OLD CHURCH.

BY CLEVELAND COX.

We are not surprised that a church deserted and in ruins should attract the attention of the traveler, and furnish a theme for the poet. It must be a melancholy spectacle to angels and men.—ED. REPOSITORY.

THERE it stands, the old church, on the common alone,

With the moss and the lichen grown gray;  
Its roof is all sunken, its doors are broke down,  
And in "window'd raggedness" dark seems its frown  
On each mortal, who chanceth this way.

Like a skeleton bare, in the moon's silver ray,  
That old building stands out 'mongst the dead;  
And the trav'ler in passing, stops short on his way,  
Gazing up at that picture of ghastly decay—  
Whence every thing living hath fled.

There was joy in heaven, and rejoicing on earth,  
When the stone of that corner was laid;  
"The wilderness bloom'd like the rose at its birth,"  
It brought the "glad tidings of peace" to each hearth—

For it gather'd the flock which had stray'd.

Let us enter that ruin, and stroll down its aisles,  
Let us muse on its glory o'erthrown—  
See, the walls are distained by the scrawls of the vile,  
And hands, sacrilegious, have plunder'd the pile—  
And its pavement with grass is o'ergrown.

Yet once it was glorious—its aspect was grand—  
And as smooth as the velvet its green,  
Which was trod by the great and the gay of this land,  
Whose grave-stones in ruins around it now stand,  
Like their spectres, still haunting the scene.

It was here that in grandeur and wealth they once roll'd,  
And that beauty enchanted the eye,  
When bedeck'd with her jewels, and glitt'ring with gold,  
She stepp'd from her chariot, all bright to behold,  
And her bosom with pride beating high.

What a change since that time!—how their riches have flown,  
Scarce a name on their tomb can be found;  
For Old Time hath unchisel'd the letters of stone,  
And the slabs are all green with the moss o'ergrown,  
And half buried they lie in the ground.

Thou art ruined, old fane! yes, the arrow hath sped,  
And the iron hath enter'd, indeed;  
Yet thousands; yea, thousands, have risen in thy stead;

Thy glory is vanished, but thy spirit not fled,  
For "the blood of the martyrs is seed."

Original.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY MRS. M'CAE.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul—'tis the voice of years gone by—they roll before me with all their deeds."—  
OSSIAN.

It is the quiet midnight hour. Silence reigns within, and nothing breaks upon the stillness without save the hollow murmurings of the wintry wind. An hour like this, of hushed and breathing solitude, how peculiarly impressive! But, hark! It now becomes still more impressive, as yonder bell, with solemn chime, breaks upon the silence, and tells, not the flight of an immortal spirit to invisible realms, but of time departed—of another period of accountability having been sealed up for final adjustment—yea, that another of our immortal years lies buried in the grave of the mighty past. Methinks there are none to-night so charmed by the siren voice of the world, so lost in its giddy whirl of business or of pleasure, but will sit down, with heart accessible to solemn teaching, and learn a lesson from its exit.

In our comminglings with the world, its diversified pursuits, its deluding phantoms and follies, competitions and cares, we may and do forget our transition character—the feeble hold we have on life, and how soon we must look our last upon all earth's brightest and saddest scenes, which now light up the eye with the heart's most cherished affections, or dim it with tears. But in the deep and universal silence of the solemn midnight, reason takes her throne; and if, perchance, it be the last of a departing year,\* O! what thoughts crowd upon the mind—time's rapid progression, the shadowy past and the unknown future; our own condition, frail and fleeting—to-day and not to-morrow—at morning, but not at night; the rugged windings in life's pathway—its sunshine and its wintry griefs; the friends we loved—the loving, now the lost. Yea, even to the careless and the unbelieving, the recurrence of a dying year brings with it a train of sacred associations, makes its appeal, and conveys a moral. "Go to the grave thou dying year," said an old man once with intensity of feeling. His career had been marked by severe misfortunes, yet they had not driven him to the good man's refuge; and at the last hour of that expiring year, a faded remnant of an entombed generation, he stood forth with the blighting stamp of unbelief upon his soul. Said he, "I believe not in the popular dogmas of these latter days, which not only make men fools, but keep them so; away

\* This was designed for January, but came too late for insertion.

with the idle tale of dying to live again; 'tis a mere phantom of the imagination;" but, said he, with deep emotion, "I feel strangely sad to-night; it is the last of the old year; I can but dwell upon the sunny spots once upon life's landscape, and the rough places in my journey through this world. In my days of romance I used to spend this evening with a lovely, blue-eyed, mirthful maid; but a rolling wave of life dashed her for ever from my view, and to-night I can but recall her voice, her eye, her form. Heavy and severe disasters fell upon my riper manhood, turning the future into a gloomy and unpromising wilderness, and I feel it bitterly at such a time as this. It may be I shall not live to see the close of many succeeding years, for I am an old man. I have seen all who shared my blood, or owned my affections, fall to the ground like dead leaves in autumn, and all I can do is to call their dead shades around me. I wish myself a shadow." Then, with a deep sigh, resting upon his staff, he exclaimed, "Go to the grave thou dying year." These were the musings of one professedly an unbeliever. But why this ebullition of the most painful feelings in connection with time's unceasing flight? Ah! the mysterious tenant 'shrined in clay, gave indubitable evidence of its origin, and its power to endure when time and death are dead. If immortal, then accountable; the annual expiration of his rolling years gave him eloquent assurance that he was hastening to the retributions of eternity. In spite of all his boasted powers of skeptical reasoning, these fearful truths, unbidden, riveted upon his soul. Miserable the condition, and cheerless the prospects of that individual who, at the close of 1843, is seeking to demonstrate the falsity of the Gospel. Equally misguided and misjudging are those who yield a theoretical assent to the grand principles of revealed religion, and remain practical unbelievers.

"A nature rational implies the power

Of being blest or wretched, as we please."

Hence, if the changeless bliss of the unscen world is bartered away for the pageantries of earth, it is a voluntary relinquishment; the quitting all that an "everlasting heaven means, for empty shadows."

"Spend this evening with me," said a young lady once to her friend; "it is the last evening of the old year, will you spend it with me, Alice?" "Ah!" said she, "I fear your conversation will be too grave; it is a serious evening; the most horror-stricken in the whole year: to-morrow night I can banish gloomy thoughts at Mrs. M.'s, where all will be gayety: to-night I have no such resource; and if you will promise not to be sad, and moralize little, I will come." Her friend smiled, and she hastened away. Alice and Caroline were playmates in childhood, and friends in youth. Once they were alike volatile and unreflecting;

but during a gracious season of repenting and returnings to God, Caroline was also led to "turn her feet unto his testimony," while she gave evidence to all that heaven was the object of her fixed resolve. She had said very little to Alice on the subject, save by the preaching of example, which had not failed to have its influence, though not acknowledged either by words or actions. But the last evening of the old year, Caroline thought peculiarly favorable for a conversation with her friend; and with this in view, she said, "Alice, spend this evening with me." Evening came, and the two friends were side by side, seated by a cheerful fire, in Caroline's own apartment. Alice felt solemn; she knew not why; but solemn as she felt, she had secretly determined to prevent a serious turn to conversation during the evening. Hours passed away; as yet she had been but too successful. At length, said Caroline, glancing at the time-piece, "One hour more, Alice, and we enter upon a new year. How many such seasons have we spent together; but never one before with different views and feelings?" She then spoke of the change as affecting herself; faithfully expostulating, and entreating her friend to turn away from the fascinating circles of fashion and amusement, in which she so often mingled, and go more frequently to the house of God, and by a candid investigation of truth, seek to bring her feelings and her judgment to bear upon that important point—a preparation to meet God. Alice sought in vain to conceal her emotions; she perfectly accorded with her friend in sentiment, acknowledged the reasonableness of her requirements; "but," said she, "I have for five successive years, upon this very evening, resolved amendment. I dare not to-night, lest I add another broken promise to my list of offenses." Caroline became more urgent, referred her to a very near friend who, during the past year, with prospects of long life and happiness before her, had been called suddenly to the companionship of the worm; said she, "You are not more secure than was our lamented Eliza. Then why do you thus obstinately war against your own interest? The world has no resources from which you can draw one ray of comfort in the time of distress. Its pretensions to its votaries are fair, but false. You know it Alice. Already have you grasped its visions of delight, and found them but receding phantoms. Why then cling to such a feeble prop? Promise now that you will do so no more. Good night! Before the storm gathers thick and dark, O, Alice, turn to God!" Alone in her chamber, Alice sought relief in tears. Morning came, and from a sleepless pillow she arose to receive the salutations of the new year; her heart was troubled; it was the workings of the Spirit to bring the wanderer home; but she resisted. Even-

ing came, and away went Alice to lose, in the whirl of fashion and of folly, the directions of her better judgment; but she could not banish the conversation of the preceding evening, while the parting admonition still sounded in her ears, "Before the storm gathers thick and dark, O, Alice, turn to God!" "To what storm did she allude," would she ask herself, again and again—"to the hour of sickness and death?" Then, with a perspective glance, would she view the mingled scenes of that terrible day, when upon the wicked shall be "rained snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest." Early did she retire from that mirthful assemblage; and with no eye-witness but the Omniscient, she resolved again to be a Christian.

And how many such promises have been made to-night. The devotee of pleasure, beneath its fascinating shrine, resolves to burst the fetters of her thralldom, and her latest vows of reformation are heard by angels, as the moving voice of the Spirit enstamps this truth upon her soul, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Is there any delay in the fulfillment of these recent determinations? O! spurn thou not that warning voice,

"But, lady, fly that empty shrine,  
And chain those airy hopes of thine."

Time is flying, heaven inviting; death will soon urge his claim; and though the pathway from the cradle to the tomb is one of vicissitude, beyond the confines of that dark repository change is known no more. O! the solemnity of this thought. 'Tis not as the phantom of a night vision; it is Gospel truth: "He that is holy, let him be holy still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Since the close of last year, how many glowing prospects have been overcast by misfortune and sorrow! Cruel have been the triumphs of the fatal messenger, and mournful the parting of friend with friend: the family prop has been removed, the mother has been taken from a group of children too young to feel the force of their bereavement; the child has perished in the dawn of its existence; youth and beauty have been carried away captive; they of the sparkling eye and the ruby lips have found a lodgment in the cold earth, with dust and corruption for a covering. And some, alas! too many, were

"Counting on long years of pleasure here,  
And quite unfurnished for the world to come."

'Tis but a few years since the youthful Henry L. commenced his career of fortune. He stepped forth upon the platform of active life, and laid his schemes for the future, while flattering prospects of felicity and distinction dazzled in the distance. Talented, prepossessing in exterior—health gave the vermilion to his cheek, and her exhilarating influence to his spirits. He was one of the "gayest



of the gay" circle in which he moved. The first Sabbath in 18—, he heard announced from the sacred desk, "this year thou shalt die." He little thought these words of prophetic inspiration would be fulfilled in him; and the impressions of that sermon, so faithfully, so feelingly delivered, passed away as the "morning cloud;" but before that year had run its round, the gay, the unsuspecting Henry, lay cold in death. He ventured his eternity upon the slender thread of universal salvation. And how many to-night, equally unsuspecting, presuming upon coming years, against whom the prophetic mandate has gone forth, "this year thou shalt die."

Should these lines meet the eye of one disposed to regard the passing, trivial occurrences of life as having but little bearing upon the momentous interests of future existence, for such we cite the language of one admired as an able defender of the Christian faith. He says: "Tell our gay triflers there is no such thing as a trifle upon earth. Can any thing be a trifle that has an effect eternal? Every moment is immortal! Every moment shall return, and lay its every thought, its every whisper, before the throne of Him who sent it to man on that commission, and commands it back at the stated period to make its report, to be registered in eternity for the perusal of angels and the justification of their King." It is not improbable that this solemn evening may be the turning point in the moral history of thousands. The knell of time sounds in their ears its impressive admonitions; and by the awakening influences of God's Holy Spirit, they are made to feel that the decision of to-night may settle the question—eternal life or eternal death. Some will cast themselves as weary sinners into the arms of Everlasting Love; others will turn away their hearts, banish their reasonable fears, and to-morrow night repair to festive scenes, to the sparkling wine cup, or thread the merry dance, at the sound of the harp and the viol, and trifle away convictions that will return never! no, never! Reader, where art thou? Immortal as thou art! Dost thou yet linger in the flowery paths of ruin? Knowest thou not it is at the peril of all thine interests? The voice of that beseeching visitor, against whom thou hast so often steeled thy heart, thou mayest hear no more, until He say to thee, "Because I have called and ye refused, when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind, then shall you call upon me, but I will not answer."

To the Christian specially, this evening is one of solemn interest. He looks back upon the past year, and upon his past life; no matter how long may have seemed his nights of anguish, when the aching head was pressed upon a sleepless pillow, or the days when his spirit drank at a fountain of

bitterness, now that they are passed, with the inspired patriarch he is ready to exclaim, "My days are swifter than a post." He views in retrospect, the unmerited loving-kindness of his God, who has been "gracious, slow to anger, and plentiful in mercy"—when he recounts his wandering, wayward steps, his feeble exertions in the cause of his divine Master, he cries out in the fullness of his soul, "It is of the Lord's mercies that I have not been consumed." In the strength of Jesus he resolves to arm himself with an invincible armor, and maintain the contest until sin is dethroned, and "faith is turned to sight, and God is all in all."

And the faithful minister, to whom is committed the sacred deposit of the everlasting Gospel, reviews his past efforts to subserve the interest of his Lord. He goes back in vision to the endearments of home and youth; recalls the loved ones, now no more, from whom, with bitter feelings, he tore himself away, saying, "I have laid myself upon the altar; henceforth, with the world in my rear, I must go and gather sheaves for the bundle of eternal life." Since that eventful period, frequent and deep have been his conflicts; innumerable discouragements have encompassed him about; but beating winds, and swelling surges, have but driven him nearer the Rock of his help. His soul has been cheered with "visitations sweet," while he carries the testimony of an approving conscience that he has not "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." Has he been successful, he lays his trophies at the feet of his Master. The world may have whispered to him of wealth, fame, personal ease and comfort; but the language of his heart is to-night, "Had I a mind that could grasp truth like a Newton, and make an appeal powerful and effective as that of Cicero, when he drove Cataline from the Senate, and made Cæsar tremble, I would rather be privileged of God to bear the tidings of mercy to a lost world, find my death-couch in some lonely hut, on a barbarous shore, without a kindly hand to fan the fever of my brow, than, with regal honors, to yield up my breath beneath a canopy of gold." The miseries and wants of a revolted world press heavily upon his soul, his arm is nerved afresh, his soul inspired to execute with a holier zeal, the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach my Gospel." He takes a general survey of the Church in her extensive range of action. Some of her *lights* have been *extinguished*; her day of conflict approaches; but the "Lord of hosts is with her, the God of Jacob is her refuge." In spite of the combined opposition of earth and hell, the car of her triumph rolls onward, from "conquering to conquer." A few more determined struggles, and the "voice of a great multitude shall go forth as the voice of

many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

And who that is privileged with life and reason, at the commencement of a new year, but will bring their offerings to this blessed shrine. Its inscriptions are, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." What have been our efforts during the past year for the universal diffusion of these gracious tokens? What has been our example before those whom we influence for eternity? In this region of moral derangement, from a common origin, alike we must bow to the same irrevocable destiny, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Sorrow and decay attend us in our course, but religion meets us with her cup of blessings. The speculating sophist, when anxious days come on, and the grave shuts in upon the sources of his hope and joy, can but invoke their departed shades, and wish himself a shadow. But religion, with unerring finger, directs her votaries to light beyond.

Christian reader, it may be that very recently death, in his desolating march, has laid some comfort low; the coffin-lid may have closed upon the charm of your fireside, the sweetener of your life, the solace of your descending path. O! listen to that voice! sweeter than music from a seraph's lyre, saying, "O! death I will be thy destruction," "I am the resurrection and the life"—

"Weep no more o'er the cold dust that lies at your feet,  
But gaze on that starry world—there ye shall meet."

With chastened soul, in humble confidence, it is the privilege of the true believer to enter upon the duties and trials of another year, singing, with the pious Heber, in devout and joyful strains,

"My years roll on; but here's my hope,  
And this my everlasting prop:  
Though seasons change, and I change too,  
My God's the same, for ever true!

My years roll on: my soul be still—  
Guided by love, thy course fulfill,  
And, when life's anxious voyage is past,  
My refuge be with *Christ* at last!"

—••••—  
THE ANGEL SONG.

—  
BY MISS DE FOREST.  
—

"Hark, they whisper! Angels say,  
'Sister spirit! come away!'"

—  
"SISTER spirit! come away!"  
Leave the dying, cumbrous clay;  
Let it sink to mold'ring earth—  
Claim thy native, heav'nly birth,  
Wanderer o'er a rugged soil—  
Sighing, sorrowing, worn with toil,

Wearied suff'rer, why delay?  
Plume thy wing, and haste away.

Sister spirit, rise and shine,  
In thy heritage divine,  
Would'st thou stay to sadly mourn  
Over nature's crumbling urn?  
Lo! thy friends are mingling here,  
List their song, and wipe the tear—  
Know'st thou, mourner, what they say?  
"Sister spirit! come away!"

Come, and in our heav'nly choir  
Tune anew thy pensive lyre.  
Like the ancient patriarch,  
All thy pilgrimage is dark;  
Few and evil are thy days—  
Utter still the voice of praise,  
Yet no longer seek to stay—  
"Sister spirit! come away!"

Dost thou grieve for hopes delay'd?  
Buds that wither, flowers that fade!  
Vows of friendship, rudely broken?  
Words of harshness, roughly spoken?  
Flowers will bloom for ever here—  
The tree of life is never sere—  
Love in heaven knows no decay—  
Weeping sister, haste away.

Trembler, dost thou fear to die?  
Raise to Calvary thine eye;  
Look upon the bleeding Savior;  
He can hush thy fears for ever;  
He will smooth the dying pillow—  
Still the tempest—calm the billow—  
Aye, 'tis he that bids us say,  
"Sister spirit! come away."

—••••—  
THE CROSS.

Symbol of shame! mysterious sign  
Of groans, and agonies, and blood,  
Hail! pledge of love, of peace divine,  
From God!

Symbol of hope! to those that stray,  
The pilgrim's vows extend to thee;  
Star of the soul, thou guid'st the way  
To Calvary!

Symbol of tears! we look and mourn  
His woes, whose soul for man was riven;  
Where, wanderer! is thy due return?  
To heaven!

Symbol of glory! when no more  
The monarch grasps his diadem,  
Thou still shalt burn, when worlds are o'er,  
A peerless gem!

Original.

## GRECIAN POETRY.

THE Greeks were ashamed to acknowledge that they derived their origin from any people whom they considered inferior to themselves. In this dream of national greatness they gave birth to some of the noblest geniuses that have ever adorned the soil upon which they trod. It was their unwillingness to look to other nations that made them turn to themselves, and draw upon their own resources. This was especially true when applied to their intellectual history; for that, at least, in their own lofty expression, was autochthonal. The few crude ideas which they gathered from other nations, anterior to themselves, were entirely remodeled by their plastic minds, or cast into a new mold, that, when reproduced, they appeared original, beautiful, and captivating. The monstrous was reduced to the vast, the grotesque softened to the graceful; and all their productions were characterized by a gracefulness and beauty, thrown, as it were, upon their primeval rudeness. All that tends to elevate the groveling, to unite the inharmonious; all that tends to adorn the ungraceful, and to polish the crude materials which were gathered from abroad, and convert them into that which is fascinating and elegant, belong peculiarly to the Greeks.

What mind does not love to rove through the exuberant growth of Homer's fertile imagination? Of his beauties no one, who makes any pretension to classic learning, can be ignorant. No one but must admire his sublimity and pathos, his tenderness and simplicity, and his inexhaustible vigor, that seems to revel in the endless display of his own prodigious energies. It is not here and there that his greatness is displayed, but everywhere; he is great throughout the vast whole. He paints with equal strength the terrible, the beautiful, the loathsome. Whose bosom does not glow with emotion as he reads the wrath and glory of the son of Peleus, described, as it is, in language of extreme beauty and elegance? It is no wonder that every educated Grecian should consider it a disgrace not to have read and be able to repeat large portions of this illustrious author.

But, although so justly admired by all his countrymen, the circumstances of his birth and death are alike wrapt in fable and obscurity.

Yet, what is far more remarkable, is, that his influence was least exerted upon his immediate successor, Hesiod. Between his poetry and that of Homer may be traced a greater difference than exists between it and many succeeding prose compositions. How great the disparity between depicting the martial glory of the Greeks in the illustrious seige of Troy, and domestic duties—the cultivation of the soil, and the genealogy of the

gods—which were the principle themes of Hesiod's muse. Perhaps the breast of Hesiod was imbued with the poetic spirit of Orpheus, whose productions, though lost, were evidently didactic in a high degree in their character, and devoted to the inculcation of ethics and theology. As Hesiod was naturally of a contemplative disposition, his mind inclined rather to the mysteries of symbolical religion than to the more popular and romantic subjects of Homer.

The same spirit which was embodied in Hesiod, we find flowing through those hymns in honor of the deities, which form the connecting link between Epic and Lyric poetry. In the Epic the person of the minstrel was entirely concealed; but in the hymns, as in the compositions of Hesiod, it becomes more visible, and the mind was prepared for the reception of those displays of feeling and emotion, of which the Lyric compositions, whether in the form of odes, songs, or the choruses of tragedy or comedy, largely partake. We find it in the bitter strains of Archilochus, in the complaint of the love-tortured Sappho, and in the regal and lofty pride of Pindar—the three distinguished names which mark the close of each century down to the Persian war.

A little later than Lyric poetry, flowed Elegiac, from the same source. Of this style of poetry, which is strongly allied to the Homeric, *Tyrtæus* is the first example. His soul-stirring war songs are in the genuine spirit of Homer. But the most renowned poet of this class is the immortal Pindar, whose name stands unrivaled, and like some colossal ruin of ancient architecture, remains only to reveal the majesty of the whole. Although nothing of Pindar's writings, except the forty-five triumphal lays in honor of the victors at the public games, have survived the wreck of the literature of antiquity, yet Horace informs us that he displayed his versifying powers in various styles of Lyric poetry—the wild dithyramb—the devout pæan—the gay and graceful glee; and, perhaps, still more pleasingly in his elegiac odes, in which he endeavored to console the mourner by gorgeous views of Elysium. But perhaps the most beautiful of his writings are those triumphal lays which remain. Considering the high estimation in which that kind of composition was held by the Greek nation, it is natural that he should throw all the energies of his mind into these productions.

We are struck by the excessive display of wealth and magnificence with which they abound. He seemed to think that nothing but splendor was worthy of his muse. His genius, to use his own words, "was the eagle of Jupiter." But, notwithstanding his aristocratic views, the feeling of veneration was predominant in his bosom. It was not only rank and opulence that called it forth,

but, also, the contemplation of the Divine attributes. Hence, that glow of piety which shines in some of his compositions, and adds force and lustre to his lessons of wisdom. His lofty temper, and strong anti-democratic principles, indicate his school, and the oligarchical institutions of the Doric states. To the same cause must be imputed the coldness of his homage to liberty, and the want of fervor in the allusions which he makes to contemporary patriots.

With Æschylus, who was a few years Pindar's junior, commenced the regular drama. Homer has been called the father of tragedy; but it was impossible for the stately fabric of the theatre to arise in those wild and boisterous times. Under the impulse given to the drama by Æschylus, tragedy assumed, in substance, its most exalted attributes. Before this it had been in embryo; now it started up, perfect and finished in all its parts.

Æschylus is an illustrious example of Athenian character. The remembrance of the hard struggles and well earned triumphs, of which he had been a partaker, gave a force and interest to his poetry. It bespeaks, in every place, the language of the hero, and the storm of battle. His writings are full of thought; but, perhaps, in the arrangement of his plot, he might be excelled by Sophocles. But the characters of their muse were essentially different. The productions of the former abounded with supernatural terrors and shapes of colossal magnitude; those of the latter, whose imagination loved to expatiate in the regions of fancy, were images of perfect majesty and beauty. And the effect of such lofty contemplations is seen in the excellence of his almost faultless style.

The poetry of Sophocles "flows in its own native channel—a mild, majestic stream, seldom ruffled by tempests"—bearing upon its bosom the symbols of dignity and power.

Under Euripides was commenced and consummated the decline of the tragic art. Although possessed of a fertile imagination, he could not produce the effect of grandeur or beauty, for which Æschylus and Sophocles were so remarkable. He adapted his poetry to the depraved state and degenerate manners of the people around him. His mind was full of sickly sentiments and disorderly passions, by which he increased voluptuousness and aggravated error. And with him expired the genuine spirit of tragedy among the Greeks. From this time every thing that is noble and great disappeared from the stage.

Longinus, who has drawn from the sun a simile to illustrate the difference between the Iliad and Odyssey, might have applied the same figure in the rise and fall of Grecian tragedy. "With Æschylus it is the dawn of a glorious day, rich in gorgeous coloring and bright promise, but still

battling against the clouds, and thwarted by the morning haze. With Sophocles, of a mature and steadfast radiance, it glows in the meridian; and with Euripides, its aptest emblem is the setting luminary, beautiful even in decline, and flooding the skies with a softened lustre, but shorn of its power and splendor, and soon to be swallowed up in the darkness of night."

The downfall of tragedy only opened a more successful door to the comic muse. Although Comedy, like her elder sister, Tragedy, arose from the rites of Bacchus, yet, unlike her, she seemed to flourish better in a more corrupt state of the muses and literature.

Ancient comedy was essentially satirical, and, consequently, must sink as soon as its essence was withdrawn. While tragedy was consecrated to the solemn and exalted themes of human thought, the comedy of Attica was the type of all that is airy and extravagant, and full license was given to all the expressions that an exuberant fancy could suggest. One of the most distinguished comic writers was Aristophanes. He wielded language with a power unrivaled. He knew how to be severe, yet was free from that coarseness for which his contemporaries have been so justly condemned. In his poetry, passages of a most exquisite character are continually interspersed, "like frequent glimpses of elysian distance." When to this the patriotism of Aristophanes is added, we claim for him the honor of a great mind. In all cases, save one, his attacks are as just as they were tremendous. He, whose arrows flew so thickly in every direction, might well have exclaimed, with a distinguished modern writer, "What question have I declined? what villain have I spared?"

Ancient comedy could not exist where liberty did not; and as soon as the free spirit of Athens was lost, it sunk into the regions of shade. But simultaneously with the overthrow of Athenian independence appeared the first specimens of a new species of dramatic poetry, in which the keen sarcasm of Aristophanes was exchanged for graceful lessons of morality and accurate delineations of character. This new comedy was brought to perfection by Menander, whose productions, save a few fragments, are lost. The chief beauties of Menander consisted in the delicate portraiture of character, the propriety of style, and a profusion of that Attic salt, "which," to use an expression of Plutarch's, "was taken from the very wave out of which the goddess of Love and Beauty rose." After Menander there is nothing worthy of commemoration.

Thus, the poetical spirit of Athens, after being sustained for more than two centuries, under the various forms of tragedy and comedy, at last expired.

The poetic genius of Grecia, like her majestic temples, with their gaudy worship, and her splendid palaces, no longer exist. Her Muses no longer hover around her, as they were wont to do in her palmy days, exciting her sons to noble deeds, holding up before them the victories of their fathers, and encouraging them to follow the example which they set. They have deserted their shady groves; Apollo has taken his departure, and Helicon no longer resounds with the soft tones of his lyre. They have taken up their abode on foreign shores; for they could not attune their voices to the praises of the deeds of slaves. D.



Original.

### HOW WE MAY CONQUER.

The following letter, though strictly private, is of too much value to be withheld from God's dear children. It is from a highly respected Christian lady to a disciple of Christ in this city.—Ed.

DEAR SISTER,—And the endearing relationship implied I feel in addressing you. We are children of one Father, and shall we deem an apology necessary in addressing each other? And then a mutual interest in that which concerns our *Father's* kingdom, has drawn our hearts together. 'Tis but seemly that children of one family, with interests necessarily identified, should hold unrestrained communion.

I think your experience very clear. "At the age of nine" you experienced religion; and so conclusive was the work of the Spirit, that, for several months, you had no doubts. You doubtless had the *fruits* of the Spirit. In subsequent experience you may not have retained *all* the fruits, especially that of joy; but you doubtless retained that which should be by far more conclusive; i. e., LOVE. "*Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God.*" Had you continued to believe God upon the bare testimony of his word, joy and peace would have possessed your soul. But if you retained *love*, have you reason to believe that you lost your adoption? You had a *right* to believe whether you apprehended it or not. The *fruits* of the Spirit should certainly be far more conclusive than our *feelings*.

Being thus a child of God, your heavenly Father urged you by his Spirit to "leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance," &c. Here, possibly, you may detect your error, both in early and later experience. When God performs a work, he does not condescend to our changeableness of views relative to that. He may condescend to give more light; but, in my experience, this light has almost invariably shone forth

from the word: "Thy word is a *lamp* unto my feet, a *light* unto my path." So said David; and if sister B. had invariably pronounced upon her experience by the sure light emitted from the word, and been less solicitous about frames and feelings, every perplexity in experience had been banished. But no time is lost by having difficulties *settled*. Otherwise Satan makes these unsettled points formidable hinderances. I have found myself so prone to require *sensible* manifestations, that I have found it the safer way to leave them to be dispensed to me at the disposal of my heavenly Father. "The just shall *live* by *faith*."

You had been pleading for a clean heart. And just while you were earnestly struggling you were enabled to "look up, and the power of God touched your heart;" and then, in a manner powerful beyond description, it was said to your inmost soul, "If ye ask bread, will he give you a stone." Involuntarily you cried out in the language of praise. What for? Because the desire of your heart had unquestionably been answered, the vacuum in your heart was filled—filled to overflowing. Now, was it not surprising that you should doubt whether *this* was the blessing you had been seeking! The caution implied in the text given for your establishment in the blessing considered, it surely was strange that you should yield to an uncertainty on the subject. Did it never strike you that, in yielding to this temptation, you admitted the supposition that your heavenly Father might give you a stone for bread—something else than what you had asked for. Your constitutional proneness to unbelief, or reasoning, seems to have been anticipated, and God gave you this text from the armory of the word at the moment; or rather, in connection with the blessing, that with it you might be enabled to ward off the *peculiar* temptations to which he knew you would be exposed. Had you used it you would not have replied in the negative to the inquiry whether you had the blessing. It was here you gave the enemy advantage.

When you resolved to say to a friend something that would imply that you were in possession of "the blessing," then your cup began again to run over. How kind was your heavenly Father thus to bless you, even in anticipation of confessing with the mouth what he had done for you. The duty of confession seems to stand *inseparably* connected with the reception and retaining of spiritual blessings. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The reason why you have *not* been more confirmed in the possession of the blessing is, probably, because you have spoken of the work of the Spirit on your heart in an indefinite manner. Perhaps you have but seldom spoken of it; and when you in part venture,

almost yield to the temptation to call it something else. If you continue to pursue this course, you will *never* become permanently established. God has given you the blessing, and you *ought* to declare it to the praise and glory of his grace. The cause *requires* witnesses. When it comes to the matter of *confession*, Satan is very solicitous for the cause of God. He would even keep us in bondage, from the fear of saying too much.

I sometimes resolve the matter thus: Had a compassionate friend raised me from the depth of poverty and degradation, should I, in speaking of what that friend had done for me, be speaking of myself? Would it not rather be humbling to self to ascribe it to another? Should I withhold the name of that friend, and not to his praise speak of what he had done for me, the world would exclaim, how ungrateful and unhumiliated; while my friend, perhaps, would either withdraw his gifts or cease to give more.

God loves to be praised: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." He pours into our souls in order that we should pour out to others. And may we not conclude that God dispenses to us in a degree proportionate to that which we dispense to others: "Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and *running over*. A minister once said, "If all the Church would only get Gospel measure, what would *run over* would be enough to convert the world." There is little danger of speaking too much or too highly of what God has done for us. It is surprising that the enemy should be so successful with temptations to the contrary. "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth;" "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the *humble* shall hear thereof, and be glad." Try the plan of *seeking* opportunities to speak *confidently* of what God hath done for you, dear sister B., and I have no doubt but you will be enabled to affirm most confidently that your heavenly Father *has not given a stone for bread*.

#### CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

The nature of Christian beneficence is often wholly mistaken. We are not merely to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, to minister to their necessities, and alleviate their misery, but we are to *keep ourselves unspotted from the world*. Instinctive benevolence might obey the requisitions of the one—Christian benevolence alone can fulfill the requisitions of the other. A heart entirely destitute of Christian love and holiness, might be prompted to relieve the indigence of suffering widowhood and orphanage, from the consideration that the honor of the world might be thus obtained; but to visit the widow and the

fatherless in their affliction, in the spirit of pure and undefiled religion, as motives are appreciated before God and the Father, to the exclusion of all sinister design, all pride, all dissimulation, this is the meaning of the apostle; this is the essence of practical godliness. We are to honor the faith of the Gospel; not, indeed, by a literal fulfillment of every injunction of the law of charity *in secret*, but we are to let our light shine with a lustre so benignant and holy, "that others, seeing our good works, may be constrained to glorify our Father in heaven."

Christian beneficence requires us to be like-minded with Christ, and that we have his image reflected in our hearts. We must be "clothed with humility"—that grace which rejects every ornament but that of a meek and quiet spirit, so priceless in the sight of God. And, in addition, we must have on "the helmet of salvation." We are prone to indolence; "our souls love their home of familiar emotions." Our minds experience a painful revulsion at the thought of extending their conceptions beyond a certain circumscribed sphere. How different the course of action prescribed by the inspired writer! "The helmet of salvation," by which he would seem to convey that life is a scene not of inactivity and repose, but a warfare. He would have us to feel that our journey from this world to that above is one of difficulty, of contention, and of trial.

Christian beneficence requires, likewise, that we be disinterested in all our efforts: "Charity seeketh not its own." Who does not know that selfishness is innate in the human heart? Who among men has so fully conquered himself as to find no latent springs of this principle, no spirit of *self-seeking* within him? Who among us possessing godliness, is conscious to himself of a love so pure, so fervent, so entirely disinterested in seeking the salvation of souls, as to have no leaven of selfishness remaining within his bosom? And who among the ministers of the cross is so ripe with the graces of his Master's spirit, so trained to the offices of angelic benevolence, as no longer to be under the necessity of scrutinizing his motives, of examining his heart, to see whether there be any thing of the carnal mind within him? The beneficence of Jesus was perfect. HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD. How true, yet how laconic this sentence, which sums up all the actions of his life! Whether in the land of his nativity, or in the land of strangers, whether among his friends or his enemies, whether among the upright or the wicked, he had but one duty to perform, but one object to accomplish—the glory of God and the good of man. In him we behold energy of purpose, disinterestedness of motive, unchangeableness of love. In him we may copy from a Divine and all-perfect original. E. H.

Original.

## HOLINESS.—NO. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES  
BY THE WAY."

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

"For whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth  
the gift?"

If the Scribes and Pharisees were so severely chided for regarding the gift of greater importance than the sacredness of the "altar most holy," by virtue of which their gifts were sanctified, who can portray the God-dishonoring character of that unbelief which prompts the offerer at the *Christian's altar* to doubt whether, when he lays his sacrifice upon it, it will be holy—acceptable unto God? I must confess, dear R., that my heart, with an instinctive, involuntary shuddering, recoils from the not unfrequently repeated observation, "I do not know but that I have laid all upon the altar; but I don't know whether the offering is accepted." It always, to my mind, implies one or all of two or three things—either that they imagine themselves more willing and faithful in complying with the conditions than God is in fulfilling his part of the engagements, or they do not apprehend the *inherent*, infinite sacredness of that altar upon which they presume they may have laid their gift, or are inexcusably indefinite and loose in their perceptions of those holy, all-important mysteries, with which every believer in Christ should be conversant. Either of these are lamentable, God-dishonoring deficiencies, indulgence in which should crimson the cheek in blushes before God and man, and call forth the heart's most penitential acknowledgments.

And yet a course, if possible, more reprehensible is pursued by many—it is that of thinking more of the *value* of the puny offering than of the God-constituted claims of the altar. Did the temple service require sacrifices? How much more commanding the claims of Christ, our redeemer! O, dear R., we will not hesitate to render to him a whole burnt sacrifice. Surely the entire service of body, soul, and spirit, is not only a reasonable but a required service. Christ has purchased all unto himself. How unreasonable, then, not to live in the ceaseless return of all these redeemed powers! O, it is but meet that *all* should be presented a ceaseless, yes, a *living* sacrifice! O, is not your heart now saying—

"Poor as it is, 'tis all my store—

More should thou have if I had more."

And how blessed it is to know that you may thus be unto God a sweet savor of Christ!

Abiding here, you will in verity know what it is to have your life hid with Christ in God. How

can it be otherwise than that the spirit, abiding thus in humble faith, and in appropriating dependence on the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, should realize momentarily the purifying efficacy of the blood of the atonement. Living in this state must necessarily induce the absorption of all our powers in holy service. While reposing thus on the heart of Infinite purity and love, how can it be otherwise than that the pulsations of the redeemed, sanctified spirit, should all beat in unison with the Savior's? That which moves his heart, will move the spirit thus reposing. That which grieves his Spirit, will grieve the spirit of the sanctified. It is here, and only here, that we can realize, on all occasions, a state of the affections enabling us to feel that we have the answer to the petition—

"A heart his joys and griefs to feel—

A heart that cannot faithless prove—

A heart where Christ alone may dwell—

All praise, all meekness, and all love."

O, how ceaselessly, then, will our sympathies be thrown out upon a perishing world. You will observe that the interests must all be necessarily identified.

Now, my dear R., is the design of redemption answered in any lower state of grace than this? Do answer this question as before God. O, take it into the inner sanctuary of your heart, and let the answer be such as you will feel no misgiving in meeting when, in the eternal world, you see your Redeemer face to face. If you render this whole-hearted service, I know you will be constrained to acknowledge yourself but an unprofitable servant. If you should do it from this moment, you would ever feel cause for the deepest abasement before God, in that you have not ever acknowledged the rightful claim of your Redeemer. If you *delay*, from any cause whatever, you make food for repentance. *God demands present holiness!* Every earthly consideration should dwindle into insignificance in comparison with this. Resolve from this moment that this command of your God shall be all-absorbing. Say to every minor demand on body or soul, "Let the dead bury their dead."

But now, beloved R., if the altar is indeed near at hand: and is it not? And are not you standing in waiting attitude beneath its hallowed shade—nearer than within arm's reach of that altar upon which you are to repose in eternal consecration your offering? And is not the offering also, that you would present, nearer than within your grasp? Now, what is before you but an *act* unutterable in solemnity—infinite in bearing upon your *present* and future destiny! *Will you not now lay your offering upon the altar?* You know it must *touch* the altar before it can be sanctified. This is God's unalterable decree. With him there is neither vari-

ableness nor shadow of turning. This act, on your part, must necessarily induce the promised result on the part of the faithful, unchangeable Jehovah. But remember that all is not given up until that *will*, that requires some signal manifestation, sign, or wonder, preparatory, or as the result of believing, is also renounced. This is generally the last object around which the spirit lingers. Holiness is a *state* of soul in which all the powers of body and mind are consciously given up to God. Feeling is not now what you should be aiming at. Get holiness, and you will then feel that you will delight to leave every emotion of body or mind submissively to God. He will give you just the amount or peculiarity of emotion that will best fit you to glorify *his* name; and this is all that you are now to live for. God is now saying unto you, "Bring all the tithes into my store-house, and prove me herewith." If you will this moment promptly obey his requisition, dear R., you will at once, to the unutterable blessedness of your soul, prove that "*if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.*"

And now, my beloved R., may "the very God of peace sanctify you wholly! and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved *blameless* unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." If opportunity offers, I will endeavor to communicate with you relative to the privileges peculiar to this state.

From the American Messenger.

MISS M—, OF SALEM, MASS.

M— was young and lovely; but as the tender flower is withered by the blast, so she sank beneath the ravages of disease—her beauty faded—she drooped and died.

It was the privilege of the writer to be with her during her last sickness. It was indeed a favored spot; for the gloom which so often curtains the chamber of death, seemed there unknown. The Sun of righteousness had irradiated it with his cheering beams; and the happy messengers who had recently conducted her departed brother to the mansions of rest, seemed to be hovering round her pillow, waiting also to convey her willing spirit home.

Her disease speedily spread its ravages over her tender, delicate frame. At first she realized not her critical situation, but spoke of returning health. Yet the hectic flush, which at times would spread over her pale countenance, the sunken eye, and the faltering step, told the sad tale to anxious friends, that she whom they loved was not long to be an inhabitant of earth; and with sorrowing hearts did they watch her sad decline.

But M— soon felt *herself* that her strength was failing, and that she must die. O, what an hour is that to one whose hopes have centred in a vain world! But it was not thus with M—. *She had given the dew of her youth to the Savior*, and had consecrated her brightest days to his service. While the bloom of health played upon her countenance, and strength and vigor spread through her frame, she renounced the vain pleasures of earth, and turned from its polluting streams to the "fountain of living waters;" and the cheerful smile, and the placid countenance, bore witness to the peace and quiet which pervaded her spirit in view of the near approach of death. It was delightful indeed to witness the power of that grace which enabled her to triumph over fear, sin, and corruption.

But we will pass over days and weeks of affliction, to the closing scene. It is the morning of the holy Sabbath, and every thing around is hushed and still. It is an hour of trial, but one also of peace and consolation, which the world can neither give nor take away. At an early hour of the morning her little family circle was summoned to her bed-side. She had passed a painful night; but the change which had then spread over her countenance told plainly that her trials were soon to be ended, and her willing spirit to be freed from the fetters which bound it. The pillows which supported her dying head were raised, and she looked around upon her friends with a smile of tenderness and affection. She spoke of a Savior's love; and her countenance was lighted with a heavenly glow, as she expressed the sweet assurance that he was with her, and sustained her with his cheering presence.

"Mother," said she, "I am just entering the river, and I can see it; it is calm and clear: the Savior is with me." She ceased for a moment, but the sweet smile passed not away from her countenance. Again she looked upon her friends, as if she would convey to them some idea of the celestial world, which seemed unfolded to her view; but she could only, with smiles, exclaim, "O, beautiful! beautiful!" Thus she continued in this happy frame of mind, lingering upon the borders of heaven, for the space of an hour, and uttering one message for the benefit of all, "Prepare to meet thy God;" when her eye grew dim, her voice faltered, and in a few moments her lips were silent in death. Thus calmly did she close her eyes on all earthly things—thus peacefully did she pass away.

"So fades a summer cloud away—  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er—  
So gently shuts the eye of day—  
So dies a wave along the shore."

H. F.



Original.

## THE MONOMANIACS.

BY MISS BURROUGH.

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan,  
Thro' the dark medlum of life's feverish dream;  
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
If but that little part incongruous seem."

"WHAT will become of the insane in the day of judgment?" is, I believe, a question of more frequent inquiry and speculation, than most of the hidden things of God. But *He* who ordereth all things well, will dispose of them aright. Let us, then, leave their *future* destiny with him; and having our hearts filled with the deepest sympathy for their *present* condition, remember the rebuke of our Savior to a similar inquiry, and "strive," ourselves, "to enter in at the strait gate."

It is, indeed, a melancholy sight to witness the human intellect, under any circumstances, turned astray from its proper channel, and amusing itself, however innocently, with the baubles of the child, or the idle fancies and illusions of the bewildered adult. And how much more saddening is that species of insanity which seems to leave the light of the intellect burning in the chambers of the brain, whilst dark shadows have fallen upon the moral feelings and perceptions of the sufferer, and the heart, out of which "are the issues of life," becomes embittered, or filled with vanity and vexation of spirit!

There were, many years since, living in the city of B., two monomaniacs, both females, one an African and the other white, with whom I often met in my street rambles. They were harmless, and both appeared happy. But their happiness was derived from totally different sources. Whilst the African always appeared to be in a rejoicing frame, and eagerly looking *forward* and *upward*, for expected good, the other was prone to dwell upon *past* pleasures with regret, and upon surrounding circumstances with mortification and disappointment, seeming not to bestow a single thought upon the *future*.

I had frequently passed them both at different times on the pavement before I knew any thing of their histories; but had received impressions, in these brief interviews, somewhat in accordance with the character of each. The white lady, Mrs. D., was a perfect caricature of the then prevailing fashions; and many a dashing belle of Market-street should have felt rebuked at her appearance. Every thing was in mode; but it was *ultra*, and worn with such an air of perfect satisfaction, although she was neither young or beautiful, as often provoked a smile from the most grave, particularly as she had adopted the fashionable street

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manners. The walk, as well as the costume, was in the same style of excess.

The first time I saw her was near to a hack stand. She was arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the mode; and I observed she carried in her hand a parasol with each quarter of a different color, imaging, as one might fancy, the incongruities of the wearer. She was alone, and walking slowly before me; and whilst I was speculating upon the oddness of her appearance, she turned her eye upon the long line of handsome hacks, and said aloud—

"Surely, after marriage,  
I thought to keep a carriage."

I soon after mentioned the circumstance, by way of inquiry, to a friend, and she laughingly told me that it was Mrs. D., and added that after she had made a *full* toilet, she always put on her smiles, and spoke in *rhyme*, and seemed to consider *metre* the dress language of a lady.

I afterward learned that she was naturally of an aspiring, ambitious character, and that she had, early in life, bartered her principles and her happiness, by marrying a man for whom she had no respect or preference, in the belief that he was rich; and being disappointed in this, her mind had lost its balance, and ever after seemed to crave and dwell upon the things it had missed.

I once met her in a fashionable store, where she examined the goods, commented upon the prices and quality with all possible discretion, and finally purchased a printed dress-pattern (sufficiently gay, to be sure;) and when the shopman handed her the parcel, with all the airs and graces of the fine lady, she yet reminded him of the *thread*, by saying—

"And, surely, the cotton  
Should never be forgotten."

This was her usual style of folly.

I have omitted to mention that she was now a widow. Her husband had been dead many years. He had belonged to the brotherhood of Masons, and was of the *deeply initiated*; so that he was buried with imposing Masonic honors. This honor was highly gratifying to his widow; and she had ever after felt it her duty to *fill his place* in the processions of that fraternity; and although she was not permitted to enter their council chamber, she insisted on following them through the streets; and I have seen her walking *beside* their ranks, wearing a *mystic-looking* apron, covered with all sorts of finery and devices. Yet, with all the freedoms of aberration, she was not wanting in womanly modesty.

She had great energy and perseverance of character, but was ever in pursuit of something to gratify a puerile and worldly taste. The last I heard of her she was busily engaged in collecting

a cabinet of minerals, and with as much eagerness as if a knowledge of the science, and not a mere conformity to a prevailing fashion, were the ground of her interest for it. The reader perceives, at once, that vanity and a taste for fashionable follies were her predominant characteristics.

But now of the other. Hagar, the African, was of a different mold. She possessed all the peculiar characteristics of her race, as they are originally found when fresh from their own happy homes, ere they become lost by admixture with other races. She was almost of an ebony blackness, with *truly* African features; but withal she had one of the most attractive faces I have ever seen. It seemed ever beaming with the sunlight of a happy spirit. Amidst all the outward adornments of a gay city, her dress was always the same—a coarse, white negro-cloth gown, with a kerchief of the same, and an antiquated straw bonnet, tied on with a black string, from which was suspended a coarse, white muslin veil, drawn on one side, and strangely contrasting with the complexion of the wearer. A pair of coarse shoes and stockings completed her dress. And yet "Old Aunt Hagar," as she was familiarly called by the young folks of the city, who never passed her by unnoticed, had always a bright smile and a "God bless you" for all. She coveted none of the indulgences of life—she "cared for none of these things;" but seemed to "rejoice evermore," in having herself chosen the "good part."

Hagar, I learned, was a native African, and had been brought into this country when young, and, like her Egyptian namesake, sold into bondage, where she lived many years in utter ignorance of spiritual things, unless, like her benighted race, she merely

"Saw God in clouds,  
Or heard him in the winds."

At length her master died, and the family removed from their plantation to the city, where Hagar accompanied them as a house-servant. She now, for the first time, had the privilege of attending meeting on each Sabbath; and being naturally of a religious temperament, she soon became aroused to spiritual things. But the variety of sects that she found here was a stumbling-block in her way, and seemed to bewilder her simple mind. *She* thought that "*one religion* was enough for the worship of *one God*." From time to time she heard the disciples of her own color, of various creeds, declare that *theirs* was the *right faith*; so she, in her earnestness for the truth, and with, perhaps, something of the love of novelty belonging to her race, determined to *try them all*, and then to decide for herself. Her mistress being a Catholic, she commenced with that Church; the ceremonies and usages of which so wrought upon her mind, that

she concluded that *this alone* must be the true Church, and all others must be wrong. For a year or more I was told that, in the purity of her faith, and the propriety of her life, she was perhaps the best Catholic in B. She was now considered almost a saint; but, alas! for Hagar, she was not to be *canonized*; for the tempter, who hitherto could get no advantage of her, one morning strewed her pillow with a double portion of poppies, and she neglected morning prayers. Immediately she became so conscience-stricken with what she conceived to be the enormity of her sin, that she imposed upon herself, as a penance, that she would kneel down and ask forgiveness of her Maker, and not *rise from her knees for six months!* This happened before I went to B.; but I was informed by one who saw her, that for a time she actually traversed the streets in that way; but finding it uncomfortable and inconvenient to get about by this method, she was induced to change the penance to that of *not speaking*. She had now become almost useless in the capacity of a house-servant; and being indulged by her mistress, she was employed by the Catholics to circulate and to sell their books, which she did by carrying them about with the prices marked upon them; but she could never be provoked to *speak a syllable* until the expiration of the term for which she had bound herself. So much, amidst all her outward changes, for Hagar's constancy. By this time she had made up her mind that, after all, this was not the right religion, and that she would seek further.

She now tried the Presbyterians; but staid only a short time with them. Their doctrines of election puzzled and frightened her, and her mind became unhinged. She was told that the Methodists would show her an easier and a better way to heaven; and now she seemed, for a time, perfectly satisfied, singing and shouting with the best of them. Here it was that she received the first impressions of her own sinfulness by nature, and of her utter inability to make herself, of herself, worthy of heaven. And she now seemed almost to despair of salvation. She was in this frame of mind, when she was told if she would be baptized in the "name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," that it would wash away all her sins at once. Under this delusion she applied to the Baptists for admission to their Church; but they, considering her not of sane mind, declined receiving her. But Hagar was not to be turned from her purpose. She felt burdened and oppressed with her sins; and sincerely believing that the prayers offered for other candidates for baptism would equally benefit herself, at their next administration of this sacrament, she unexpectedly appeared in their midst; and the very first one their minister led into the water was closely and reverently followed by

Hagar; and when he plunged his disciple, Hagar dipped down also, no doubt in sincerity and faith of its proving to her a saving ordinance.

But she soon learned, to her sorrow, that *outward washing* cannot cleanse the heart. She now thought she had done all that she could do for herself; but still felt the plague of her heart, and she was again in perplexity. Yet she never once distrusted the *reality of religion*; and she was resolved to seek on, or to grope on, till she found it, and finally decided to sit quietly down with the Quakers, and "await the operations of the Spirit." There were several other sects in the city that Hagar had no disposition to try; for, to use her own expressions, they were built upon a "*wrong foundation*"—their religion was not "strong enough."

This was Hagar's last change. Here no doctrines were discussed, no Church ceremonies performed, that she could not understand; and she felt more fellowship with them than she had done with any other sect. And it was sitting amidst their silent meetings that she found spiritual, and sometimes *physical* rest.

I had missed seeing her for a longer time than usual, and inquired of a friend as to her religious "whereabouts," when he told me, with a smile, that after having "*confessed* with the Catholics—shouted with the Methodists—stood awhile with the Presbyterians, and been baptized with the Baptists, she had finally 'gone to sleep' with the Quakers."

Amidst an enlightened community, this continual changing, and seemingly light intrusion upon sacred ordinances, would seem surprising to the reader. But there is all allowance to be made for the circumstances of the case. In the first place Hagar was old before she ever had the least participation or knowledge of religious matters; and when the subject broke upon her it presented itself to a mind entirely dark. Yet it was not of "Egyptian darkness;" for "the Spirit had pervaded her spirit." She had no resource in Revelation; for she *could not read a single word*. But, impelled by earnestness for the *very* truth, she hoped and desired to find it in some one Church beyond all others; so that Hagar's changes, instead of evincing lightness of purpose, were but added evidence of her own soundness. And so the thing was understood by all. Hagar never after, I believe, manifested but one inconsistency. She called herself a Quaker; yet when she got warmed with religious enjoyment, she *would shout*, and sometimes sing her favorite Methodist hymn—

"Will you go to glory with me?"

This was many years ago, and she, as well as the white lady, has ceased to wander and to err. Both have long since found repose—their bodies within the grave, and the spirit of one at least in heaven.

Original.

### THE POWER OF GOD.

THE Bible everywhere proclaims the power of God. It is made known in almost every page. If we turn only to the first leaf of that sacred volume, we read that by one word he called into existence the sovereign arbiter of day—that he stretched out, by the same, that blue canopy over our heads, and spangled it with stars, which science has since shown are worlds—immense worlds—far superior in magnitude to our own—that he robed this world in all those beauties which we now behold. 'Twas he, by his own command, who formed the boisterous ocean, whose waves "mount up to the heavens." 'Twas he who formed those delightful solitudes,

"In nature's utmost verdure drest,"

which have oft been the song of the poets. If we turn to the next leaf, we learn how his power was displayed in peopling the earth and sea with various insects and animals, and decorating the trees with those gorgeous plumed songsters which fill the air with their melodious notes. Here, too, we understand how he created man—that mighty masterpiece of Deity—endowed with an immortal mind—designed for a higher, nobler existence, than all other created beings. If we turn a little farther on, we hear him commanding the windows of heaven to be opened, and the fountains of the great deep to be broken up, and roll their dark, desolating waters over that delightful Eden which he made for the residence of created mind, to cut off the wicked, rebellious race of man from the face of the earth. Still further—the scene is so graphic that we seem to be viewing the reality—we see his wonders displayed in Egypt, when the land was shrouded in darkness—when the awful thunders of his wrath were heard—when the Egyptians cried out, "We be all dead men"—and when he brought the Israelites forth with song and mirth, dividing the sea before them, and, as says the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "He established all their goings." How beautifully does the volume of sacred Writ describe the power of the Infinite. He drove out mighty kings before them, saying, "Touch not my inheritance, and do my people no harm;" and he brought them into a land flowing with milk and honey, and there he made his beloved to dwell.

Again: If we open at Job—not because the intermediate parts do not display his omnipotence—with what beauty, with what grandeur does that sacred poet describe it when the Almighty called to him out of the storm and whirlwind, and proclaimed his power as infinite—at whose disposal was all created mind—whose bidding every thing awaits. It was in the awful sublimity of that scene that Job exclaimed, "I know that thou canst do every thing!"

But if we turn to the New Testament, his power—the power of God incarnate—is not less displayed in those innumerable miracles which plainly show all nature subject to his control. Here we see the same display of omnipotence with which the Old Testament abounds, if we but view him in that “beginning of miracles,” when, in the language of another, “he fixed his calm eye on the pure water, which owned its Maker, and blushed”—when he calmed the midnight tempest—when he spoke to the stormy elements,

“————— which dashed

With fury on the cold, dark, friendless shore,”

with his usual firm and clear voice, “Peace, be still,” “and there was a great calm.” How signally it is displayed when he let the captive free—when he bound up the broken heart, and supplied all the wants of the human frame! And in that last dread hour, when all nature was convulsed at the dying groan and throes of her Creator, the earth was shrouded in midnight gloom—the sun veiled his face to weep at that awful scene.

But we are not confined to the Scriptures for proof of the omnipotence of Deity. We have but to turn to this beautiful world which we inhabit, and cast our eyes around us; for nature everywhere bespeaks a supreme, intelligent, all-powerful God. If we go from man down to the minutest insect that the microscope alone brings to view—or from the majestic tree, which has withstood the storms of summer and the chill blasts of winter for many centuries, to the tiny, fragile flower that contains within its blushing cup the diamond dew—if we stand on nature’s lofty pinnacles, and gaze upon the firmament above, all glorious with the light of day—or the soft rays of the full-orbed moon, and the distant, twinkling stars, and again on the depths below—or if we view the verdant plain and the murmuring brook, we are led to exclaim, “Truly, thou art an omnipotent God!” Again—if we soar beyond this world, and examine even the planets of our own system, how are we struck with admiration and astonishment! The magnitude of this appears incredible. How inadequate, then, is the mind to comprehend “the hidden things of God!” And if we leave our own system, and travel from world to world—from system to system, till our sun has become a distant, twinkling star, and at last disappears—till we seem to have reached the farthest verge of creation’s utmost bound—then, even then, new worlds and new systems will rise to view, and compel us to exclaim, “Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Great is Jehovah, and of great power; for he metes out the heavens as a span, and spreads them out as a tent to dwell in. ’Twas thou that formedst these innumerable worlds, which roll on continually in their appointed circles, never impinging,

never deviating from their course.” O, how weak is finite mind compared with Infinite!

But his power will be most remarkably displayed in that last great day—that day of terrors—when he shall be seen coming, wrapt in the clouds of heaven, with great power and glory; and, as say the Scriptures, “before him shall be gathered all nations.” The sea and the earth shall yield up their slain which they have covered so long; and his keen eye will pierce through those unnumbered millions, to separate those who are his from those who are not. The sun, at his bidding, shall withdraw his light, and the moon shall no more shed her soft beams. The stars shall be veiled in sackcloth, to weep over the awful destiny of this dissolving world. Then, in the terrific grandeur of that scene, man shall feel and acknowledge his power. D.

Original.

### CHRISTIAN, TO ARMS!

CHRISTIAN, to arms! behold in sight,  
The treacherous, threatening sons of night:  
To arms! or thou art put to fight—  
Attest thy glorious chivalry.

Each moment’s respite sees thy wrong,  
Supinely thou hast dwelt too long;  
Thy foes, alas! they grow more strong—  
Arise! acquit thee valiantly!

Armor thou hast—O, haste to use,  
Ere thou the skill to use it lose:  
Powerless thou art if thou refuse  
To arm thee with this panoply.

Rise! clothed in strength, assert thy right!  
Thou of the first-born sons of light;  
Christ is thy strength, and in his might  
Go forth, and his salvation see.

Though doomed to warfare here below  
Against a mighty three-fold foe,  
Perpetual conquest thou shalt know—  
Equipped, thou art invincible!

O, great shall thy rejoicing be,  
Ceaseless thy boasts of victory,  
’Till thou thy King in glory see,  
Through whom thou wast omnipotent.

### THE COLPORTEUR.

ON! on! The light thou bear’st impart;  
Sow thick the golden seed;  
Through every door, on every heart  
The sun-beam of the Gospel dart;  
Speed with thy jewels, speed!

Original.

## POETICAL READINGS.

A young lady—that is, a very young one—who has just got exonerated from school exercises, thinks, perhaps, that it is time she should commence the reading of poetry; but in looking through the family library for a suitable author, she finds it hard to get suited—that is, suited well enough to render the task she has prescribed herself sufficiently agreeable to be persisted in. Nor is this surprising; for the poetical department is a sort of *terra incognita* to her. She has, as yet, no judgment, to say nothing about *taste*, in the matter. Perhaps it is better that she has not; and it has been well, on the part of parents and counselors, that they have hitherto guarded her from the “sweet contagion” of song; for if she have an aptitude to the thing, her devotion to it may have caused an unwise outlay of time, robbing her school lessons, or at best rendering them distasteful to her excited appetite; and if she have *not*, the time was entirely thrown away that she spent upon it.

But the case is different now—she is absolved of her responsible ties—she has left school, and has some leisure on her hands. We take our young lady quite new, quite green (we hope she may never be *blue*) to poetry. The utmost she has yet achieved is the reading of a few desultory motes, the corners of some newspapers, and her own and her friends’ “Albums”—the pieces all “original,” and, “therefore,” not of the highest flight possible to Phæbus’ wing.

But, jesting apart, the young lady does not know where to get “suitably suited” in the matter. So in good will, and claiming the immunity of age, (which she willingly accords me,) I will give her a few hints on the subject.

She must have a book, sensible, natural, and chaste, elevated, instructive, and inspiring—one suited to her capacity, yet containing many subjects in which she should seek beyond herself—not learned or erudite, but only a text-book to knowledge—one in which she shall often have occasion to consult—not her dictionary for hard words—but her book of *elemental* philosophy—her geography of latitudes and climes, of growths and habitants—her history, whereof the high and classic names now first delight and charm her. She shall review her pantheon of heathen *names* for physical and scientific attributes—in short, she should get too learned over this delightful poem, were it not that the loveliness and spirit of the composition absorb and concentrate her attention to the poem, properly speaking. And this poem is “The Seasons,” by Thompson—a poem which, in point of elegance, stands in the very first rank. The diction is perfectly easy and natural—there is no strain-

ing after fine epithets—no searching for recondite figures—no conventional affectations—nothing like it. The strain is like the song of a bird, and the metaphor seems to flow as naturally from the subject, or the incident, as a stream flows along the meadow which it adorns, and is, as it were, as well suited to its place.

I would recommend to the young reader a method in reading this, and other poems, by which she may learn to assist her own compositions. Though she may not write in measure, it may be useful for her to note the easy transitions, and the varied figures, which serve to turn or to illustrate the subjects to which they appertain. With her little volume of school rhetoric before her, she may trace and compare every figure as there applied, and with the numberless illustrations of each, as used throughout the poem, she may get much more at home, in her own book, by this method, than she possibly could by the rules alone, or by the comparatively confined instances quoted, as necessary to the limits of the text-book itself. Indeed, she may make wonderful improvement by the *study* of this poem. Nor do I make this poem singular in this respect. The method will apply to any other poem as well, though few others give as much scope to it as this does. This being a poem of considerable length, and also of completeness, I know of none other so well suited as an initiatory exercise in its department, to the inexperienced.

I have suggested, as well as I can, the method by which the young reader may gain information and advantage from the reading—beyond this I can give no suggestion. It is wholly impossible for me to impart to her a delight in the *poem* as such. It were like talking to a blind person about light. But she must assay it herself. The admiration and taste in poetry is a matter of *tuition* and progressive improvement, as much as in any other walk of literature. Yet, to the sheer novice, one can say no more than, “believe and persevere;” and if possessed of a common aptitude to subjects of beauty, you will soon become conscious that a discernment has sprung up—a perception is awakened—a judgment and discrimination taken place, and finally a *taste* is commenced, to which mere prose could afford no scope and no incitement. A fervor of soul will seem created out of its subject, giving innate proof that “poesy is not a mere fancy,” but has an answering chord within the human bosom, “discoursing most excellent music”—to those who hear it.

It is now June—as good a month as any other to commence “summer” with. Indeed, the leisure which one claims at this oppressive season, from severer application, and also the tone of mind, a little relaxed from the rigorous demands

of reason, suit well the book of poetry. And whilst summer is in her flush,

"To me be Nature's volume broad display'd,  
And to peruse its all-instructing page,  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage, raptured to translate,  
My sole delight."

Observe, young reader, to take "sole delight" in its poetic sense; that is, in its license. It merely means, the "whiles" one is so engaged, it is more delightful than aught else. If you insist upon being too literal, you may never read poetry; for whatever you read becomes essentially prose by your perversion. It is said "beauty is in the beholder's eye." So, much of poetry is occult to the profane, hidden from the unworthy, and given only to the few. But we can never know a power until we assay it. To the mere matter-of-fact reader we must add, that the admirer of poetry may still be as true to principle, as faithful to truth itself as another.

The season of "summer," in this poem, is generally more admired than either of the others. It has in it more of detail, more minute discriminations of organic life than the others; for even of the insect race,

"———ten thousand different tribes  
People the blaze,"

calling for your book of natural philosophy. Observe, in particular of the poet, the tenderness inculcated—not toward his brothers of humanity alone—but to every created life. See the generosity and goodness of his nature, in recommending considerateness and care of superiors toward their helpers and dependents! See the pious principle with which he would guard against the abuse of power! Notice all his sentiments, and all his moralities; and, above all, notice the religious reverence of a thankful spirit for all good gifts—in their seasons—as received from the *Father of nature*, making creation eloquent to the Creator!

Viewed throughout, I know of no poem which may, with more propriety, be commended to the young. The diction, in its varied turns of expression, will be a fruitful subject to the essayist, or even to the letter-writer. There is a peculiar appropriateness and adaptation in the *tone* given in the poetry to each several season, as well as in the images presented. In "spring" it is most buoyant and free—in "summer" the most fervid, as well as soft and luxuriant—in "autumn" it is sonorous, moody, presageful—and in "winter" grand, solemn, and majestic, showing the true poet in the varied harmony of his muse, whilst in the latter season its *dramatis personæ* are touched with a deeper sense of dependence, and a hardier endurance of the casualties proper to it. The strayed shepherd perishing in the snow-drift, is a scene as

much admired as any in the book. The following, possessing much grandeur, will be preferred by many. Observe the tone, the images, and beautiful turn of pious philosophy at the close:

"Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,  
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroll the deep, Leviathan  
And his untweldy train, in dreadful sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,  
Far from the bleak, inhospitable shore,  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye!  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe  
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate."

This poem is rich to abundance; and the young reader may go through it three several times, with additional advantage and gusto at each reading—liking it better at a second perusal, and understanding it best at a third.

When she has become complete mistress of this poem, she will feel inclined to read others. But one more word about the present book—she should know the author was named James Thompson, a Scotchman by birth; that he was born about one hundred and fifty years since, and died at the age of forty-eight. The style of the poem is "descriptive," and written in "blank verse." Thus much she should know distinctly of every book that she reads—not in order to *talk* about it—but certainly to be able to do so. Thompson also wrote an excellent poem, entitled "The Castle of Indolence," and several dramatic pieces.

Another very lovely poem, and embracing kindred subjects with the "Seasons," is "The Minstrel," by Beattie, possessing much beauty and refinement, and pervaded by a spirit of pure, quiet, and unexaggerated enthusiasm. It will be a graceful acquisition to the young reader.

The "Pleasures of Memory," by Rogers, will be found particularly engaging, from the stories and incidents introduced, as well as from the genuine pathos pervading the subject generally.

I must not omit to mention "The Task," by Cowper, a domestic poem, as we may call it, inculcating a love of home, with leisure elegantly occupied with "converse" and literature, presenting a true picture of an English fire-side, as found in the best, that is, in the middle class of society in that country.

Another delightful poem, somewhat different in character from those I have mentioned, is "The

Shipwreck," by Falconer. It may perhaps suit the brothers better than the young sisters, but will be a treat to either. The scenes are lively and varied, admitting of much reference to text-books.

All the several poems mentioned are free from abstruseness, and other repelling principles, as found in many works. Montgomery is a religious poet, and has written many desultory pieces, which may please and suit the young as well as their seniors.

I have not included any of the poets of our own country. None of them have written a poem of any length; and their fugitive pieces, I suppose, may be found here and there, in different publications, in every family library.

The classification (classed by morality and purity of sentiment) I have now made, may, if acceptable, suffice for the present. The list intentionally excludes the names of the most admirable of the English poets, because they are in advance of those quoted, and will follow with more propriety after these have been read; and, in many respects, they are better submitted to the ripened judgment of the adult, than to the mind of youth. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," (in prose,) is very good reading for the young lady, and well adapted as an adjunct in a course of poetical readings.



Original.

#### SANCTIFIED AND UNSANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

—  
 "Child of the promise! dry up thy tears,  
 Fly to the cross with all thy cares and fears;  
 Beneath the droppings of Christ's precious blood,  
 Lay down at once thy murmurings and thy load."  
 —

WERE there no Divine revelation, pointing out the immortality of the soul—no record of Christ's resurrection from the dead—no certainty of a future existence, yet the unsatisfying nature of all things here below, their utter insufficiency to secure our happiness, and our own helplessness and inability to hew out for ourselves cisterns that will hold water for our weary and fainting spirits—these truths were sufficient of themselves to establish a belief in the doctrine.

Amongst all the generations of men that have peopled the earth, who ever heard it said, or upon what page of history shall we find it recorded, that there ever existed a single individual who was perfectly satisfied with every allotment of his life? However much the desires of the heart may have been gratified, and however enviable our condition may appear to others, yet there ever remains in the soul a want, and a void, which nothing earthly can satisfy or fill. Go where we will, the sounds of lamentation and woe still assail our ears; for sin and death, the trail of the serpent, and the

opening grave, have made mourners of us all. Indeed, this life is so filled with suffering and disappointment, that were it not for a "hope full of immortality," we should, with Job, often "choose strangling and death rather than life."

But, thanks to the Savior! we were not made to be the sport of circumstances for a few short, miserable years, and then, like the brutes, to perish for ever. No. Eternity is the promised antidote to time; and it is the Christian's high privilege to enjoy this present life so as to secure the life to come—to have a foretaste of heaven below, and yet, in prospective, a home above, where no enemy will ever enter, and from which no friend will depart. And doubtless "He who ordereth all things well," hath chosen for us the very trials and circumstances in life the best adapted to our several cases, and which will "all work together for our good, if we but love God."

Some years since, I was making a trip to New Orleans in a steamboat. What is very unusual on that route, there chanced to be but five passengers in the ladies' cabin. They were a quiet, almost a sad looking group of middle-aged females, without a child amongst them. They seemed to have done with those conventional reserves, which oftentimes throw female travelers at such a ceremonious distance, that they scarcely dare speak to each other. But these ladies soon became communicative; and as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," their several family histories were the subjects introduced.

Whilst I was one morning amusing myself with a book, three of the ladies were sitting near, listless and unemployed. The fourth was on the opposite side of the cabin, closely engaged with her needle. She was a small, neat looking woman, apparently the oldest of the company. She wore a mourning dress. Hitherto she had been silent and seemingly indisposed to be social. I now observed that her attention, like my own, was aroused by the turn which the conversation of the three ladies sitting together had taken. They were relating and comparing their sufferings and afflictions; and each one, as she recounted her trials, seemed to think that there "never was sorrow like unto her sorrow."

I learned from the first speaker that she had been married early in life to the object of her choice; that they removed to New Orleans, where her husband engaged in business, and was prosperous; and he soon became wealthy. They had two lovely daughters, who, after having arrived at the ages of twelve and fourteen, were taken from them almost at a stroke by the devastating fever of the climate. The grave was scarcely closed over one, before it was opened to receive the other. And they were left childless. She confessed that

she now thought her cup of affliction was full; yet she had numerous friends and a kind husband still living. She had counted up her bereavements with tears; but she had forgotten to be thankful for the blessings that were still left her. The following year her husband fell a victim to the cholera; and her home and her heart were now truly desolate—she seemed like a lone bird upon the house-top, mourning for her mate, and almost as senseless as a bird, looking to the past without any hope of the future. She still had wealth, but to her it was but as dross.

The second speaker was a widow also. She had a family of seven children, who had ever been indulged in all that wealth could purchase, attended by many servants, and reared to helplessness, until the death of their father, which had occurred the year previous. His family had never doubted that he was very rich; but, lo! at his death, the estate was declared insolvent, and they were suddenly reduced to poverty. Her children had been spared, although her property was taken. Still she grieved as if there had been no mercy in her lot—"no sorrow like to her sorrow."

The afflictions of the third speaker had been comparatively light—her husband still lived, and they were rich; but, alas! they were *childless*. Many years before, she had adopted into her family and her affections the child of another; but, as Death gathers his harvest at all seasons and from all households, just as she had ripened into womanhood, she was taken away. This was the narrator's affliction. Still "she refused to be comforted."

At this point of the conversation, the little woman, of whom I have spoken, laid aside her work, and coming forward joined the murmuring group. She said: "Friends, I have been interested in your discourse. You have each had grievous afflictions, and I would not take it upon me to reprove your grief. But listen to me, and know that yours have not been the bitterest suffering possible to the heart. You have each been parents, and have buried your children. The destroyer came—they sickened and died upon their beds; yes, upon their beds!" Here she turned pale, and gasped, and then went on with a collected but low voice. "I am poor. For many years I have supported my family by my needle, my husband being incapacitated, from bodily infirmity, to render me any assistance; but we murmured not at our lot, if we sometimes felt it a hard one. We had five children—four daughters and a son—an only son—grown into manhood, who had been reared amidst privations, if not poverty, and to whom we looked as the stay and comfort of our old age. But alas! for all human calculations—'man appoints, but God disappoints.' Our son left us for a

season, and resorted to a village ten or twelve miles distant, in search of employment. Here, enticed by the liveliness and novelty of the place, he was betrayed into bad company; and before we were aware of it, he had, in his ignorance, become implicated in some movements obnoxious to the "reform" which was then in its progress. I know not to blame the legal proceedings; but in these cases punishment, we know, generally falls heaviest upon those who are the least able to resist it. But, whatever degree of criminality really belonged to our unhappy boy, his more crafty associates, who had been his seducers, contrived to shift the burden of their own crimes upon his shoulders. Yes, so it was," said she, and she wept bitterly; and she then added, "The penalty was—death!—an ignominious death! You, ladies, have all had your afflictions, but my son died upon the gallows!" Here she ceased, and all were subdued to a reverent silence by her afflictions. "You will forgive me, ladies," said she; "I would not obtrude my sorrows upon you, still less would I assume to reprove. It has been painful to me to speak upon this subject; but, from the turn your conversation had taken, it seemed to me good to speak. Even now I have my consolation. I believe my son to have been innocent. Had he lived, he might not have remained so."

To her greater trials all the ladies assented, and each truly seemed to feel that it had been "a word fitly spoken." As she had related no particulars of time or place, all forbore to question her upon this delicate subject. She wept awhile, and then added, "My spirit again and again rebelled against this stroke; yet time, in a measure, soothed my anguish, and after awhile it was given me to know that if things are not right here, they 'shall be hereafter.' I have buried two daughters; but they were reconciled to God, and 'it was as nothing to me.' Two daughters still live. They are well married, and many afflictions have sobered them to divine obedience. My husband, too, has died—quitted a world of suffering, thinking it not good 'to live away.' Years have passed away, and I, too, am wending, contentedly, to 'that bourne from whence no traveler returns.'"

In a few days our voyage was finished, and we separated. The ladies had evinced much sympathy in this unfortunate woman; so that I suppose they may still occasionally recollect her words. For myself, although I had not taken a part in the conversation, or shared in the address, yet, in seasons of affliction, the subject naturally recurs to my mind; and I feel as if I, too, am not entirely excused of all part in this solemn admonition. And sometimes, when oppressed with the burden of my own sorrows, I reflect how much lighter it has been than this poor widow's.

AUGUSTA.



Original.

## THE COLPORTEUR.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

THE next in religious influence to the public preacher of the Gospel, and to the Sabbath school teacher, I consider the office of the colporteur. Although comparatively little has been said or written about this class of laborers in the Lord's vineyard, yet, in their unlimited itinerancy, are they meekly, quietly, and unostentatiously threading their way through the "waste places" of our land, scattering the good seed in remote settlements, and solitary situations, where neither the preacher or the Sabbath school teacher are yet to be found.

They perseveringly climb the mountains of the north, traverse the broad prairies of the west, and fearlessly descend into the sickly alluvials of our southwestern boundaries, to spread their books, and dispense their spiritual charities. Traveling, as they do, in the two-fold capacity of merchant and missionary, these pioneers of the Gospel find an easier and a nearer access to the homes and the hearts of a greater number and a greater variety of individuals than would the licensed preacher; for, by the more unreserved and familiar introduction of the colporteur, many, who would not be found of the one, are often unconsciously led, by the judicious influence of the other, to read, or to listen to what may prove effectual preaching to their souls, by awakening within them their first spiritual impulses; for although, like the sower in the Gospel, some of the seed may "fall upon stony ground," some "be choked by thorns," and others "devoured by the fowls of the air," yet some there is that falls upon good ground, inaccessible to other husbandmen, bringing forth an abundant harvest, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." And doubtless there are many devoted Christians upon earth, and many rejoicing saints in heaven, who received their first religious light, and their last dying consolation, from these unlearned and unknown colporteurs. And as, after the sower has scattered the seed, there soon springs up "the blade" to testify of his work, so, in some sections of our country, the foot-prints of these men of God have almost been traced from place to place, by the seed sown in the hearts of many, and by the awakening of careless sleepers to spiritual life.

Would these colporteurs but become evangelists, as well as lay preachers, how edifying might their wayfaring, their successes, and even their discouragements, become to many a desponding traveler toward the light of Zion! for the divine moral

painter, like the skillful human artist, sometimes lets light into a dark picture, by *deepening its shades*, and the despairing heart is strengthened and cheered by a grateful sense of its own exemption from the severer trials allotted to others.

Many years since, and before the French cognomen of colporteur was adopted on this side the Atlantic, there went out, from the land of the Puritans, a pious "book pedlar," (as they were then called,) on his first mission of mercy. He had, in early life, and before he had known any thing of religion, been, like the Rev. John Wesley, rescued from the perils of fire. This escape left a lasting impression upon his mind, and was probably the means of his becoming devotedly pious; for he ever after considered himself, in a double sense, as a brand snatched from the burning. Like all sincere Christians, after his conversion he desired to become useful. His condition in life had precluded the opportunity and the leisure for getting much of an education, so that he felt himself unfitted for the ministry. To this he was reconciled; for he aimed not at doing any "great thing;" yet he could not bear "to stand all the day idle." The continual language of his heart was, "Lord make me as one of thy 'hired servants,' that I may be about 'my Master's business.'" And a pious gentleman, who thought him admirably fitted for the purpose, proposed to him the office in which he finally engaged.

As occasional exhortation, with religious instruction and advice, made a part of his duty, he at first shrunk from the undertaking, as distrustful of his ability to fill it. But the gentleman assured him that he "was exactly the person wanted." He told him that a colporteur needed not to be learned or scientific, polished or literary; but that, as *grace* was more especially wanted, he *must be deeply and devotedly pious*. This preparation of the heart was his, and he went forth, resolving, with St. Paul, to be as courteous as was consistent with the truth, "that by all means he might win some."

He carried with him cheap editions of most of the religious publications of that day, as well as the Bible illustrated, but bearing no resemblance to the beautiful Pictorial Bible now in process of publication. He had also prayer-books and Testaments, and an old edition of the Psalter, having an engraved frontispiece, representing David at his harp—in which the painter, forgetting that the "sweet singer of Israel" was an inspired musician, had placed his note-book before him. He also had several different collections of hymns, of not a very high order of poetry, though perhaps the breathings of pious hearts. But it cannot any more be expected that all good Christians will be poets, than that all good poets will be Christians. He had, also, in his collection, Baxter's Saints' Rest,

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Laws' Serious Call*, and several works better calculated for comforting the awakened, than for awakening the comfortless. Besides these, he had two other works, with which I was at that time more familiarly acquainted, namely, Noah Webster's *Spelling Book*, and *Æsop's Fables*, illustrated by wood cuts, all of which I can now see through the dim distance of long years, and the text of which I could then recite as understandingly as *any parrot*. But I must not forget that he took with him the first book upon which my infant eyes ever opened—the *Christian Primer*, beginning thus:

"In Adam's fall,  
We sinned all."

These, together with a few religious treatises, (for tracts were not then in general circulation,) comprised the whole amount of his wares. How different from the present day, when the press is teeming with religious works, calculated for every condition of life, and adapted to every order of mind, and emanating from men capable of wrestling with and overthrowing the intellectual giants of infidelity, down to such works as the *Peep of Day*, for infants. How great will be his condemnation who buyeth not the truth in this our day of religious privileges!

Although the wares of our colporteur were few and of simple guise, he carried with him what was far better than the letter, or even the form of religion—a deeply pious heart, upon which had long been engraven the motto of his state, "In God we hope."

His first missionary pilgrimage was commenced in the autumn, and its course lay through the middle and southern states, to the Alabama river. Our country was not then, as now, intersected in every direction by canals and railroads. The Hudson river only was then navigated by steam, and even "the great National Turnpike," over the Alleghanies, undreamed of; so that a few days' travel almost in any direction, would take one into the wilderness. And this journey of his, that in these days of locomotives might be accomplished in a few weeks, took him (with tarrying here and there a day or two) from autumn until spring, when he returned, cheered with the belief that his labors had not been in vain.

He had met with much suffering, sickness, and despondency amongst new emigrants, and he had endeavored to comfort them. He had witnessed much darkness and indifference upon the subject of religion, and had striven to enlighten them. And where there appeared a decided indifference to religious things, he left some suitable book as by *mistake*. Who can tell the amount of good that may have been the result?

There was *one* family of which he spoke with

the deepest interest and emotion. It consisted of a widowed mother, a son, and two daughters, just grown into womanhood. They were natives of one of the middle states; but the father having failed in business at a period when a failure implied something more of inconvenience and self-denial than it now does, had emigrated with his then young family to South Carolina to engage in cotton planting, commencing in a very small way. After a residence of a few years of successful operation, he fell a victim to the fever of the climate, the fate of the larger half of southern emigrants. But the son, now a noble looking young man, of nearly six feet, was (assisted by an overseer) carrying on the business commenced by his father. The widow was a woman of education and talent; but she knew nothing of religion. The daughters were sprightly and attractive, and they all appeared deeply attached to each other. It may be often observed that in families where there are great vicissitudes and little intercourse with the world, the family tie becomes strengthened, and the hearts purified from the dross of selfishness. Thus it was in the present instance, to a degree almost painful. Every impulse seemed a sentiment, and every sentiment an impulse. Their plantation was nearly three miles from a "settlement," and without any near neighbors. When our colporteur arrived there, it was toward evening, and the young folks were all from home; but he was hospitably entertained by the widow, and invited to stay until morning. Soon after supper the son and daughters came in together, a joyous group, and apparently excited by some uncommon occurrence. He soon learned, from their rapid conversation, that they had been to "the settlement," to consult a *strolling fortune-teller* respecting their future destinies. The elder daughter was engaged to marry a young man then absent from the neighborhood. This they kept a secret from the prophetess, and both had presented themselves as candidates for her revealings. The young man told his mother that the old witch had made out the girls' horoscope to be a very laughable one. To his younger sister, he said, she had, like the black sybil of the Empress Josephine, promised a *crown*, but *no* husband; and the other, who was soon to be married, she had doomed to be an *old maid*, at which they all laughed, of course. She further had told them that she saw *two graves*; but that she could not clearly discern who was to fill them. The young man asked her wantonly if either of them was his. After casting her eyes over him she replied, no, that the longest was too short for him. The "old maid" said it could not be for her; for she had a long lease on life before she could fulfill her predicted destiny; and the *queen* said that she was safe until *after her corona-*

tion; and thus they made themselves merry, until the mother reproved them, not for their levity and sinfulness, but for their folly in striving to look into futurity; and then gravely observed to them, with some propriety, that their opinions, their principles, and their actions, would have more influence upon their destiny than all the stars in the astrologer's circle. The subject was now dropped.

How mercifully is it ordained that no human eye can behold—no human hand can “map the mazes of futurity!” How should we shrink from the allotments of a wise Providence, and, in desperation of spirit, cast aside the cup of bitterness which perhaps should contain the only remedy for securing the health of the soul!

The family soon separated for the night. The colporteur retired to his chamber, reflecting upon the human attractions and the spiritual wants of this family, and began to consider what books, amongst his collection, would be the most likely to do them good. But the more he reflected the more fearful he became, that they were beyond all his remedies. He felt that he could of himself do nothing, but interceded to a higher Power for them. He thought that if they were ever adopted into the household of faith, they must be “chosen of the Lord in the furnace of affliction;” and he felt saddened at the thought that perhaps some one member must be snatched away for the saving of the rest. Before he sought his pillow, he prayed to the Lord in their behalf—that hearts so firmly knit together, might long be spared to each other, if consistent with Divine purposes. But he added, “I beseech thee, Lord, although thou shouldst slay them here, to save them eternally.”

After breakfast, the next morning, he opened his wares for the inspection of the family, leaving them to their own unbiassed choice. They evidently did not appreciate his collection; but, as if out of courtesy, they selected and purchased each a volume. He remembered that the younger sister took a Psalter; for she observed, at the time, that she wanted to take a pattern of King David's crown, referring to the prediction respecting herself. He felt pained at the lightness of the remark, and said, with something of solemnity, that he had noticed her remark of last evening, and besought God that not only she but each of them might wear a brighter than an earthly crown, even a crown of everlasting glory. The young creature seemed touched by this earnestness, yet could not comprehend how the stranger of a day could feel such an interest for them. She evidently knew nothing of the catholic spirit of religion.

They soon parted; and as our monitor traveled onward, he strove in vain to dismiss them from his thoughts. He was not superstitious; but the prophecy, incongruous as it was, still clung to his

mind, clouding it with anxiety. It was that part of it respecting the “graves,” that most struck him. So young, so volatile, thought he, and so forgetful of God; and yet his judgments may be aigh them! At length the words of Hannah More occurred to him, that “she hoped more from extreme volatility in youth than from the slightest approach to insensibility; for,” continues she, “it is easier to restrain excess than to quicken inanity.” And he cherished the hope that they might yet be sobered and saved, without a household sacrifice. One thing he was resolved upon, that, however he might be obliged to deviate from a direct route in doing it, he would revisit them on his return.

No very striking event occurred in the rest of his journeyings; but after years revealed much good that he had then done.

It was just four months after his first visit that he found himself again at the plantation of Mrs. S. As he approached the house, through a broad avenue of China trees, which, with their pendant branches and deepened foliage, always seem to wear a funereal aspect, he felt, he knew not why, that the death angel had been there since his last visit. Away in the “negro quarters” he saw the passing to and fro of the inmates. But all about the house was silent—no stir of life was visible. The blinds of the verandah, the usual sitting place in a warm climate, were closed. He almost dreaded to give the signal for admittance; but, as he drew nearer, he observed that the door stood slightly ajar. He gave it a gentle push, and it swung open, revealing two females upon a settee in the hall. They were the mother and the elder daughter. Both were dressed in the deepest mourning. For an instant they gazed inquiringly at him, as though they knew him not; and then, as they recognized him, the daughter, the recollection of his last visit rushing upon her, broke into a sort of hysterical sobbing. Their bereavement was told—the younger sister had died—she filled a “grave.” He felt his tears falling for her early death, and longed to hear all particulars respecting it, which he soon did from the mother.

It seemed that the young man to whom the elder sister was engaged never returned. A few weeks only after he left them, the sad intelligence came that he and a fellow traveler were drowned in crossing St. Mary's river in a small Indian canoe. This catastrophe, in their sympathy with the betrothed, saddened the whole family. The sisters were very young, and at school, at the time of their father's death; and although so dear a tie as that of parent was broken, to them it had been comparatively a light affliction. But now their characters and their sensibilities were developed, and they seemed to feel what death was for the first time; and their darkened spirits wept, as it were, at his grave,

without a single aspiration for a reunion above. They knew nothing of religion—neither had they any to lead them to the Savior. There never had been regular preaching in the settlement, and this family had not improved the opportunities of hearing which occurred. They were so far above their few neighbors in condition, education, and refinement, that they had held no association with them—a pre-eminence that left them, in this their hour of need, without human sympathy beyond their own household. So that it might literally be said, they were living “alone and without God in the world.”

They now remembered the goodness of the pedlar, and somewhat appreciated the interest he had manifested for them. They sought his books, and seemed to be groping, as it were, in the dark for consolation. The younger sister again opened her Psalter—not this time to “view King David’s crown,” but to strive, may-be, to catch something of his spirit. The very first words that attracted her eye were singularly appropriate. They were these: “It is good to have been afflicted.” She felt that she had known something of the bitterness of affliction, and she now desired to taste its sweets. And, for the first time in her life, she longed to hear about the things that concerned her everlasting peace. But on this subject she met with no sympathy. The mother, with her strong mind, was philosophizing herself into composure. Her heart-stricken sister was indulging in her grief, unwilling to be diverted from it. The brother knew not the language of consolation for an awakened sinner. They could all bear the burdens of life, and struggle with its hardships, for each other; but they were not prepared for death and separation; and they seemed to think that a preparation for it was a sort of inviting its approach. They all rather strove to divert than to encourage the seriousness that had taken hold of the younger sister. But the impression had been of the Lord, and was “like a nail driven in a sure place.” She now, every day, felt more and more the want of religious light and consolation; and she asked her brother one Sabbath morning, at the breakfast-table, if he would drive her into the settlement; “for,” said she, “there may possibly be preaching there, and if so, I must hear it.” It was an undesirable office for the young man; but he could not refuse, and they went in together. She esteemed herself fortunate in finding the little log church open, and with a prayerful and palpitating heart she went boldly in, whilst her brother remained outside, with a mixed feeling of shame and unworthiness. There was a plain, Christian looking old man in the desk, with a dozen or two of coarse, honest faced men, and about as many females, some of whom she felt a sympathy with,

from their earnest looks and fixed attention to the preaching. After singing and prayer, the old man rose up, and looking solemnly over his little congregation, as though he wished it understood that he addressed them all, he gave out his text in a clear and distinct voice: “In the midst of life we are in death;” and when he repeated his text, he prefaced it with—“Do you hear, my brethren? ‘In the midst of life we are in death.’” Our young seeker thought, and she thought truly, that *she* had never heard any thing so impressive. His discourse was not eloquent; but, what is far better, it was sound and practical. He exhorted the young to “seek the Lord while he might be found, and call upon him while he was near;” “for,” said he, “youth is no security against death”—their sun might set in the morning, or at noon-day; and he again admonished them “to be ready.” To the aged he spoke of the folly and ingratitude of which they had already been guilty who were still living at a distance from God, and bade them to draw near unto him, and he would draw near unto them, even at this eleventh hour of their day of probation.

There had been no doctrines discussed in his sermon; and when he closed, our seeker knew not to what sect the preacher belonged; but one thing she knew certain—he had preached the truth, and “it had done her good as doth a medicine;” and she marched straight up to the stand and told him so. She then invited him, before he left the neighborhood, to visit her mother’s house, which he did the very next day, and “reasoned with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.” Before he left them, he asked permission to pray with them; and O how strangely did the voice of prayer sound in that house! To the mother and elder daughter, who had not as yet caught the spirit of religion, it seemed like a funeral service; but to the younger sister it was soothing and sweet to her soul as the dews of Hermon to the thirsty soil.

Three weeks after this the young sister was seized with a bilious fever, which, from the beginning, she anticipated would end in death. The family were almost beside themselves with apprehension, as her disease, from day to day, seemed to strike deeper and deeper into her life. She was herself calm. She would have chosen to live to see, if possible, her mother, her brother, and sister, converted to God; but she was able to say, “Lord, not my will but thine be done.” On the ninth day from the attack she died, rejoicing in the sustaining grace of her Redeemer. She is now perhaps wearing “a crown.”

The females of the family were under conviction when our colporteur left, but had not yet found consolation through faith. Their hearts had been deeply stricken—the sacrifice had been claimed; and our good friend hoped that, through the

force of human sympathy, spiritual grace might yet reach and pervade their souls.

As he narrated these incidents, with a self-forgetting zeal, he said, "I am but a poor colporteur; yet if only this family, through my means, shall have been aroused, and shall finally go on to accept of a Savior, humble as I am, I shall not have lived in vain, and, for their sakes, shall feel myself abundantly compensated for my long and sore journeyings through the wilderness."

AUGUSTA.



Original.

THE GARDENER.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

I.

"ART thou working in my garden?"  
Said my Master unto me,  
"And cherishing those seedlings  
Which I committed thee?  
Those precious, priceless flow'rets,  
Bear they witness of thy toil?  
Or do they droop, neglected,  
Upon the thirsty soil?"

II.

"O, Master, I have labored—  
I have wearied—I have wept—  
And through the live-long hours  
My lonely vigils kept.  
I wish to be found faithful—  
Unto thy service true;  
Yet will my flowers wither  
For all that I can do.

III.

"Sometimes one rears in beauty  
Its blooming, blushing head;  
But ere I triumph o'er it,  
Its loveliness hath fled:  
Sometimes one grows too wildly,  
Or turns perchance awry,  
And if I prune or train it,  
It seems to droop and die.

IV.

"Close clinging to earth's bosom,  
Some sweet exotic lies;  
With anxious care I nurse it,  
And every petal prize:  
But when its buds, fresh bursting,  
Give promise of much fruit,  
A killing frost destroys them—  
I stand in anguish mute.

V.

"Sometimes the fruit abundant  
Is scatter'd on the ground;

In haste I go to gather,  
And find it all unsound:  
I turn away and wonder,  
With disappointment sore,  
How fruit so ripe and golden  
Should rot within the core.

VI.

"I have guarded well thy nurslings—  
I've watch'd them day and night,  
That change of time or season  
Their beauty should not blight:  
I've plucked, with care unceasing,  
Each hurtful weed away,  
And from my purest fountain  
Have water'd them each day.

VII.

"My Master, tell me wherefore  
I ever thus complain:  
O, knowest thou the reason  
My labor is in vain?—  
Why, though I sow in sorrow,  
And water with my tears,  
And toil till I am weary,  
No living fruit appears?

VIII.

"Far better had I never  
Assum'd the gard'ner's place,  
If thus upon my labors  
No blessing I can trace—  
Far better should some other  
This honored station fill,  
And with a hand more skillful  
Fulfill thy righteous will."

IX.

While thus I spoke, lamenting,  
With heavy heart and sad,  
In tones of loving kindness,  
My Master made me glad.  
Yet gently did he chide me—  
Then bound the heart he broke:  
Long, long will I remember  
The gracious words he spoke.

X.

"Thou hast not labored vainly,  
Nor wearied all for naught:  
Some of those palest flow'rets  
Shall yet to me be brought.  
Thou unbelieving servant,  
Hear what thy Master saith—  
Thy work were more successful,  
Hadst thou a livelier faith.

XI.

"Again, thou shouldst remember  
What *tools* thine hands do use.

Say, gard'ner, dost thou alway  
From *my* collection choose?  
And is *my* name engraven  
Upon each piercing blade?  
If so, the plants thou prizest  
Would never droop and fade.

## XII.

"Perhaps thou prun'st with rashness—  
Without the *Spirit's sword*—  
Forgetting thy commission  
Is in thy *Master's word*:  
And when a storm is rising,  
Thou prophesiest a calm,  
Or 'pliest *untemper'd mortar*,  
For *Gilead's healing balm*.

## XIII.

"Thou say'st thou daily waterest  
From out *thy* purest well:  
Mine eye within that fountain  
Each scanty drop can tell.  
O, seek thou *living waters*  
From *my eternal spring*,  
And all thy drooping flow'rets  
Unto its bosom bring.

## XIV.

"Thou tear'st from thy inclosure,  
Each noisome, hurtful weed;  
But dost thou haste to fill it  
With pure and living seed;  
If not, with double power  
Those weeds to life will spring,  
And where the soil is richest,  
Will deeply, firmly cling.

## XV.

"The fallow ground is broken—  
Thou hast manur'd the soil;  
And yet, indeed, thou seest  
No witness of thy toil!  
Thou wond'rest that thy garden  
Should yield no perfect fruit;  
Alas! didst thou not know it?  
*A worm is at the root!*

## XVI.

"Yes, deeply there imbedded,  
It works its vicious will;  
Yet faint thou not. This demon  
Is in my power still:  
That *sword* of which I told thee,  
Can pierce it through and through—  
That *ever-flowing fountain*  
Shall hide its stains from view.

## XVII.

"Go now into my garden,  
Depending upon me,  
And know that I am with thee—  
Thy sure reward to be.

Go work by my direction,  
And as thou dost believe,  
And trust, with faith prevailing,  
Even so shalt thou receive."

Original.

## THE DEAD.

BY MRS. CONNELL.

AYE! they are there in shining ranks—  
Bright spirits—many a one,  
Mingling their songs of endless thanks  
Before the eternal throne.  
Year after year, Death's ruthless dart,  
In sad succession cast,  
Smote some dear idol of my heart,  
And laid its glories waste.  
Yet, 'mid the darkest storm of grief,  
Hope's accents, whispered soft,  
"Ye meet again," hath brought relief,  
And still'd my spirit oft.  
Soothing the thought that we should join  
Before the Almighty's throne;  
Each broken band anew should twine,  
And "know as we are known."  
But thus no more—from dreams like this  
My wakening soul is freed,  
Nor builds one thought of heavenly bliss  
Upon so frail a reed.  
No! "He that liveth and was dead,"  
Claims heart, voice, eye, and ear;  
How should I do without my head,  
Were all the members there?  
Praise, matchless praise, thy notes prolong,  
In one continuous stream;  
Yet dim the harp, and dull the song,  
Were *Jesus* not the theme.  
I ask no saint amid the choir,  
How bright so'er he be,  
To lay aside his golden lyre,  
And stoop to succor me.  
Lov'd, cherish'd, honored as ye are,  
And perfect as your bliss,  
Ye have no holiness to spare;  
For "*ye were saved by grace*."  
And in the strife where life expends  
Her latest lingering sands,  
"His staff" more prized assistance lends,  
Than all your countless bands.  
O, might I reach your shining seats,  
My eager quest would be,  
"Where is the man that bore my griefs—  
*The Lamb that died for me?*"  
Low at his feet let me abide,  
To pour my grateful song,  
Nor spend a thought on aught beside,  
While *ages roll along!*"

## NOTICES.

SERMONS PREACHED UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. By Robert South, D. D., *Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. A new edition, in four vols., 8vo., including the Posthumous Discourses. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 1844.*—Robert South was an eminent divine of the English Church. He was born in 1633, and took his degrees at Oxford. In early life he wrote poetry. In 1663 he was admitted D. D., and obtained a living in Wales. In 1670 he was installed Canon of Christ Church. In 1678 he was presented to the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire. He had a controversy with Sherlock on the Trinity, and left a large number of Sermons, which have passed through several editions; and, though antique in style, they lose nothing, on the whole, of their deserved popularity. Messrs. Sorin & Ball, who promise, from the conscientious course they are pursuing as publishers, to do good and not evil, have published these Sermons in four octavo volumes of about five hundred pages each, in a style of unsurpassed elegance, and offer to the public, in this splendid form, with an index, &c., for \$7.50, what a few years since cost the purchaser \$20, in a style not to be compared with it.

What greater benefit a business firm could confer upon community than that now bestowed on it by these Christian publishers, we cannot conceive.

Dr. South was one of the most gifted men of his times. And that this is saying much all will understand who are acquainted with his times; for he lived in a golden age, as it relates to Protestant, didactic theology. No productions are more suitable than these to be placed in the hands of Christ's ministers, young or old, who would learn to add force and effect to their pulpit addresses. Not that preachers should set themselves to the servile labor of adopting the precise style of Dr. South, or any other sermonizer; but the mind will, imperceptibly and without design, become more or less imbued by one's reading; and therefore we should be cautious and select in our reading.

These Sermons are amongst the very best in our language. They are remarkable for original thought, conclusive reasoning, forcible diction, and impressive appeal. Mr. Wesley greatly preferred Dr. South to those popular French divines, whose sermons have been so extensively read and admired, in some instances, we venture to say, to the detriment rather than the profiting of the Church. It is a secret that we had thought to carry with us to the grave, (but the occasion provokes its outflow,) that, up to this day, we never had patience to finish the reading of a Frenchman's sermon. Gallic eloquence is too lofty for our nerves. In so saying we are fully aware of what we hazard. But we can read South, and all writers of his genus, from morning till night-fall.

We urge our friends, lay and clerical, to place these four large, elegant octavos, at the very low price of \$7.50, beside Wesley and Watson, in their libraries; for they are worthy.

EXPOSITION OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS; with Extracts from the Exegetical works of the Fathers and Reformers. Translated from the Original German of Dr. Fred. Aug. Gottren Tholuck, Prof. of Theology in the Royal University of Halle, and Corresponding Member of the Asiatic Society of London. By the Rev. Robert Menzies. First American

from the Second Revised Edinburgh Edition. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 1844.—Of all living German writers, we prefer Tholuck. He is, in our estimation, the leader of the evangelical party in Germany, if any single man amongst them may claim that distinction. The first production of his pen that attracted our notice, and gained our admiration, was the "Nature and Moral Influence of Heathenism," which, youthful as he was, evinced careful research, and skillful arrangement. We have often wished that those who think heathenism tolerable, and salvation, without the Bible and the missionary, a thing of not rare occurrence, could read that essay, and look at Paganism as it usually is, and will be. This commentary is philological—that is learnedly critical in its examination of words and phrases. It will be the more interesting to the linguist, and yet others may read it advantageously. There is constant reference to the Fathers and later eminent scholars, and the work may be considered as furnishing a *thesaurus* of opinions and criticisms on the text of this epistle. The comment is itself a fruit of early toil on the part of Professor Tholuck; but it has suffered review, and some emendations from him latterly.

Such expositions as this must be consulted by ministers, who should learn to read other comments than those, so valuable, didactically, to which they have resorted for aid in studying the Bible. Many of our friends would derive great advantage from the perusal of this volume, and more still, to have it at hand for reference in the critical examination of the difficult passages in Romans.

The above Sermons and Exposition are on sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

THE MYSTERIES OPENED; or, Scriptural Views of Preaching and the Sacraments, as Distinguished from Certain Theories, concerning Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence. By the Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—This is another remedy for Puseyism. It is antagonist in its argument to the worship of priests, and the divinity of sacraments. Its themes are weighty at all times, but just now especially and solemnly so. We commend it to a wide diffusion and reading, as a volume of great merit, soundly Protestant, and invincibly assailing upon the errors it opposes.

RELIGION IN AMERICA; or, an Account of the Origin, Progress, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States, with Notices of the Unevangelical Denominations. By Robert Beard, Author of "L'Union de l'Eglise avec l'Etat dans La Nouvelle Angleterre." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—This is in two numbers, octavo, of nearly two hundred pages each, at twenty-five cents per number. It is recommended by Doctors Welch, Cunningham, and Buchanan, the three worthy delegates of the "Free Church of Scotland," whose visit to America has afforded evangelical Christians so much pleasure. But the character of Mr. Beard was an ample recommendation of his book. In connection with the movement now in progress in favor of the severance of Church and State, it is an interesting volume, and will be read with profit. Had we a few moments to spare from pressing engagements, we would say more of it and other volumes before us. But it will sufficiently commend itself to the intelligent reader.

GIBBON'S *ROME*. *Harper & Brothers*.—Numbers 5, 6, 7, and 8, of this history are received.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. *Harper & Brothers*.—Parts 3 and 4 have come to hand—a most valuable record of the progress of religious truth and freedom.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. *Number IV*. *Harper & Brothers*.

All these works from the press of the Harpers, are on sale, *cheap*, at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind, for the year 1843.—This exhibit shows that twelve pupils only were admitted during the year, and nine left it, not to return. The number present at the period of rendering the report was fifty-eight. Its pecuniary state is prosperous. It calls for only \$2,500 to sustain the institution during the current year. The Superintendent speaks encouragingly of the progress of the pupils in several branches of school literature, and in vocal and instrumental music.

It is admirable how any one sense may be improved by proper attention, until it almost supplies the loss of another. A genius for eloquence, or for some particular science, belongs to few, but the least gifted of the blind may so far supply the loss of sight, by the perfection of other senses, as to acquire much intellectual culture, and some of the coarser mechanic arts. This is a modern invention. It is one of the improvements which Christian enterprise may claim as its own; for *benevolence* was necessary to prompt to such efforts as should result in a discovery so full of charity. For the benefit of parents we subjoin the terms of admission:

"1. Applications for admission may be addressed to either of the Trustees, or the Superintendent.

"2. Persons applying for admission, should be between the ages of *seven* and *twenty-one* years—free from disease—of sound mind, and of good moral character, of which a certificate from several respectable persons is required. In certain cases, persons over *twenty-one* are admitted, at the discretion of the Trustees.

"3. The terms, where there is ability to pay, are one hundred dollars, for a term of ten months, payable half yearly, in advance. This covers all expenses, except clothing, physician's bills, and traveling expenses to and from Columbus.

"4. All applicants unable to pay, must bring a certificate of the same from respectable persons. They must come prepared with suitable changes of clothing.

"5. The term commences on the first day of October, and continues until the first day of August. It is particularly desired that pupils commence with the term, and they will return home during the vacation."

ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY: *August, 1843*. By *James H. Bacon, Esq.*—The theme is the superiority of Christianity to philosophy, and its perfect adaptation to all our wants. It contains many well written paragraphs. We select the following:

"Christianity alone, teaches us to make the love of self the measure of love toward our neighbor—persuades that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and requires that we add to the virtue which seeks always the good, the right, and the true, the benevolence which embraces within the extended arms of its philanthropy, not only kindred, and friends, and countrymen,

but mankind. How pure the delight—how wide spread the peace which the practice of such precepts would bring! Among all the crystal streams of happiness, which our beneficent Creator causes to flow by the side of our pathway of life, there is none of purer waters, or gentler influence—none decked with brighter flowers, not only at its source, but in all the windings of its meandering current—than that which springs from the kind heart as its fountain. For this not only bears blessings on its bosom to all that it meets, but gives joy to the spring from which it proceeds. But philosophy affirms that man is always, and only a creature of selfishness, and his heart incapable of so pure and expanded a sentiment. And is there no friendship, save that of sordid interest? Is there no fellowship of the generous and the good, but that which unites the robber and the assassin? Is there no purity in the depths of a sister's love? Is there nothing sacred in parental affection? Is there no seeking another's good before our own, in that hallowed feeling which gilds the tie that binds two willing hearts, for weal or woe? Is there no abandonment of self, in a mother's heart, when she presses to her bosom—still bleeding with wounds which *he* had given—her wayward, wandering, guilty son, and but strains him in closer embrace the deeper the ignominy which the world pours upon him? Such emotions, are remains of that impress of heaven, once made on the soul, yet uncontaminated by contact with earth, and prove that the heart has the capacity to entertain sentiments of love undefiled by the sordidness of interest—a capacity which Christianity would expand and enlarge, until it can only be filled by a feeling of universal benevolence."

In regard to the closing sentence, we deem that it is the office of Christianity not merely to expand, but first to transform, or, to speak more emphatically, to *re-create*.

THE INTERPRETER.—This is a semi-monthly of sixteen pages octavo, devoted to the English, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages. It is published in Charleston, S. C., edited by B. Jenkins, and costs three dollars per annum. Whoever wishes to acquire the above foreign languages, and become familiar with the literature of France, Spain, Italy and Germany, by reading their vernacular, can do it in the following manner: Let them subscribe for this periodical, and study each number fifteen days; and if they can acquire foreign tongues as the "Learned Blacksmith" does, they will come rapidly into possession of four new senses; for some philosophers assure us that "he who acquires a new language has received a new sense."

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. *Boston: Merrill & King*.—The May number of this valuable monthly is just received. It comes, as usual, fraught with matter of intense interest to seekers of holiness. This little work, which, at its first visit, we hailed as the harbinger of good to the Christian public, we now greet with the deep and confiding interest of an old friend. We have read it in its first, second, third, fourth, and fifth volumes, with much profit to ourselves, and can therefore cordially commend it to every Christian family.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, edited by *Mrs. Whittlesy and Rev. D. Mead*.—This excellent periodical is now in its twelfth volume, and is in no degree diminished either in interest or usefulness by age.



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JULY, 1844.

Original.

## THE YOUNG CONVICT.

—  
"Long as our fiery trials last—  
Long as the cross we bear,  
Lord, let our souls on thee be cast,  
In never ceasing prayer."  
—

Why it is that in this our day of religious zeal and religious research, of moral light and moral reform, we so frequently hear of fraud and dishonesty, of wrong and outrage, I am not casuist enough to comprehend. It would appear, from both our Church and state statistics, that, whilst the world at large is steadily getting wiser and better, individuals are growing more daring and wicked. In former years *forgery* was considered so base a crime, that it created a sensation throughout the community, and even country, where it was committed. And English history will show that neither the tears of woman, nor the intercession of friends of high station, were availing to save a *Dodd*, who suffered on the gallows for this crime. How different, alas! from the present day, when this crime has become so common that even the youth of our country are sometimes found guilty of it! Verily, the love of gold is the root of all evil!

A short time since, I read in a newspaper a touching account, of a mother having accompanied her son, a youth of not more than sixteen or seventeen years, to the gates of the prison, where he was condemned to spend three long years in *solitary confinement*, for forgery. Arrived at the fated portals, they must separate—the prison discipline forbade *her* entrance; but the account between the two had been settled. The mother's counsel had been given, and was treasured in the agonized heart of the son. Their present feelings were too deep for tears—too sacred for words; so their parting was a mute one. One long spasmodic embrace, and *she* turned to her saddened home, bereaved by Satan of an only son, to weep and to pray for him; and *he* to his lonely cell, where we would trust that conscience shall do her work of reform, and, having wept and prayed for himself, that he may yet be restored to the arms of that pious and broken-hearted mother, cleansed and regenerated. This little incident awakened in my recollection a similar but sadder one, which I remember to have heard in my school days, and which had been woven into

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a sort of ballad, as a warning for the youth of that day, called "The Forger's Doom."

Somewhere in the good state of Connecticut there lived a highly respectable family, consisting of father, mother, two sons, and a daughter—the children all uncommonly fine. Both parents were devotedly pious. They were not rich; but they had contrived to educate their children as well as if they were so; for in New England an education is given as much for a resource in need as for the adornment of wealth. It is a favorite maxim with them that the "rich *ought* to be educated, but the poor *must* be educated."

At the commencement of my story, the elder son, a young man of perhaps twenty years, had just graduated from Yale College with the first honors of his class. The younger son was still at college, and the daughter at an eastern boarding school. These three were the youngest children, and the only survivors of a once numerous family. The parents were now in the decline of life, and had been so chastened by often bereavements, that the *larger* portion of their family had preceded them to the grave. And feeling, in an especial manner, the uncertainty of life, they strove not to cling too closely to the children that were still spared to them. And it was a daily petition at their family altar, "Lord, conform our will to thy will so that we may be ready to resign unto thee all that we have at thy bidding;" then they would thank God for having given them children so gentle, kind, and affectionate by nature, and then plead for their adoption into the household of faith, that, when they were called away, they might leave them with the comforting assurance of a reunion above.

The father of this family was one of those strong principled characters that the outward world often esteem stern, but who, within the bosom of his family, where all his earthly affections were garnered, and where there seemed little call for severity, was the kindest and most sympathetic of men. His wife was a delicate, feeble woman, who seemed for years to have been kept alive by his tenderness and his prayers. The limited circumstances of this family had made habits of prudence and economy necessary; hence, the children had never been indulged in any needless though common expenses. This restriction had not been felt, however, by any of them but the graduate. Besides being the oldest, he was the most ambitious of the children; and

it was sometimes a source of disquietude with him that he could not do as other young men did whose parents were in better circumstances.

The moral education of the young is more easily guarded in Connecticut than in almost any other of our states. Public amusements of a demoralizing character have, from its earliest settlement, been discountenanced. Theatrical exhibitions, circus-riding, horse-racing, also lottery offices, and all gambling-houses, are *forbidden by law*; so that it is dangerous to confide in the principles of a young man until he has been out in the world of trial, and has withstood temptation. This trial was near for our graduate. Having no paternal inheritance in expectation, it was expedient that he should promptly apply himself to the study of his profession. He had previously made choice of the law as the most certain means of acquiring property. Property he coveted, both for its intrinsic value and for its power of conferring consideration upon its possessor. He accordingly left Connecticut, and went to the city of New York to pursue the study of his profession with a friend of his father's. In this gay metropolis a new world now opened upon him, the very elements of which seemed to be amusement and excitement. Entirely different was this from the home he had left and the society in which he had heretofore mingled. The contrast was too striking to please at once. Besides his heart was tender just now from separation from his family, and all this harmonized not with his feelings. He had lived too long with the pious not to have contracted a respect for the family altar; and for awhile he missed the voice of prayer. But the *Spirit* had never, as yet, pervaded his heart, and he soon became reconciled, feeling assured that if prayer was omitted there, it was rising morning and evening for him at home.

I have said that he was ambitious; and he knew that to obtain any of the gratifications at which he aimed, he must apply himself to his studies—must depend upon himself. Besides this he had the personal ambition of wishing to distinguish himself over others in his profession; so he resolutely determined to turn a deaf ear to the siren voice of pleasure, and confine himself to his business; and although this required great self-denial to one of his temperament, yet he steadily persevered, and for nearly a year after his arrival in the city, not only his own letters, but also those of the gentleman with whom he was placed, were of the most satisfactory kind—as that he was making great proficiency in his studies, had formed no vicious acquaintances, had contracted no debts, and was spending no money. How gratifying was this assurance to his parents, who had, in the secret recesses of their hearts, distrusted how it would be with him in his hour of trial!

We will now leave him to his own judicious course, and take a glance at the *homestead*, where all is still peaceful and quiet; yet some changes have passed upon it. The mother grows daily more feeble and more spiritual; and the father, if possible, has doubled his diligence in watching over her. The daughter, a lovely and interesting girl of sixteen, has finished school, and is now at home. It is recess time in college, and the younger son is also at home. They all talk much of the absent brother. His letters are brought forth, and again read for the hundredth time, and he is exultingly held up by the father as an example for the imitation of the younger son; and altogether they rejoice at his prospects and anticipated prosperity. Alas, for human calculations!

And now another year has passed. The mother is still more feeble—the daughter is betrothed with the approbation of her parents—the younger son will soon leave college. The father writes to his son in New York, and recommends his leaving his severe studies for awhile, to give himself a holiday, that he may make a short visit at home, where all the members of his family will be present to welcome him, as well as the intended son-in-law. To this letter he receives no answer. The family become anxious and excited—vague fears, or sickness and death, is what they apprehend. A letter at length arrives for the father, not with the superscription of the son, but in the handwriting of his friend. He almost fears to read it. After a pause of silent but fervent prayer, he calmly breaks the seal. Alas! what must he read! Its contents came near to breaking all their hearts. This son—the child of so many prayers, so many fond hopes—had been found guilty of—*forgery*! The pallor of death passes over the father's face—the letter falls from his hand, and he exclaims, "Lord have mercy upon me!" The mother supposing her son dead, in her low state, swoons away, and the daughter is distracted with distress and apprehension. Alas! that they should be undeceived; and that they should learn what was worse than death, that this beloved son and brother was a *guilty convict*!

The brother at college, who is promising himself a speedy reunion with his family, now receives a letter from his father. He joyfully breaks the seal, and, astonished, reads but these words, "My dear son, come immediately home to your parents." What could it mean? He reads it again, and discovers that the paper is blotted with tears. He hurries to the President, and handing him the letter, his own tears falling the while, asks permission to go home. The good President Dwight having read the few words, sympathetically places his hand upon his head, and says, "Go, my son, and may the Lord strengthen you to bear whatever calamity there awaits you." He respectfully thanks

him for his goodness, and hurrying back to his chamber, making a few hasty arrangements, is soon on his way homeward. After a sail of twelve or fourteen hours, his native village appears in view. Arrived at its landing, he meets with several young friends, who grasp him kindly by the hand, but express no surprise at his sudden appearance amongst them on the eve of his graduating; for the secret had that day been revealed to them in the publication of his brother's disgrace. He reaches his home, and with a palpitating heart enters the house, and soon, with anguish and surprise, he learns the whole matter.

It appeared, by the letter containing the sad tidings, that latterly, by way of relaxation from the severe application of study, the criminal brother had now and then indulged himself in attending the theatre—that most dangerous of all amusements for the young and enthusiastic, where the senses are all assailed at once, and the victim of its fascinations is led captive at pleasure. Our student was no stoic; and he was lured night after night to the fatal spot. Acquaintances were thus formed, and tastes acquired, and wants awakened, which all required money for their gratification. For awhile a new-made friend, who had recently drawn a considerable sum in a lottery, supplied his wants, until the sum borrowed became too large to admit of further application. How he was to pay what he already owed he knew not, until another theatrical acquaintance suggested to him the far-table as a resource, with proper management, and loaned him a stake for the purpose. This was soon swept off by a more successful competitor, and left him pennyless and almost in despair. For sometime he now avoided going out, and once more resolved to keep to his studies; but he had ventured to parley with Satan on his own ground, and he in turn followed up his intended victim. His awakened passions became daily stronger than his sleeping principles, and finally conquered them. So Satan whispered to him, that his father's friend having every confidence in him, he could turn this confidence to his own account, and injected into his mind the method of doing it. The old gentleman's autograph was almost as familiar to him as his own; and in an evil hour he drew a draft, on a bank where he had money deposited, for a thousand dollars. The draft was presented by the agency of another friend, and, without suspicion, *cash'd*. He supposed that when the forgery should be detected he would be the last individual suspected. And so it probably would have proved, but for his unguarded expenditures. It had been generally known that he had no property, and suspicions were thus awakened, and communicated to the old gentleman who had been defrauded. Proper steps were immediately taken to fix or to remove

suspicion, and the whole truth was brought to light—the whole aggravated and guilty act was before the public. The unhappy youth was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to labor six years in "Simsbury Mines," then the Botany Bay of his native state.

From the first moment of detection, he was said to be the most pitiable looking object that eye ever looked upon. He shed no tear, made no defense, expressed no wishes and no fears—self seemed lost and forgotten—his still tender heart was breaking for the anguish and reproach that he had heaped upon those he loved—upon those who had ever loved him.

When his poor old father, who had remained to soothe the sinking mother, heard his sentence, he hastened to see him before he was hidden from his sight; but he was too late—his son was already on his way to the mines—and he frantically exclaimed, "I shall never see him more!"

As no communication is allowed between the incarcerated convicts and their families, years wore away, and they knew nothing of each other—the convict knew not whether his friends were living or dead, and they knew nothing of him, excepting that he had been buried alive, leaving his name alone to infamy. But time, however burdened, still wears on.

His term at length expires, and the convict yet lives to revisit the upper world. He is again upon the earth, "clothed, and in his right mind;" and yet he is the saddest man living. How painfully bright the face of nature looks to him! The breeze cools him not—the intensity of the light seems but to make him feel his own misery more sensibly. Seated on the porch of the upper prison-house, he is an object of scrutiny to those about him. O, how he longs to know some tidings of his household friends! but he dares not ask a question—he would not hear sad news from stranger lips. But soon there hurries into the porch a young man whom nobody appears to know. He looks hastily about him, and just as he is passing the inner door the convict catches a sight of his face. Merciful Heaven! it is his brother! He springs toward him, and embracing his knees, sinks at his feet. The young man knows him not, and can scarcely be made to believe that the emaciated, *white-haired* old man before him is indeed the brother whom he seeks; but soon, assured of his identity, he clasps him to his heart, and with tears of sad joy they leave the prison-house together.

The remainder of this solemn tale is soon told. The parents were both dead—the sister was married. His poor feeble mother had soon sunk into the grave after his sentence and departure. The father strove to bear the double stroke of affliction and disgrace with Christian fortitude; but it was

easy to see that the vigor of life was mining away by affliction and grief, and that he would soon follow his beloved partner to the grave. He survived her but two years, and then died, comforted by Christian hope. Nature still yearned toward his lost child. Almost his last words were, "Remember, my son, the expiration of your brother's term, and hasten to learn his fate." This the son needed not to have been reminded of—it was registered on his heart; and years, months, and days, were continually though silently counted up.

The brothers soon arrive at the home of their sister. Here, too, is an agonizing meeting. For days and weeks they weep and rejoice together, that the living have passed away, and that the lost has been found, and found of grace. The convict lived long years after this, and became a preacher of the Gospel. His trial had been bitter, and his reformation was complete; and though admired as a preacher, and beloved as a man, *his* sympathies were only with the unfortunate. He was happy in repentance—happy in self-debasement—happy in praise and in prayer; but, as a man, he smiled no more on earth.

AUGUSTA.



Original.

#### HARPER'S FERRY.

DEAR GERTRUDE,—A few years back, in making the journey across the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, our party diverged from the great road, and made some half day's journey to view the beautiful scenery of the Shenandoah, at Harper's Ferry. This is the name of the little village situated at the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac. Here is a manufactory of arms for the United States—great works, with extensive buildings, and employing several hundred men. Here, also, is a United States arsenal. These establishments probably attract more attention from travelers, than do the scenes amidst which they are situated.

We had arrived about noon; and, after having taken our dinner, decided to remain and devote the afternoon to recreation and enjoyment of the place. We had heard much of its beauty from promiscuous travelers, but, in our wish to see it, had relied more particularly on the animated description given of it by Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia." Nor has it been overpraised. I would not attempt to specify the topographical, or the aquatic, or the sylvan features and combinations of the place. Suffice it to say, the effect is elevating and inspiring. The heights are very precipitous and abrupt; and the river here makes a sheer pass, dividing the mountains; and the stream, shallow for its width, (below the pass,) continually dashes against the rocks, which here and there, at short distances, emerge from its bosom, making a soft,

low gurgling—in lovely consonance with the sighing and waving of its woody shores.

After having sufficiently admired the scenery below, from the bridge which connects the two sides of the little town, and complaisantly condoled with the gentlemen that they could not, by regulation, be admitted to the workshops, we began to look and long for the heights.

But a word about the little town first. This being now a mere village, and, within its present confines, rather a romantic one, is not at present disfiguring to the view. Yet it interrupts the idea of loneliness, the meet associate of grandeur, and deteriorates from the majesty of the scene; and, moreover, will, in its extension, encroach, and mar, even to the eye, the *beauty* of the place. Yet this, in "the march of improvement," must not be perceived as an impertinence upon nature.

But to the plan. After having viewed all below in the village, we began to ascend upon the southwest side of the river, by many large, irregular stone steps, which are excavations from the rocks imbedded in the soil—a natural terrace here and there intervening—to the whole height of the hill. Here, after a hard-breathing walk, or rather a climbing, we hailed the pure, inspiring breeze, and viewed the broad and glorious landscape to our heart's content.

Our party, a gay throng, were making their way to Jefferson's Rock, some of them even titillating on its exposed and dangerous pinnacle, situated just on the cliff, and overlooking the river. For myself, I was better pleased to take a solitary ramble; and so, unobserved, I took my course in another direction, threading the wilds of the precipice, and endeavoring after the highest point in view. Presently I observed, at some distance, a stone inclosure, and with laborious but delighted steps I approached it. The wall was considerably extensive, and apparently very ancient, and inclosed an area on the very top of the hill. This was the very point of my desire; and as the wall presented no opening on either side of the two angles in view, I succeeded in clambering over it. And I was fully repaid for the effort; for the scene within, though not extraordinary in itself, was exactly suited to the tone of my feelings.

One feels in journeying, a freedom from habitual anxieties, and an abandonment from little cares, which I have often thought should claim no small share in the curative effect imputed to the regimen. However it was, I felt at this moment, what with the solitariness and grandeur, and the elevation, and the pure breeze on my face, and the exercise, the full rapture of life, subdued, as it were, to a part of all that surrounded me. I was entirely divested of self, and only a beholder and enjoyer of the calm, free elements that surrounded me.

I had wandered far from my party, and the sun was sinking toward the far off, blue, misty horizon. And when I had gained the other side of the wall I found myself amidst a city, or rather, I should say, a hamlet of the dead—the wall inclosed a rustic burying-ground. It was evidently an ancient one.\* The graves were not numerous, though the preparation would accommodate many. It is probable that some were sunk by time to a level with the surface. The whole ground, from which probably a portion of the rocks had been removed, was covered with a grass not inconvenient to walk amidst, and such as is usually found in rocky places. I believe that I recollect that I could not decipher the inscription on any of the grave-stones, for age and the rust of the soil. But this made no difference—it did not impede my reflections, but rather heightened them, presenting the sleeper below in the character of a being rather than of a person, invested and embarrassed with the circumstances and contingencies of the state. But now, divested of all individuality, I could contemplate a type of humanity in its decadence from life to its ultimate condition of all connected with it—teaching a lesson to worldly vanity, of how little moment are its distinctions; for here, whatever had been its living importance, its energy, activity, aspiration—here all was equalized—here all seemed neglected and forgotten—here, too, was a profound repose—to be invaded only by the archangel who shall call to the quick and the dead. And so ran my thoughts. The hush of the place was as profound as that of the sleepers below.

You have often asked me to relate to you some of the incidents of my journey, and of my enjoyments: this, then, was signally as happy an hour as I enjoyed on my long excursion of sixteen hundred miles. And of all the cemeteries which I have ever seen, that on the mountain top, with its solitariness, elevation, and its lullaby of winds and waves, seemed to me the most pleasant. Yet I have ever thought it an improper idea to prefer one place of interment over all others, that is, in opposition to convenience—especially for one of migratory tastes. So this was but a passing thought, to be relinquished, as most of my tastes have been, to the fiat of necessity.

I took my way, in departing, through a latched gate, which I found on the opposite side of the ground, and retraced my steps down the broad, rude, romantic terraces, and when arrived nearly at the foot, met one of our party, who had been sent out in search of me; and so I reached our inn in safety. Next morning we left this beautiful spot, which, Mr. Jefferson remarks, "is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see." C. M. B.

\* The works here were established in the year 1798.

Original.

THE CAPTIVITY.—PSALM CXXXVII.

BY E. T. CUSHING.

The 137th Psalm is the finest specimen of pathetic poetry that can be found in any language. To paraphrase it is of course difficult. Many have attempted it, and failed. They so marred the original that it seemed almost sacrilegious. We have received from a friend the following lines, which were written by a youthful hand; and though they, too, as was inevitable, cannot claim the inimitable pathos of the original, yet they compare advantageously with other productions, from older and well known pens.—Ed.

By Babylon's waters we sat down and wept—  
Aye! we wept as we thought upon Zion—our  
pride;  
And we hung our mute harps, once in harmony  
swept,  
On the willows that mournfully bent o'er the  
tide!  
For those who had carried us captives away,  
Would have wakened our bosoms to gladness  
once more—  
Our spoilers commanded that Salem's sweet lay  
Should be breathed from our lips on Assyria's  
shore!  
But how could we sing the high song of the Lord  
In the land of the stranger?—how yield us to  
mirth,  
When back to our hearts, upon every lov'd word,  
Would cluster regrets for the land of our birth?  
O, Jerusalem! when no remembrance shall come  
Of thy splendor and glory, thou pride of my  
heart,  
Let my tongue be, in silence perpetual, dumb,  
And my hand be forgetful of cunning and art!  
Remember the children of Edom, O, God,  
When the day of Jerusalem's vengeance is  
found!  
Blast then with thy lightning, and smite with thy  
rod,  
Those who shouted, "Raze, raze her proud walls  
to the ground!"  
And O, daughter of Babylon, doomed to the dust,  
Blest shall he be who rewardeth thy crime—  
Who meteth the measure thou gavest to us,  
And leaveth thee, shattered, to ruin and time!

—•••••

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! divinest gift of Heaven,  
To thee my heart fond homage pays;  
Thy influence, when truly given,  
Is like the sun's resplendent rays.  
Thy presence, like his beams, dispel  
The murky clouds of doubt and fear;  
Thy soothing voice will ever quell  
The heart-felt sigh, and check the tear.

Original.

## CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice—weep with them that weep."

ALL who attentively observe the world around them—all who consider the workings of their own hearts—and certainly all who receive, as truth, the plain declarations of the word of God, must confess that man is a being loving self supremely, and seeking his own gratification above every other consideration. Yet we every day receive numberless tokens of disinterested kindness from those around us, and often, in our own hearts, feel sweet sympathies awakened, which prove that there is a principle in the human breast acting in direct opposition to this spirit of selfishness. Why is this? Can the same fountain send forth bitter waters and sweet? Can that heart which is altogether selfish and impure, produce emotions upon which the God of purity and love looks with approbation? Let us turn from the voice of pride, which would claim these feelings as a part of our natures; and while we listen to the words of inspired truth, we shall be taught that all that is good in man is wrought by the influence of that Spirit "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

When first man sinned against his Maker, he severed the golden chain which bound him to the only source of love; and had he been left to the consequences of his madness, never again would his breast have been visited by one holy affection—by one tender sympathy. Hatred and despair would for ever have filled up the measure of his anguish. But the holy Being, whose wrath he had incurred, looked upon him in tender compassion, and devised the means by which he might be restored to his favor. This restoration can only be accomplished by becoming like him in character. He is emphatically a God of love; and he has commanded us not only to love him supremely, but also to love each other—not with a mere inactive emotion, but so to participate in each other's joys and sorrows that we may rejoice with those who rejoice—weep with those who weep. Upon a slight examination of this command, we are ready to say that, from our childhood, we have been living in obedience to it. We enter upon life surrounded by loving friends, who are constantly seeking to administer to our happiness; and as they lead us forth into the bright world, and point us to the happy birds skipping from bough to bough, or to the lovely flowers springing from the bosom of the green earth, our whole hearts respond to the joyousness of nature, and, turning, we meet looks of sympathy and love, causing our spirits to thrill with new delights, as we feel that we are with those who rejoice when we rejoice.

A few years pass by—and we mark that the loved ones who have striven to make our lives one continued scene of blissful enjoyment, are not always gay and happy as we had dreamed, but often the saddened countenance betrays the burden of grief at the heart. As we look upon them, feelings of mingled sorrow and affection arise, and we learn the saddest but the most profitable part of sympathy—to weep with those who weep. But to fulfill this command, it is not enough that we enter warmly into the feelings of those closely allied to us. Wherever we find a fellow-being rejoicing in the possession of any real good, it is our duty to rejoice with him. Wherever we find one on whom the heavy hand of affliction has fallen, we must bear the burden with him, by mingling our tears with his.

While the whole human family are seeking happiness in a thousand different ways, there must be many contending interests; and often the cause which brings joy to one individual occasions misery to many others. Under such circumstances, it is only the self-renouncing Christian who can at all times sympathize with his fellow men. He regards all as the children of his Father; and though he cannot rejoice when he sees one of these children wandering from the paths of true happiness, and seeking enjoyment in earthly trifles, yet when the hour of adversity comes, he is ready, with tender sympathy, to console him, and to direct him to the source of his own bliss; and often does he rejoice that sadness has been exchanged for joy, and that another child of sin and sorrow has found a portion which cannot be taken from him. Were the spirit of this command carefully observed by all, instead of the envyings and strifes which add a hundred fold to the miseries of mankind, the spirit of kindness and love would fill the earth with peace allied to that of heaven. But it is only in heaven that we must look for the perfection of the principle upon which this precept is founded. On earth we are much more frequently called upon to weep than to rejoice; but every inhabitant of that blest abode, will rejoice evermore in the perfect bliss of the myriads who dwell in the presence of God. MARY F.—

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ROBERT HALDANE, Esq., who died recently in Scotland, at the age of seventy-eight, besides his abundant and devoted labors, gave more money to advance the cause of Christ on earth than perhaps any man of this age. In 1810 his gifts had reached the sum of £56,000, or about \$250,000. He was intensely attached to the doctrine of justification through faith in the righteousness of the Redeemer, and equally firm in believing the verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

Original.

## SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.\*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

## MIRIAM.

WE have already, in sketching the portraiture of Moses' mother, directed the reader's attention to his sister Miriam. Her future years fulfilled the promise of her early youth; and she is presented on the historic page as the first prophetess, leading the triumphant song of the liberated Israelites when they exulted at the defeat of the Egyptian host in the Red sea. The next aspect in which we behold her is less favorable to her character, though still developing the self-determining energy which seems to have been her most striking trait. The marriage of Moses with an Ethiopian woman conflicted with her pride and prejudice of birth. She could not endure that the blood of her family should be mingled with that of an alien; and in conjunction with Aaron, who, from the narration, appears rather to have adopted her views than to have influenced them, she "spoke against Moses." Alas! for woman! whose province it should ever be to infuse and to preserve peace and harmony in the atmosphere around her, and to smooth the roughness and soften the asperities of human intercourse—alas! for her when she becomes the sower of dissension among brethren, the inflamer of passion, the fomentor of discontent. Yet how many of her sex, since the time of Miriam—how many even of the present age have experienced and exhibited the prejudices which swayed her! Those whom we judge hardly in one particular, we soon learn to condemn in another. A single drop of gall introduced into the gentle and benignant charity which "hopeth all things," alloys its sweetness—a single stain upon its glass dims its transparency, and the object gazed upon is presented in darkened colors. Unkindly feeling is procreative; and he who indulges it can never say, "So far and no farther shalt thou go." Miriam's cherished displeasure against her brother's marriage rendered her suspicious of his conduct in other respects. She began to distrust the purity of his motives; and her judgment became at length so clouded by her resentment, that she even charged him with the fault evidently most foreign to his character—arrogance, or presumption. Envy and jealousy mingled with her previous disapprobation. She grew dissatisfied with the honorable distinction she enjoyed in the congregations of Israel, and, woman-like, unwilling to indulge her emotions without sympathy, communicated her suspicions to Aaron, and instigated him to aspire with

her to the superior influence of Moses, and unite in her murmuring against him. "And they said, Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath he not spoken also by us?" Then the anger of Jehovah was kindled, and in his wrath he rebuked them, causing the greater degree of punishment to fall upon her who was thus marked out as the principal offender. The loathsome disease of leprosy was indeed a fitting retribution for her sin. On the intercession of the brother, whom she had so unjustly accused, she was pardoned, but condemned to a week's banishment from social intercourse, and thus made a public example of the fearful consequences of evil passion, since the whole assembly of Israel was detained at Hazaroth until her restoration. In solitude and suffering she had time for reflection and penitence, and doubtless rejoined her companions an humbler and a better woman. She seems afterward to have performed her duties quietly and faithfully; for we have no farther account respecting her until the announcement of her death and burial at Kadosh—rendered memorable, also, by being the scene of the lamentable and vaguely defined offense of the meek, heroic, and much enduring Moses, which prevented his entrance into the promised land.

We learn two lessons from the history of Miriam: first, that we should be cautious in censuring any act of which God hath not expressed displeasure, however it may conflict with our individual feelings. Secondly, we learn that the most exalted stations and distinguishing privileges secure not their possessors against human frailty, and that every increase of eminence and responsibility calls for an increase of self-distrust, vigilance, and holiness. Sad indeed must have been the thoughts of Miriam during her lonely exile from the camp, and most humiliating her feelings. The very importance of the situation she occupied only made her fault more reprehensible, and her punishment more notorious. Had she been less conspicuous, her disgrace would have been less noticed. With all our indignation at her injustice and uncharitableness toward her unoffending brother, and our consciousness of the equity of her chastisement, who can forbear commiseration of her intense mortification and deep suffering? That transient date of banishment must have numbered years in her reckoning. The inspired penman makes no comment. Indeed, it is one of the beauties of Scripture history, that its bold, striking, yet brief details, rather excite the spirit's thirst for knowledge than satisfy it. The interest is awakened, the emotions stirred, the imagination kindled, and left to pursue its own conceptions. The most craving love of the ideal may find objects for its exercise in the Bible, where the beautiful, the touching, and the sublime are harmoniously

\* Continued from page 79.

blended and identified with the *true*. There is music, poetry, coloring, on almost every page; and for the philosophic mind there are rich stores of thought.

We conclude the portraiture of Miriam by presenting her fault and its punishment in verse.

Resentment flushed her cheek,  
And words were on her tongue,  
Which gentle woman ne'er should speak—  
From angry passion wrung.

Her spirit Aaron caught—  
As ready to condemn:  
He should with wiser zeal have sought,  
Her unjust wrath to stem.

He whom they thus address'd,  
Peerless in meekness heard;  
No fierce emotion stirred his breast—  
He spoke no bitter word.

Hark! from the cloud-wreath'd fire  
A startling summons peals—  
The Lord himself, in righteous ire,  
His chosen one reveals—

Asserts his servant's claim,  
His eminence avers,  
And pours contempt, reproof, and shame,  
Upon his censurers.

The flame-girt cloud was raised—  
Aaron, in mute despair  
And trembling fear, on Miriam gaz'd—  
Alas! what change is there:

With anguish keen he sees  
The plague-spot on her brow—  
That *scab*, that *rising*, what are these?  
She stands a leper now.

Copartner in her sin,  
He durst not sue to God:  
What hope hath he a boon to win?  
He rather dreads the rod.

Her lips no prayer prefer,  
By sense of justice seal'd;  
But he, the wrong'd one, pleads for her,  
That she may now be heal'd.

The Lord vouchsafed relief—  
The loathsome plague remov'd;  
But first, in loneliness and grief,  
Her penitence was prov'd.

#### THE LIAR.

As you would avoid the paths of sorrow and misery—as you would turn from a crumbling precipice—run for your life from the steps of the liar. His breath will pollute and destroy. None can confide in him—none trust him. He is hated by his companions, and shunned by his friends. Should you get entangled in the net of the false, use the utmost exertion and prudence to regain your former standing; for unless you do, farewell to all your hopes—to all your joys, both in this life and in that which is to come.

#### AFFLICTION.

THE Christian in his sufferings is often tempted to think himself forgotten. But his afflictions are the clearest proofs that he is an object both of Satan's enmity and of God's fatherly discipline. Satan would not have a man suffer a single trouble all his life long if he might have his way. He would give him the thing his heart is set upon. He would work in with his ambition. He would pamper his lust and his pride. But God has better things in reserve for his children; and they must be brought to desire and seek them; and this will be through the wreck and sacrifice of all that the heart holds dear. The Christian prays for fuller manifestations of Christ's power and glory, and love to him; but he is often not aware that this is in truth praying to be brought into the furnace; for in the furnace only it is that Christ can walk with his friends, and display, in their preservation and deliverance, his own almighty power. Yet when brought thither, it is one of the worst parts of the trial, that the Christian thinks himself, for a time at least, abandoned. Job thought so. But while he looked upon himself as an outcast, the infinite Spirit and the wicked spirit were holding a dialogue on his case? He was more an object of notice than the largest armies that were ever assembled, and the mightiest revolutions that ever shook the world, considered merely in their temporal interests and consequences. Let the Christian be deeply concerned, in all his trials, to honor his Master before such observers.—*Cecil*.

#### A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

WE heard a minister in the pulpit relate the following historical fact, and apply it to Christian duty. He remarked, that historians said that the eagle, when the clouds blackened and lowered, and the winds and storms arose to a fearful extent, would weigh with instinctive precision its ability to withstand its force without injury. If the storm bid fair to rage with too great force, the eagle would flap its broad wings and *soar above it*; and from its proud attitude, would look down with serenity and composure on the devastation below. The application to Christians was to persuade them to imitate the noble eagle. When bickerings and strife arose in the Church or society—when hostilities were waxing hotter and hotter—when the storms of civil and religious discord were rising higher and higher—then they should, on the pinions of their faith, *RISE ABOVE THE WORLD*. This needs no comment. O, that Christians would learn to emulate the eagle, and proudly, through the influence of the Divine Spirit, trample the world beneath their feet!



Original.

## ALMS-GIVING.

CHARITY is excellent. "Charity," saith the *poet of humanity*, "is twice blessed—it blesses him that gives and him that receives." "Charity," saith the divine moralist, "covereth a multitude of sins." The last assertion, as well as the former, is here applied in the simple sense of alms-giving, rather than in that of judging, which also appertains to it.

To give to the needy and destitute, should be a strong law; for it is not only enjoined by sacred authority, but it is also made into the human constitution, and emanates from that portion of our being—namely, the heart—where have been implanted, and are stored, the most precious graces of heaven, the most salutary attributes of our nature.

"Venerate thyself," says the eastern sage; and this, from the pious man, should mean, "Venerate 'God in us.'" And yet it is granted that we do incline to evil even "as the sparks fly upward." It is also granted that, in doing this, in following this tendency, we violate the possibilities of our own souls, whilst we disobey the divine injunction to "feed the poor," to "tend the sick," to "clothe the naked," &c.

"But" why "is all this peroration in an era of charities?" Yes, it is an era of public institutions, of asylums, of hospitals, of houses of refuge, of houses of labor, &c. And yet, after all these things are done, there remain, amidst every population, numerous individuals who are unsupplied—individuals so situated, amidst sick, or imbecile, or infant families, as also from various other causes, that resort to these sources is entirely inconvenient to them. And shall these suffer whilst their neighbors abound in the good things of the earth?

"But," it is answered, "many, even a majority of their neighbors, do not abound."

It is probably so; yet, if they have not a superfluity, they have a sufficiency, and so are in no wise exonerated from the duty of alms-giving. It may be seen, by casual observation, how, in a thousand instances, those in comfortable circumstances may help and relieve the poor, without self-deprivation, if they have but a willingness to do it. The habit once established, of every day giving some thought, and devoting some attention to the subject, and it will be found, whilst much good has been effected, that neither time nor means has been overtaxed upon the occasion.

It is particularly amongst females that aid, of this limited but constant measure, can be best afforded. Generally they are not, as gentlemen are, engaged in businesses which allow of no interruption of time. Also, the housekeeping details are in their hands, and by economy they spare to the purpose what else were thrown away or wasted.

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It may here be noticed, that the gentlemen, being thus excused, should feel themselves bound to readiness where money, in sums greater or less, is wanted; and it is admitted that they commonly are so. If they do not "go about" doing good, at least few are so niggardly as to resist a well-founded appeal for charity.

Whilst due praise is accorded to all who dispense to the poor, it may yet be perceived that it is not the rich, however much they do, who are surfeiting in luxury and abundance, that may eminently claim the meed of charity; but rather to those in moderate or limited circumstances, who have made some effort, and some sacrifice to the cause, should it be awarded.

In recalling all the instances remembered in this walk of excellence, that which shines brightest in my thought, as it also shone brightest on the path of the poor, may be told in the history of a lady lately deceased, who had lived to an advanced age, the resident of one of our New England cities.

This lady, whom I knew well during many years of her life, I shall call Angelica. Her early history is also well known to me, from her associates of that period, and may be relied on as authentic.

Yet I am about to relate nothing extraordinary, in the accepted sense of the word; for Angelica's acts were so unostentatious that, although she was herself the principal in them, yet they would seem rather to relate to the poor, her pensioners, than to herself. Neither was there any thing extraordinary in any one of her deeds, as to its greatness or amount. Her merit was of an opposite sort to this. Her continuance in well-doing, her never tiring of repeated, though minute charities, unknown to others, and her holding the poor always in her thought and her affections, formed the beauty of her life, and constituted its true greatness.

Angelica was born at a date when female education was as yet but little attended to in our country—when, amidst all the states, there were not perhaps more than six or eight seminaries devoted to the purpose. The Moravian school, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, stood pre-eminent, and, as it were, alone, and received its pupils from every state in the Union. Even Boston, then, as now, the seat of education and literature, had not more than two female schools of any pretension. These were taught by English ladies. It should be matter of gratulation that, amidst the improvements of the age, this department has been so abundantly filled and elevated.

It was, however, at the common schools of her native town that Angelica received her education, limited, of course, to the means of the place. But she made the best of her small opportunities, and, moreover, improved herself by reading after she had left school. The intelligent gave her the hand

of fellowship. She possessed a lively, active, and inquiring mind, and was always best pleased to be employed about something useful. Her parents were not wealthy, but only "well to do." Her father, for some years, held an office in the courts, and Angelica, whilst yet very young, assisted him in the writing department, by copying and transcribing documents, &c. She became a great favorite with her companions, for her free and lively disposition, her wit, and aptness at repartee; and in her little circle she gathered around her many admirers. Her father, having served for a series of years in a municipal station, was eventually elected as a member to Congress; and the young Angelica, the only daughter of the family, accompanied her parents to the Federal City. Here she found a more enlarged society, and a greater scope for her talents; so that she soon became what is termed a drawing-room belle. This manner of life had the natural effect to obscure and blunt, for a season, the benevolent tendencies of her nature.

Many a young lady covets the distinction of being a belle, because of the devotion of the other sex which is implied in its existence. But it is a devotion rather to vanity than to herself. Hollow and heartless, it abides in pretences and artificialities, and contains not one particle either of genuine or generous sentiment in its whole composition.

How much, in youth, is the weakness of one sex administered to by the vanity of the other! In the ranks of fashion most young ladies would be belles if they could. Even mothers are found who would abet the folly. How deplorable is the situation of that young person whose mother, at her more mature age, is still possessed of no more discretion than herself! The folly, partially venial in the one, is abominable in the other.

Unhappy is the young girl who selects her husband from amidst the train attendant on a belle—a rank composed of coxcombs and grown boys—a rank in which no man of sense or dignity arrays himself. The young girl is usually much the junior of her attendants, and possibly mistakes the flutter of adulation for genuine sentiment, and is, perhaps, betrayed into forming a connection for life upon these unstable premises.

The man of true worth attends not in the train of the belle. He is careful—he is prudent—he scrutinizes the character of her parent, and says to himself, "Like mother, like daughter. I choose my companion where there is more sobriety."

How far happier, then, as well as more respectable, are the young daughters who are trained in religious houses! No suspicion of this sort can appertain to them; for levity and religion abide not together.

Angelica, though by her sprightliness and her intelligence she was borne foremost in the train of fashion, was yet possessed of too good sense to make this fatal mistake. She was amused by the novelties that surrounded her, and for awhile diverted from her better self. Although she had not been happy enough to have a religious training, yet it was doubtless an innate grace that saved her, and stayed her steps in these dangerous passages of life. The frivolities of fashion soon palled upon her, and she returned voluntarily to the fresher existence of simpler and more substantial enjoyments.

The second winter that her parents visited Washington, at her own request, she remained at home, in the care of a relative.

Angelica was an exception to the adage quoted above; for although she had a gay and thoughtless mother, yet she became early aware of this, at least of the dissonance of tastes and inclinations which divided them. And without disrespect toward her parent, she conducted herself upon principles of order which had never been instilled into her, either by example or precept. Her maternal home was not as happy as if she could have venerated the parent whom she naturally loved.

How much of duty and obedience is due from children to parents!—more, it is apprehended, than it is now customary to render. But where the parents do not exact it, is it surprising that the children are remiss? And yet some measure, both of order and of happiness, is lost by the omission.

Angelica married, in her twenty-second year, a man of worth and character. He was quite the poorest of her suitors. Also, in choosing him, she passed over several possessed of more shining qualities, and, especially, of more personal beauty. But this cost her no effort of magnanimity. She preferred him—she esteemed and loved him; and that he was not ordinarily handsome, was to her but as dust in the balance. Had he been awkward or uncouth, she could not so easily have overlooked it.

When shall we see one of the lords of creation who could have decided as she did?

The young married couple removed to the city of —, then one of the most commercial ports of the east.

The husband, an industrious, vigilant, and judicious man of business, in a few years accumulated a handsome fortune. And now his business relations obliged them, in a manner, to keep open house. This grieved the wife; for although she was eminently social, she yet liked some economy of time in her pleasure; she also would have desired some selection in her associates.

This idea of selectness is not always of aristocracy, but sometimes rather of taste and of suita-

bility. She would have liked, too, a greater admixture of her own sex at her table; but she rendered her house agreeable to her husband's friends, and made the best of a disagreeable matter. And now she often sought out the desolate and the stranger of her own sex, and invited them to a participation of her luxuries, her parlor hours, and her conversation.

How much of good feeling is shown in this simple arrangement! Also, a noble right-mindedness and a force of independent acting is evinced in the movement; for the customs of cities are proverbially averse to friendliness and hospitality.

Our young wife, as has been said, regretted the extra expenditure of both time and money, supposed necessary to her husband's position as a capitalist. She observed to a friend, that she managed the best she could under existing circumstances—that her superfluities should not be wasted. This she did by the considerate hospitality mentioned above, by administering to her indigent neighbors, and by supplying the wants of the mendicants who applied to her.

She omitted no charity within her power. She was active in the service, every day making some personal exertion for her pensioners, to see that, where many were to be served, each in turn had a share. She was vigilant, also, if possible, to prevent impostures.

Years after this, when a reverse of fortune had left them comparatively poor, she observed to a friend, that she felt fully consoled for that portion of their property which had been expended in extra housekeeping at this date; "for," said she, "had there not been a great surplussage, I probably should not have helped the poor to so much; and what I gave was often absolutely necessary to them."

And now, after ten years of unremitted attention, a failure had taken place. The rich man had become poor. Does a merchant ever stand sure? Whether by integrity, by cleverness, by ability, or what not, does a merchant ever stand sure? Every cent had been rendered up by the unfortunate bankrupt to his creditors, and the parents, with their four children, had now returned to their native town.

And now came the test of Angelica's moral soundness, as well as of her regard to her husband; and well did she stand the trial; for although there belonged to her an infirmity of temper, a hastiness, an irascibility, yet, at need, she could draw upon a large amount of magnanimity. And now, that she was pressed by misfortune, and those whom she loved were involved in the same, the very weight of the suffering seemed to steady and support her. It is not implied that there was no effort of volition in the case; but this effort she was capa-

ble of making, and she did make it. She was more affectionate to her companion, more sprightly about her house, and more active in all her duties, than she had heretofore been. Amidst their deprivation she never indulged in gloomy forebodings of worse to come; but when she saw her husband anxious and dispirited, she cheered him with a smile, or the carol of a song, but more often by a word—not a gay or light word, but a hopeful, healthy, strengthening word, unfolding to him the treasures of a soul fraught with much truth and much pious philosophy—the philosophy of resignation and of hope combined, gathered from life, and conformed to its mutations.

This wife had been wisely chosen. Often a man marries his wife for her beauty—for beauty!—for her accomplishments—for accomplishments!—for her fortune—for fortune!—for rivalry over others—what if there be a million of them?—for her connections—for elevated place—place! for ever changing!—and for a thousand other factitious and fortuitous matters, rather than for her very self, the intrinsic merits of her character—for her sound good sense, accessible to reason—for a heart, strong to bear, to soothe, to sustain—pliable to yield or to receive the impress of good—sensitive and compassionate to her own species—pious and grateful for the gifts of Heaven.

"But there is no such woman," says one; "your picture presents

"That perfect monster which the world ne'er saw!"

The picture is but a sketch, and may be filled in by enough of minor imperfections to render it human, and a true likeness. It is granted that even after that is done, the man who gets such a wife, may fairly estimate her price as "above rubies." The Book also says that "a prudent wife is from the Lord." It may be observed, that he who seeks from improper views, will not be likely to obtain the blessing.

The reader will please excuse my long digression, or my generalizing. As for Angelica, though far from a perfect character, she yet might be called an excellent wife. As a housewife, she was unsurpassed—there was neatness, order, regularity, with freeness and frugality combined. And now that they were upon the retrenching system, there was the nicest attention that what was sparing should not necessarily be mean. Indeed, it might be said of Angelica, that, after the manner of her natural disposition, she was incapable of a mean act.

And how fared her charities, now that by restricted means it was necessarily rendered difficult for her to give? On her own part, they fared just as well as ever. The principle of giving was still more sedulously cherished than before. And if the practice now cost her more pains, she felt in it a

relief from the devouring vexations which were now mingled in her own cup. I have myself seen her, after she had become aged, sitting a long afternoon repairing some old garment, which, when completed, she would hand to an attendant, saying, "Put it in the trunk—it will now be of some service to whomsoever I may give it." The "trunk" was the depository of whatever she intended to give, and was never suffered to run low. She was careful not to waste any thing, and even took the trouble of saving remnants and scraps; for "they pleased children," and "it made them industrious to have a 'patch-work' of their own." In the season of preserving, she made her calculations for jellies, &c., for the sick of the poor "to take their medicine in," and never grudged, even in scanty times, a piece of money for oranges, or any cooling thing which would be grateful to them. "I cannot," said she, "afford subscriptions to public purposes, but that is no reason why I should believe that I can do nothing at all for the poor; but, on the contrary, it is the very reason why I should do my best in a small way." She did not talk much about these things, never ostentatiously, but sometimes regretfully, that she could do no more.

There was sickness in the family for many months. The husband was in that most mortifying predicament to an active temper, of being "without business;" and feeling the precariousness of his circumstances, the idea of his young family, and his responsibility, he would at times despond. But Angelica would always "assert," "We shall not lack." She did not add, "'Because' I have 'fed the poor,'" but she was doubtless strengthened by that conviction.

And yet it had so happened, as we have seen by her early rearing, that she had never been led to a religious life, so to speak. She lived in the days when religion (compared with the present) was a dead letter in the land. Hardly in any Church were the youthful seen professing it. And particularly in her domestic home was there no mention made of it as a pursuit. She "walked in dangerous places," yet she "dashed not her foot against a stone."

Time, in its course, produces many changes, and fetches some reliefs. And now the husband was appointed a mercantile agent to some of the cities of Europe. Angelica acquiesced cheerfully in the arrangement. A weaker woman would have said, "Our children are young—you leave me poor—I have no connections to call upon in case of emergency," &c., &c.—"you must remain and sustain me under these reverses." But Angelica said to her husband, "Go, by all means; I can manage well enough with the family. The change of scene will break up the continuity of your thoughts, and restore your spirits and your enterprise. I can

better," said she, "sustain myself under your absence, than I can bear to witness your unhappiness."

The husband was not insensible to the extraordinary merit of this conduct. He felt that in his wife he possessed a consoler and a friend. And they both, amidst their misfortunes, shared a sentiment of elevation and of happiness.

The voyage was made, and the husband was the resident of another hemisphere. There is much in resolution, not only to effect its object, but which, also, invigorates its entertainer.

Angelica, amidst her young family, passed the days and the months of her husband's absence, not only with equanimity, but often with cheerfulness. He wrote her often and encouragingly. She was resolved and constant, and thus the guerdon of hope was made sufficient to her. And when her husband, after an absence of more than a twelvemonth, was restored to her, she then for the first time allowed herself to review the numerous difficulties she had passed through, and to wonder how she had borne them all. And she summed it up in her own way at last, by acknowledging how much happier she now was than if she had thrown any obstacle in the way, or demurred in the outset.

The reader believes that Angelica had hardly any faults, or that my picture is overdrawn. But not so. And though excellent in many points, and though her virtues of character predominated, yet she was by no means free from the foibles and blemishes of humanity. In addition to her hastiness of temper, she possessed an ambition which, had it been fostered by success, might have become inordinate. And akin to this there was a degree of pride, which all the force of circumstances never overmastered. It is true that the goodness of her heart in a manner veiled this fault, and that a certain nobility of feeling also held it in check as to actual aggression. But whenever she felt this assailed, of which the circumstances of her life latterly afforded many occasions, there became apparent all its attendant train of resentments, bitterness, and scorn, disguising, for an instant, the undoubted greatness of her heart. Nor do I trespass upon the secrets of the grave by revealing this; for long before the grave had closed over her, Christianity had healed and obliterated these weaknesses of nature.

The emolument from the mission to Europe was not so great perhaps as it ought to have been; for the necessitous can make no terms. But it sufficed to support them for a time. Angelica now opportunely inherited a small patrimonial estate, which, though it yielded no income, yet gave them a home. And pretty soon the husband obtained a situation as clerk to a merchant, with a moderate salary. Angelica was fain to content herself with

this appointment, as better than no employment; yet she was grieved and chagrined that her husband was compelled to accept a subordinate situation with an inferior party, after having been principal in a large establishment of his own. She, also, experienced some feeling of degradation in the change. This was the necessary tax upon her pride. And although she had ever been superior to the idea of measuring her acquaintances by the elevation or depression of their fortune, yet she felt sore and jealous on this account in her own case.

But why do I narrate these blemishes in the character of one so good! It is proper that I add, how much more happy are those who have never associated themselves with society of a venal order, and so have escaped the contagion of its concomitant weaknesses, follies, and sins! How many mortifications, (for every vice contains its own cautery,) afflictions, and inflictions, are necessary to the subduing of strong natures! How do reiterated griefs tear and assault them before they acquiesce in the cure—before they cease to rebel—before they acknowledge their sins, or cease to love them!

As for Angelica, we cannot help seeing that, with her natural merits of character, her natural sins were also rife upon her—the besetting one of pride was still dominant. She had overprized it, and it had cost her all that she valued it at. But the day was coming when she began to read the ways of Providence, and to find that her own will was not good for her.

Many troubles came upon her in life besides the absorbing one of scanty means. Two fair daughters she had, who, one after the other, when they had attained the age of womanhood, declined and sunk away from her arms into the grave. The bitterness of her affliction none but a mother's heart can know. Her grief was aggravated by a belief, whether well or ill founded, that had she but possessed the means conveniently of transporting them to a milder region, they might have been saved. Under this conviction, the haunting, perhaps, of her tenderness, she nearly gave way. But death, in both instances, settled the conflict.

The world, for a season, seemed dark to her. Her health, with her lessened spirits, ran low. She inherited a constitutional disease, a cutaneous affection, and this, aggravated by chagrin, depression, and grief, and by the exhaustion of her long watchings over the sick-bed, now assumed a deeper character of disease. The remedies heretofore effectual, now failed—the sickness increased and gathered to itself other forms of disease. The physicians were baffled of all their skill, as week after week found the patient sinking lower and lower, until all hope of her recovery was lost. She

perceived her own declension, and she looked only to the grave. And though she contemplated it with an enforced resignation, yet she experienced a dread and an uncertainty, which not all her own firmness could conquer or withstand.

The scales seemed to fall from her eyes. What she had cared for, she cared for no longer. She only sought to be saved, and she turned to the Savior with beseechings and prayers. Nor was this change entirely sudden, or of a few days. During her long illness she had found it good to associate herself with the pious, to converse, and to read, to plead, to reflect, and to revolve the Gospel plan of salvation through the Redeemer. *Here* she anchored; and here, after deep conviction of sin, deep suffering, and self-abasement, she found rest and joy, through faith. And, finally, she experienced that change which the accepted one can fully appreciate or describe. Her apprehensions were all subdued, and she felt a joy and a quiet of spirit, which, wonderful to relate, seemed sensibly to communicate itself to her physical life.

From this date she mended, growing apparently better from day to day. One form of disease after another left her—she became strengthened, invigorated, encouraged, and, in some few weeks, well.

This is a most uncommon case. The statement is strictly and circumstantially correct. I would not presume to offer any opinion on the subject of the cure—it would take, perhaps, a Burton to account for it. The revival occurred at a genial season of the year, and the reader does not doubt that the process was conformed to physical causes, co-operating and coincident with strong mental relief.

The recovery, in its wonderful change, was as great a marvel to Angelica herself, as it was to every beholder. It seemed like a resurrection from the dead; and it is no impiety to say that the spiritual change which had been effected within her, during her long days of sorrow and suffering, in some measure also resembled this.

It is believed that she made, during her trial, many resolves of amendment for the days to come, should her life yet be spared to her. She never spoke to assert this; but it is inferred from the very great change, apparent and striking to all, which had taken place in her. Her self-confidence, a prominent trait, was entirely gone; and there appeared in its stead a pensive sense of self-abasement, and a deferring to others—the very opposite of her former self. *She honored her Savior meekly.*

Her trial had been as through fire. Her sins lay as crushed serpents under her Savior's feet, and she came out of her ordeal purified and holy, with a determination to continue so; nor did the quickness and vivacity, still apparent in her, ever betray her into a violation of her voluntary covenant.

She had done with railing at the absurdities and over-stepping of others. She was not in the habit of speaking much of herself—she had ever deemed egotism, especially a verbal one, a proof of mental weakness; yet it might ever have been perceived that she fully estimated her own mental superiority. She possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, and an instant insight of character; and she had ever avoided laying herself liable in those points of weakness which her rather unsparing scrutiny so easily detected in others.

But now that a new spirit was given her, she feared not the animadversion of others, where any form of observation could be useful. "Pride is so foolish in mortals," said she, when the subject occurred; "I have myself been very proud during my life, and have committed much sin in consequence; but it was the mistake of my blindness. I was insensible to my pride, because it was not overbearing, and sought not to trample upon others. Yet it had its own scale of valuation, which, though not meanly pecuniary, was yet not a Christian one—I ever wished to elevate myself. Pride," continued she, "can never be called a single sin; for where it is not repressed, it involves many other evils. It destroys amiability, and interrupts the harmony of social life by its overweening desires and pretensions. Before persons have the renewed heart, if naturally possessed of it, they are even proud of their pride. But having passed the change, of all the faults of character, perhaps, that of which they are most ashamed, and which wounds them the most, is pride." How else can they resemble the Savior!

Angelica, now fully recovered, had resigned her departed children, and acquiesced in all the arrangements of Providence, which she was sensible had shaped things so wisely to awaken her.

Their moderate income was now enjoyed, unmarred by visions of former splendor. She was happy in the integrity and intelligence of her two sons, and by the continued regard of her aged companion.

Charity seemed still to be eminently her vocation. In addition to her former methods, she now instituted that of looking up the forlorn ones of her native town, especially the old, who, by vulgar prejudice, are allowed less claim upon sympathy in proportion as they need it more. Angelica acted from feeling, and, beyond this, upon principle, in her benevolence. I once heard her say, (confidentially,) "I have invited old Mrs. — to spend the week with me; and," added she, "if I could afford it, I had much rather give her ten dollars than to entertain her—she is so full of complainings, distrusts, and jealousies; but," concluded she, "I dare say she has seen enough of the world to fret and sour her against it." She had continually about her persons

entirely repugnant to her tastes. We hear spoken of and lauded the charity of dollars, or of hundreds of dollars. But what is it compared with this sort of sacrifice?—a self-immolation which is indeed a faithful service, and the complete triumph of the principle.

Angelica has recently died, at a good old age, having lived nearly twenty years from the time of her quickening to the light of grace.

When I last saw her, being about to leave the place, she remarked, "I shall see you no more on this side the grave." "Say not so, dear madam," replied I; "you will yet live many years. But when you do depart," added I, not without sympathy, "I see a vision of all the widows standing by and weeping, and showing the coats and garments which 'Dorcas' made while she was with them." "Talk not so," she replied, and she blushed painfully; "what fruit could such a worm as I bring forth meet for repentance?" Presently she added, with force and fervor, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." And so she departed, leaving a name in the land, "that this woman was full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did."



#### TRUE PROSPERITY.

You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, mandespising crowd, which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gaily decked, or the idle, wasteful, aimless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the mark of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealment and fraud? In the neighborhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings, are there abodes of squalid misery, or reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, of half-starved children, of profaneness, dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying with your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralizing the influence of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is to make a better people.

The glory and happiness of a city consists not in the number, but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in the city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costly productions of our manufactures are cheap compared with a wise and good human being.—*Dr. Channing.*

Original.

## BIRTH-DAY MUSINGS.

How short and fleeting are my days,  
Like clouds in southern clime!

But yesterday I was a child—  
To-day in manhood's prime:  
To-morrow's dawning light shall view  
The spring flowers o'er my grave:  
The next shall find my memory  
Lost 'neath oblivion's wave!

For what are all my toilings spent,  
Since thus life's moment speeds,  
Then like the lightning's transient gleam  
Behind the veil recedes?

My life is but a narrow point,  
Or separating line,  
Dividing two eternities—  
JEHOVAH'S OWN and mine.

ETERNITY—a past—to come—  
How awful—how sublime!  
Beyond the grasp of human thought,  
While fettered down by time:  
The one known but to Deity—  
The measure of his age—  
The chronicler of nothingness  
Upon creation's page!

It saw him when he reigned alone,  
A self-existent God,  
And only emptiness and void  
Had owned his sceptred rod.  
Before the stars were swung in space,  
Or mind created free—  
Beyond the reach of pinioned thought—  
Was still—ETERNITY.

The other my existence bounds—  
Endless—but yet my own!  
Extent unmeasured—unconceived—  
Unrealized—unknown.  
OMNISCIENT ONE—ETERNAL GOD—  
In love made known to me  
What is the length, and breadth, and depth  
Of my eternity.

"When all that marks creative skill,  
In nature's wide domain,  
To nothingness original  
In being shall attain—  
When God o'er all shall cease to rule—  
His sceptred power extend—  
When HE himself shall cease to be,  
Then shall thy being end!"

Tremendous thought! And must my years  
With his run parallel—  
Within his penetrating reach  
Must I for ever dwell?

Compelled to live—compelled to think  
Through all eternity,  
And by the character of thought,  
Mark my own destiny?

To think and act, and freely act  
Whate'er my thoughts design,  
Which comes within the utmost reach  
Of being such as mine;  
And yet a character, unchanged  
Through being's long career,  
Become indelibly impressed  
In its existence here?

Will purity—a bud on earth—  
Bloom in perfection there?  
And guilt enchain the soul with bands  
It must for ever wear?  
Then up, my soul! improve the time  
Which God in mercy lends:  
With duty fill each passing year,  
Till thy probation ends.

And then thy natal day shall bring  
Pure joy at each return,  
As o'er the past thy thoughts revert,  
And God's approval learn.  
But happier far shall be the day  
Which brings thee thy release,  
When, in Eternity's embrace,  
Expiring Time shall cease.



## A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,  
Child of my love! I tremble to believe  
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue  
The shadow of my heart will always pass;  
A heart that, from its struggle with the world,  
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,  
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,  
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth  
Are visited by every air that stirs,  
And drink in sweetness only, while the child  
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,  
May take a blemish from the breath of love,  
And bear the blight for ever.

I have wept  
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!  
My life is bound up in her. But, O, God!  
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times  
Bears its sweet burden; and if thou hast given  
To nurture such as thine this spotless flower,  
To bring it unpolluted unto thee,  
Take thou its love, I pray thee! Give it light—  
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!  
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light  
Shining about her, draw me to my child,  
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

N. P. WILLIS.

## EVERYDAY EXPERIENCE.

MARCH 30, 1839.—This month has found me in the diligent and prayerful study of God's word—in the examination of a new truth, which has of late, for the first time, been brought before my mind, viz., the realization of present entire sanctification to God. The result of this investigation is a deep and thorough conviction that this state may be realized, through the abounding grace of God given in answer to believing prayer. I henceforth set myself to seek the Lord—to seek full redemption in the blood of Jesus. My prayer is, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!"

April 20.—The Lord is with me to set his seal to truth by the operations of the Holy Spirit on my mind. The word is applied to my heart and conscience; the Spirit aids me in prayer, and I am already blessed. One evening especially, while in prayer, I received a draught from the river of life—a satisfying portion, which quenched my thirst. My faith laid hold on Jesus—a present Savior. As the tempest-tossed mariner enters the quiet haven, and is at rest, so my soul was calmly anchored; all was well. I reached the spot where was safety. As I pass on from day to day, I find increasing sweetness in the word of God. The promises are so many jewels of gold; I seize them; I bind them round the neck; I press them to my heart; I search for them, as one searches for hidden treasure.

I feel a tenderness of spirit I never felt before; a melting, a dissolving heart; a walking softly, as if God were present, and bending toward me, with all his heart of love. I cannot sin against him. Every thought and desire is lost in the sweet perception of God's presence, in the desire to please him. As the little child, that cannot walk, stretches forth his hands to his parent, and the parent comes and helps him, so I stretch forth my hands to God, and he comes and helps me—he leads me; yea, he carries me.

April 30.—Retired one morning for prayer and meditation. Before I had opened the Bible, while sitting and meditating, the Holy Ghost came upon me, and the power of the highest overshadowed me. God had come into my heart in truth, in reality. I was pure, for God himself had breathed upon me. The exercises of mind which followed this baptism of the Spirit, were a sense of purity; a feeling that I was wholly the Lord's; that God was my Father; I had free and perfect access to him; that I was united to Christ. I seemed to myself to have been born again; to have come into the kingdom of God as really, though not as fully, as if I had entered heaven itself. I had no interest but that of God. All my thoughts and feelings centred in him, as if God were myself, and I had no being out of God.—*Guide.*

## FAMILY RELIGION.

The following admonition to parents is taken from the "Pastoral Address of the Georgia Conference."

We earnestly recommend and exhort you to cultivate that great department of usefulness to the Church and the world—family religion. We mean by this term to cover the whole ground of personal piety, as exemplified in sound speech, holy tempers, and regular devotions; and at the same time to include the religious training of your children and servants. We have sometimes feared that some of our people have adopted the lax, worldly, infidel notion, that to teach the rising generation Christianity, in its doctrines, morals, and motives, was deliberately to forestall freedom of choice in future years, and so to interfere with free agency; and that the restraints of religious discipline in early life increased the natural liability to error and excess, when parental authority should be lost in the independence of manhood. If those who hold these ignorant and blasphemous sentiments could guaranty the dormancy of our nature, and the idleness of the devil, while we slumbered and slept, there might be to one dead to the desires of usefulness a show of plausibility in their views. But with the elements of all evil active in us from infancy, and with wicked men and evil spirits to tempt, and stir, and aggravate, they who neglect the moral instruction of their children are likely to nurse them for sin and ruin, and to pierce themselves with a thousand sorrows. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The sentiment is as philosophical as it is religious. It is full of truth, and hope, and comfort. Teach your children to pray, from the time they can articulate. Learn them the catechism early, "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Teach them to reverence the house of God, to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Restrain them from the sports and associations that desecrate the sanctity of the Lord's day, and carry them with you to the house of God. If injurious effects ever follow upon the adoption of these rules, it is because obedience is demanded as the just claim of parental authority, rather than as the fruit of proper instruction. Assign the reasons of your commands, and derive them from the word of God, and the rod will seldom if ever be necessary, as the penalty of disobedience. Teach children the fear of the Lord, and much of the difficulty of domestic discipline will vanish away, and the cant of infidelity be rebuked into silence, by the glorious demonstration of the truth of Heaven's most precious promise. The land will be filled with Josiahs and Timothy's, and the descendants of every Abraham will follow him to the bosom of God.



Original.

## THE LOVE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

—  
BY MISS DE FOREST.  
—

Of all the reminiscences of by-gone days, none thrill so sweetly and so touchingly upon the soul as those which are associated with a mother's love. An incident which occurred to a young friend of mine, while yet in the merry morn of life, recently came before my mind with all the vividness of reality; and I bring it now before your readers, not only as evincing a mother's tender affection, but as forming a basis for an illustration of a higher and more enduring love—even that of our heavenly Father toward his erring children.

The home of Susan G. was in a retired but pleasant part of the land of steady habits. At a distance from the crowded city, the good people of L. knew but little of its vanities, nor envied the luxuries of which they did not feel the need. Their duties often became a source of pleasure as well as profit. Their rest was sweet, and their recreations few and simple. Susan's mother being early left a widow, found it necessary to teach her children the benefits arising from industry and self-reliance. Having no brothers, she was often intrusted with the commission of duties which would seem to have required an older, or a more masculine hand. Sometimes she was sent at a distance from home with a horse and carriage, either alone or accompanied by a younger sister, and was well acquainted with the country for ten or twelve miles in every direction. One summer day, when about fourteen years of age, Susan left home soon after dinner for a long ride of several miles. After passing over a short distance, she came to a point where two ways met. Either of these would lead her to the house which she sought; and she concluded it was no difference which she took. And yet there was a difference—a right and a wrong road—as she well knew. The road which ought to have been taken, although rough and uninviting, was direct—the other much longer, yet possessing, to Susan, many charms. To make the subject more clear to our youthful readers, it was like going to New York from Cincinnati by the way of New Orleans, instead of following the common route. I do not know what was the sage reasoning by which she prevailed upon herself to take the wrong road, but suppose it was something like this: "If I follow the usual route, I shall have a very dull time of it—it is rough, and abounds with deep ruts, long hills, and dreary woods. The other road, although longer, will not seem so, as I can stop and rest when about half way. I shall see my cousin Mary, who I am sure will be glad to meet me. I shall pass through the centre of the

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town, and my mother will never know any thing about it. Indeed, I hardly think she would care if she did know. So, come up, pony, you may rest by and by." On went pony, and on went Susan. An hour's ride brought her safely to her cousin's house; and here she took another wrong step. It being not very pleasant to proceed alone, especially with a burdened conscience, she offered her cousin a pleasant ride, assuring her that she would bring her home in good season. The delighted girl accepted the offer, and they jogged merrily on until they reached L., where they prevailed upon a young companion to join them; she however proceeding on horseback, which was her favorite manner of riding. The little party now moved on in high glee, Susan having succeeded in hushing the upbraidings of her conscience, by concluding that no harm was done to any one by the course she had pursued. In the course of an hour they arrived at the residence of Mr. B., and were met at the gate by another young companion, about as thoughtless as any one of the trio. The errand upon which they came being successfully performed, they were preparing to return, when Miss B. proposed that the party should extend their ride, and visit the Housatonic river, which was only about three miles distant. "But," interposed Susan, "I am six or seven miles from home—it is full three o'clock—I shall have to return by the way of L. with the girls, and my little pony looks already somewhat fatigued." To all this her cager companions replied that there was time enough, that the day was oppressively warm, and that the best thing that could be done would be to let the pony rest an hour or so, while they were amusing themselves in a manner which was certainly innocent, as well as improving. "Riding is fine exercise," said cousin Mary. "The scenery of the Housatonic is so beautiful," said Miss B., "and my horse is ready saddled. Come, Susan, we will ride double—no more objections." Susan, thus silenced, overcame a second time the scruples of her conscience; and the giddy company were soon riding rapidly forward. Meeting with no hinderances, they arrived at the river in a short time. Susan had always been passionately fond of romantic scenery. But beautiful as was the winding river, bathing in its pellucid waves the bending flowers upon its banks, and merrily as sung the feathered minstrels in the grove beside, she felt that it was not for her to look or listen with delight. An uncontrollable dejection came over her mind, and she begged her young friends to hasten their return. As they were remounting their horses, Miss B., who rode with Susan, in endeavoring to gain her seat, sprang too far over, and they were both thrown off backwards. They were somewhat hurt, though not dangerously. Susan fell on her head,

and in doing so broke a pretty comb which her mother had given her not long before, and which she prized highly. She now began to feel the bitterness of disobedience. Perhaps some of my young readers will say, "In what had she transgressed? She had performed her errand." She had not fulfilled what she knew was her mother's wish, by performing her duty in the right manner. It was now getting late in the afternoon, and they hurried on. They were all merry excepting our heroine, who was ill at ease. Nature seemed less pleasant than a few hours before. The hills appeared to have increased in length, and the way in roughness. She gladly resumed her carriage, and by sundown, having, according to engagement, seen all parties safely home, the poor child proceeded, with an aching head and a trembling heart, on her lonely route. She had still three miles to go. What would become of her! There were lonely woods to pass through, and steep hills to ascend. A thousand strange thoughts filled her soul with terror. Her carriage might upset, or she might be attacked by prowling robbers. Besure, there were many dwellings scattered here and there; but they were useless to her—they were not her home. She knew that her mother was anxiously awaiting her return, and would soon be much alarmed. There was but one thing to do, viz., to make all haste. So giving Charley the reins, he dashed gaily on, thinking, no doubt, of his supper and stable. It was nearly dark when he reined up at the door. Having confined him to a post, his young mistress, with a shrinking heart, went into the house. Her mother not happening to be in, she passed into her own room, and hastily undressing, threw herself upon the bed, and gave vent to her distress in an agony of weeping. She was possessed of an active imagination, which was liable to extremes of excitement, and now she thought there was no forgiveness for her. Her mother soon entered the room, and hurried to the bed-side, exclaiming, "Susan, my child, what is the matter?" Susan answered only by her tears. The mother feared, she knew not what; and anxiously did she labor to ascertain the cause of her daughter's distress. At length, yielding to her affectionate entreaties, Susan summoned resolution to confess the whole. Relieved of her fears, Mrs. G. felt that she had much cause for gratitude. Her child had been preserved amidst dangers seen and unseen. She uttered not one word of reproof, not one upbraiding syllable, but silently leaving the room, hastened to her larder, and selecting the best that it afforded, she returned, and with many soothing and endearing words, besought her child to partake of some refreshment. If any thing was wanting, this expression of maternal love would surely have been sufficient to have melted

the most obdurate heart. Susan was completely humbled; but, relieved from the burden of her sin, her mind was at peace, and she was soon soundly asleep. In reference to her, the events of that day were important. She never forgot them; and probably her feet were often saved from falling, by the remembrance of the consequences of one false step.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not alone to amuse the fancy, or to please the ear, has this simple narrative been given. There are many points in which it may be used as an illustration of the wanderings of the heart from Him who bears to us a more tender relation than that of mother. There was once a child of God—one who had taken his vows upon her, and professedly given herself unto him in everlasting covenant—who had received many evidences of his loving kindness and tender mercy, and knew how sweet it is to rest upon the bosom of her Savior. She had "a great work to do," and she was well aware that she must labor to obtain her endless rest. The world, her field of action, lay before her, and her commission, as a servant, was ever present—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." As she went forth upon her Father's errand, she, too, like our little Susan, came to a place where two roads met. The one which conscience whispered was the right, as in the former case, although direct, was rough, lonely, and beset with difficulties. The other appeared to her bewildered vision to be quite as safe, and far more fascinating, inasmuch as she would therein have the company of many of those who, from various motives, were professedly traveling in the same direction. Hoping that all would result well, and believing that both paths would finally terminate at the same point, in spite of the still small voice which whispered, "This is the way—walk ye in it," she yielded to the solicitations of the evil one. She chose the round-about road—the road in which every step that is taken but leads the beguiled one farther from his duty and his God. She found it, for awhile, bewitchingly pleasant. The Spirit was grieved, and left her alone. Conscience was hushed, and hardly dared remonstrate for fear of a rude repulse. Hours and days sped merrily and unheeded by, while the errand upon which this undutiful servant was sent lay unperformed—her work undone. Sometimes, after a careless manner, and not as one that must give account, she attempted to perform some part of her duty to others, even while she was herself going astray. She occasionally thought for a moment upon her folly, and looked forward to the future with dismay; but in and of herself she felt powerless to return, so she yielded to the current of worldly solicitations, and wandered farther and farther from the path of rec-

titude. Perchance she was the unhappy means of luring others—those over whom she was bound, by covenant vow, to watch—to follow her example. And now where was this silly one? Beside the cold rivers of Babylon—her untuned harp upon the pendent willow, for she could not sing the song of Zion within the enemy's domain. The pleasures, for which she had sacrificed so much, began to pall upon the senses. There was still a bewitching music in those rushing waters—in the whispering of the zephyr through those bending boughs; but to her it began to be wild, and sad, and prophetic of a coming storm. Yea, though all was fair to the eye, yet was it unsatisfying to the immortal soul; for it was not at home. That soul was writhing under a sense of Divine displeasure, and mourning for its captivity. For many months sat the wanderer beside those chilling streams. "Her tears were her meat night and day, while the tempter said continually, 'Where is now thy God?'" Often did she arise and seek to return; but the keen darts of the enemy pursued her close, and his taunting voice whispered, "It is vain: there is no hope for such an one as you." So, wounded and despairing, she abode there still; yet ever and anon she cast a longing glance toward heaven, and listened if perchance the echoing of some sweet Gospel strain might not touch her sin-sick soul, and wake it into life.

Think you this disconsolate one was not to blame? She knew that she was far from God, and she knew right well the way of her return; yet much she feared that she should be refused admittance, even should she reach the portal of her Father's house. But, though she knew it not, that Father's pitying eye was still upon her; and by his command the insulted Spirit once again returned, and with melting language sweetly plead to save the lost. "Arise," said the voice of the Holy One, "arise and depart; for this is not your rest. Say you, The way is long and full of dangers? Admit it; yet in that way there is hope, while in remaining there is none. Do you fear that you will be refused admittance? Listen to his voice of love: Return unto me, and I will return unto you. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. I will lead thee by the way, and teach thee to profit. I will heal all your backslidings, and love you freely; and your sins, and your iniquities will I remember no more." Thus did the Spirit breathe upon the chains of thralldom. They melted into air, and the freed captive arising in the strength of her God, exclaimed, "I will return unto my Father. I am not worthy to be called a child. Let him make me as one of his hired servants." Truly the darkness of night was gathering around, and the wild beasts of the forest howled

dismally in their baffled rage; but afar in the dim distance she saw the steady gleaming of the Star of Bethlehem, and she knew, by the promise, that the blessed Spirit was beside her. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," was her language. So, without reserve, she yielded up her heart unto his guidance, and, lo! to her astonishment, he entered and dwelt therein. Suddenly the light upon her pathway grew more clear, and ere she had retraced one-hundredth part of her wanderings, the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness shone around her, and her Father clasped her close in his embrace.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mother of Susan was ignorant of the situation of *her* child, but from the moment *this misguided one* strayed from the path of duty, the All-seeing eye was upon her; and though he left her to taste for awhile the bitterness of her transgression, yet he forsook her not. The tender mother could not have rescued *her beloved* from peril; but the *angel* of the covenant brought the repenting sinner back, while ministering angels bore her up lest she should dash her foot against a stone. The mother received *her child* with gratitude, hushed her fears, and, without a word of reproach, hastened to sustain her fainting spirit with food, which was not perhaps of that kind which prudence, unswayed by feeling, would have advised as best. The Father of the *erring prodigal* ran to meet her on the way, restored to her the joys of his salvation, and fed her with the food of angels.

"Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will I remember thee."

—•••••

#### A MOTHER'S MISTAKE CORRECTED.

THE mother of five children, in Ohio, declined purchasing books of the colporteur, "because her children would not read *religious* books." Mr. Spencer, the colporteur, proposed to read to them awhile, if they could not read for themselves; and taking Baxter's Saints' Rest, he turned to the chapter where the impenitent are warned in terms of holy vehemence to "flee from the wrath to come." He was shortly interrupted by the eldest son, who said, "Why, mother, you never gave us such books as *that* to read!" The gentle, filial reproof touched the mother's heart, and she purchased four dollars' worth of books for herself and children. At her request Mr. S. then visited her daughter, who had been for sometime solicitous about her eternal welfare. She purchased five volumes, with the remark that it was "a great blessing to get such books at one's own door," and she wept freely as he pointed her to the Lamb of God.

Original.

## "LET US GO UP."

BY MRS. HOWE.

"And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."—NUMBERS XIII, 30.

"If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us in to this land, and give it us—a land which floweth with milk and honey."—NUMBERS XIV, 8.

"Let us go up." There's many a field,  
Broad, bright, and lovely, lies untill'd,  
And many a gushing fount, from which  
Our empty pitchers may be fill'd!  
There, in that fair and glorious land,  
O'er which the saints in heaven have trod,  
With gentle wave, the crystal stream  
Flows from the "city of our God!"  
"Let us go up." The Lord will be  
Our rock, our fortress, and our shield:  
Though many foes should hedge our way,  
The Lord's right arm shall make them yield!  
There shines the sun with chastened beam—  
No envious cloud obscures his light—  
And in that pure and perfect day,  
We shall forget that e'er 'twas night!  
"Let us go up." Invincible  
Are those who in Jehovah trust.  
Our arms must conquer—*faith and prayer*—  
They who resist us are but dust!  
There God will wipe away our tears,  
And life shall own no sorrowing stain—  
In Jesus we shall all be one—  
United—an unbroken chain!

## A DIRGE.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

WHERE the trees are proudly bending,  
To the free air—  
Where the flowers their sweets are blending,  
Fragrant and rare;  
Flower and tree their watch are keeping  
By night and day,  
O'er the dead, all lowly sleeping,  
Far, far away.

Hill and dale in beauty shaded  
By cliff and rock,  
Oft have budded, bloom'd, and faded,  
Life's dream to mock;  
Still I mourn, with bitter anguish,  
Hopes early cross'd—  
Still my heart in grief will languish  
For the long lost.

Still, in hour of wayward dreaming,  
Mem'ry will bring  
One fair form, in graceful seeming,  
On scraph's wing,  
Hours and days of youth recalling,  
Pleasure and pain,  
Till the burning tears are falling—  
Falling in vain.

Gently fall ye summer showers  
O'er that lone tomb,  
Teaching buds and opening flowers  
Sweetly to bloom:  
Winter winds, as wild ye're sweeping,  
Hush'd be your moan—  
Know ye not the sad are weeping—  
Weeping alone?

Never more that loved one's blessing  
Falls on my ear—  
Never more her cares unceasing  
Watch o'er me here—  
Never more, in joy or sadness,  
Meet we below;  
But in yon bright realms of gladness,  
Tears cease to flow.

There the virtuous, broken-hearted,  
Lost ones, may greet—  
Mourners who in sorrow parted,  
Once more may meet.  
Farewell, then, thou blessed spirit,  
One long farewell!  
May we each heaven's bliss inherit—  
Heaven's music swell!

## FOR MY PRAYER BOOK.

BY HENRY POPE.

ALMIGHTY Fountain of eternal bliss,  
Great God! in tender mercy grant me this,  
That as I read this sacred book, inspire  
My soul with ardent zeal, and heav'nly fire;  
Let me with faith thy holy truths pursue,  
And keep my God for ever in my view.

Sprung from thy bounty, all I have is thine;  
O, fill my breast with gratitude divine;  
Accept the contrite breathings of my heart,  
And what my weakness wants, may grace impart;  
Teach me to pray, and whatso'er I do,  
Be thou, my God, for ever in my view.

Trembling, I kneel before thy awful throne,  
To thee my thoughts and all my wants are known:  
O, cleanse these thoughts, and pure affections give,  
And through thy mercy bid a sinner live,  
And may thy Spirit inward strength renew,  
To keep my God for ever in my view!

Original.

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY J. G. BRUCE.

We had waited several days for a boat to convey us from Kanawha Salines to Cincinnati; but the water was rapidly declining, and every day increased the difficulty of ascending the Kanawha river. We had been absent from home nearly two months, felt restless, and determined to take the first stage, and cross the country to Guyandotte, on the Ohio river. At five o'clock, on the first of August, the stage came in from Lewisburg, waiting only for the mail to be changed. We took a sad leave of our friends, than whom none on earth are more kind and generous—friends with whom we had wept and rejoiced, and one especially, whose heart was at that moment weighed down by the loss of a most affectionate husband, who had suddenly died when far from home. Upon me had devolved the painful task of announcing to her that she was a widow, and her children fatherless. As the storm warps the giant oak, the sad tidings bowed her down; and long we doubted whether she would survive; but grace reigned in her heart, and when we bade her farewell, though it was full sadly, it was in hope she would still see happy days.

We took our seats in the stage, which was full within and covered without, while two poor fellows were left standing on the side-walk, comforting themselves with the forlorn hope that the next stage would be less crowded, and they would then secure a passage. It is a good thing, sometimes, for a gentleman to have a lady associated with him in his travels. He enjoys, in consequence, a comfortable seat, which would otherwise be denied him, attracts more attention, is the subject of more general remark, is oftener engaged in conversation, enjoys greater liberty, looks more like "one of the lords of creation," and is deemed a happy man. We often fail, however, to appreciate our own advantages, and, consequently, to feel our obligations to the ladies; but on this occasion I was duly grateful, such association having secured me an inside seat.

The sun flamed against the sides of the mountain, and its rays dancing upon the clear waters of the beautiful Kanawha, which rolled at our feet, were reflected back upon the dusty turnpike, making it intensely hot; and we fairly panted for breath. The ride for the evening being short, we sought no acquaintance with our fellow passengers, but contented ourselves with silently listening to the conversation in which they were engaged when we took our seats. Yet we could but notice particularly a gentleman, Dr. J. V. C. S., of

Boston, with whom we subsequently formed a very interesting acquaintance, for his fine conversational powers, and seemingly perfect understanding of every subject of human knowledge. And another, J. H., of Paris, whose foreign accent advised us that "*the great French nation*" had a representative on board; and any country might be proud of such a man, for he would honor it by his learning and gentlemanly deportment.

Six miles brought us to Charleston, seat of justice for Kanawha county—a pleasant village, containing about thirteen hundred inhabitants, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopal church—has a fine academy and female school of the first class, and a very excellent public library. The inhabitants are remarkable for intelligence and generous hospitality. I speak what I know—no village in the western country can surpass Charleston in these respects.

We were met at the hotel by our old and highly valued friend, the Hon. G. W. S., and conducted to his private residence, where we spent a very pleasant evening with his interesting family, Rev. S. Robinson, of the Presbyterian Church, and a few other old friends, who came in to see us. Our intercourse was Christian; and though we were Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, we felt that we dwelt together in unity, were partakers of like precious faith, and fellow citizens of the same heavenly Jerusalem; and under the influence of those

"Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,"

we met, conversed, and parted, with nothing to regret save the brevity of our interview, and uncertainty of our meeting again.

The next morning we said *adieu*. Mr. S. accompanied us to the stage, where we found the company of the preceding day—took our seats—crossed the Kanawha river on a horse-boat, and wound along the sides of the hills at a speed befitting better an ox-cart than a mail-stage. The day was warm—the country rough and void of interest—the passengers tired and out of patience. We stopped for dinner about three o'clock, P. M., at a house kept by a *professed Methodist*; but from the manner in which he paraded his *bottles*, I should judge him no "Washingtonian." He gave us, however, a tolerable dinner at a fair price. Dr. S. and myself gave him a gratuitous lecture on temperance, which he received with an inexpressible grin, without returning thanks. I inquired for an "Advocate"—he didn't take it—for some other paper—he took *none*. I suggested that, as he kept brandy to accommodate travelers, it would be well to take some religious periodicals for the same benevolent purpose.

Having exchanged horses and drivers, we resumed our journey, hoping to have better speed,

and reach Guyandotte and get on board a steamboat before dark. But how vain are all human hopes! This driver was more chary of his horses than either of the others. Nor could we move him by any means to quicken his pace. We came to the conclusion that between the drivers and landlords there existed an understanding, by which we were to be kept on the road all day, and thus forced to spend the night at Guyandotte. So we determined to form a combination for our own protection—we would take no supper, for we needed none, and go on the first boat bound downward, for which we would watch all night, if need be.

We passed, in the afternoon, a sulphur spring, which bubbles up in the bank of "Mud river;" and, notwithstanding our anxiety to proceed without delay, we halted to taste its water. There were a few rude huts on the hill above the spring, and in the door of one stood a man whose wan look, hard breathing, and hacking, grave-yard cough, indicated that the spring would be no pool of Bethesda to him. Happy if he had gone to the fountain opened in Jerusalem, for the house of David, for sin and uncleanness. But human nature goes first to the physician, then to the springs, and last, if ever, to Christ. A few miles from the spring, we passed Barbourville, seat of justice for Cabel county. It is a small village, pleasantly situated, with the usual public buildings, and has perhaps a hundred inhabitants. The sun's farewell beams were lingering on the high hills when we entered Guyandotte, and our hearts leaped for joy at the sight of a boat in the channel of the river, with steam up; but, alas! one moment satisfied us that the boat was "aground;" and even if she was not, she was an old crazy thing, employed in the transportation of coal. To heighten our chagrin, they told us that a boat had gone down fifteen minutes before we arrived; but they could not tell so certainly when another would pass. Having arranged our watch for the night, Mr. H. and I took a stroll through town. It stands just above the mouth of the Guyandotte river—has perhaps fifty houses (some very good)—is a place of some business, and may, in the course of time, be a place of importance. Its inhabitants are *Virginians*, and of course hospitable. A stranger might spend a few days there very pleasantly. Having finished our walk, I gave the watch the number of my room, that they might know where to find me, in the event of a boat's coming down. I retired to seek a little rest, which was greatly needed, as I was just recovering from an attack of bilious fever. Having reached my room, sung my vesper hymn, and commended myself and family to Him whose eyelids never sleep, I threw myself upon the bed, and soon forgot stages and steamboats amid the "*stuff that dreams are made of.*"

A little before midnight they roused us up. A boat had come down and landed upon the Ohio side, waiting for the moon to rise to enable it to pass through the shoals. In a few moments we were all ready and standing on the beach; but the water was too shallow to allow them to reach the shore with the yawl; so we must needs walk through the wet sand for full half a mile. And if, heretofore, I had been happy in having a lady in charge, I now felt that it was no pleasant thing to have one to drag through the dark, with a girl four years old in my arms at the same time.

I gave my wife in charge of Mr. E., of K., and without much difficulty we reached the yawl that was to convey us to the boat; but when it had received four of us, it touched bottom, and the mate ordered it to be hauled out into deep water, and the sailors to carry the gentlemen in on their shoulders. The fog was rising rapidly. The air was cold; and while none of us felt comfortable, one lady from ——— insisted that she should be killed by the cold she would take, if she escaped being drowned, which she, however, thought was very doubtful; for she had heard of several yawls being capsize in the night, and she expected nothing else but we should all go to the *bottom*, unless we were very good swimmers.

"All ready!" said the mate, and the yawl shot over the blue waters like an arrow, under the powerful stroke of the sturdy sailors. The boat was reached in safety, and with thankful hearts we shook hands with the Captain of the "Cotton Plant," and were soon sound asleep.

The fog became very heavy, and it was seven o'clock next morning before we dared to move, and then with fear and trembling. The "*Visitor*" was still fast in the channel. The water was not more than two feet on the *bar*, and the danger of running "aground" great. But the Captain determined to try, and our little boat moved off as warily as a thing of life. We felt her touch bottom. She dragged a moment, and then sweeping round to the left, came in contact with the "*Visitor*," tearing away her guards, knocking in her own kitchen, and throwing down the gangway. Fortunately, no one was hurt. The danger passed, we breathed freer, and felt happier than for weeks before.

Dr. S. amused and instructed us—Mr. H. talked of France, and the entire want of sympathy between the government and the people, affirming that, upon the death of the present King, a new order of things would be introduced. When I referred to the expressions of national grief upon the death of the Duke of Orleans as contradictory of his views, he said that the French people, as such, gave no indications of sorrow, that those in the favor of the government, or, more properly, the

government party, were alone affected by it, while the great mass of the people were indifferent, or rejoiced at it. Time will prove the truth or falsehood of his assertions. Meanwhile, the leaven of infidelity, which is still at work among all classes in that country, must keep it in a very restless condition for a long time to come. The want of piety among the French *ladies* is deplorable; and no country is settled in its form of government, where the ladies are well educated, and yet destitute of the sanctifying influences of Christianity.

The only object of interest that we saw during the day was at "*Hanging Rock*," where a man is literally buried above ground. He was, at his own request, inclosed in an iron coffin, hermetically closed, and then placed upon an iron pedestal, on an eminence overlooking the river. His friends have, very properly, placed around it a very neat octagonal building, which has the appearance of a summer-house, but is only "a whited sepulchre."

We stopped at *Portsmouth*, than which no town on the Ohio river that I have seen, when viewed from the river, presents a finer appearance; and as the boat intended to remain sometime, Mrs. B. and I walked up into town to see some old friends; but they, like us, were absent on a visit, and we had our walk for nothing. Returning to the boat, we found several Germans on board, and among them an old man so feeble that he could not walk. I went on deck to see him. One gave him some water, another fanned his fevered brow, saying sorrowfully, in broken English, "*Na gude*." As he panted for breath, a solitary tear ran down his furrowed cheek, a tribute, perhaps, to his native land, now hid for ever from his eyes. The "New World" had no charms for him. He was wasting away under the influence of disease, and ere this he has found a grave, and I trust a country,

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death,  
Are felt and feared no more."

#### A HAPPY MAN.

SAID a venerable farmer, eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him, "I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and never have lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed with sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, *I must have more religion*."

Original.

#### BRITISH POETRY.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHAUCER.

Who does not love to read poetry? Whose feelings are not enlivened, and heart warmed by some graphic description clothed in a poetic dress? Whose breast has not responded to the beautiful, ever-present descriptions of a Homer, or the majestic songs of a Pindar? Who has not felt amply repaid for all his labor in reading the lovely *Petrarca*, in whose writings we see the warm out-gushings of an affectionate heart, or *Tasso*, when describing the lowly pilgrim on his knees before the sacred sepulchre, or the august army of the Crusades on their "holy" mission—*Dante* or *Arriosto*, who tore the thunder from the cloud and the lightning from the storm, and beautifully portrayed them on paper. Poetry is adapted to every feeling of the human breast. It will excite the dreaming, slumbering soul to action, arouse the deadliest passions, and again

"Calmly lull them all to rest"—

it will soothe the troubled mind, and raise the thoughts from earth to heaven—from this abode of sorrow and sin to that of joy and eternal peace; and many a poor Zion-bound pilgrim has by it been refreshed and encouraged to proceed.

The richest compositions of every language are in poetry. Arabia's choicest gems are there—those, too, of India and Persia, of France and Italy. But no nation possesses so rich a store of original poetic beauties as Britain. For the tenderness, beauty, and, in most cases, the strict morality of her poetry, she stands unrivaled. Her language pure, perspicuous, and elegant, her imagery rich and natural, she now, notwithstanding the many difficulties that oppressed her, but which she proudly overcame, bears the palm triumphantly.

Britain, for many centuries after her discovery, entirely neglected the cultivation of letters. Indeed, it was not until the time of *Alfred*, who was a very remarkable scholar for that age, that learning was at all held in estimation. He founded schools, and established seminaries; and a taste for instruction began to appear—the harbinger of a brighter day. But his barbarous successors, and an ignorant and cruel Norman soldiery, breathed too roughly upon so feeble a spark, and extinguished it; and Britain was again wrapt in a long night of barbarism and superstition, which continued for several centuries unbroken, save by the monks in their solitary cells, to whose industry we are indebted for the preservation of many of the Latin and Greek classics. Owing to this love for literature by the monastic orders, the convents began to found libraries; and in many of the monas-

teries there was a room called the Scriptorium, in which were monks constantly employed in transcribing the productions of Greek, Arabic, and Latin authors, for their respective libraries. A literary taste among the people began again to spring up. At that time appeared several authors of considerable merit, among whom we find Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote several elegant Latin poems on various subjects, and Joseph of Exeter, who also wrote in Latin verse, whose productions, for purity, would not disgrace Rome's most polished days. But it was not until the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, that a taste for poetical productions became general. The opening of the fourteenth century was remarkable for the birth of the most distinguished early poet of England—

## CHAUCER.

The time of the birth of Chaucer is not certainly known, but is generally placed in the year 1328, from a tradition that his tomb-stone declared that he died in 1400, at the age of seventy-two. As to the condition of his early life, no two of his biographers agree. Some assert that he was of low origin, producing his name, Chaucer, as derived from *chaucier*, a shoemaker! others, that he was "*nobili loco natus*," and educated at Cambridge. However this may be, we have sufficient evidence that he improved his opportunities, as he is spoken of as "an acute logician, a sweet rhetorician, an elegant poet, a powerful philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, and, finally, a sacred theologian." It is said he traveled into France, and while there, and after his return, frequented the law schools. But whatever were his attainments in that branch of study, it is certain that he chose for himself the life of a courtier. Edward III granted him an annual stipend of two hundred pounds, with the title of "*Valettus noster*," then not considered a menial office. Shortly afterward, he was appointed to the office of comptroller of the customs on wool, also on "*parva costuma vinorum*," (small customs on wines,) by which his annual income is said to have been *one thousand pounds!* The celebrated John de Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, attached him to himself, to whom afterward he was allied by marriage. It was in the retirement of the Duke's grounds that he composed several of his most beautiful poems. Through the influence of the Duke he was introduced to the notice of Richard II, who had, at that time, just succeeded to the throne of his grandfather. Richard confirmed the annuity, and added, also, another of two hundred pounds.

Chaucer was a warm friend of Wickliff, and strongly opposed to an indolent, bigoted, haughty clergy, such as was that of the Roman Catholics of that day; and consequently drew down upon his

head the vengeance of all the priesthood. Camberton, a reformer on the Wickliff principles, was about to be again chosen mayor of the city of London, and Chaucer supported him with all his influence, when a mob was excited by the clergy, that the King was obliged to subdue by force of arms. Camberton was imprisoned, and Chaucer escaped only by flight, first to France, then to Zealand. While there he assisted some of his fellow refugees out of the small stock of money he had been able to bring with him, which, however, could not long continue. Soon he was reduced to absolute want; his former friends now being unmindful of him in his exile, which ingratitude touched him keenly. He therefore determined to return. Shortly after, he was discovered and committed to the Tower, but promised his liberty if he would disclose all he knew concerning the affair. This he did, and was accordingly set at liberty, after being treated with great rigor. He now became weary of an active life, and bethought himself of his quiet retreat at Woodstock, whither he retired, after having obtained permission of the King. It is not certain that he ever afterward engaged in public business; but the succeeding sovereign, Henry IV, probably through the influence of his friend, the Duke of Lancaster, granted to him, in the year 1399, an annuity of four hundred and twenty pounds, together with a pipe of wine. Here, in his retirement, he continued until his death, which happened in 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb continues to this day; but the letters are nearly obliterated. Thus died Chaucer, the most distinguished of the early poets of England.

Of his writings much has been said. Notwithstanding all that the lynx-eyed critic may say concerning his unrhythmical lines, and, to our ears, apparently harsh expressions, he possesses real merit. Endowed with extraordinary talents, and possessed of extensive learning, he gave a tone to the then barbarous English language, the advantage of which can never be sufficiently appreciated.

The great difference of the Normo-Saxon language of Chaucer from the vernacular at the present day, will ever be a barrier to his being extensively read. But his poetry, when rightly understood, offers a delightful field for study and imagination. The first of his writings which we shall mention are his "*Canterbury Tales*," the plan of which is as follows: he supposes a number of pilgrims, on a visit to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, met at the inn in Southwark, where they all supped together after the custom of the country; and, liking each other's company, they agreed to travel together the next day; and to relieve the tediousness of the way, they each tell a tale. The *Canterbury Tales* possess a great deal of wit and



genuine humor. The following is an extract from the first part of the prologue of these tales—

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote, (a)  
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every veine in swiche (b) licour,  
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zepirus eke (c) with his sote brethe  
Enspired hath in every holt (d) and hethe (e)  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,  
And smal foules maken melodie,  
That slepen alle night with open eye,  
So priketh (f) hem nature in hir (g) corages; (h)  
Than longen folk to gone on pilgrimages,  
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes, (i)  
To serve halwes couth (j) in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martyr for to seke, (k)  
That hem (l) hath holpen, whan they were to seke." (m)

This poem occupies nearly one hundred and seventy pages, octavo.

The next poem which we shall mention is the "Romaunt of the Rose," or the Art of Love. In this book he exposed so much the immoralities of the Romish clergy, that the chancellor of Paris spoke of him as follows: "That there was one who wrote a book called, Roman de la Rose; which book if I only had, and there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pounds for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money." This poem occupies about eighty octavo pages.

But among the most beautiful of his poetical productions is that of Troilus and Creseide—in length about four thousand lines—in which he treats of the fervent love of Troilus.

"The double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,  
That was kinge Priamus sonne of Troy,  
In loving, how his adventures fellen  
From woe to wele, and after out of ioy,  
My purpose is, er that I part froy.  
Thou Thesiphone, thou helpe me for tendite  
These woful verses, that wepen as I write."

The other principal poems of Chaucer are—The Legend of Good Women, his Dream, The House of Fame, and The Court of Love. D.

ROCHEFAUCAULD has told us that "there is somewhat even in the misfortunes of our best friends that is not displeasing to us." This is too loosely asserted for a point of morals and of delicacy. We do, in the misfortunes of others, make an almost involuntary comparison with our own, which seems to alleviate them, and, for the instant, abstracts the sentiment of sympathy, and fixes it on self.

(a) Sweet. (b) Such. (c) Every one. (d) Grove. (e) Heath. (f) Woundeth. (g) Their. (h) Inclinations. (i) Shores. (j) Known. (k) To seek. (l) Them. (m) Sick

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Original.

PRE-MILLENNIAL SOCIETY.

THE great question which for sometime has agitated a portion of the Christian Church, has, by its own limitation, ceased to exist. Men have studied the prophecies in connection with some favorite theory or other, until they have reasoned themselves into a full conviction of the absolute truth of that which at first they held as merely hypothetical. Arithmetic and history, guided by an intemperate zeal, have both been enlisted to supply a deficiency in strict philological analysis, and reasoning, based upon undoubted principles. And the consequence has been precisely what might have been anticipated. False generalizations from insufficient data, and not unfrequently from such as had been *assumed* to be true without proper investigation, have led to erroneous conclusions. These conclusions, being of such a nature as to excite unduly the feelings, have swept over the Church—at least some parts of it—like the desolating blasts of the tornado, leaving only moral ruin and death to mark its fearful course. But the storm is now past. It is true the distant rolling of the thunder is heard near the horizon, and the clouds yet appear rent by the wind, "still unshushed to perfect calm." But the violence is done. And the Christian philanthropist has only to repair to the scene of desolation, and with vigorous efforts, assisted by power from on high, endeavor to restore the ruins to their pristine beauty and strength.

The doctrine of the immediate advent of the Savior, based upon arithmetical interpretation of prophecy, having no longer any claim upon the attention of an enlightened Christian community, since the period fixed for that event has passed by, the mind properly imbued with the spirit of the Bible, returns with more ardent feelings to that same blessed volume for guidance and instruction; and having learned, by sad experience, that it is not safe to lean upon its own understanding, with child-like mildness and teachableness, submits to the guidance of the Spirit of truth, and seeks his assistance.

It is principally from the Apocalypse that the Church has drawn her ideas of a state of future and unexampled prosperity on earth—in other words, of a millennium of peace, extension, and triumph. If we take that book and trace its prophetic scenes backward, we shall find the following order to exist, which has not inaptly been termed "the great platform of prophecy."

1. The new heavens and the new earth—a description of the physical and moral condition of the earth, after the regenerating fires of the last day have purified it from the influence of the curse pronounced in consequence of man's disobedience.

2. The final and universal judgment.
3. A time of great wickedness immediately preceding that awful scene.
4. A period when Satan's influence is to cease for a time to be exerted in opposition to the truth and universal diffusion of holiness throughout the earth.
5. The overthrow of Babylon—the last great oppressing power of the Church—and the song of final victory in consequence of that event.

Such, in the reverse order, are the scenes brought to view in the sacred visions of the isle of Patmos. These visions record the destruction of the three great persecuting antagonists of the Church of Christ—persecuting Judaism, persecuting Paganism, and persecuting Papacy. The former two have been destroyed. The destruction of the last is evidently still unaccomplished. We think, therefore, the conclusion perfectly warranted that all the scenes of the book of Revelation, after the sixteenth chapter, are still future.

It is not the object of the writer to enter into speculations upon any part of this whole subject, either in regard to the *time* of the commencement of any of the above-mentioned events, or the *manner* in which they are to be brought about. The Church has already suffered too long and too much from an undue curiosity on these subjects. But inasmuch as God works by means, and the great means which he has instituted in the hands of the Spirit for the bringing about of the latter day glory is found in the *Church of Christ*, she is invested with responsibilities from which she cannot escape, and to meet which it is high time she was bestirring herself with far greater energy and efficiency. A brief notice of some things which have to be done, and the state of society attendant upon their performance, or, in other words, the *characteristics* of society between this and the millennial period, will, therefore, for a few moments, occupy our attention.

A portion of this time will be characterized by *revolutions*. These will be both physical and moral. When we look over the world, we see civil society in a state far different from what it must be when peace and holiness shall become universal. Tyranny and oppression form the great characteristics of human governments generally. It is not the benefit of the governed, but of those governing, that is primarily sought. Hence, if one man desires or possesses greater rights or privileges than another, those rights, in nine cases out of ten, must or have been obtained by defrauding or depriving others of theirs. But when every man shall respect the rights of his neighbor as he does his own, this must necessarily cease to be. A state of society, in which every man shall possess those rights which

God has given to him, and be permitted to exercise them undisturbed, will not suddenly take the place of the existing forms and institutions of government. Men will not suddenly be emancipated from a state of subjection to perfect equality and self-government. They will first feel their need of something that can relieve them from existing difficulties and oppressions. The next step will, necessarily, be to arise and throw off the yoke which oppresses. But man cannot enjoy anarchy. There must be some form of government among them. Just broken away from that which bore them down as it were to the earth, they cannot be prepared to know precisely what will be best for them, or, if they knew, to pursue it. The overactings of liberty will result in licentiousness, and temporary anarchy will tread upon the heel of confusion, until some daring, ambitious spirit, gaining the hearts and confidence of the people, shall usurp, for the time being, the reins of power. Such has been the history of past revolutions; and such will doubtless be that of future ones. At each succeeding step man gains a clearer insight into his high destiny and the object of his being, and, consequently, at each step is better prepared to know what his rights are, and how to secure them against any encroachments.

Thus, at each succeeding revolution, the idea of entire self-government, and the preparation for self-government, gains strength. And when man has been taught by experience *what* he needs, and *how* to obtain it, and how preserve it when obtained, and shall have, at the same time, a proper regard for the rights of others, then and not till then is he properly prepared to govern himself. The acquisition of this knowledge is, necessarily, gradual. But the natural impatience of man, and his determined self-sufficiency, will cause him to use the knowledge he has already in possession, rather than wait until he is fully prepared either to know what he is doing, or how to do it in the best way. Hence, many changes may be expected among any people before they can arise from a state of ignorance and oppression to enlightened, self-governing freemen. These changes may not always be attended by scenes of lawlessness and confusion. Indeed, it is hardly probable that such would be the case when men have attained to any good degree of advancement, and can feel the power of motives addressed to the understanding. But in the ruder portions of human society such changes can hardly be expected to take place without cruelty and bloodshed. Men long accustomed to rule will not give up their power without a vigorous effort to retain it. At least such has been the past history of the world; and we can see no reason why like causes will not again produce like effects. In all these revolutions, whether peaceable or the contrary, there

will be a steady gain on the part of the people themselves of knowledge and liberty. So that at each step they will be better prepared for the succeeding one, and better prepared to use rationally those additional rights which they may gain.

A late elegant writer makes the following judicious remarks on this subject: "There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that is *freedom!* When a prisoner leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day—he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is eduved out of the chaos."\*

Such an overturning must be expected. It may be gradual in its approaches and in its movements; but none the less certain on that account.

Connected with these physical revolutions will be others of a moral and intellectual character. The entire moral phase of society must undergo a change. The principles of the Gospel have yet to become universally triumphant. This change might be expected even if the human mind were left entirely uninfluenced by exterior agents. But God's word assures us that there are two mighty spirits in the field, summoning all mankind to this great conflict. The arch enemy of the cross, aware that the final struggle was at hand, has been, and is still preparing for it with all the energy of which his mighty mind is capable. He appears concentrating his forces; and coalescing the various and hitherto separated divisions of his great army; while the Holy Spirit, with his almighty energies, is his antagonist, and the champion leader of the sacramental hosts. Every effort will be made on either side for temporary and permanent ascendancy. Hence, a scene of mental conflict may be expected such as the world has never witnessed hitherto.

One of the first attempts, probably, that will be made by the enemy, will be to create universal skepticism. Already do we see this in its incipient stages. Even now scarcely any thing is taken for granted, or even admitted upon demonstration. Even first principles—the very foundation of the whole intellectual and moral structure—seem necessary to be relaid. Old established principles, which having once been thoroughly tested, and en-

dured the ordeal, have remained unquestioned for ages, are now denied or doubted. These constituting the very basis of the whole superstructure, if once destroyed, the whole must fall. These attacks upon first principles must lead to renewed investigations on the part of the friends of truth. And while they are thus engaged, the adversary cannot be expected to be silent or inactive. His policy is to take every advantage possible; and while the friends of truth are compelled to relay the very foundations of their battery, he is busily employed in intrenching himself in his strong-holds, to resist the attack which he foresees to be inevitable.

This being true, we may expect an age of discussion—a period in which mind shall grapple with mind in gigantic struggles. No pusillanimous efforts will be availing. The arena will be filled with the master spirits of the age, each bent on doing his utmost for the cause in which he has enlisted, whether it be that of truth or error.

These discussions will not be confined to any one class of subjects or principles. Ethics and politics, jurisprudence, and even the very organization of the social system, all alike must be again subjected to the action of the crucible. We already see the beginnings of these things—what the end will be, specifically, we know not. But of this we may be well assured, that all these will result in the final and complete triumph of truth.

While these momentous changes are taking place under the immediate supervision of the Omniscient eye, the Gospel—that great remedial system—is to be heralded to the most distant parts of the earth. The great physical changes to which allusion has just been made, may be both the causes and the effects of this dissemination of the truth. One of the distinguishing features of the Christian religion over every other is found in this, that it *individualizes* man. It takes him out from the mass, and brings all the responsibilities, the privileges, the penalties of existence upon him as if he were the only being in the universe. Other systems regard man in the mass. They seek only to adapt themselves to those wants which are common to whole classes; and hence the blessings sought, or the evils deprecated, are those of a community, or a nation, and not those of an individual human being. But the Gospel isolates man, as it were. Wherever it comes man feels that he is a *unit*, and not merely an atom in a complex whole. All the privileges belonging inherently to mankind belong to him. All the responsibilities, likewise, of his being rest personally upon him. This personal identification of himself necessarily unfits him to be the slave of any. It leads him to see as well as feel oppression, and to recognize its unlawfulness. Having learned his individual rights, it teaches him to defend them. Now when

\* Macaulay.

the principles of the Gospel take possession of the *heart* of an individual, it softens the asperities of his nature, and teaches him to be gentle, mild, and forgiving, and to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong. But where it has only begun to shed its *enlightening* influences, and before it reaches the heart, it only prepares man to see the wrongs inflicted upon him. And not being imbued with its spirit, this knowledge only prompts to resistance.

Despotism and Christian liberty cannot long flourish together. Hence, wherever the one is introduced the other must yield—either melting away like snow before the summer's sun, or being consumed by the very fire it has kindled for the destruction of the other. And as these chains, which had bound mankind, begin to be broken, and to fall off, the way becomes more fully prepared for the more extended diffusion of those very principles which had shown him his true position in the scale of being, and had been the cause of his partial emancipation from the thralldom of oppression.

This Gospel is to be universally extended over the earth. And its movements, hereafter, will doubtless be more rapid than they have been in ages past. There are many elements at work to accelerate its progress. The rapid extension of civilization—the increase of knowledge—the facilities of international intercourse—the infirmities incident to the old age of the present systems of false religion, which have so long bound down and fettered the unenlightened mass of mankind—all these *secondary* causes, as they may be called, are at work to hasten the onward movements of the chariot of salvation. But the efficient cause is the Holy Spirit. All these secondary causes are in his hand and under his direction. He will employ these as the baser instrumentalities in the accomplishment of his purposes. But the chosen means of his appointment is the Christian Church itself. He will make use of her energies in extending her own borders, and diffusing her spirit throughout the earth.

Mere moral influences will not effect the great and coming change; but, assisted by the providential causes above alluded to, which have been and are still preparing the way, they can accomplish all things. And these providential causes are in the hand and under the control of that Being who has determined the accomplishment of this wondrous scheme.

However great the change may be from the existing state of things in this world to that which will exist during the millennial period, the Gospel, in the hands of the Spirit, is fully competent to produce it. All other influences, without this, have only tinged the mountain tops with the morning ray, while their sides and the intervening vales have been enveloped in the darkness and shadow of death.

But this, when the way is thus prepared, can accomplish the whole. "It stops the chariot of the universe one day in seven, and by its enlightening and sanctifying influences changes the slave to a freeman, and the serf to the possessor of the soil he cultivates; and just as soon as it becomes universally diffused the world will be renovated."

The part which the Christian Church has to bear in effecting this mighty revolution, will constitute the subject of another communication.

EUSEBIA.

#### RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

A BILL has passed the Senate of Tennessee, by a very large majority, to secure to married women the use and enjoyment of their own property. The justice of such a measure seems at once so apparent, that it is a matter of wonder why it is now for the first time to be established.

The Nashville Union, remarking upon the course of the Tennessee legislature, says:

"Under the old law, which has been miscalled the 'perfection of wisdom,' how many worthy women have been reduced from competency to beggary? how many have been the victims of worthless fortune-hunters? how many have suffered cruel privations from miserly husbands? how many have been left penniless widows, their property being taken to pay their husband's debts? The law now proposed simply provides that the wife shall have the same undisturbed control of her own estate after marriage which she had before. It prevents her property from passing out of her hands, on marriage, by mere operation of law, without her consent. It elevates woman one step higher in the scale of being, and gives her a rank which, in all Christian countries, she has proved herself to deserve. And, besides all this, the measure injures no one—it takes from no man any thing that belongs to him—it will prevent frauds and the smuggling of property—and last, though not least important in its consequences, it will diminish the number of old maids, who now refuse to marry lest their effects should be squandered."

#### THE FATHERS.

WHEN God's word is by the Fathers expounded, construed, and glossed, then, in my judgment, it is even like unto one that straineth milk through a coal-sack, which must needs spoil the milk and make it black; even so, likewise, God's word of itself is sufficiently pure, clean, bright, and clear, but through the doctrines, books, and writings of the Fathers, it is very sorely darkened, falsified, and spoiled.—*Luther*.

Original.

## SUNRISE ON STATEN ISLAND.

"In custom'd glory bright, that morn, the sun  
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,  
And joy, and seemed as full of youth and strong,  
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars  
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night  
Fled from his face: the spacious sky received  
Him, blushing as a bride, when on her looked  
The bridegroom, and, spread out beneath his eye,  
Earth smiled."

If you desire a glimpse of the early morn in all its glory, away to some heights like those on this beautiful island. Do not select the centre of a mountain ridge, but some elevated spot near the eastern shore, where the eye can look forth free, far, and wide, upon the diversified prospect of the land, and the immense expanse of the bays and of the ocean. The dawn will unfold to your view a new and magnificent creation, which the shadows of night had concealed. Have you ever beheld this superb spectacle? There is no sight in nature more beautiful or splendid than the approach and rising of the glorious orb of light. The eastern horizon begins to glow with a rose color—the fleecy clouds are tinged with vivid hues—the light vapors become gold, and the highest peaks bright and well defined, while the streak upon the waters is of that soft purple so hard to describe—no color, in reality, and yet a mingling of every color. At length there are streaming pencils of golden light, which glitter and break on all around—the dews have felt the coming radiance, and fall in drops at your feet—rubies, emeralds, and pearls, and sapphires for the instant—then they are gone. New beams follow; and if the morning be perfectly clear, by the time when half of the solar disc only is above the horizon, the sea is peculiarly fine. The sun is up! His first rays have darted rapidly from one side of the heavens to the other. In the distant offing it is one level sheet, like brilliant, burnished gold, in which the shipping and fishing boats project their shadows, this morning, for miles. The white beach at Sandy Hook, distant seven or eight miles, and the highlands in New Jersey, on the opposite side, pay their morning salutations in gentle zephyrs wafted across the bays, as the sun, in his advancing course, touches a point here and there, so instantly do his genial beams put the atmosphere in motion. Soon the trees, buildings, and eminences, in lateral positions, become prominent with the line of glowing light upon their eastern sides, while the gilded vanes to the west, with every pane in the windows, beam and blaze like beacon fires.

The fogs melt away—rural, happy cottages around send upward their blue smoky volumes—the steamers kindle their black clouds, and the

vessels in the harbor unfurl their white sails—the cattle are unfolded, and wind away to their pastures amidst mingled fields, woods, and streams, that are all arrayed in green and gold—the birds are on the wing for their morning labors—the wild bees and butterflies come out upon the flowers—all nature is bustle, activity, and joy, and millions of creatures, at this splendid moment, praise and adore that infinite Being, the author of day, and the father of creation.

How much pure joy does that man lose, who never seeks the pleasure of beholding a scene like this! Up, sleeper, from thy drowsy couch, and hasten to witness the east heralding the coming of another day! Join in this grateful offering, which many voices send forth from vale, hill, and grove to their Maker! Wilt thou be the only one that shall have no song of gladness in this early, universal chorus of praise! Who would be content amidst all these glories, and yet let the summer sun rise upon him in a state of ignorance! Who would not rather spring up with the gray dawn, while the grass is all in gems, and the mountains veiled in their fleecy mantles! Away! away! then, to see an awakening world, and all nature coming forth from her slumber, rejoicing to hail once more the viceregent of her Maker! G. P. D.

## JUDGE GASTON'S LAST WORDS.

His last words were in admirable keeping with the purity and piety of his long life. Surrounded by a few of his chosen friends, who were at his bedside on the first intimation of a danger to which he was insensible, he was relating the particulars of a party at Washington City, many years ago, and spoke of one who on that occasion avowed himself a "freethinker" in religion. "From that day," said Judge Gaston, "I have always looked on that man with distrust. I do not say that a freethinker *may* not be an honorable man; that he may not, from high motives, scorn to do a *mean* act; but I dare not *trust* him. A belief in an overruling Divinity, who shapes our ends, whose eye is upon us, and who will reward us according to our deeds, is necessary. We must believe and feel that there is a God *all-wise*"—and raising himself, and seeming to swell with the thought—"ALMIGHTY!" There was a sudden rush of blood to the brain. He sank in the arms of his friends—and in five minutes his spirit was gone! Not a struggle betokened its flight. Not a groan pained the ear of his agonized friends. His body has gone to the dust; his spirit, we cannot doubt, now rests in the bosom of that God almighty whose name was last on his lips, and to whom he had long given the homage of a pure and devoted heart.

## WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BECOME CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. J. S. G. ABBOTT.

CHILDREN sometimes feel that they are too young to become Christians. They think it safe to postpone serving God and preparing for the day of judgment until they are older. I wish, in this communication, to teach children why they should immediately become disciples of Jesus Christ.

1. It is easier for a child to become a Christian, than it is for a person of more mature years. The Bible distinctly declares, that it is easier for some persons to become Christians than for others. It is generally hard for rich men to turn to God, for they generally fix their hearts upon their riches. It is hard for those who are accustomed to do evil, to learn to do well, because their habits are fixed. Your habits are growing stronger every day. In a few years from the present time, it will be much more difficult for you to commence the life of a Christian than now

2. You will be much happier if you love and obey God, than you will be if you neglect his service. It is so with every one. There are no persons in the world so happy as Christians are. When in prosperity all hopes of heaven add to their joys. When in adversity the consolations of religion cheer and sustain them. When they lie down to die, they exclaim—

"Bright angels have from glory came,  
They're round my bed, they're in my room!  
They wait to waft my spirit home—  
All is well."

Whenever we try to do right, there is something within us which gives us joy. When we neglect our duty, we are generally unhappy! Probably you have often found it so in your own experience. When you have been dutiful to your parents, affectionate and obliging to your brothers and sisters, you have enjoyed much peace of mind. But when you have done wrong, your peace has been destroyed. Now the nearer you live to God, the more peace of mind and joy you will have.

3. By becoming a Christian you will promote the happiness of all who are dear to you. What is it to be a Christian? It is always prayerfully to try to do right, and to ask God's forgiveness for Christ's sake when you have done wrong. You must endeavor to do right in every thing, to have all your thoughts, words, and actions right. You must do all you can to make your parents, brothers, sisters, and all your playmates happy. You must feel that God is your father, and must love him, and do all you can to please him. You must remember that Jesus Christ is your Savior, that he has died for your sins, and that he has shown you by his example how to live. And you must cultivate his humble, prayerful, forgiving spirit. You

must ask God to forgive you, for Christ's sake, for having neglected his service, and you must consecrate yourself entirely to him. By thus doing you probably will contribute much to the happiness of all around you. Your affectionate, amiable, obliging spirit, will endear you to all your friends.

4. You may soon die, and thus have no opportunity to prepare to meet God, if you do not become a Christian. Every child who can speak may say—

"I in the burying-ground may see  
Graves shorter far than I."

The Christian minister is continually called to attend the funerals of little children. And you, who are now reading this page, may be taken sick and die before another month. I have seen children die who were very happy. They felt that they were going to be with the angels of God in heaven. And it seemed more pleasant for them to die than to live. Other children have died feeling very sad and terrified. They had not loved and served God. They had not trusted in the Savior. They knew that they were unprepared to stand at his bar, and therefore they were afraid to die. Now can you, my dear young reader, when you know that you are liable to die at any time; can you neglect preparation to meet your Judge? I was once passing along the street, and saw a little boy attempt to jump upon a cart. His foot slipped, and the heavy wheel crushed his body, and he was carried home lifeless. A little girl was walking to school, and a stage-coach drawn by horses, on a full trot, turned a corner of the street, and ran over her, and her lifeless body was carried home to be buried. We are all liable to such accidents. The poet says with truth—

"The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day,  
For death stands ready at the door  
To snatch our lives away."

Such are some of the reasons why you should, my young friends, become Christians immediately. There are many other reasons, which I have not time to mention. But are not these enough? Why then will you not resolve now, that whatever others may do, you will immediately give your heart to the Savior, and endeavor, as long as you live, earnestly and prayerfully to serve him?

Do this and you will have the hope of heaven to comfort you as long as you live, and when you die you will say—

"I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free,  
I shall the King of glory see—  
All is well! All is well!"

—●●●—  
If heaven doth not enter into us by way of holiness, we shall never enter into heaven by way of happiness.

Original.

MRS. J. H. DUNCAN.

The last time I saw my dear Susan, she called on me when recovering from sickness, in the fall of 1837. On leaving me I pressed her to stay; but she excused herself for the time, and added, "*I will come again.*"

A BEAM of love and sympathy  
Illum'd her dark and tearful eye,  
As, turning from my room of pain,  
She promised, "*I will come again.*"  
She came not then—her babes, her spouse—  
The varied duties of her house,  
Came o'er her thought, as in demand  
Of watchful eye and ready hand;  
And she had schooled her youthful heart  
To act the faithful matron's part.  
When wintry tempests stript the year,  
Sad tidings met my quickened ear,  
That stern disease, of fearful name,  
Had seized her unresisting frame,  
And she was bowing to the stroke—  
Nay, arm'd by grace to meet the shock,  
Through tedious months all calmly lay,  
Waiting till she should "pass away."  
Anon, a tale of health improv'd  
Came from the lips of one she loved;  
That hope a brighter beam had shed  
Around her agonized head,  
And cheerful friends were looking on,  
Till, every pain and weakness gone,  
Her brightened eye and glowing face  
The dear domestic ring should grace.  
Reports thus various reached me then,  
Through winter's tardy months; but when  
Bright spring returned to deck the plain,  
True to her word, *she "came again!"*—  
*She "came again!" but not to me—*  
That moving sight I might not see—  
(I who, a few brief years before,  
Watched o'er her girlhood's thoughtless hour—  
Saw her at books—at rest—at play—  
Cheerful and light, where all was gay;  
And ever, when in after days  
We met, a smile was on her face—  
No practic'd art—it pictured fair  
The love she still had cherished there.)  
How could I nerve my trembling form,  
Sore bowed by many a racking storm?  
How could I force my heart to bear  
A gaze on aught so sad and rare?  
But they who saw the roof unclosed,  
Where tranquilly the wreck reposed,  
Told me there seemed to linger yet,  
Above her arching brows of jet,  
The expression of an inward joy—  
A lovely trace of triumph high,

As if her parting soul had smiled  
Upon the pale and breathless child  
That, pillow'd, lay upon her arm,  
For ever safe and free from harm.  
And now the rattling clods are piled  
O'er the young mother and her child.  
O, ye who shed above her bier  
In copious showers the unbidden tear,  
Whose hearts this stroke hath deeply riven,  
"Why stand ye gazing into heaven?"  
As ye would scan the deep decree,  
So curtain'd round with mystery,  
That brought a patient sufferer  
Thus "early to the sepulchre"—  
Why should ye pour the grief-swoll'n tide;  
For ye "believe that Jesus died?"  
Blest balm for human sins and woes,  
Not only that *he died, but rose!*  
Awhile let faith and patience wait,  
And watch at Zion's pearly gate:  
They who in Christ have fallen asleep,  
Death's portals shall not always keep.  
"*A little while,*" and ye behold  
The "ample heavens together rolled;"  
And by the flaming fire revealed,  
Amid the thousands of the sealed,  
Behind the glorious chariot-cloud,  
Where mingling saints together crowd—  
Meek follower in her Master's train—  
She whom you weep "will come again."

M.

## A FRAGMENT.

WHEN lost in thought my soul doth soar  
Beyond where wandering comets fly,  
Imagination hears the choir  
That hymns the concert of the sky.

No superstition there doth dwell,  
To check their wild seraphic lyres,  
But all can join the song to swell,  
And love their sweet-tun'd breast inspires.

There with their Savior and their God,  
Majestic in bright glory crown'd,  
The saints adore redeeming blood,  
And heaven's high arch repeats the sound.

Methinks I hear the concert break  
Upon this raptur'd soul of mine;  
But O, my words are far too weak  
To tell of music so divine.

O, thou great, wise, eternal King,  
Inspire my soul, my passions raise,  
Till borne on faith's triumphant wing,  
I join that choir to sing thy praise.

## NOTICES.

**OBSERVATIONS ON FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN.**—This publication, from the press of the Harpers, in two handsome volumes, duodecimo, is now before the public in as attractive a form as can be desired. It is a work made up of useful and instructive observations on points of importance, such as the state of things in Europe suggested, and such as will instruct every reader. The divine and Christian will find much here to interest them—the philosopher will be pleased with the candid and free remarks on the present condition of the old world. Readers of taste will be pleased at the real amusement which the chapters of Dr. Durbin will furnish, without feeding in the least the morbid appetite of those whose taste is entirely formed on the chaffy productions of the times. Few can leave off until the two volumes are finished, if once they sit down to examine the table of contents. Whatever may be the real merits of others, Dr. Durbin's volumes will be second to none in affording instruction and innocent entertainment to all readers, and doing great good in the world. It may be, however, that some of his delineations and conclusions may be questioned by some; but as a whole, the work will endure the ordeal of criticism and come out of the crucible with very little loss. The Europeans, we suppose, will apply their heaviest lash of hypercritical denunciations. But the stern delineations of truth contained in these books will set at defiance their worst condemnations.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND PICTORIAL BIBLE.**—Number five has reached us, in keeping with the preceding numbers. Nothing can be more ornamental for the centre-table than a copy of this work when published. The engravings in this number are chaste and correct. Some of them are highly instructive, among which we mention the following, viz., "The Ark and Mercy Seat;" "The Golden Candlestick;" "The Altar for Burnt Offerings;" "The Brazen Laver;" "Dress of the High Priest;" "Setting up the Tabernacle," &c.

**HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CRITICAL STUDY AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES,** published by R. Carter, New York, in two large volumes, octavo, double columns.—Although this work is particularly adapted to theologians, any Christian lady who has time and means, can peruse it to great advantage. This will appear from the topics treated, as well as from the objects in view. The first volume contains an inquiry into the genuineness, authenticity, uncorrupted preservation and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. The principles of interpretation are investigated and the application of these to the special interpretation of Scripture. The second volume comprises a sketch of Biblical geography and antiquities, with other topics connected with these. Surely these are topics of great moment to every Christian mother; especially when the objects to be accomplished are considered, viz., to study Scripture to advantage, as well as to obtain a thorough knowledge of its contents. This edition is very cheap, and can be had at \$3 50 per copy.

For sale by Swormstedt & Mitchell.

**SERMONS AND DISCOURSES,** By Thomas Chalmers, D. D., and L. L. D. First complete American edition, in two volumes. Carter: New York.—The sermons and discourses of our great Scotch divine contain, perhaps, as much variety of thought as any other collection

of discourses that pass under the name of sermons. There may be various points discussed in these which few of our female friends may think proper to peruse. But there are many cullings which a cultivated female mind will make in surveying these volumes, which will both entertain and instruct. Much of the discussions of Chalmers is of that practical kind which will profit every general reader, whatever may be the views entertained, the station filled, or the objects pursued. There are only some books which the general reader will peruse throughout; but some of the most useful instructions of the most intelligent readers may be collected from partial perusals of some authors.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**THE METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE OF CINCINNATI,** Rev. Perles B. Wilber, A. M., Principal, Mrs. Wilber, Governess, is in a flourishing condition, and offers great advantages to young ladies in obtaining a thorough scientific education in all its departments. Boarding can be had with the Principal for a limited number of pupils, and any number can be accommodated in respectable families in the city. The collegiate year consists of forty-four weeks, divided into two terms of twenty-two weeks each. The first term opens on the first Monday in September. Those who send their daughters from a distance may depend on all the attention and care that young ladies ought to receive when distant from home. It is important to commence with the opening of the session. The citizens of Cincinnati will do well to avail themselves of the advantages of the Institute for their daughters. From an accurate knowledge of the whole, we recommend it to the patronage of our friends.

**INDIANAPOLIS FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,** under the patronage of the Indiana conference, organized about a year since, is now in successful operation under a board of excellent instructors. The course of study is ample, embracing all the parts of a good female education. The Board of Trustees are J. S. Bayless, L. W. Berry, W. W. Wick, Wm. Quarles, John Wilkens, John Foster, A. W. Morris, A. Harrisoff, James C. Yohn, I. N. Phipps, Wm. Smith, Samuel Goldsbury. The Visitors are Revs. A. Wiley, Wm. C. Larrabee, J. C. Smith. The sessions commence on the first Monday in September and the third Monday in February. We trust this Institute will be of great and lasting good. Reference can be had to the Trustees or Visitors for all necessary information.

**THE CANTON FEMALE SEMINARY,** under the superintendence of the Rev. J. W. Goshorn and his lady, is in a flourishing condition, as we learn from undoubted information. The course of instruction is such as to include all the parts of a solid and ornamental female education. Those who send their children may rely on their receiving that instruction and moral supervision and care that are requisite for young ladies in a boarding school. Our personal knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Goshorn enables us to recommend with confidence their seminary to the patronage of our friends. A visit to Canton, during which we put up with the Principal, enabled us to ascertain that those taught there will share in all the important parts of an excellent education. The seminary is worthy of general patronage.



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1844.

Original.

## GREECE AND PALESTINE.

—  
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.  
—

THERE are, perhaps, no records in the annals of time which possess such an interest, and bind us with such a magic influence, as those of Greece and Palestine. They lead us back to the places which age has hallowed, to which we have been accustomed to look for our models—whose names are linked to deeds worthy of lasting remembrance, and around which our brightest associations ever delight to linger. There is even something in antiquity itself which is calculated to give an air of authority and an impressiveness to the scenes and actions which once transpired there, for which we look in vain in the scenes and actions of our own times. When we learn from the past, we learn from the dead; and their hollow, sepulchral tones seem to give an additional sanction to their teachings. This feeling is not confined to those who, once full of life and animation, acted their parts on this ever-changing scene; but it also extends to the scenes and circumstances by which they were surrounded. Thus the solitary ruin, the deserted city, the ivy-covered tower, and the moldering column, have all a language, and they speak with a force which every heart can feel, and which every mind can understand. Walk amid the solemn relics of departed grandeur—look at the decayed splendors of the palace—the faded glories of the triumphal arch—the deserted fane, once thronged by worshipers—the hall once vocal with the voice of mirth and revelry—and even the sepulchral monuments already crumbling to the unconscious dust which they cover, and there, communing with the spirit of the past, reverently open thy heart to receive its solemn lessons. People again these deserted scenes with their busy crowds—let the ruler and the ruled start up with life-like vividness before thee, agitated by the hopes and fears, the varied passions and feelings of our kind, and there, amid such scenes, ask the questions, “How lived—how loved—how died they?”

But there are some spots which have ever seemed to claim a proud pre-eminence in the history of the past—distinguished, some by the genius, some by the ambition, some by the bravery, and even some by the crimes and follies of those who once made them the scenes of their vices. Among these, few

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have reached a more elevated station (or elicited more attention, or whose departed glory has been more admired) than that which the almost universal assent of enlightened nations has awarded to Greece in her palmy days. And wherefore? It is because of her poets, whose undying strains have not only stamped their impress upon the people among whom they had their origin, but also have lent some of their richest and deepest impressions to all subsequent ages—because of her historians, whose excellences have rendered them the models of modern times—because of her orators, of whom it is our boast to be even successful imitators—because of her painters, who almost gave breath to the canvass on which was depicted the beings of their bright imaginings—because of her sculptors, who, taking nature in all her ten thousand forms of beauty and grandeur as their only teacher, almost bade the rugged marble start into life at their magic touch—because of the wisdom of her philosophers, the bravery of her warriors, and the integrity of the men who enacted her laws, and stood at the helm in the hour of danger. But to these claims on our attention, we might add her genial clime, her freedom-inspiring air; her shores, ever washed by the foam-capped waves; her groves, sacred to the Muses; her forests, which fancy peopled with nymph and faun; her mountains and her streams; her fountains, famed for their inspiring draughts, and her valleys, some of which seemed to the eye of the dreamy Greek fit representations of the abodes of the blest. And though the sun of her glory has gone down, and time is fast tracing the word oblivion on her proudest monuments, yet there are even among her very ruins many things which are calculated to call up to remembrance her former greatness, and make even her desolation throw a charm over her perishing glories. Who can visit Athens in the calm twilight of a summer's eve—who can sit musing among the ruins of the Acropolis until the moon, emerging from behind the blue waves, casts its softened rays upon the pillars of the Parthenon, without feeling that he is lingering among the sepulchres of a mighty people? or, as he casts his eye over the rippling waves of the *Ægean*, as they chase each other to the shore, remain unmoved at the remembrances which they waken, or without having his bosom stirred at the recollection of Salamis, while even the soft zephyrs which float around him appear to whisper the names of Platea and Marathon?

All these, though they may afford a melancholy delight, are but as the sad and solemn pomp of the funeral train—the gloomy and stately grandeur of the silent sepulchre; for though they may please the lover of classic scenes, yet a closer and narrower inspection will at last, though unwillingly, extort the confession that her former spirit has departed, and she is, emphatically, “Greece—but living Greece no more.” These, however, are but the sentiments of the mere multitude: the scholar may treasure them up as the most precious relics of the past, the shrines at which even the man of the world may bow without humility.

But we have only introduced Greece in this place for the purpose of comparison, in order to show, by the strong light of contrast, that, while the great throng boast of the classic ground of Greece, the intelligent Christian, with as much assurance, can look upon Palestine as the Holy Land—as the scene of such events as put to the blush those of all other lands—as the home of those men who have, by their virtues, become the greatest examples to men of every clime. Were we to institute a comparison between all the great men of each country, and the great events which have rendered them memorable, we doubt not but the scale would preponderate greatly in favor of Palestine. But the space allotted would not justify us in glancing at all the great points of contrast which present themselves to our attention; and we must, for the present, content ourselves with looking, for a few moments, at some of the most prominent objects which offer themselves to our inspection.

But before I enter upon this task, permit me to say, that I feel unable to frame any good reason why the cities, temples, and shrines of Pagan nations, have occupied so much more space in the eyes of the world than those of the country in which the true religion had its birth; and, more especially so, since the history of the latter is encircled by such a train of events as are unequalled in the history of any other nation. But if, however, I may indulge an opinion on this subject, I would say that it is because most men feel a repugnance to the men whose lives are a standing reproof to their own, and also to those places which are celebrated for incidents which are far from being consonant with their views of true greatness. To illustrate more fully what we mean, some men can dwell with the greatest delight on the stern patriotism of Leonidas, or pay the most profound attention to the laws of Lycurgus, while they are utterly unmoved by the earnest zeal and wide-spread philanthropy of Paul, and who see nothing worthy of admiration in the character or acts of the great lawgiver of the Jews. If I have thus fallen upon the true reason, is it not passing strange that heathen valor should, in the minds of thinking

men, take the precedence of Christian fortitude—the noblest of virtues?

But, to return, we shall glance, in the first place, at the aspect of the country. And, O, that we were adequate to the task, so that we might present before the mind's eye of the reader, the delightful view of Palestine which burst upon the vision of the man of God when, leaving his brethren in the plain below, he ascended to Pisgah's top, from whence he might see the goodly land spread out before him in all its richness, and in all its beauty! Behold it as it was spread before his gaze, like a vast amphitheatre! See its gently undulating fields waving with the rich harvests—its hills almost embowered in the vines which clustered thickly around them—its groves of lofty palm trees, waving softly to and fro in the summer air—the taper olives which, at eve, throw their lengthened shadows from the brow of Olivet—Carmel, white with flocks, and Lebanon with its gigantic cedars hiding their lofty tops in the clouds—the stately flow of Jordan, and, glittering in the sunlight, the calm waters of Galilee! Add to these the fertility of its rich valleys—the salubrity of its climate, and you have before you a country worthy to be called the garden of God.

Shall we speak of its warriors? Where shall we find nobler spirits than those to be found among her judges, or braver deeds than the exploits of her kings? In what land were the forces so disproportioned, or the victories so decisive?

Shall we speak of her poets? who, in addition to their native genius, had their lips touched by the sacred fire of inspiration—whose strains, instead of arousing us to martial deeds, either melt the soul into tenderness, or elevate it to God. It is true, beyond contradiction, as Fenelon has eloquently said, “Homer himself never reached the sublimity of Moses' song, or equaled Isaiah describing the majesty of God. Never did any ode, either Greek or Latin, come up to the loftiness of the Psalms.” The poetry of the Scriptures is unequalled—the beauty and sublimity of its imagery, the fervency which is discoverable in every line, and, more than all, the purity of its lessons, recommend it to the man in whose eyes the charm of moral beauty is superior to all others.

In the splendor of its national festivals, what nation ever excelled this? Which of the Grecian games could ever present so sublime a spectacle as that which was exhibited by the Jews, when, from every clime from swarthy Arabia to the frozen pole, from every valley, and from every hill, with loud acclamations, and glad hosannas, they pressed their way to the city of their God, to worship the Lord in Jerusalem. What were the chariot races, the songs of the poets, or the rhapsodies of the orators, compared with the awful grandeur of that

moment when the high priest, emerging from the holiest of all, stood before the waiting assembly, and with hands upraised blessed them in the name of the Lord Jehovah! What was the exultation of the wreath-crowned victor, or the applause which was lavished upon the successful candidate, compared with the shout which burst from the lips of that vast assembly, when the priests, blowing on their silver trumpets, gave the signal for every voice to be raised in the great halleluiah, the loftiest ascription of praise that ever ascended from the tongue of mortal! The reason of this may be found in the fact that one was occasioned by the mere admiration of physical skill, but the other was the result of highly cultivated moral and religious feeling.

In opposition to those who, among the Greeks, were denominated the great, the wise, and the good—whose deeds have procured for them the praise of all succeeding ages—we might mention Solomon, who exemplified in his own person the combined qualities of Greece's boasted ones. In him we not only find the glory of an imperial monarch, the wisdom of a philosopher, the profound sagacity and integrity of a judge, but, also, in his hours of ease, the power to strike the lyre with a master-hand. The splendor of the temple and the palaces which he erected, the grandeur of the throne from which he issued his mandates, and which far outshone all the subsequent imitations of the most magnificent of the princes of the east, the number and equipage of the attendants by which he was surrounded, the works of art that decorated his halls, the most costly gems which flashed in his diadem, the gold of Ophir which gleamed in endless profusion around him, the variety of plants from every clime which bloomed in his gardens, the beauty of his villas, the extent of his vineyards, which altogether formed such an unexampled exhibition of wealth and taste, that even those who had been reared in palaces, and possessed regal honors, were dazzled and astonished by the glory of the court of the greatest and wisest of Israel's kings. In him we find one whose abilities, in the varied departments of government, philosophy, and song, have never been equaled, and to whose example the Greeks themselves are indebted for much of the refinement for which they were afterward distinguished.

But, to proceed, what importance can we attach to the responses of the Delphian Oracle, which at best were but the devices of juggling priests, or the ravings of temporary insanity, when compared with the spotless purity of those revelations which issued from the place where God had condescended to set his name, and to which the world is so much indebted, not only for those blessings connected with our future well-being, but even for the progress of

intellectual light, the improvement and elevation of our race? Contrast the character of the priests, and the effects which have been produced upon the devotees of these respective shrines, and it will be impossible to deny that the worship of the Jews has more claims upon our attention, unless we agree that the moral degradation and mental debasement of our race are objects more deserving our attention than its gradual elevation—its full and final emancipation from the thralldom of ignorance, vice, and superstition, in all the forms in which they can present themselves.

But our limits will not permit us to introduce all the points of contrast of which this subject admits, nor have we time to bring forward all the bright and illustrious acts which are unfolded to us on the sacred page, which must ever endear the land in which they transpired to the lover of the Bible, to the lover of distinguished moral worth, and to the lover of God. There is not a plain in Palestine which is not endeared to us by some pleasing recollection; for it was on one of them that the angelic choir, breaking on the stillness of the night with their heavenly minstrelsy, proclaimed to the wondering and adoring shepherds the most joyful tidings that ever saluted the ears of mortals. Not a hill which does not bring to mind scenes in which the destiny of our race has been intimately concerned; for on one of them the old patriarch offered the great type of Him who, in the fullness of time, came to take away our guilt by the sacrifice of himself. Not a stream but is linked to our dearest associations; for Jordan rolled back its waves at the approach of the ark of God; and the gentle murmur of the brook Kedron brings to our recollection the solemn scene of that night when the suffering Nazarene for the last time passed over its limpid waters. And even the obscure villages have their remembrances; for in Bethlehem we see at once the site of Jesse's farm, where his more renowned son once fed the flocks of his father, and the place where the faithful Moabitess gleaned in the field of her future husband—memorable, too, from the slaughter of the infants by the bloody edict of Herod, and as the lowly birth-place of the prince Messiah.

And if there had been nothing, antecedent to the last event which we have named, that was capable of arousing our interest, surely the scenes of the Savior's actions will give to Palestine the pre-eminence over all other lands. The very traces of his footsteps are fully sufficient to hallow the ground on which he trod. Let us then follow him, and carefully note the places which were more particularly the scenes of his beneficent acts. Here we see the mount, the first scene of his public labors, where he imparted to his wondering followers those holy precepts which were to be the rules of

life for all those who would follow him and enter into his kingdom. Behold him there in all the dignity of a heaven-descended teacher—he speaks, and his first word is to utter a blessing. What is there in the Porch of the Stoic, and his unmeaning teachings—what in the groves of the Academy, or the dreamy reveries of Plato—or what in the soul-lulling theories of the Epicurean, to compare with the stately grandeur of the doctrines of Him of whom it was said, "Never man spake like this man!" See him in the crowded city—follow him to the temple—and behold that temple, though no longer illumined by the Shechinah of God's presence, dignified by the brightness of the Father's glory, and irradiated by the express image of his person.

Trace his pathway from the busy hum of the city to the quiet retirement of the village where Mary and Martha dwelt—where, in the presence of the multitude, both the sympathy and power of the Savior were displayed; for though, as a man, it was here that Jesus wept, yet, at the mandate of the same being, the dead Lazarus sprang to life. See him at Jacob's well, instructing the simple-hearted Samaritan in the great truths of his kingdom! Follow him with the multitude into the desert—go with the chosen three into the sacred mount where he once assumed his former glory—go into the solitary spot where Jesus went apart to pray, and ask your own heart if he has not by his deeds consecrated every spot! Leave the land, and on the calm and glassy bosom of the Lake of Galilee, think how its proud crested waves, which once tossed themselves so tempestuously, sunk, as it were, to a peaceful slumber at the voice of Him who alone can say to the angry waters, "Peace, be still!"

Let the lover of Greece then boast of the bright waters of the *Ægean*, its surface interspersed with isles which, like gems, bestud its crystal waters—let him call up all the memories which linger about Salamis—all the scenes which belong to the wave or shore, and they will all seem unworthy of comparison with the grandeur of that spectacle to which we have just alluded, when the God of nature, veiled in flesh, rebuked the contending elements, and they obeyed his voice. Pursue him still farther—see Olivet with all its scenes before you—go to the garden of Gethsemane, the scene of his unexampled sorrow and suffering—finally, think on Calvary, the cross, the sepulchre, and if these cannot give deep and lasting interest to this land, it will be because the love of all that is dignifying and soul-elevating has no place in our hearts.

But we must leave those scenes, amid which the soul loves to linger, and which are fraught with the dearest and purest remembrances, and turn our gaze to Palestine, when, like a queen bereft of her

glory, she sat solitary amid her own ruins; and even in her desolation we shall find much to call forth our admiration and sympathy; for even after the star of Judea's splendor had gone down in blood, and the sceptre had for ever fallen from the hands of her kings, yet there was still a certain gloomy grandeur which must give her, even in her fall, a proud pre-eminence over the land with which she has been contrasted. Notwithstanding Greece has been called the land of heroes, and her sons lauded to the skies for their lofty and unyielding patriotism, her fall was signally unworthy of her former character; for truth compels us to say, while speaking concerning the subjugation of Greece, that she fell more by the force of Roman gold than the Roman sword. Her former nobility deserted her, and she tamely bent her neck to receive the yoke of her proud conquerors. But how different the history of Judea's fall! How long and how bravely did she resist the legions of haughty Rome! What prodigies of valor marked her declining days! And how could the patriotism of her children be better evinced, than by making their beloved city the nation's hope, the funereal pyre of the nation's greatness! No matter what were the crimes of this people—no matter how just and signal their punishment, still we are compelled to admire their unyielding and self-sacrificing devotion in the hour of their greatest extremity.

Look at Jerusalem! She stands beleaguered by the conquering legions of the world's proud capital, whose eagles have gleamed under every sky, and have waved in triumph over countless foes. But behold them now, under the command of the energetic Titus, foiled and driven back in disgrace from her gates. Every artifice and every stratagem which Roman ingenuity could devise, every plan of assault which Roman valor dared to attempt, are called into requisition—towers, and warlike engines of every description are multiplied against her; but in vain, till famine, far more powerful than the sword of the enemy, at last causes her to yield—the walls are scaled—but her sons, preferring death to submission, assembled in the temple, and set fire to their last refuge, mingling their ashes in its smoldering ruins. Deserted city! once the seat of God's purest worship, renowned by the glories of thy kings, and extolled by the lofty songs of thy prophet bards, how art thou fallen! how art thou become the prey of the spoiler! Fallen though thou art, thy name and the names of thy children shall be remembered when the finger of cold oblivion shall have erased the names of thy proud destroyers from the records of time.

We have thus briefly presented before our readers the most distinguishing features of these famed lands. To the one we look as the home of those

sciences which we may, with propriety, call mental, the greatest achievements of which, when considered by themselves, have been to puff up the mind, and to increase the natural pride of the human heart. There was nothing in them which possessed a moralizing influence; which the greatest of the apostles knew, when he exhorted his brethren to beware lest any man should spoil them through philosophy and vain deceit. Her greatest men were her heroes, her wisest those who propounded doctrines altogether unsuited to man's moral capacity: many of which, like their authors, are now forgotten.

But to the other we look as to the land from whence we have derived laws which are perfectly consonant with man's fallen and degenerate nature—to which we are indebted for all that is noble or ennobling in his character—for the purest lessons and brightest examples of virtue—from whence, also, we have received that Volume which opens to our mind the relations we bear to another state of being, and the means by which our eternal interests may be finally secured. Indeed, we are compelled to say, that to this more than all lands beside, we are indebted for the elevation and improvement which at present distinguishes the civilized part of our race. And its history, if properly studied, is calculated to teach us lessons of infinitely more value than all the varied stores of learning which ever emanated from ancient Greece.



Original.

### THE CHURCH.

Lines written after reading Dr. Durbin's speech, proposing that the General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church observe a season of fasting and prayer in reference to the evils with which the Church was threatened.

CHURCH of my early choice, thy sons  
 Are bathed in sorrow and in tears—  
 A company of sighing ones—  
 A band of weeping worshipers!  
 Youth lays its joyousness aside,  
 Age bends beneath its weight of care,  
 Beauty and strength forget their pride,  
 All bow submissively in prayer:—  
 And shall the suppliants depart  
 In sadness from a throne of grace?  
 Shall quivering lip and throbbing heart  
 Despairing leave the sacred place?  
 O! can the bruised, bending reed,  
 Be broken by the God of love?  
 No! Jesus lives to intercede—  
 Thy living Head still reigns above.

Church of the living God, to thee  
 A nation turns with anxious eye;

Gloom gathers o'er thy destiny,  
 And darkness spreads along thy sky;  
 Yet shall the storm-cloud pass away,  
 The lurid lightning cease to blaze—  
 The sunshine of a brighter day  
 Shall gild thee with its gladdening rays.  
 E'en though thy legions should divide,  
 One standard of the cross would wave,  
 One Leader in thy front would ride—  
 Mighty to conquer, strong to save.  
 Th' eternal God thy refuge is—  
 The everlasting arms are thrown  
 Around the subjects of his grace,  
 And he will safely keep his own.

Church of the poor, no creed of thine  
 Has taught thy sons exclusiveness;  
 They do not claim a right divine  
 To curse the souls they cannot bless:  
 To fetter thought, or chain the mind,  
 They ne'er have moved the civil power,  
 Nor with the foes of man combined  
 To lengthen out oppression's hour:  
 No widow's tear, no orphan's sigh,  
 No ashes of the martyred dead,  
 No cries of sainted souls on high,  
 Have called for vengeance on thy head;  
 But, glad for thee, the wilderness  
 Now echoes to thy cheerful voice:  
 Cursed by the world, 'tis thine to bless  
 Earth's erring sons with heavenly joys.

Church of our fathers, 'tis thy hand  
 Shall guide their offspring to the skies,  
 And through thy courts, from every land,  
 The hosts of the redeemed shall rise.  
 While wandering o'er his native sands,  
 Or through the world in slavery driven,  
 The Ethiop, with outstretched hands,  
 Shall seek, through thee, a rest in heaven.  
 The Indian shall forget to roam,  
 The war-song in the west shall cease,  
 And tenants of each wigwam home,  
 Be subjects of the Prince of peace.  
 Through thee, the Lord of hosts shall claim  
 The distant nations for his own,  
 Till tribes of every tongue and name  
 Fall worshiping before his throne.

D. W.



It is religion that can give  
 The sweetest pleasure while we live:  
 It is religion can bestow  
 Serenest peace in time of woe:  
 It is religion can supply  
 Unfailing comfort when we die;  
 But after death its joys shall be  
 As lasting as eternity.

Original.

## "WE ALL DO FADE AS THE LEAF."

BY W. F. STRICKLAND.

DEATH is an event usually connected with feelings of a melancholy character; and, notwithstanding its frequent occurrence in our midst, bearing daily and hourly its numberless victims to the tomb, there are always fountains in the human heart which it unseals, bidding the tears of sorrow flow.

If it were not for the sad mementoes of our mortality, which everywhere surround us, our attachment to earth would be so strong that the severance of earthly ties would be insupportable; but

"Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,  
Is equal warning given:  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven."

And thus are we daily and hourly warned of the necessity of "being always ready, for we know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man shall come."

To part with those we love, even for a short time, is painful, and the separation awakens sensations of regret; but to part with them for ever in this world, is like "a wave of wormwood rolling its bitterness over the soul." When, with tearful eye and trembling heart, we stand by the dying couch of one we love, and breathe the last farewell, all the deep fountains of the soul are stirred, and a desolateness comes over the spirit like a chilling blast of autumn, scattering the leaves and flowers to the ground, and wailing, in melancholy accents, the dirge of departed summer. But we can trace the analogy between the decays of the vegetable world and those of human, animated nature, no farther. These scattered leaves and flowers shall never be gathered, fresh and beautiful, again. On the parent tree, when spring returns, *other* leaves and flowers shall come forth, as fair and beautiful; but the dead of other summers come not again. *These* shall live in the sunlight, and shed fragrance upon the air; but *those* are faded and gone. Religion tells us of a land where changing seasons come not, and where leaves and flowers never fade—

"Where autumn is the mate of spring,  
And winter comes not withering."

It assures us that, although the body dies, and the fairest human form "fades like the leaf," and withers like the flower, yet "this mortal shall put on immortality—death shall be swallowed up in victory," and "beauty immortal awake from the tomb." The world has its civil and military triumphs, its coronations and rejoicings—religion has her triumphs, her coronations, and rejoicings. The redeemed shall make their triumphal entry into

the city of God, and "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads—they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away."

The above thoughts were suggested by the death of a beautiful and interesting young lady, beloved and lamented by all who knew her. OLIVIA SALOME was just blooming into womanhood, the gayest of the gay, possessing the most ardent attachments for the world and its fleeting pleasures. She had become a member of the Church, but never gave the Lord her heart, and, consequently, was destitute of the consolations of religion. Indeed, her mind was of such a volatile cast, that she could scarcely be ranked among the inquiring. A few months since, in the midst of her dreams of earthly bliss, death marked her as his victim. The sepulchral cough, the pallid cheek, and the hectic flush, indicated too strongly not only the nature but the issue of her disease. As her pastor, I was called to see her, and continued my visits until the day of her death. She was directed to cast her helpless soul on Jesus the crucified, and consecrate her few remaining days to his service. She addressed herself to prayer, and was enabled, by penitence and faith, to embrace the salvation of the Gospel, and "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." With the light and joy of heaven in her heart, earth and its allurements faded away from her enraptured vision; and so great was the change from the earthly to the heavenly, that her desire to live was converted into an earnest desire to die. Surrounded by all that affluence could afford, with the strongest attachments for her father and relatives, she was desirous to give up their society for the vision of Jesus. To her father she said, "You must not think I love you less by wishing to die, but that *I love my Savior more.*"

## REV. J. WESLEY.

Looking over a collection of anecdotes not long since, we met with the following respecting Mr. Wesley. Should any of our readers entertain views similar to those of the lady alluded to, we hope they will profit by its perusal:

"In June, 1790, the Rev. J. Wesley preached at Lincoln; his text was, Luke x, 42: 'One thing is needful.' When the congregation were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, 'Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why the poorest might have understood him.' The gentleman, to whom this remark was made, replied, 'In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that, while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended.'"

Original.

## ADVERSITY THE NURSE OF INTELLECT.

It has been observed in all ages that adversity is the cradle of genius, or the nurse of intellect. Look at the illustrious of every country, and of every age, who have occupied the most elevated positions, and you can almost invariably trace their greatness to adversity in early life. Poverty, that great lever which incites the ambitious to exertion, has proved the astonishing fact, that the most indigent may, and often have risen to the highest point of elevation in knowledge and power by early and persevering industry. While the great majority of mankind are content to skim lightly over the surface, and grope in ignorance and poverty, now and then one may be seen rising from this vast majority of the world, stung by adversity, aroused by a laudable ambition, spreading forth his pinions, and soaring, like the eagle, far above his fellows; and if, perchance, he makes a pause, it is but to rest for a moment upon some high pinnacle of fame, until his eye can catch a higher point of attainment, where he may feast his intellectual hungerings with sublimer food.

Gifford, a memorable example of the mastery which the naturally strong mental powers may obtain over the barriers of adversity, although not a poet of the "lofty and imaginative cast," has been, and always will be considered as a being highly endowed with the choicest gifts of nature—one of the many on record who, shaking off the fetters which bound him in almost indissoluble chains, overcoming all difficulties with which his path was so thickly beset, found himself mounting higher and still higher the steeps of literary fame. You may find another and still more striking character, distinguished for adversity and persevering industry, not only in early life, but which accompanied him to the end of his existence, in the person of Savage—one who, resolving to "tower like the cedar, or be trampled like the shrub," entered the world exposed to the most abject want. In his own beautiful and affecting language—

"No mother's care  
Shielded my infant Innocence with prayer—  
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained—  
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained."

You may behold him now caressed and flattered, the friend and even companion of the wealthy, and anon wandering from place to place, with no home, or certain abode, but what the streets or fields could afford, begging for pen and ink to transcribe his compositions upon paper which he had picked up on the street. You may see him now flinging his successful darts, dipped in the gall of sarcasm, and anon smarting under the wounds inflicted by the severe lampoons of other satirists.

Thus might instance after instance be enumera-

ted, in which the naturally inert have received an impetus, and, putting forth all the latent energies of their nature, unconscious that they possessed talents beyond the humble sphere of their occupations, surmounted all obstacles, and become men "whose remarks on life have assisted statesmen, whose ideas of virtue have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence has influenced senates, and whose delicacy has polished courts."

Another instance, and the brightest, perhaps, that can be found in any country, is that of the great Dr. Franklin. The son of a tallow-chandler, too poor to keep him at school, he seemed doomed, but for his ambition, to the unceasing toil of making candles in a soap-shop, clad in greasy habiliments, twisting cotton wicks, and, in place of "snuffing the sacred lamp of the Muses," bending over tallow, dipping and molding candles. A celebrated writer has said, "Although glory may not be gained in one way, it may in another. As a river, if it meets a mountain in its course, does not halt and poison the country by stagnation, but rolls its gathering forces *around* the obstacle, urging its precious tides and treasures into other lands, so it is the characteristic of a great mind never to despair." Although innumerable barriers were presented, which would have discouraged any but the restless and not to be discouraged Franklin, he persevered, with unremitting diligence, in endeavoring to obtain an education. After spending his days in the workshop of his father, he passed his evenings, to a late hour, in becoming master of the few books that he possessed. A singular incident is related as having occurred to young Franklin, at the age of fifteen, equal to the prediction of the fortune-teller that Josephine would become Empress of France. Passing, one day, by a table of toys, sold by a neat old woman, she told him, holding up a book, that she had dreamed that a little man like him had bought that book, pointing to an odd volume of the Spectator. Ben, after inquiring the price, bought it with the few pennies he possessed; but, as he was going away, she detained him, and exclaimed, with a raised voice and glowing cheek, "Stop a moment, I have not told you the whole of my dream yet. Although the book was purchased by a *little* man, he did not remain so; for he grew up to be a *great* man: the lightnings of heaven played around his head, and the shape of a kingly crown crumbled beneath his feet. I heard his name as a pleasant sound from distant lands, and I saw it through clouds of smoke and flame, among the tall victor ships that strove in the last battle for the freedom of the seas." Ben turned away with feelings like those which swelled the heart of Tel-emachus, when the "fire-eyed Minerva, under the form of Mentor, roused his soul to virtue," and he resolved to prosecute his studies with even more

diligence, although he felt that there was no chance of this prediction being fulfilled. Having become a printer, which greatly enlarged the field of his reading, he was heard, soon after, crying his "choice poetry" through the streets of Boston, with all the vanity with which the productions of a first attempt are generally invested; and if we continue to trace him, we shall find him walking the streets of Philadelphia, when at the age of seventeen, munching his rolls as he goes, without friends, without money, in quest of employment.

Let us trace his career still farther, and we shall find him in one of the principal printing offices of London; and who that had beheld him there, on his first introduction, the laughing-stock of the journeymen, (who treated him with all the ridicule and contempt which they fancied an American merited,) could for one moment imagine that this was he "who was to meet the British ministry at the bar of their House of Commons, and by his wisdom utterly dispense all their arguments—thus gaining for himself a name lasting as time, and dear to liberty as the name of Washington?" Who could for one moment imagine that this young Franklin would, by his indefatigable labor, emerge from the obscurity which had hitherto so completely shrouded him, and blaze forth a star of the first magnitude in the brilliant firmament of the political and literary world? Mankind owes a debt to this great philosopher, that generations to come cannot discharge; for he not only made wonderful discoveries in the properties of electricity, but applied those discoveries to the general good of mankind. When Archimedes had discovered the great power of the lever, he exclaimed, with joy, "Give me but a place wheron to stand, and I will turn the world!" And if Euclid, transported with joy, could traverse the streets like a maniac, exclaiming, "Eureka, eureka!" having solved the forty-seventh problem, what must have been the emotions of Franklin, after he had raised his silken kite, in which he had fixed a slender iron point, to behold the lightning leap from the dark bosom of the passing cloud, greeting this polished shaft with the fervent kiss of a "heavenly visitant!" When the discovery was communicated to his friend Collinson, in London, it was laid before the Royal Society, who refused to notice it in their publications, deeming, no doubt, that nothing new could emanate from America. Look into the large chamber where Franklin kept his electrical apparatus, with wires strung with bells, extending from the lightning rods through the apartment! Look at the Lilliputian men and women dancing to the music of those bells! Behold the red lightning leaping from heaven to his pointed rods, "darting like fiery serpents hissing along the wires!" Contemplate these things, and your heart will swell

with unutterable emotions of pride and admiration at the recollection, that the man who could command the lightning—"that most powerful of the agents of God on this globe, and the chosen instrument of his operations"—was your countryman. B. B.



Original.

HYMN OF THANKFULNESS.

—  
BY MRS. HOWE.

I BLESS thee, Father, that thy breath has given  
Existence unto me, a broken reed;  
That, 'midst the griefs by which life's ties are  
riven,

Thou hast bestow'd me strength in time of need:  
Thy hand upheld me when my heart was fraught  
With griefs, that wrung my full heart to the  
core:

Tho' I perceived not, 'twas thy hand that brought  
The "balm of Gilead" to the festering sore!

I bless thee, Father, for the well upspringing—  
A well of pleasant thoughts, within my breast,  
That e'er hath been like April violets, flinging  
Their pleasant odor o'er the traveler's rest—  
A well which often cheered my weary hours,  
And led my spirit upward to thy throne—  
A fairy gift, that strew'd my path with flowers,  
And brighten'd those that lay beside my own!

I bless thee, Father, for the sunlight streaming,  
Like golden showers, on forest, hill, and dome!  
And for the blessed stars, like watch-fires gleaming  
On heaven's high walls, to light us to our home;  
And for each little flower that lifts its cup  
Of gentle beauty thro' the emerald sod,  
Sending its perfume—nature's incense—up  
Unto thy throne, I bless thee, O my God!

I bless thee, Father, for the pleasant faces  
That gather round my hearth when eve comes  
down:

The chain is whole—there are no vacant places—  
Thou hast not broken my domestic crown!  
They still are here, bright eyes and sunny smiles,  
That make the stars of life—tried, gentle hearts—  
Hearts which my own may lean on, 'mid the wiles  
And griefs with which the world is ever rife!

I bless thee, Father, for the light which shineth  
Clear and unbroken on life's rugged way—  
A ray from thy pure throne, which ne'er declineth,  
But ever brightens till the perfect day;  
That thou hast taught my heart to be content—  
My weary soul to suffer and be still—  
A pilgrim I, who patiently must wait  
Till I have done on earth my Master's will!



Original.

SARAH MONTGARNIER.\*

BY MISS CLARK.

"I wonder where the years are fled,  
That frolicked in my boyhood's sight!  
O, how I blamed their tardy tread,  
And offer'd wings to speed their flight!  
I knew not then how gossamer light  
They swarm like atoms in the beam,  
Graspless, unknown to curious wight,  
Save in the noontide's sunny gleam.

"But there's a void within can tell  
How fleet they mount the melting cloud,  
And hie where spirits like them dwell,  
With ages in their mighty shroud!  
Another joins that elfin crowd,  
'Mid shout, and glee, and joyous chime,  
Whilst my full soul would rove abroad,  
Seek, and rebuke the slayer, 'Time.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I charged the wrinkled sprite, restore  
The buds of life's redolent morn,  
That laughed along youth's greenward shore,  
And, blushing, clasped the dewy thorn—  
Bade him reveal me whither borne  
The loved, the blooming, and the gay?  
Why from my side—my kiss—were torn  
The victims he had wrapped in clay?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"He asked why I would doom to pain  
Renewed, the loved whose sands are out—  
Why lure them from their azure plain,  
To toil, to storms, and gloom, and doubt?"

"Then pointed 'cross the pebbly flood,  
While mists obscured the distance fair;  
Not as intent on flight he stood,  
Gave answer to my bended prayer—  
'Save, son! embark, seek, find them *there!*'  
'Ah! whither lies that land?' I said:  
Reply was not! All shapes were air!  
I wonder where those years are fled?"

"MONTGARNIER."

I took up Eloria's Bible, and in turning over the leaves, discovered the scrap of poetry which I have just quoted, which, though exquisitely beautiful and touching, is tinged with the gloom and unrest of unbelief. "You are thinking, my friend," said she, after regarding me attentively while I perused it, "that those fine lines are unworthy of the place they occupy." "I was thinking," I replied, "that their misleading beauty might ensnare your mind from these substantial truths, which alone should guide and direct." "I confess they often attract my attention, even at my set times of devotion; but I cannot regret it. Did I think their influence prejudicial to me, admirable as they are, I would never see them more. But where should such mournful thoughts be listened to, if not in contrast with the bright hopes of the Gospel? Here

I can look upon the yearnings of skepticism, sick of earth's vanities, 'seeking rest, and finding none'—beholding *time*, in rapid flight, still hastening on, while deep uncertainty rests upon the future, and regret and remorse dwell with the past. How applicable is the balm of the Sacred Word to answer these bitter and vague inquiries—to still these lamentations over by-gone years! By faith we see that 'azure plain' of which Montgarnier asks, 'Ah! whither lies that land?' In this Sacred Volume we find a declaration of which he has unwittingly afforded full confirmation, 'Childhood and youth are vanity.' Here, also, do we meet that fitting prayer, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' Then will we not exclaim, 'I wonder where those years are fled!' but we may look upon the record laid up on high of every thought and emotion of those departed years; and by the faith taught in this holy book, we may behold that record washed in the atoning blood, its follies canceled, its transgressions pardoned; and we may look beyond the 'pebbly flood' to an abiding home, where 'toil, and storms, and gloom, and doubt,' and 'time' shall be no more. Poor Montgarnier! His mind seems half illumined. How can it be otherwise with those who enjoy the privileges of our enlightened country? But still 'there is a void within'—a melancholy void; and thus Montgarnier died, without one hope more than is herein recorded."

"You know his history then?" said I, inquiringly.

"I do," resumed Eloria; "and although I never saw him, there are associations which connect it with my own, and render it best that these lines should serve as a memento of my past offenses and a beacon to my future conduct, that I may avoid the rock on which I nearly split. I have experienced, in a degree, the misanthropic feelings which were the torment of Montgarnier; but the associations to which I refer are of a different character.

"You have never heard me speak of the fair Sarah Montgarnier—she being one of whom I seldom speak, but think the more. A deep sting of remorse is connected with her memory; and although I trust I am forgiven on high, yet I shall never rest until I have confessed my fault, and obtained the pardon of Sarah herself; and much I fear the grave has intervened. I can never sufficiently repent; but you shall hear the whole. Methinks my mind will be unburdened of an oppressive weight; and when I have unfolded to you my errors, my past sins, I know you will acknowledge that, imperfect as I still am, I, more than any other, am indebted to Divine grace for power to change a fiendish obduracy of heart. I will tell you, at some future time, all that I know of Sa-

\* This is strictly a narrative of facts.—Ed.  
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rah Montgarnier and her unhappy father; but at present"—Eloria was interrupted by tears; and with a soothing kiss I bade her "good night."

\* \* \* \* \*

As we were walking, arm in arm, in the brilliant moonlight of a mild summer eve, on the banks of a romantic little tributary of the Hudson, I reminded Eloria of her promise to relate to me the history of Sarah Montgarnier.

"It was not in a scene like this that I knew the delicate and beautiful Sarah. In the midst of the confusion of the great metropolis, in the humble capacity of a house-servant, she might remind one of a snowy, exotic lily, thrown out to wither amid the chilling blasts of a November gale. One cold, stormy morning in March, she presented herself at our door, and in an easy and graceful manner solicited employment. A more interesting figure I have seldom seen. She was apparently scarce seventeen, tall and sylph-like, with a face which, though not precisely such as might be chosen for a classic model, was yet characterized by a peculiarly noble and intellectual expression. She was very pale; but there was a high-souledness in her dark blue eye and lofty brow, a sensibility in the transparency of her complexion, and a dignity in her slightly curved lip, which could not fail to appear attractive, and impressed one, at once, with the idea that she was educated in different circumstances from those in which she now appeared. Her dress, though of the plainest and poorest materials, was extremely neat, and her manner was peculiarly prepossessing; and as we were in want of a domestic, we at once engaged her services.

"The more we became acquainted with her, the more evident it was that she was a child of affluence and unaccustomed to labor. In reply to my mother's inquiries, she related to us briefly her past history. Her father was the only son of a very wealthy merchant; and while yet a mere youth married his cousin, the heiress of an immense estate. With their conjoined fortunes they purchased a splendid mansion in the city, and a delightful country villa—furnished both extravagantly; and with the folly of young persons who have not learned by their own exertions the value of property, considered their riches inexhaustible. They were doomed to disappointment. In a few years they found themselves obliged to confine themselves to their city residence. A few years more and that, too, was another's; and Montgarnier, with his family, consisting of three fair girls, of whom Sarah was the eldest, found themselves dependent upon his labor for support. His pride could little brook the coldness with which the fashionable friends of his prosperity now passed him by—for him the world's enchantment had departed—he became sad and misanthropic, and thus

still more unfitted to enter successfully into business. His was

'The gift of song—woe, for whose deep romance,  
Inwoven in the soul;'

and he now turned author, to earn a scanty pittance by the rich creations of his imaginative genius. Naught but his pride now remained to tell the world that he was the identical Montgarnier at whose gilded equipage they once stared with astonishment—to whom they once crowded to pay their court—whose least word they almost hushed their breaths to hear, and whose every act they hastened to applaud.

"His wife, unable to sustain the wretchedness to which they were reduced, faded away and died; and then Montgarnier, almost a maniac, cursed God, and longed, yet dared not to die. He left his children, in the wide metropolis, to the mercy of strangers, and became a homeless wanderer. Some distant relatives compassionately offered an asylum to the younger sisters, while Sarah, then a heroic child of fourteen, determined to depend upon her own resources, and apprenticed herself to a milliner. She was a thoughtful child, serious, contemplative, and of deep religious feelings; and being now associated with pious persons, she soon experienced the renewing grace of God, and was able to believe herself an adopted heir of glory. Having learned that her father was in Baltimore, she wrote to him as an affectionate child, in such circumstances, would write to such a father. He was frantic with rage at the reception of the letter, that his daughter should presume to insult him by preaching to him so touchingly what he had long called 'cant,' and been endeavoring to prove foolishness. That she should disgrace herself and his family by attaching herself to the despised denomination of Methodists, was insupportable; and he hastened to see her, vowing to make her recant her principles, or to immure her in a convent for life.

"Arrived in New York, Montgarnier hastened to the residence of his daughter, and not finding her at home, he could not forbear venting some of the abuse which he had intended for her upon Mrs. Harlow, the milliner with whom Sarah lived, and through whose instrumentality she had espoused the creed of his abhorrence. Such was the excitement of his feelings, that Mrs. Harlow would have trembled for the integrity of Sarah, had she not known the strength of her principles, and the fixedness of her decision. As it was, she was led to apprehend, from the violent manner of Montgarnier, that his worst threats would be put in execution; and as she knew that Sarah would sooner die than renounce her joyful hope of immortality, she feared that she would be torn from her, and subjected to hardship and suffering. When Sarah

returned, and Mrs. Harlow had informed her of her father's visit, and of the opposition which he manifested to religion, words cannot express the conflicting emotions which agitated and distressed her. Love for her father, and sorrow for his conduct—a desire to see him, and endeavor to persuade him that her faith was founded on no vain illusion, joined to a fear, which her knowledge of his inflexibility of character rendered painfully certain, that she would be separated from her pious friends and the sanctuary of her God, and dragged to scenes of gayety and amusement, or immured in that worst of prisons, a Romish convent—grief that her duty compelled her to disobey him whom it had been her pride to honor—were too much for a being as frail as she to endure, and she fell dangerously ill. Her father continued to call; but her friends, fearing the consequences of an interview in her weak state of health, refused to allow him to see her. Montgarnier, believing her illness to be feigned, watched her residence for a long time, hoping to detect her entering or leaving the house; and for several successive Sabbath evenings stationed himself at the door of the church which she was in the habit of attending, having a carriage in waiting to convey her away.

"Ere Sarah had scarcely recovered, she learned that her father, in the vehemence of his passion, had broken a blood-vessel, and was lying at the point of death, in a small public house in the vicinity of N— street. Sarah sent immediately, desiring permission to visit him, and received for answer, 'I have been murdered by my child—I will die alone!' She flew to his abode—she entreated—she demanded admittance—she was peremptorily refused, and sank senseless upon the threshold. When she recovered, her father was no more. The proud and impious spirit of Montgarnier had departed, and there was 'no hope in his death!'

"Sarah was, as might be expected, most deeply and painfully affected by her father's death; but she was also wonderfully sustained by Him who hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee'—'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' Her constitution, however, had received a severe shock; and her physician judging that a change of scene and employment would prove beneficial, Mrs. Harlow procured her a place as maid in the family of her friend, Mrs. Edgerton, who, though a nominal Christian, belonged too much to the class of worldly professors to render a residence in her family pleasing to the strictly religious Sarah.

"Mrs. Edgerton was a kind-hearted woman; and Sarah had endeared herself very much to her, by her consistency of character and gentle manners, and it was with regret that she parted with her; but Sarah fancying that a residence in a fam-

ily of her own denomination could but be a happy one, became our domestic, as I have told you. Alas, for the dear girl's disappointment! Alas, that I should have added so much bitterness to her cup of suffering! It is no excuse for me that I had imbibed the aristocratic prejudices against hired servants, which characterize some of the inhabitants of our large cities—it is no solace to my conscience to reflect that she received from me kinder attentions than many of my associates tendered to their domestics. She came where she reasonably expected to find Christian charity, to solace, guide, and comfort her—she should have found a home—the desolate should have found in me a sister. Did I then possess a woman's heart, and remain all untouched by Sarah's narrative of real woe, when a well-told fiction would have drowned my eyes with tears of unavailing compassion? O, the remembrance of those looks of scorn which repulsed her advances to my friendship! What cold-heartedness must have dictated such neglect—such inhumanity to the child of so much affliction!

"What inconsistency marks our American distinctions of society! They who are struggling with their poverty, and, to procure subsistence, consent to serve the more fortunate, are oppressed, despised, and treated as beings destitute of human feelings—too often even by those who consider themselves the most benevolent of beings, whose hands are ever open for charity, and who delight in searching out the wretched and miserable, and alleviating the wants of those who, from indolence or inability, neglect to provide for themselves. But let these once arise from their dependence, and attempt to support themselves by the labor of servitude, and they are assisted no more—kind words and looks are no more for them. They have lost caste in the estimation of our aristocratic republicans by their efforts to obtain a livelihood!

"But vain are all the distinctions of rank. Nature has her own nobility; and of this peerage Sarah Montgarnier was princess. I could not but perceive her superiority, and my haughty bearing toward her was increased. Her mind, educated as she had been, must have been peculiarly sensitive to the slights which she daily received; but she never, by word or look, evidenced the least discomposure.

"She had remained with us nearly a year, when her delicate frame again sank under the attack of a violent and dangerous fever. She was not neglected—she was refused no attention; but I fear that a lack of the kindness and affection so grateful to the sick, rendered the services I tendered but ungraciously performed. Had I then known the last unkindest stroke of fate, which doubtless was the cause of her illness, perhaps my cruel nature

would have relented; but, no! it was reserved to heighten my remorse in the day of retrospection.

"We left the city soon after Sarah's recovery, and she declined accompanying us. It was not until a few years had elapsed, during which time I had become deeply sensible of the cruelty of my conduct to Miss Montgarnier, that I again heard from her. Meeting with Mrs. Harlow at Saratoga, I eagerly inquired after the fortunes of her quondam protégé, when she unfolded to me more fully than I had hitherto known, the romantic yet sad sketch of the vicissitudes of Sarah's existence. Surely she was born the sport of fortune! How painfully vivid did the recollection of the patient resignation of her pale face become to me! In what a novel and still more interesting light her character appeared! I had always thought her mind to be of a most sternly proud and unwomanly character—so inflexible, so intellectual, so apparently stoical and indifferent to all the tenderer impulses of the affections, and withal had such a natural air of hauteur as no affliction could entirely subdue; and I had misjudgingly inferred that if she ever had a heart for earth, that

'heart was chilled

And dead to all its softest sympathies.'

Well might one who was so well acquainted with the bitterest misfortunes appear stoical and indifferent to the minor sorrows of existence!

"During her residence with Mrs. Edgerton, she was introduced to an English gentleman of considerable fortune, who was so well pleased with her rare beauty and queenly manners, that he resolved to restore her to that rank in society which she was so well fitted to adorn. Mr. Barton was a Christian, in the fullest acceptation of the term, and as such he could not be disagreeable to Sarah. To be brief, she gave him her heart, without indulging in the coquetry so much beneath a mind like hers. Mr. Barton was obliged to visit New Orleans to transact important business, which would detain him from one to two years; but he left not Sarah until she had promised to become his at his return. He had too much regard for her independence of mind to object to her continuing to support herself as formerly, especially in the family of Mrs. Edgerton, who, he trusted, would befriend her for his sake.

"The years of absence had nearly passed, and methinks Sarah could not but congratulate herself upon the prospect of a speedy escape from the worse than southern slavery which shackles our New York domestica, when she received a letter, the messenger of the intelligence that Mr. Barton was no more. Poor Sarah! she had no friend in me to whom she could confide this cruel bereavement. With the same calm brow she veiled her bosom's agony from us all; but it was doubtless

this struggle with her grief which brought her so near the verge of the grave, in that severe sickness which I have before spoken of as to me so poignant a cause of remorse.

"But the most strangely romantic part of her history is yet untold. A year had passed away, and Sarah's widowed heart had grown once more cheerful—perhaps happier than before; for she had fully proved the frailty of all earthly ties, and turned the torrents of her heart's best feelings all trustingly to her Redeemer. Her health was sufficiently recovered to allow her to support herself by her needle; and the world once more must have brightened to her vision. Calling one day upon Mrs. Edgerton, she found the hall door open; and as she was a frequent visitor, she walked gently in, and tapping at the parlor door, was bade to enter by a voice which called the quick blood mantling to her cheeks, and sent it rushing back with fearful violence to her heart. The door was opened by Mr. Barton, and Sarah sank fainting in his arms. It was not, however, the Mr. Barton of whom we have spoken, but Dr. Barton, his twin brother, of striking resemblance, who had visited America to attend to the settlement of his brother's affairs. Dr. Barton was exceedingly struck with Sarah's interesting countenance, rendered doubtless still more beautiful by the excitement of her feelings at their first interview. He was touched by her sad history; and as a quickly-ripened acquaintance revealed to him the estimable qualities of her mind and heart, he resolved to accomplish the design of his brother, by making her Mrs. Barton as quickly as possible.

"Sarah, on her part, could scarcely fail to love so exact a counterpart of the friend she had lost, and a rainbow-tinted bubble of happiness once more sparkled to her lips. The wedding day was appointed; and but one week intervened, when Sarah received a hastily written note, desiring her presence at the bedside of Dr. Barton. It was now her fate to watch

'the stars out by a bed of pain,

With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,

And a warm heart of hope, though hope be vain.'

All hope, indeed, was vain; for ere the week was ended, which should have seen Dr. Barton bearing to his native England a happy bride, his ashes filled a stranger's grave.

"I have no tragedy with which to conclude my story. Sarah did not die of a broken heart, or lose her reason, or fall away in a most poetical consumption—her trust was placed in 'One mighty to save,' and the holy Comforter vouchsafed to be her support in her severe afflictions. By Divine grace assisted, she has been enabled to maintain a cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven; and she has doubtless enjoyed more real happiness in adversity

than did the proud Montgarnier in his most prosperous days, when rich, renowned, beloved, he immersed himself in luxuries, whose blighting effects we have so fully traced out, involving him and all he loved in ruin. Sarah, too, might have exclaimed with Hafed—

'naught ever grew  
Beneath my shade, but perished too!"

But she forbore all such unchristian-like repinings; and devoting herself to a life of usefulness, proportioned to her sphere, knew how to enjoy the truest felicity on earth. I know not that she is living now; but methinks if she has ascended upon high, she has deservedly received a martyr's brilliant crown."



Original.

### THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

"HARK! my boy, 'tis the college bell,  
But before we part, take a fond farewell;  
I must hasten back to thy native plain,  
And months will roll ere we meet again;  
Ah! all is uncertain beneath the sun,  
I never may meet thee, my cherish'd one—  
Thy youth may fall by the stroke of death,  
Or her God remand thy mother's breath;  
Yet 'tis sweet to trust through each dubious night,  
That 'the Judge of all the earth will do all things  
right.'"

"Farewell, dear, dear mother!"

"But, O! if the smile of approving Heaven  
To our future lives on earth be given,  
I will come again from the green retreat,  
Where thy father train'd thy infant feet—  
Where he led thee up to the vine-clad bowers,  
And deck'd thy head with the wild wood flowers;  
Or loos'd the rock from the steep hill-side,  
And when it plung'd in the foaming tide,  
Would sigh to think that thy childish mirth  
Was so near of kin to the joys of earth."

"I remember it well, mother."

"I will come again, my darling child,  
From that lovely home so sweet and wild—  
From that scene, deep checker'd with bliss and woe,  
Where my heart was drain'd—but be it so!  
Its wounds are heal'd; for e'en while they bled,  
Was balm more blessed than Gilead's shed.  
The storm is past, and high and far  
O'er its ruins sparkles the 'morning star.'  
O, the God of the widow and fatherless  
Is strong to succor, and prompt to bless!"

"O yes, O yes, mother!"

"Sob not so deeply, my orphan son—  
When a few more anxious months are gone,  
We shall meet again, not soon to part;

I will take thee again to my arms and heart,  
Our hands shall clasp thy sister's hand,  
And beside you taking my patient stand,  
With a love which can time and change defy,  
Will I watch your steps with untiring eye;  
O, might we at length reach the home of bliss—  
Wilt thou pray, my love, for grace like this?"

"I will, I will, mother!"

"Now God preserve thee, my trembling child,  
From each vain pursuit, and each folly wild—  
Thy mind with learning's rich tide imbue,  
Thy heart to His righteous sway subdue:  
'If sinners ontice thee,' or pride or wrath,  
O, think on thy father's bed of death—  
Of his warning words that to thee were given—  
Of his prayers for thee to the God of heaven—  
Of his faltering speech—his tearful eye—  
His pale raised hand, and last shivering sigh!"

"Say farewell, or my heart will break, mother!"

CORNELIA.



### SOLICITUDE FOR COMFORT.

"SWEET comfort, the balm of the mind,"

No pleasure of earth can impart;  
Thence seeking we never shall find,  
For comfort proceeds from the heart.

When happiness dwells in the breast,  
And the soul's blessed sunshine is clear,  
And conscience is calmly at rest,  
Then comfort, sweet comfort, is there.

And this ev'ry one may obtain,  
To this we're invited to come,  
'Tis folly to rest then in pain,  
Since comfort's so easily won.

This gift then so truly divine,  
Our Savior bequeath'd to us all,  
Who on his sweet promise recline,  
That none of his people shall fall.

'Tis this that gives peace to the soul,  
The thought that our sins are forgiv'n;  
'Tis this that will anguish control—  
The thought that there's comfort in heav'n.



### THE STORM.

SEE, on the bosom of yon mountain cloud  
The curv'd lightning beautifully plays,  
Touching the deep folds of that sable shroud  
With soften'd lustre, or with brilliant blaze,  
Still tending upward in its rapid race:  
So let the light of grace my path illumine,  
Brightest when darkest clouds their shadows cast,  
Mounting and flashing from the deepest gloom,  
Kindling its glories 'mid the dreariest waste,  
And like that fire of heaven burn brightest at the last.

Original.  
BRITISH POETS.  
GOWER.

THE life of Gower is involved in the same obscurity as that of his contemporary, Chaucer. By some it is said that he was his elder and instructor. If this be true, it is certain that he did not impart to his pupil the same spirit and style which he himself possessed. He studied law, and some affirm that he was knighted, and appointed Chief Justice of Common Pleas. He attached himself to the powerful Duke of Gloucester, Thomas of Woodstock, also an uncle of Richard II. In the fire of the poet, the vividness of description, and the versatility of genius, he was inferior to Chaucer. As a moralist he was superior, and was always termed the "moral Gower."

That these two authors were on terms of the utmost friendship, we have full proof from Chaucer's own writings. At the close of the poem of Troilus and Creseide, we find the following lines—

"O, morall Gower, this boke I directe  
To thee, and to the philosophicall stode,  
To vouchsafe, ther is nede, to correcte  
Of your benignitees and zeles good."

The editor of Gower's poems says in his preface to the book, which he dedicates to Henry VIII, "By which wordes of Chaucer, we maie also vnderstande that he and Gower were bothe of one selfe tyme, bothe excellently lerned, bothe great frendes to gether, and bothe endeavoured them selves, and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also, for their so doynge, so long (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure and continue, this noble roialme shall be, ouer and besides their honest fame and renowne. And thus, when thei had gone their journey, that is to saie, Iohn Gower prepared for his bones a restynge place in the monasterie of Saynt Marie Oueres,\* where, somewhat after the olde facion, he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he, in his life daies, flourished freshly in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the north side of the fore saide church, in the chapell of Sainte Iohn, where he hath, of his own foundation, a masse daily songe. And more ouer, he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same church, on fridaie, after the feast of the blessed pope, Saynte Gregorie."

The productions of Gower are numerous, several of which are in French and Latin, which were the fashionable languages of those days for poetic composition. His first poem, according to this

\* Our Mary, more generally known by the French name, "Notre Dame," now called St. Savior's church.

fashion, was composed in French, and entitled, "Speculum Meditantis." This poem is very extensive, and contained in ten books. The French then in use was very different from that spoken at the present day; this, together with his employing an amanuensis entirely unacquainted with that language, who made numerous orthographical errors, render his "Speculum Meditantis," and the elegant "Cinkante Balades Francois," or fifty French sonnets, scarcely at all intelligible to one who is not thoroughly versed in that language. For my own part I am totally unable to understand them, and, therefore, shall give no extract.

His next poem is in Latin, which he entitled "Vox Clamantis." The subject is, the insurrection of the peasantry against the nobility, during the reign of Richard II, in seven books. But the chief of his productions, and the one most interesting to the English reader, is his "Confessio Amantia," or the Confession of a Lover, written in English. The origin of this tale is as follows: walking one day on the banks of the Thames, Richard II, meeting him accidentally, called him into his "royal barge," and desired him "to booke some new thing." The poem is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, a priest of Venus. It is one of the most extensive productions in verse in the English language, occupying nearly two hundred and seventy pages, double columns, large octavo. Its poetry savors strongly of the pedantic spirit of the troubadours of Provence. There is nothing bold or magnificent in his poetry that will captivate the reader. He wanted an originating genius. He coldly clothed borrowed images; and, consequently, his productions have an air of dullness. He seems to have adopted the same method of description in poetry that Aristotle did in prose. I can make no extract short enough for this article, which will sufficiently display his style.

HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

This nobleman was the most accomplished of all the early English poets, and indeed the first to whom the name can be given of "classic poet." Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the eldest son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Elizabeth, daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Being the pride of his parents, and displaying, in early childhood, signs of a remarkable intellect, no pains or expense were spared in his education. At an early age he went with the Duke of Richmond to Paris, where he remained some time. This he employed in study, devoting his leisure hours to the acquisition of the French language. Four years after, he quitted Paris, and traveled into Germany, and while there remained at the palace of the Emperor. Thence he went to Florence, in Italy, where he became acquainted with the beautiful Geraldine, daughter, if

I mistake not, of the Grand Duke of that place. He, as a genuine knight, in the true spirit of those chivalrous days, challenged any one who should dispute her beauty. This was taken up, and he came off victorious. Upon this the Grand Duke made proposals to him, offering him large rewards to remain; but he had determined to act the "knight," which he had so triumphantly begun, by traveling through the principal cities of Europe, to make similar challenges to the one he had made in Florence, "to defend," as he called it, "the honor of his beloved Geraldine." But in this he was prevented, by being recalled by Henry VIII to England. There he was considered one of the most educated and refined of the English nobility. In May, 1540, he was one of the defendants against Sir John Dudley and Sir Thomas Seymour, in which he gained much by his courage and the skillful use of his arms. Two years afterward he attended his father, who was Lieutenant General of the army, into Scotland. He was appointed, in 1544, field marshal of the army in the expedition against Boulogne, in France, which resulted successfully by the taking of that city. Shortly after he was appointed by Henry to the office of "King's Lieutenant and Captain-General" of all the forces in the county and city of Boulogne. But having failed in an attempt to intercept a convoy of provisions sent by the enemy to the assistance of the French at the fort of Oultreau, he so fell in the favor of the King that he soon after removed him from that office, appointing the Earl of Hertford to succeed him. This exasperated him so much that he made some hasty remarks against the King, which were afterward employed as weapons against him to hasten his downfall. The Seymours perceiving the almost boundless power of his father, Surrey, Duke of Norfolk, over the King and the Popish party far and wide, used all their influence to occasion his ruin. In this they were but too successful; for that sovereign was ever jealous of his own power, and fearing that he might embroil the government of his son, if not actually seize upon it by his supposed engagement to the Princess Mary, which they declared would be consummated immediately after his death, then in the decline of life, and false witnesses being produced who swore to that effect, he was brought to the Tower the 19th of January, 1547. This was the death-blow to the greatness of the son as well as to the whole family.

Although there are various accounts of his life, this appears the most probable, and is the one to which credit is given in Burnet's History of the Reformation. "Surrey, for justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, may justly be pronounced the first English classical poet. His sentiments are, for the most part, natural

and unaffected, arising from his own feelings, and dictated by the present circumstances. His poetry is alike unembarrassed by learned allusions or elaborate conceits." Such are the remarks of one of the first critics on English poetry. I present several extracts.

"THE FRAILTIE AND HURTFULNESSE OF BEAUTIE.

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,  
Wherof the gift is small and short the season;  
Flowing to-day, to-morrow apt to faile:  
Fleckell treasure, abhorred of reason;  
Daungerous to deal with, vaine, of none availle;  
Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason:  
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile;  
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason;  
Jewell of jeopardie that perill doth assaile;  
False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;  
Enmy to youth, that most may I bewaile:  
Ah, bitter swete, infecting as the poyson.  
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,  
To-day redy ripe, to-morrowe all to shaken."

Shortly after his return from Scotland he was imprisoned in Windsor for violating a proclamation of the King, that no meat should be eaten during Lent. The following is an extract from a poem written on that subject:

"So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!  
As proud Windsor: where I in luste and joye,  
Wythe a kinge's sonne, my childishe yeres did passe,  
In greater feast than Priam's sonnes of Troye:  
Where eche swete place returns a taste full sower:  
The large grene courtes, where we were wont to hove,  
With eyes cast up into the mayden tower,  
And easie sighes, such as folks drawe in Loue;  
The stately seates, the ladies bright of hewe;  
The daunces shorte, long tales of great delight.  
With wordes and lokes, that tygers could but rewe,  
Where eche of vs did plead the other's right."

The following is exquisitely beautiful, entitled, "A vowe to loue faithfully howsoever he be rewarded."

"Set me wherere the sunne doth parche the grene,  
Or where his beames do not dissolve the yee;  
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene;  
In presence prest of people madde or wise:  
Set me in hie, or yet in low degree;  
In longest night, or in the shortest daye;  
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;  
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:  
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,  
In hill or dale, or in the foming flood,  
Thrall, or at large, aliue, whereso I dwell,  
Sicke or in health, euill fame or good:  
Hers will I be and only with this thought  
Content my self, although my chance be nought."

His productions are numerous, though none very extensive—all in this same simple, affectionate style. He was the first who attempted, in the English language, to write blank verse. His first piece, in that measure, is a translation of the second book of Virgil's Æneid. Upon this, and also upon another book of the same author, he bestowed particular care, combining elegance and beauty of

expression with fidelity to the original text. A single specimen will suffice—

"They whisted all, with fixed face attent,  
When prince Æneas from the royal seat  
Thus 'gan to speak. O queene, is it thy wil,  
I should renew a woe cannot be told?  
How that the Grekes did spoile and ouerthrow  
The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy?  
Those ruthfull things that I my self beheld,  
And whereof no smal part fel to my share,  
Which to expresse, who could refraine from teres?  
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?  
What stern Ulysses, waged soldiar?  
And loe moist night now from the welkin fallcs,  
And sterres declining counsel vs to rest.  
But sins so great is thy delight to here  
Of our mishaps, and Troye's last decay:  
Though to record the same my mind abhorres,  
And plaint eschues: yet thus will I begyn."

In this same measure he translated five chapters of the book of Ecclesiastes, and numerous Psalms. It is worthy of remark, that our author is the one who protected the distinguished Fox, author of the Book of Martyrs. And when this could be done no longer with safety, he privately conveyed him out of the country, in spite of the vigilance of the Popish party. In his religious views he was remarkably liberal. He died about the year 1550.

D.

## POLYCARP'S DECISION.

WHEN he appeared before the proconsul, the latter said to him, "Swear, curse Christ, and I will set you free!" The old man answered, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and I have received only good at his hands! Can I, then, curse him, my King and my Savior?" When the proconsul continued to press him, Polycarp said, "Well, then, if you desire to know who I am, I tell thee freely, *I am a Christian!* If you desire to know what Christianity is, appoint an hour and hear me." The proconsul, who here showed that he did not act from any religious bigotry, and would gladly have saved the old man, if he could silence the people, said to Polycarp, "Only persuade the people." He replied, "To you I felt myself bound to render an account, for our religion teaches us to treat the powers ordained by God with becoming reverence, as far as is consistent with our salvation. But as for those without, I consider them undeserving of any defense from me." And justly too! for what would it have been but throwing pearls before swine, to attempt to speak of the Gospel to a wild, tumultuous, and fanatical mob? After the governor had in vain threatened him with wild beasts and the funeral pile, he made the herald publicly announce in the circus, that Polycarp had confessed himself a Christian. These words contained the sentence

of death against him. The people instantly cried out, "This is the teacher of atheism, the father of the Christians, the enemy of our gods, who has taught so many not to pray to the gods, and not to sacrifice!" As soon as the proconsul had complied with the demand of the populace, that Polycarp should perish on the funeral pile, Jew and Gentile hastened with the utmost eagerness to collect wood from the market-places and the baths. When they wished to fasten him with nails to the pile, the old man said, "Leave me thus, I pray, unfastened. He who has enabled me to abide the fire, will give me strength also to remain firm on the stake." Before the fire was lighted, he prayed thus, "O, Lord! almighty God! the Father of thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, through whom we have received a knowledge of thee! God of the angels and of the whole creation; of the whole human race, and of the saints, who live before thy presence! I thank thee that thou hast thought me worthy, this day, and this hour, to share the cup of thy Christ among the number of thy witnesses!"—*Neander.*

## THE CHARMS OF THE SABBATH.

"REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy." What subject is better calculated for contemplation on this day, than the brevity of life, and the uncertainty of every earthly enjoyment? We hold our lives on a precarious tenure, and are liable to instant removal by Him, "in whom we live, move, and have our being"—this hour, dearest connections and most valuable friends appear in the pride and loveliness of youth—the next, ruffled in a ghastly shroud, the unenvied equipage of death! Happy the man who can on this day retire within himself, and review those years which are gone for ever, with pleasurable satisfaction. This is a luxury which only those who delight in relieving the distressed, pouring wine and oil into the wounded spirit, soothing, by kind offices, the pillow of wretchedness and disease, can ever truly feel—and look with exulting confidence "*to another and a better world.*" But that being who is emphatically styled the "God of love," who delights in acts of beneficence and mercy, will ever reward the individual who considers every child of misfortune his brother, and who can weep, feelingly weep, over the misfortunes of his fellow man, and endeavor, by acts of benevolence and charity, to ameliorate the misfortunes incident to humanity, and wipe away every tear from the eye of misery.

THE best thing to be done when evil overtakes us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek a remedy.



Original.

## REVIVALS—HOW PROMOTED.

In a former number, the writer endeavored to point out some of the distinguishing characteristics of what was denominated *Pre-Millennial Society*, with a promise of considering, on some future occasion, the duty of the Church, in view of such a state of things as may reasonably be anticipated between this and the millennial period. That promise it is proposed now to redeem.

It was stated, in the preceding article, that revolutions, both physical and moral, might be expected—that God was seated upon the throne of the universe, so ordering all the physical commotions of this world as to prepare the way for the universal dissemination of the Gospel, and that the Gospel itself would yet, through the instrumentality of the Church, be completely triumphant. The question now before us is—in what way is this instrumentality to be applied? or, in other words, how shall the Church instrumentally secure this result?

All evangelical Christians agree that the *efficient agent* is the Holy Spirit; the means employed, the truth, and the instrumentality, the Church. But the Church may be considered as both general and local, or as the whole body of believers, and those of a particular place and name. And what applies to the whole will, as a general thing, apply equally well to the several parts. The means, rendered efficacious by the Holy Spirit, when not solitary cases, may be denominated *revivals*. And the subject at present before us is, to inquire into the connection between the *instrumental* means, or the means in the hands of the Church, and their efficient application by the Spirit—or how may the Church instrumentally promote revivals of religion? The solution of this question will cover the whole ground of the duties of the Church in view of the coming scenes; for when applied to the Church universal, it will embrace every thing implied in the general diffusion of the Gospel; and when restricted to any particular Church, it will still embrace the same, since the genuine spirit of a revival is "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will toward *all men*."

It was stated in the former number that the tendency of the Gospel was to *individualize* man, and bring personal responsibility to bear upon him in such a way as to produce individual action. In accordance with this sentiment, I shall, so to speak, individualize this question, and inquire how is any Church to promote the cause of religion—specifically or generally—within its own bounds, or wherever its influence may extend.

It may here be premised, that *efforts for the promotion of religion are not to be confined to those who minister at the altar*. God has instituted in his

Church a class of men whose business is to devote themselves particularly to the spiritual interests of their fellow men. They are constituted the leaders of the sacramental hosts. But they can accomplish only a small part of their commission unassisted. "WE WILL BE WITH THEE," said the Jews to Ezra, the priest, on a certain occasion: and so must the Church now say to her ministry, if she would see the cause of religion successful and triumphant.

The first thing demanding the action of the Church is *the removal of every internal obstacle out of the way*. By internal obstacles is meant such as exist in the Church, as a body, or in the individual members. It is a most lamentable fact, that the greatest obstacles in the way of the advancement of religion are most generally found in the Church itself. God has appointed a system of means through which he intends to bless mankind. These means have been placed in the hands of the Church. Though inefficient in themselves, they are such as the Holy Spirit ordinarily makes use of in accomplishing his great work. He operates through them. Hence, those who apply these means become co-operators with the ever-blessed Spirit. There is, however, a certain fitness necessary on the part of those using these means, before the Spirit usually deems it consistent to employ or to bless their instrumentality. They must sympathize with him in the end to be accomplished, or he cannot consent to render efficient their efforts. Hence, unity of feeling, a realizing sense of the importance of the work, and purity of purpose before God, are essential prerequisites.

When a Church has permitted the standard of piety to sink in her midst, and a spirit of worldliness in any degree to invade her borders, she must purify herself before she can expect the Divine blessing to accompany her exertions for the salvation of the lost. The spirit of worldliness and self-seeking is the very antagonist of Christianity. And the Church never can be engaged heartily and successfully in promoting the cause of Christ, and at the same time advancing her own schemes of worldly interest. If her plans come in collision with her duty to God and never-dying souls, those plans must be abandoned, or she need not expect to become an efficient instrumentality in advancing the cause of religion. We have frequent illustrations in the Bible of this principle. The case of Ezra has already been referred to. During the struggles of the Jewish nation for existence after the Babylonian captivity, many of the people, from motives of public or private policy, had contracted alliances with their heathen neighbors, and thus polluted themselves. When Ezra wished to promote the interests of religion among them, the very first step which he took was to secure their purification. The people saw and acknowledged this,

and, although at the greatest possible sacrifice of feeling, consented to the necessary measures to secure it. Had they refused a compliance, the pious reformer could have had but little hope of success in an undertaking which was nearest to his heart.

There must, then, be unity of feeling. When a Church has permitted the world to govern her to any extent, or has taken its maxims as her rule of conduct, we may expect to find scenes within her similar to those we encounter in the world. Unkind feelings, therefore, toward one another, heart-burnings, and jealousies, are to be expected. These unfit individual Christians for the exertion of any direct efforts for the promotion of religion, and they effectually prevent the descent of the Spirit's influences. The peaceful Dove

"Flies from the scenes of noise and strife."

He will not bless a Church in such a state. Hence it is that in a Church where such feelings exist revivals are unknown. If, then, any Church is desirous of securing the reviving influences of God's Spirit, her first duty is to remove all such hinderances out of the way. If difficulties have arisen between private members of the Church, these must be settled, and a spirit of brotherly love take possession of every heart, before the Divine blessing can be expected. The instructions of the Bible are very plain on this subject: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Not only must unity of feeling exist, but there must be a realizing sense of the importance, I may say *necessity* of the work. The Church must have a realizing sense of the worth of the soul—of her own responsibilities—of the obligations arising from the Savior's love, and of the glory of God, as promoted in the salvation of the lost, before she can be brought to act efficiently in the promotion of religion. Such are the motives which the word of God holds out; and such motives are necessary to stimulate her to make the efforts, the sacrifices, the self-denials requisite for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

But to all this must be added *purity of heart and purity of purpose before God*. There must be deep repentance for every sin—a putting away of transgression—not laying it aside, to be resumed again, but an entire and eternal separation. The Church, in view of past dereliction, must humble herself before God, and return with weeping and supplication. When the Church general, or any particular Church, does thus humble herself—when she thus confesses and puts away her sins—when she thus, realizing her responsibilities, comes up to the work of the Lord, not for a few days or weeks, but with the resolution to continue rising and advancing till

the whole earth be subjugated to Christ—and when, realizing her own weakness, she trusts for success *wholly and entirely* to God, and seeks this blessing only for the sake of his own glory and through the merits of Christ—or, in other words, when she removes every obstacle out of the way, *then*, and not *till then*, is she prepared to assist efficiently in the promotion of religion in the world. Moreover, all this is necessary, not only as a self-preparation for action, but also to give any efficiency to exertion when put forth. Let a Church whose members have become worldly-minded, or are at variance among themselves, or in any other way have been living inconsistently with their high profession—let such a Church, while in such a state, attempt any effort for the impenitent around them, and they will be like the Israelites upon the hill-tops of Amalek without the ark—they will be smitten and discomfited, while the watch-word in the enemy's ranks will be, "Physician, heal thyself!"

When the Church has purified herself, and removed all the hinderances to her own usefulness out of the way, she is prepared to co-operate with her ministry in all their efforts, both general and special, for the promotion of the cause of Christ. This co-operation is needed, and may be rendered abundantly useful in a great many ways.

One of these is direct personal exertion for the salvation of sinners. This every Christian is bound to put forth by his covenant obligations. And this is frequently a silent but most powerful auxiliary to the successful labors of the ministry. There are many who, unless reached in this way, could not be reached, *personally*, at all. And there are many more who, if reached, would be repelled rather than drawn by ministerial exertion. Who is so likely to exert an influence upon ourselves as the friend in whom we place confidence? Who so likely to induce us to adopt any given course of action as those whom we esteem and love? Who exerts so great an influence over the child as the parent? Who over the man as his companion and friend? Here, then, is employment for all.

Another means of co-operation is, *seconding the word preached by a holy life*. It is to the lives of Christians that the world look for an embodiment of all the principles of Christianity. Many of them know but little and care less for the precepts of God's word. If they attend the ministrations of the sanctuary, and hear the principles of the Gospel explained and enforced, and are themselves urged to become partakers of the rich benefits offered, the natural repugnance of the human heart arises in opposition. They look around them upon those who have professed this Christianity; and if they can discover any discrepancy between their professions and their practice, they immediately endeavor to disbelieve in the *reality* of the

whole, or indulge feelings of self-complacency, that they, without religion, are no worse than those who profess it. This is the influence of the truth broken. But if the precepts and principles of the Gospel are practically *lived out* in the lives of Christians, it affords an argument that is unanswerable and irresistible.

A Hindoo Brahmin, in traveling through Germany, some years since, spent a night at the house of a professor of theology in one of the German universities. He was a man of a naturally strong mind, and, in general, well cultivated. During the evening a discussion arose upon the principles of Buddhism, which the priest defended with very considerable talent and skill. The theologian, on the other hand, endeavored to overthrow them, and establish upon their ruins the principles of Christianity. The discussion resulted in each being more fully convinced of the truth of his own opinions than before. On the morrow, when they separated, the divine expressed the hope and confidence that, should they ever meet again, he would find him a Christian. The Brahmin, thanking him for his good wishes, replied with emphasis, "*That will never be!*" Some months afterward, however, they accidentally met in a remote part of the kingdom. To the joy of the pious divine, he found his Hindoo friend a Christian. "I thought," he exclaimed with delight, "I thought it would be so. I thought the arguments I advanced would finally be convincing." "Stop!" said the Hindoo. "When I left you, there was not an argument you made use of but I thought I could easily overthrow. But, in crossing the Alps, I got lost in a violent snow-storm. When nearly exhausted, from hunger, cold, and weariness, I was found by a neighboring peasant, who conveyed me to his house, did every thing possible for my comfort, and before retiring to rest, he gathered his family about him, and with the greatest earnestness and simplicity prayed for the stranger that Providence had brought under his roof. Here was an argument for which I was unprepared—I could not meet it—I could not answer it. My mind was troubled. And, blessed be God, through the influence of his Spirit upon that argument, I am what I am."

Another means of co-operation, and, after all, the most potent, is *prayer*. Human instrumentality may be employed, and employed wisely—the best plans may be concerted and carried into execution, and every thing that man *can* do may be done, and yet all will be unavailing without the Divine aid. "*Paul may plant, and Apollos water; but God alone can give the increase.*" In the welfare of the Church God feels the deepest interest. Her name is dear to him as the apple of his eye. It is graven upon the palms of his hands. For its establishment and continued prosperity, God the

Father sacrificed the Son of his love. The Son consented to suffer and die, and now intercedes before the throne of eternal justice. And the Holy Spirit willingly endures the obstinacy of the transgressor; and though often grieved and offended, still strives with him to secure his repentance and sanctification. But, notwithstanding this intensity of interest manifested by the triune God in the welfare of his Church, he will not deviate from his appointed way in conferring the needed assistance: "For all this I will be *inquired of* by the house of Israel, to do it for them, saith the Lord."

Whatever the Church needs to render efficient the instrumentalities she may employ, must be sought from God, and sought by prayer. There may be no more efficiency in prayer, in itself considered, than in any other instrumentality the Church may make use of. But it is the means which God has appointed to connect, as it were, what is done on earth with the almighty agencies of heaven. It is the channel through which *alone* he dispenses his richest blessings. And hence, of all the instrumentalities, it is the most important. Others connect man with his fellow man, and can only throw around him such influences as are strictly human. But this connects man with Deity, and unites energies human and divine in the one great work of promoting the glory of God in the salvation of souls.

It has already been observed, that the first thing any Church has to do in promoting the cause of religion, is to secure her own purification. This can be accomplished in no other way than by prayer. The Holy Spirit alone can prepare the heart of man for usefulness. And that Church, or that Christian, who seeks a preparation for usefulness by any other means than the influences of the Spirit, obtained in answer to prayer, will and must seek in vain. By attempting to labor, the Christian discovers his own incompetency. This drives him to a throne of grace. But he finds the door barred to his petitions. The heavens above seem as brass. He now begins to see and feel how evil and bitter a thing it is to sin against God. He realizes that it is his sins that have separated between him and his God, and his transgressions that have withholden good things from him. In an agony, he cries more earnestly; but still is not heard. He looks into his own heart to find the reason. He there discovers some sin which he had been cherishing—perhaps unconsciously—which has precluded the Divine blessing. And not until, with a broken, penitent heart, he renounces and abjures every sin, can God hear and answer his prayers. Thus is prayer made the very means of preparing him to use the other instrumentalities of the Gospel with any hope of success. It is related of

President Edwards that, on one occasion, as he was asked by a ministerial brother, entering his study, how he was, he raised his hands to heaven, and exultingly exclaimed, "Well! O, I can pray now—I can pray now!" And when the members of a Church are brought into such a state that they can pray, in the sense in which Edwards used the term, and in which the Bible employs it, then can they use this as an efficient instrumentality in promoting the work of God; for it is not until they realize their own entire insufficiency, and that *all* their help is in God, and him alone, that they will seek divine aid in such a way as makes it consistent for God to hear and answer.

In this way the Church may assist by praying for her ministers. When Israel fought against Amalek, Aaron and Hur sustained the hands of Moses; and so long as thus sustained, Israel was victorious. In like manner must the Church, by prayer, as well as by hearty co-operation, sustain those who minister at her altars. It need not be here remarked that the ministry *need* such sustaining influences. None *feel* such need more deeply than they do. The great apostle to the Gentiles, in all his epistles, has this reiterated request, "*Brethren, pray for us.*"

But the Church is particularly called upon, both in her united capacity and individually, to assist, by praying for the special influences of the Spirit to accompany the word preached. The Bible is full of exhortations, as well as encouragements and promises to those whose hearts being purified, call upon God in faith for the outpouring of his Spirit. "Men ought always to pray and not faint." "Pray without ceasing." "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him." "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God; and whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." "And this is the confidence we have in him, (Christ,) that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he heareth us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

The dealings of God's providence most fully confirm the promises and encouragements of his word. When the disciples at Jerusalem prayed for the fulfillment of the promise made at the ascension, their prayer was answered in the immediate conversion of three thousand souls. When the Church prayed for the rescue of Peter, an angel was sent to knock the fetters from his limbs, and to bring him without the prison walls. And no less signal answers to prayer have been given in more modern times. Of the innumerable instances which the

pen of history has recorded, but two only can here be given, with which we must close these protracted remarks.

Some years ago, in a sewing circle of young ladies, in one of the villages of New York, the conversation turned upon the case of an eminent lawyer of the village, a man of great strength and cultivation of mind, but an openly avowed infidel; and the question was asked, if the grace of God could ever reach such a one. At the suggestion of some member of the company, they all agreed to make him an object of special prayer. Laying aside their work, they immediately petitioned the throne of grace, and with the deepest fervency sought his conversion. So deeply did some of them feel, that they resolved to remain after their other duties were accomplished, to unite again in prayer for the salvation of his soul. These exercises were protracted until a late hour in the evening. And when, at length, they separated, it was with the mutual pledge to continue praying until they obtained the object desired. Mark the result. That night the infidel lawyer retired to rest as unconcerned as usual. But about two o'clock his wife was aroused by the exclamation, "*I am lost! I am lost—lost FOR EVER!*" On looking up, she saw her husband pacing the room in the greatest apparent agony conceivable. On asking what was the matter, the only answer she received was, "O, I am such a sinner before God—I am lost—there is no hope!" Such language was music to the soul of his pious companion. And only a short time elapsed before it was exchanged for grateful songs of praise; for both in a few days were able to exclaim, with full and exulting hearts, "Behold what hath God wrought!" Here were no external means employed. The mind did not need intellectual enlightenment. But the Holy Spirit was sent in answer to faithful, fervent prayer, to apply previously existing knowledge to the conscience and the heart. We need not wonder at the result in the hands of the Spirit.

In a late number of one of our eastern periodicals, is a most interesting account of the conversion of a scoffer at religion to a meek and lowly follower of Christ. The pastor had used his utmost exertions, and failed. An experienced and faithful Christian met with the same want of success. But they carried the subject to a throne of grace. The Christian felt so deeply interested that he spent the whole night in wrestling with God. And when the morning dawned, he could restrain himself no longer; but mounting his horse, he rode two miles in the cold to the residence of the subject of his desires; and taking him by the hand, with the tears streaming from his eyes, could only find utterance for the expression, "I am greatly concerned for your salvation—greatly concerned for your salvation." His feelings prevented his

saying more; and he mounted his horse and returned. But that single sentence, in the hands of the Spirit, was the means of the scoffer's salvation.

Instances of a like character might be multiplied, if necessary, to almost any extent, showing the unlimited power of prayer. And this is an instrumentality put into the hands of every Christian, even the most uninformed and feeble. The child may pray as fervently as the aged Christian, and his prayers may be equally effectual. And many a prayer from a sick bed has called down the blessing of God upon the exertions of those in health. If the Church would only use faithfully this instrumentality, which God has placed in her hands, the dawn of millennial glory might soon be witnessed gilding the eastern sky. When shall it once be?

EUSEBIA.



Original.

## AN AUTUMNAL MORNING.

Composed on looking from my chamber window, as supported in bed, during sickness, October 10th or 11th, 1841.

ROB'D in a vest of spotless light,  
 In peerless beauty walks the morn,  
 Touching the frost to dew-drops bright,  
 On every whiten'd leaf and thorn.

The tiny blue bell's faded cup,  
 Stinted and late, that decks the vine,  
 Turns her pale head in weeping up,  
 To catch the rays that round her shine.

Last of a race that shuns the frost,  
 See yonder lingering swallow fly—  
 Her fears in joyous feelings lost,  
 As with bright wing she cleaves the sky.

Dear, social bird! whose tiny form  
 Parts the clear air without a track,  
 When spent is every wintry storm,  
 Some gentle gale may win thee back.

Sail on, then, happy sojourner!  
 To warmer suns and milder skies—  
 I would not keep thee groveling here,  
 When every instinct bids thee rise.

But when the balmy breath of spring  
 Shall kiss the wild flowers into bloom,  
 Again thou'lt spread thy glossy wing,  
 And seek amid these haunts thy home!

I, too, like thee, would gladly soar  
 From this cold region far away—  
 Find the fair fields untrod before,  
 Where darkness opens into day.

But not like thee my heart would burn,  
 To trace again each wandering—  
 "I go whence I shall not return,"  
 When summer birds are on the wing.

Original.

## SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

PRAY, when the rosy light  
 First gilds the eastern skies;  
 And thus begin the day  
 With purest sacrifice;  
 For God will be well pleas'd to hear,  
 And thou shalt feel his presence near.

All nature teaches this—  
 The dews which night hath giv'n,  
 Soon as they see the sun,  
 They upward fly to heaven;  
 And birds, awaking from each bough,  
 Pour forth their sweetest carols now.

Then, like the dew and song,  
 Which spring away to heav'n,  
 Thus let thy early vows  
 With thankfulness be giv'n;  
 And thus, with ev'ry opening day,  
 To heaven thy grateful homage pay.

Pray, when the shades of night  
 Are gath'ring thick around;  
 For wherosoe'er thou kneel'st,  
 Shall then seem holy ground:  
 And as the sun then sinks to rest,  
 So may the passions in thy breast.

Pray, that the watchful eye  
 That never knows to sleep,  
 Around thee ever may  
 Its wakeful vigils keep:  
 Thus, Christian, speed along thy way,  
 And close with fervent prayer each day.

Pray on, O, ever pray,  
 For time is fleeting fast,  
 And soon this earthly scene  
 Will be for ever past:  
 Then pray'r shall cease, and thou shalt raise  
 In heaven thy ceaseless song of praise.



## SOURCE OF TRUTH.

EACH fabled fount of comfort dry,  
 Where can I quench my feverish thirst?  
 Is not the world one glittering lie?  
 Do not its swelling bubbles burst?  
 Systems, and men, and books, and things,  
 Are nothings drest in painted wings.

Lord, "thou art true," and, O the joy,  
 To turn from other words to thine;  
 To dig the gold without alloy  
 From truth's unfathomable mine;  
 To escape the tempest's fitful shocks,  
 And anchor 'midst the eternal rocks!

Original.

## ADDRESS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.\*

—  
 BY J. S. TOMLINSON,  
*President of Augusta College.*

RESPECTED AUDIENCE,—Having had the privilege of participating in the opening exercises of this institution, some two years since, and having always felt a lively interest in its welfare, it affords me peculiar pleasure to appear, as I now do, before its patrons and guardians, instructors and pupils, under circumstances that speak so well for its present condition, and its future prosperity and usefulness. I rejoice to learn that, in its organization and management, in the qualifications of the Principal and his associates, and in the number, deportment, assiduity, and success of the pupils, by whom its halls have been thronged, the most sanguine expectations of its founders and friends, generally, have thus far been amply realized. And when it is recollected that this encouraging state of things is not attributable, in any degree, to that system of puffing, so frequently and so unblushingly resorted to in the present day, there is every reason to hope and believe that, in reference to this institution, the future will be as the past and the present, and still more abundant.

In the case of institutions of learning, as well as in the case of individuals, intrinsic and modest merit will, if persevered in, be assuredly found out, and appropriately rewarded by an intelligent and virtuous community; while impudent, clamorous pretension, though it may give to the subject, or the object of it, a temporary, galvanized importance, will be just as certainly found out, and, sooner or later, be visited with the indignation and contempt of every one whose good opinion is worth possessing. And to those to whom the interests of this school are specially confided, I would say, continue to make sterling, unobtrusive merit your only reliance, under the Divine blessing, as a passport to public estimation and patronage, and just as surely as that effects will partake of the nature of their causes, your success will be signal, triumphant, and perpetual.

The congratulations here offered are not dictated, I assure you, by a spirit of fulsome adulation, but by a deep and thorough persuasion that they are strictly applicable. And, indeed, my judgment as well as my feelings would justify me in making many additional remarks of this kind; but, for the want of time, we will proceed to the prin-

\* This Address was delivered in Wesley Chapel, on the evening of July 3, 1844, at the Annual Commencement of the Methodist Female Collegiate Institute of Cincinnati, and furnished for publication at the request of the Trustees of the Institute.

cipal object of this address, which is to present to the audience some thoughts on the importance, the appropriate character, and the present state of female education.

I. The importance of educating the female mind is now so generally acknowledged in every intelligent, Christian community, that any thing like a formal discussion of this branch of our subject, may be thought, by some, to be quite superfluous. It is probable, however, that there are many who join in this acknowledgment merely or mainly because it is the fashion to do so. And to those who do it from an enlightened conviction of its propriety, it is to be hoped that a recurrence to some of the grounds of this conviction will be, by no means, unentertaining or unprofitable. This is one of those topics upon which the public mind must be indoctrinated with "line upon line, and precept upon precept," if we would secure for it that exalted position to which it is so justly entitled. And those who are more solicitous for the substantial improvement and happiness of our race, than they are for an ephemeral, worthless popularity, must make up their minds to pursue such a course as this, even though it should be at the risk of being set down, by your insatiable lovers of flash and novelty, as intolerably trite and prosing.

Of the numerous considerations that might be brought forward to demonstrate the importance of female education, our time will permit us to mention only a few. For this purpose we would ask you, in the first place, to contemplate, for a few minutes, the powers and susceptibilities with which the female mind is endowed by the Author of our existence. It is undeniably true, that all the intellectual and moral faculties that are predicable of either sex, are also predicable of the other. For the last three centuries, however, the question has been warmly, and sometimes acrimoniously debated, as to whether they possess these faculties in equal degrees; the advocates of *our* sex strenuously contending that they are decidedly superior, while those of the opposite sex have contented themselves with endeavoring to make it appear that they are not inferior. And, in this respect, it has been, with the conflicting parties, as it was with Cæsar and Pompey—one of whom, as we are told, could not bear an equal, while the other was totally unwilling to acknowledge a superior. And though much has been said, and still more has been written, in the prosecution of this controversy, it is still undetermined, and probably always will be, from the difficulty, if not impossibility of getting an impartial tribunal, to which to refer it for final adjudication. There is one thing tolerably clear, however, that, in the qualities of volubility, perseverance, and zeal, there is but little to choose between the champions in this bloodless, and, as I have always thought, not very

profitable contest. But if the simple fact of having the last word is to settle this question, it is not very difficult to predict to which side victory will ultimately redound.

But to be perfectly serious. That there is, in some respects, a characteristic dissimilarity between the minds of the opposite sexes, cannot, as it seems to me, be doubted for a moment. But, surely, no one will pretend that dissimilarity necessarily implies disparity or inequality. The rose and the lily may be regarded as equally beautiful, though they are not exactly alike. Two medicines may be equally efficacious in curing a disease, and yet be very dissimilar in their general appearance, and in the particular modes by which they accomplish the desired object. And, in most cases, when controversialists on this subject, have flattered themselves that they have incontestably established the mental superiority of one sex over the other, they have done nothing more than to show that there exists between them that pleasing variety to which we have just referred; and that, consequently, the question of pre-eminence is not only undecided, but absolutely untouched. It is generally conceded that men possess the power of patient, severe, and laborious investigation to a greater degree than the other sex. But, then, on the other hand, it is just as readily admitted that the latter have the advantage of the former in the quickness and delicacy of their perceptions, and in the rapidity of their intellectual combinations; so that what they want in a plodding, toilsome perseverance, they probably make up in speed. The distinction here mentioned is, by no means, an imaginary one; but is, as we all know, frequently and most remarkably exemplified in the ordinary concerns of life, as well as in the prosecution of literary and scientific studies. Other comparisons, of a similar kind, might be made between the mental endowments or capabilities of the two sexes, all going to show that there is not that disparity between them that is too commonly supposed to exist—if, indeed, there is, upon the whole, any disparity at all. And here permit me to add, that if, under existing circumstances, it is so difficult to make out the inequality contended for, how much more so would it have been if males and females had always enjoyed equal advantages in the way of education! As it is, however, it has been too generally assumed that the latter are mentally inferior, not only in some respects, but in the aggregate, and to a very great degree; and the systems of education in which they have been trained, have, for the most part, been regulated accordingly. No marvel, therefore, if they should frequently suffer upon a comparison of their mental abilities and achievements with those of their more favored competitors—more favored, I mean, in the appliances and opportunities for

intellectual improvement. Our wonder should rather be, that, in the midst of the numerous and truly formidable discouragements with which she has had to contend, the sex should have furnished so many shining and illustrious examples of large and lofty attainments in almost every department of literature and science. When the "rights of women" shall have been fully acknowledged in this respect, then, and not till then, shall we be thoroughly prepared to form a correct estimate of the comparative capabilities of the two sexes.

But whether the female mind is equal to that of the other sex or not, (a topic upon which our limits will not permit us to dwell,) it is sufficient for our present purpose to know, that it has been richly endowed by the common Father of us all. And for us to suppose that such noble and highly improvable faculties were not bestowed for great and valuable ends, and that it is unimportant whether they be cultivated, and liberally cultivated by education, or not, would be nothing less than an impious reflection upon the wisdom of that almighty and benevolent Being, whose works, "in all places of his dominions," are characterized by a most beautiful adaptation of means to ends. But we are not left to *infer* the importance of educating the female mind, from the powers and susceptibilities with which it is manifestly gifted. But, in addition to this, we may confidently affirm, that it contributes incalculably to her own individual happiness—it eradicates that appetite for gossip, or petty scandal, which is so disparaging to those who indulge in it, and so injurious to the peace of society, and which results as frequently, perhaps, from vacuity of mind as from depravity of heart—it enlarges the sphere of her influence, which is confessedly very great, either for good or for evil; and, to an almost measureless extent, it increases her ability to exercise that influence in such a manner as shall be most conducive to the good of mankind and the glory of God. But, without detaining you with any further observations, at this time, on the *importance* of female education, in regard to which, as I am happy to believe, there is but little difference of opinion in the present day, we will proceed, in the second place, to offer some remarks on its *appropriate character*.

II. And here permit me to observe, in the outset, that the great, the paramount object in all education, whether for males or females, should always be, to make them intelligent and useful, virtuous and happy. And any system, or any part of any system, that is not more or less tributary to this object, is not only essentially defective, but positively injurious. An opinion has long and extensively prevailed, that the schemes and modes of education for the two sexes should be widely and radically different. I am satisfied, however, that no

good reason can be assigned in support of this opinion. On this subject the great question should be, what kind of an education is best adapted to *human nature*, irrespective of its sexual distinctions? And the answer to this question will comprehend all the grand essentials of a good education for both. That their intellectual and moral training should be exactly the same in all respects, I do not pretend. Some difference there doubtless should be. But this difference should not proceed upon the supposition (as it too frequently does) that women are originally inferior to men in their mental constitution or endowments, but should be simply adjusted according to the different spheres of action in which they are respectively called upon to exercise their talents and acquirements; that is to say, males and females should both be educated as if there was, in reality, no *intellectual* disparity between them. They should both be treated as if their minds were equally capacious and equally improvable; and yet the systems of education provided for them should be so modified in their details as to be wisely and judiciously adapted to their peculiar relations, duties, and responsibilities: always taking it for granted, as we certainly should, that, though the sphere in which woman is called to act is less conspicuous than that assigned to the other sex, it is, by no means, less important; and that high intellectual and moral qualifications are just as desirable, and just as requisite, in the one case as in the other.

If these things are so, it will readily occur to every reflecting mind that, to a great extent, female education has been, and still is, deplorably deficient, both in principle and in practice. The truth is, that, in almost every age since its importance has been recognized at all, it has been too customary to attach more consequence to what is showy than to what is solid or useful. And in this way the sex has been but poorly complimented by thousands who would be very unwilling not to be placed in the category of its most profound admirers. Those superficial, dazzling acquirements, commonly called accomplishments, or rather, by way of eminence, *the* accomplishments, have been too generally permitted to encroach upon, and, indeed, almost entirely engross the time that should have been devoted to the infinitely more momentous work of cultivating the moral feelings, and storing the mind with useful knowledge. And, judging from the conduct of many in this particular, we would say that they give about the same rank to these mere appendages in female education that Demosthenes did to delivery in the formation of an orator. They seem to suppose that they are the first, the second, and the third requisites of an interesting and an estimable woman—that they are, in a word, almost every thing, and every thing else compara-

tively nothing. And hence it is that a plentiful supply of mere embellishments is so frequently found associated with the most puerile and driveling intellects, and, what is far worse, with passions and predilections as totally undisciplined and unregulated as if there was no such thing as moral responsibility in the universe.

Such persons would essentially consult their own dignity and happiness, to say nothing of their usefulness, if they would make it their *primary* concern to possess themselves of such principles and habits, and such kinds of knowledge, as would be substantially serviceable to them in the more serious pursuits of after life. In that case there would be something sufficiently solid in the character and attainments to receive a beautiful polish, and to retain it with durability. Unless such accomplishments as those of which we are now speaking, are illuminated with the outbeamings of intelligence and moral worth from the minds and hearts of those upon whom they are superinduced, they have little or no attraction for any person of a sound understanding, or a cultivated taste. In the absence of such qualities, these appendages only render the unfortunate subject of them more ridiculous and contemptible than she otherwise would be. They only serve to exhibit more glaringly her comparative destitution of those intellectual and moral excellences which, in the sight of God, and of all good and sensible people, are of great price. It is as if a guest, who has a most exquisite relish for every thing that is truly beautiful and consistent, should be ushered through a richly decorated hall into an ill-swept, coarsely-furnished, and slovenly-arranged parlor. Or, it is as if a magnificent Corinthian colonnade should lead the way to "a cob-webbed hovel, with its ragged walls of moldering mud." The robe and the diadem of royalty would not be more unseemly upon the person of an idiot, than are such accomplishments in connection with a mind that is meagerly furnished, or totally unfurnished with wholesome knowledge and virtuous dispositions.

Let it not be imagined, from these remarks, that I have any hostility to what are usually denominated the ornamental branches of female education. By no means. They are in admirable keeping with those delicate sensibilities so peculiarly characteristic of the sex. But what I object to is, that so extravagant an estimate should be placed upon them as to allow them to engross such a disproportionate share of attention as they too generally do. Let them be *superadded*, in something like due proportion, to those other and far more important acquisitions in knowledge and in self-government, and then they will be ornaments indeed. Otherwise, they are nothing better than a miserable fig-leaf covering, that is vainly intended to conceal



the poverty and emptiness of those minds to which they are attached.

There are some things, however, that are regarded by many as properly belonging to the catalogue of female accomplishments, which, in my opinion, should never be permitted to occupy a place in that catalogue. I allude, particularly, to such fashionable amusements as dancing, attendance upon theatrical exhibitions, and so forth. We have no time to notice all the ingenious sophisms by which the devotees of such amusements have attempted to justify them. There is one thing, by the way, that ought to go very far toward shaking their confidence in the rectitude of their conclusions on this subject; and that is, that an overwhelming majority of all serious-minded, conscientious persons, unite in condemning the amusements in question as inconsistent, in some way, with our holy Christianity. And I would ask, is it not very supposable that such a sentiment, so generally prevalent among persons of such a description, has some perfectly tenable foundation, even though it should be somewhat difficult to render all the reasons for it fully and forcibly intelligible to the minds of others? There is nothing, however, so very mysterious or inexplicable in this sentiment, as might, at first view, be imagined by some. When we consider the nature of these amusements, and the exceptionable circumstances with which they are almost invariably attended; and when we ask ourselves who they are that are most addicted to them, we cannot fail to be convinced that they are productive of a frivolity or dissipation of mind, which just as certainly, and just as effectually disinclines the heart to every thing like the seriousness of religion, as the most flagrant and unquestionable sins. And if this were the only objection that could be alledged against them, (which, by the by, we are not willing to admit,) they should, by all means, be utterly discountenanced in every Christian community. One of the most conclusive proofs that such amusements are quite incompatible with a proper state of feeling on the great subject of personal and practical religion, is to be found in the simple fact, that when any that are accustomed to them become seriously concerned in reference to their spiritual interests, they just as naturally drop them as the forest does its foliage in autumn. The association of religion with such frivolities as these, instantly, and, as it were, instinctively strikes their minds as totally incongruous—as absolutely wrong. They *feel*, yea, they have a more forcible conviction than could be produced by a mathematical demonstration, that it is just as impossible that devotion to God, and devotion to such amusements, should co-exist in the same mind, as that there should be fellowship between light and darkness, or concord

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between Christ and Belial. In a word, they are calculated, nay, they are pre-eminently calculated to cherish and establish in the heart that "love of the world," and of the fashions and vanities thereof, which is so solemnly and so sweepingly denounced in almost every part of the sacred Volume.

And, in addition to all this, it ought not to be forgotten that a passion for these things not only produces an almost unconquerable disinclination to the seriousness of religion, but, also, an equal aversion to serious and profitable studies and pursuits of every description. And hence it is that we may always look among such persons for the most incessant and the most insatiable devourers of the light and trashy productions of the day. In the intervals of these exciting, and, at the same time, enervating amusements, they are almost constantly engaged in filling their minds with those distorted and visionary views of human nature, and of human society, that are to be found in works of fiction. Turning away from the ordinary cares and employments of the domestic circle, as intolerably irksome and vulgar, they spend their time in the more congenial occupation of reveling and dreaming in those Utopian regions that have been conjured up and peopled by some delectable novel writer.

In regard to a habit of novel reading, allow me to observe, in passing, that the body is not more certainly and sadly debilitated by a life of intemperance, indolence, and luxury, than the mind is by indulging in a habit of this sort. It brings on a kind of intellectual dyspepsy; and while the appetite for such unwholesome food becomes enormous, the power of digestion is proportionably impaired. Or, to drop the figure, it incapacitates the mind more than any thing else, perhaps, for healthful, patient, vigorous, and successful exertion. But this is not the only, nor by any means the most deplorable consequence resulting from the habit under consideration. It corrupts the moral sentiments, and so disorders the imagination, that every thing is seen, as it were, through a false medium. It inspires the mind, especially of the youthful and credulous, with the most extravagant notions of human perfectibility, and of the happiness attainable by mere human means in our present state of existence. And from this cause, I doubt not, more than from all others put together, originate those romantic attachments and precipitate connections, which have so frequently ended in bitter disappointment and wretchedness—constraining each of the parties to say in reference to the other—

"What thou *wast* my fancy made thee—  
What thou *art* I find too late."

That there are no works of fiction that might occasionally be read with propriety, I will not undertake

to say. But the good, if any such there be, bears so exceedingly small a proportion to the bad, that I have sometimes thought that it would be a blessed thing for the world, if the doctrine of total abstinence from all such works, were just as rigidly enforced, as it is by the Washingtonians in relation to the use of intoxicating drinks. Indeed, I have no language in which to express my sense of the great, the lasting, the incurable injury that thousands of young ladies are doing themselves by their addictedness to novel reading.

But to return. It is sometimes said by the advocates of such amusements as those of which we have spoken, that they must have recreations of some kind. And they call upon those who prescribe the amusements to which they are accustomed, to furnish others in their stead, as the only condition upon which they are willing to give them up. But if it be true that they are inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and with some of the dearest interests of society, (as I verily believe them to be,) we are morally and indispensably bound to relinquish them, even though it were not possible to provide any substitutes for them. I would be very sorry to believe, however, that this beautiful world that God has made and garnished with his own right hand, is so poorly supplied with the means of healthful, innocent, and pleasurable recreations, as to make it necessary that we should have recourse to the stifled atmosphere and boisterous mirth of ball-rooms and play-houses for any such purpose. Is there no pleasure in walking abroad, either unattended, or in company with those whom we esteem and love, and inhaling the pure, the fragrant, the exhilarating breath of an unconfined atmosphere—in drinking in the soothing and soul-stirring minstrelsy with which all nature is vocal, and in beholding the numberless, and almost infinitely diversified specimens of beauty and sublimity, which a bountiful Creator has poured out around us for our contemplation and enjoyment? Is there no pleasure in rational conversation at our own homes and firesides, or among congenial spirits elsewhere, and in reciprocating those offices of kindness that are almost perpetually recurring in domestic and neighborhood associations? Is there no pleasure in calling forth the most noble and generous sympathies of the human heart, in the contrivance and execution of such plans of benevolence as will prove efficient in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked—"in delivering the poor and the fatherless, and them that have none to keep, and in causing the widow's heart to sing for joy?" Such pure, and I had almost said, such angelic recreations as these, and others of a similar kind that might be enumerated, are incomparably more delightful *at the time of their enjoyment*, than those scenes of dissipation and frivolity

just referred to. And what is still more important, they are always recollected with pleasure—with self-approbation, and not, as in the other case, with heart-corroding envy, chagrin, discontent, and remorse.

But some, perhaps, are disposed to say in answer to all this, that such things as these, even where they are relished, do not afford recreations enough to occupy the whole of our time. And what of that? It was certainly never intended by the Author of our existence, that the life of any human being should present an uninterrupted scene of pleasure-taking. Such a life would be the life of an idiot, and not the life of a rational being. Unless pleasure is made to alternate, more or less frequently, with the more sober, matter-of-fact business pursuits of life, it ceases to be pleasure. It is this kind of contrast, in connection with the very essential quality of always being innocent, "that gives it all its flavor." And hence it will be found, that those who do not addict themselves to some regular, useful employment, but seek their happiness in idleness and pleasure-taking only, or chiefly, are among the most miserable people that God ever made; and it is right that they should be. Those who make the amusements of life the business of life, are, and ought to be, and for ever will be total strangers to real, heart-felt felicity; for pleasure and happiness, so far from being one, as is too commonly supposed, have oftentimes no connection, as thousands in the world are fully prepared to testify from their own sad experience. There is much more that I would be glad to say under this head, if it were, in all respects, consistent to do so. But lest I should weary your patience, I will only add a few observations on the *present state* of female education.

III. I rejoice in the belief that the education of the female mind, at the present day, and particularly in this country, is assuming, and, in numerous instances, has assumed a far more healthful, elevated tone, than at any previous period. And one of the principal causes, as I conceive, of this salutary reform, is to be found in the fact, that this momentous interest is now more generally confided to ladies and gentlemen, who give the most satisfactory evidence that they are governed by enlightened, Christian views, and conscientious motives, in undertaking and discharging the sacred trust with which they are invested. The Church is waking up, as it long since should have done, to the vast importance of guarding our schools of every description, as it would guard the issues of life, against the corrupting or perverting influence of worldly-minded, unchristian, or anti-christian teachers, who have too generally *acted* upon the principle, whether they have *avowed* it or not, that in female education, "accomplishments" are first in

point of importance, intelligence second, and goodness last. Whereas, with the other class of instructors just referred to, this order is completely inverted. In their estimation, the cultivation of the heart should occupy the first rank, that of the intellect the second, and that of the manners, or the exterior, the third rank, in all rightly considered systems of female education. From such systems, some of those things usually regarded as highly valuable are utterly excluded. And such ornamental branches as are admitted to a place in these systems at all, are such only as are strictly compatible with the other parts to which your attention has been called, and are made to occupy that *subordinate* position which reason, common sense, and religion, all unite in assigning to them. The propriety of giving them such a position as this, will be the more apparent when we advert to the well known fact, that when those who have acquired them have entered into the conjugal relation, and become engaged in its concomitant duties, these ornamental branches are measurably, if not entirely laid aside, while, at the same time, occasions are almost incessantly presenting themselves, which require the exercise, either directly or indirectly, of all their other attainments.

In corroboration of this view of the subject, allow me to quote a passage from the writings of one, who may well be regarded as an honor to her sex, and an honor to human nature—of one, whose works, whose entire works, should occupy a conspicuous place in the library, and (next to the Bible itself) should be used as the *vade mecum*—the habitual companion—of every young lady, and, indeed, of every lady, whether young or otherwise. The works to which I refer, as you may well suppose, are those of that eminent Christian, accurate observer, profound and comprehensive thinker, and almost inimitable writer, Mrs. Hannah More. And I do not hesitate to say, that almost any article that could be selected from these works, (such, for example, as the one entitled, "A Cure for Melancholy,") is worth incomparably more than all the slipshod, love-sick, "wishy-washy" productions of novel writers that could be packed in this house. The passage to which I would ask your attention is this: "Though the arts which merely embellish life must claim our admiration; yet when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children." And I would here take occasion to add,

that when a man becomes connected with one whose acquirements are principally of a showy, superficial character, he will soon find, to his unspeakable vexation and annoyance, that she knows a little of almost every thing except what it is necessary or important that she should know. And, what is worse, persons whose education is almost exclusively ornamental, or intended so to be, often take it into their heads that they possess such extraordinary geniuses that any concern, on their part, about the dull routine of domestic duties, would be a most unreasonable condescension. In supposing, however, that they possess such extraordinary geniuses, they accuse themselves as wrongfully as did one of the ancient fathers, who, in the simplicity of his heart, imagined that he was benighted by an angel for being too Ciceronian in his style; when, in reality, nobody but himself would ever have suspected that he rose above the merest mediocrity in the art and power of composition. The truth is, my friends, that those young ladies who imagine that the possession of great genius, and attention to domestic duties, are incompatible, do, by this very means, afford one of the most conclusive proofs that they are not only destitute of this noble quality, but that they have yet to learn the legitimate acceptance of the term.

Let the understanding be enlightened, and let the heart be cultivated in right principles and virtuous affections, and depend upon it that an attractive, becoming exterior is thereby more effectually secured than it can be by any other means. For what, permit me to ask, are good manners but good sense and good nature agreeably displayed? "Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also." Whereas, the most sedulous endeavors to ingraft an agreeable exterior upon hearts and minds that are greatly deficient in these respects, may produce an abundance of affectation, but will utterly fail to make an interesting woman. And let no young ladies be deterred from making it their *chief* concern to secure those solid and essential attainments just alluded to, from a fear of being stigmatized with the appellation of "blues;" for rest assured that this is only one of the numerous and pitiful expedients resorted to by shallow-brained wits and coxcombs, to prevent the opposite sex from making such acquirements as will enable them to detect and despise, as they should, their ignorance and heartlessness. They are conscious of their own intellectual and moral worthlessness; and it being their supreme ambition to be well received among the ladies, they are always anxious that their condition, in this regard, should be as truly despicable as their own.

But we must hasten to a close. While female academies are multiplying around us, and are undergoing a most salutary change in the principles

upon which they are based, and in their systems and modes of instruction, there is another, and a vastly important department of education, which, it is to be feared, is not making a proportionate advancement; if, indeed, it is not, to a lamentable extent, making a retrograde movement. I allude, in this remark, to *domestic education*. Is there not a disposition, and a growing disposition, on the part of parents, to relax their *personal* attentions to the great business of educating their offspring, and to surrender them up almost entirely to their academic, and Sabbath school instructors, under the false and very pernicious idea, that, by these means, their own efforts are in a great measure, if not totally superseded? Whereas, without the continual concurrence and *co-operation* of parental instruction and discipline, it may well be questioned whether those other advantages will not actually prove an injury rather than a benefit to them: inflating them with vanity and self-conceit, and causing them to exhibit a contempt for parental authority, and an impatience of parental control, and banishing from among them that respectful, deferential behavior toward their seniors, generally, which is so ornamental to the youthful character, but which, it is to be regretted, is so much on the decline among us. And I would ask, and most respectfully ask, are not the young ladies of the present day growing up with infinitely too little instruction and training in those household, but highly commendable virtues, industry, frugality, economy, and the like? Thousands are afraid, yes, absolutely afraid to assume the responsibilities of a family, lest they should not be able, with all their exertions, to keep up those habits of extravagance and thriftlessness, which have become so alarmingly prevalent.

But while the very *words* industry, frugality, and economy, are getting to be proscribed as unbearably vulgar by that *parvenu*, self-styled aristocracy, which threatens to overspread some parts of our country like the frogs of Egypt, persons of good sense, correct principles, of real self-respect, and of genuine dignity and independence of character, are neither ashamed of the words, nor of the things themselves. In a country like this, especially, where there is no legalized robbery of the poor (as there is in England, and in other parts of the world) for the maintenance of an idle, heartless, aristocratic order, it is by the practice of these virtues, that families rise to respectability, substance, and influence. And let it be remembered, that it is by *continuing* to practice them that they maintain the commanding position thus acquired. Whereas, those who despise these virtues, and addict themselves to an opposite course, will, sooner or later, be brought down to such a condition of destitution, insignificance, and wretchedness, as to find none so poor as to do them reverence. Their fair-weather

friends will instantly and utterly desert them, and be suddenly seized with a strange kind of forgetfulness that any such persons ever existed. And as, in the days of their prosperity, they did not choose to cultivate the acquaintance of those whose friendships are founded in principle, and not in factitious appearances or circumstances, their situation is as truly deplorable as can well be imagined.

But, without presuming any longer upon the patience of the audience, I will simply conclude by expressing the hope, that my remarks, on this occasion, may be beneficial, in some good degree, to all that are in any way identified with this flourishing Institution, and by invoking, devoutly and humbly invoking, as I now do, the blessing of God upon you all!

Original.

### BIRD OF THE SUMMER.

BY MRS. HURLAN.

BIRD of the summer, why delay

Among these leafless bowers so long,  
Thy lovely mates are flown away,  
And no one answers thy sweet song.

The flowers are faded all, and gone,  
No blade of verdant grass is found,  
And the sear leaves are widely strown,  
And scattered o'er the frozen ground.

A gloomy cloud is on the sky,  
The chilling snow falls thick and fast,  
And, lonely bird, thy melody  
Is echoed by the stormy blast.

Then plume thy wings, and fly away,  
Where climes are warm, and skies are clear,  
Where genial zephyrs always play,  
And flowers blossom all the year.

There fountains flow in music by,  
Green forests wave in southern air,  
And groves are fill'd with melody,  
For all thy lovely mates are there.

I, too, would here no longer stay,  
In this cold world of grief and gloom,  
But take my joyous flight away,  
To fairer climes beyond the tomb.

### IDOLATRY.

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between  
The mental eye of faith and things unseen;  
Causing that brighter world to disappear—  
Or seems less lovely, and its hope less dear,  
This is our world—our idol, though it bear  
Affection's impress or devotion's air.

Original.

## THE BEREAVED.

"He who directs our fate, disperses oft,  
In empty air, the purest wish we breathe  
After some golden image of delight,  
And sets a labyrinth where we would walk.  
Deep in the distance of eternity God sees."

SINCE there is so much of sorrow and suffering in this lower world, how wise and how merciful is the economy of nature, which, during our probation here, has not only hidden from us the changes and the vicissitudes of the future, but has also kindly implanted within us the principle of hope, to cheer and sustain us, as the clouds of affliction and adversity gather about us on our way! How would our hearts become saddened and our energies paralyzed on the very threshold of life, if we knew but half the ills that await us on its journey—but half the rude assaults we must endure from the world, before that journey is ended!

Experience and observation have both been my teachers upon this arrangement of Providence; and I never see a group of happy young faces hovering, perhaps, about a school-house, or perambulating the fields, but it carries me back to the morning of my own sanguine and joyous existence, when

"Life was new,

And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

And a musing sadness steals upon me, to think how soon a change will pass over their buoyant spirits—how soon grief, disaster, or care, will usurp the place of joy—how soon the features, now wreathed in smiles, will wear the impress of reality and life, never again to beam with the unclouded sunshine of joyous girlhood!

But, since it is so, it is good. And it were well, in the rearing of these youth, to lay the foundation deep in piety, that they be strong and enduring by obedience and by faith.

Such a group as is mentioned, I encountered a few mornings since; and, after passing them, my long walk homeward was beguiled of its weariness by the visions of departed days. Voices, long since silent in the grave, were sounding in my ears, scenes were recalled, and faces which, in the progress of events, had borne perhaps the treble stamp of time, of sickness, and suffering, now stood rejuvenated before me. Amidst this visionary panorama, there were two sisters who seemed presented with more freshness, more relieved, as it were, from the canvass than the rest.

A brief history of one of them I shall now present to the reader, in the hope that, whilst it meets the eye, it may also reach the heart of some who, perhaps, have over-estimated their own trials, and have indulged in inordinate bewailings over misfortunes, or bereavements, which might have been

better submitted to, and which bear no proportion to those which fell to the lot of this unhappy woman, as mother, wife, and widow.

But to take her history from the beginning. Susan and Maria P. were the only daughters of their parents. The difference in their ages was about two years. My acquaintance with them commenced at school, where they were seniors whilst I was yet a junior. I remember vividly of having admired the uncommon loveliness of the elder—a blonde beauty, with fair hair and blue, sweet eyes. Perhaps, after all, it was rather her amiable disposition that charmed me; for she was mild, gentle, affectionate, and retiring in character. Every girl in school loved her.

The sister was a brunette, lively, animated, self-confiding. These sisters were as dissimilar in character as they were in person, each possessing some respective merits; and they were fondly attached to each other.

In their intercourse together, from the greater forwardness of the younger, a spectator would have believed her the older sister. But the evidence of the eye instantly contradicted this impression; for whilst she was very small in person, her sister rather exceeded the common stature of females. They were then about the ages of sixteen and fourteen years. They were making good progress in their studies, when, one day, there arrived unexpectedly a messenger to take them home—their mother was ill. In a few days she died, and they returned to school no more. This is the first bereavement which we record to the family. I should, perhaps, have mentioned that their condition in life was of the first respectability. They were not rich, but possessed of an independent competency, and had been, with their two sons, altogether a happy family.

About two years after the sisters left school, the elder was happily and advantageously married. She was unwilling to leave her sister the only female in her father's house; and her husband acquiesced in the arrangement that they should remain inmates, for a season, in the homestead, before they took an establishment to themselves. But scarcely two years had elapsed after Susan's marriage, before this fairest flower was plucked away, just as she completed her preparations for her own housekeeping. She went not to her earthly house, but was conducted by the grim despoiler to the "house appointed for all living." But she submitted with instant resignation, a holy obedience being added to her natural graces of disposition. The widowed bridegroom scarcely mourned more than did the bereaved sister.

A year after his daughter's death, the father took a new wife; and the house being once more animated by company, Maria became more cheer-

ful. It was well for her that she was of a different mold from her buried sister; that she was indued with an energy and spirit that rose buoyant from the pressure of misfortune and grief; for suffering in full measure was destined to be hers.

Whilst she was as gay as a bird, and as thoughtless of the future, she was to be stripped of all her earthly comforts—and this that she might become meet for an inheritance in heaven. But I will not anticipate the order of my narrative.

When Maria was about eighteen years of age, she was sought in marriage by one who had loved her almost from childhood, and for whom she had long cherished an answering regard. As the connection was an acceptable one to both families, there were no objections thrown in the way; and though the parties were very young, they were soon married.

And Maria left her father's house to become the happy mistress of her own. Her husband, Mr. B., held a lucrative public office in the city. His character was excellent. Domestic in his habits, and benevolent in his feelings, he was kind to every living thing. He was one of the few amongst men who, with the sensitive Cowper, would not

"Crush the worm that crawls upon the public walk,  
But step aside and let the reptile live."

Such were the fair auspices with which Maria commenced her wedded life; and the future promised to be as fair, and, hoping in her children, even fairer than the present. She enjoyed, indeed, many years of happiness ere the evil days drew nigh, in which, taking up the lamentation of the preacher, she exclaimed that she had no pleasure in them.

What a change was this! The web of her fate seemed to be composed of golden threads—alas! its woof was all of sable ones. The first household affliction was the death of her first-born, an infant of a year old. For this child the parents mourned as those will mourn who have neither resignation nor religion. The Gospel, with its healing balm, was as yet unknown to them. Grief alone prevailed; and for awhile their house and their hearts were equally desolate. But nature kindly permits the young to weep freely, and being thus relieved of the anguish of grief, they are sooner comforted. A gush of tenderness would come over the heart of the young mother, at the thought of her buried babe; but now that another supplied its place, she was reconciled. With the mature, grief strikes deeper—it is with them a more abiding emotion; but whilst there is in reality more suffering, there is less appearance of it. They often seem calm whilst shedding

"The heart-felt tear,  
That never wets the cheek."

So poor Maria found it later in life. Years passed away; and, surrounded by her domestic

cares and enjoyments, I knew nothing more of Maria than what might be gleaned from seeing her at church, where she usually attended on the Sabbath, with her husband and children. The latter had all, one after the other, been offered in baptism to Him who, as yet, possessed not her heart.

Such was the aspect of Maria's domestic prospects when I left my native place; and I heard nothing more of her for years. Subsequently, however, I learned that her family had increased until she was the mother of seven children in addition to the one she had buried. The three eldest were all uncommonly fine boys. Then came a daughter, and after her three more boys. These children were healthy, docile, and happy; and the parents' hearts clung to them with a feeling little short of idolatry. Alas! how soon were some of these earthly idols to be removed, and in the stricken heart of the mother to make way for a holier worship.

It was during one of those cold and long protracted springs that frequently occur in the climate of New England, that the scarlet fever made its appearance in the city with fearful fatality, gleaning mostly from every flock the very young. Maria's family was one of the first into which the disease found its way. Nearly all her children sickened, and the calamity dismayed her inmost soul.

She had neglected religion in the days of her prosperity—the door-posts of her habitation were not sprinkled with the blood of the lamb—the pestilence raged in the city, and the angel of death had no authority to withhold his hand. One died, a second, and a third! Three of her children were taken from her at a stroke. The soul-stricken parents could hardly spare a moment from the remaining sick to commit their babes, interred within twenty-four hours of each other, to the earth. These were sad, dark moments. The parents thanked God for the restoration of their other child. "Affliction," the wise man says, "is good." It acted on the self-garnered heart of Maria like the rod of Moses upon the rock of the desert. When struck it opened, and the well-spring of piety gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it first consolation and then joy.

It was during the prevalence of this fatal disease that there was a general awakening in most of the Churches in the city. The good work began in the congregation of Maria's own Church, and she and her husband both felt that the step-pings of the Almighty were in their midst. And they together resolved, while the Gospel pool was stirred, to step in and be healed of their spiritual infirmities. And after making a full surrender of themselves and their surviving children unto God, they enrolled themselves amongst his

followers, and became consistent and happy Christians.

They now opened their house for social worship, and strove, by every means in their power, to redeem the time they had lost. These meetings, almost made up as they were of new converts, were truly spiritual. They called themselves Episcopalians, but in their zeal in their worship they resembled more a congregation of Methodists. I have witnessed the transporting and the transforming influence of grace upon the heart of more than one individual "born of the Spirit" in that assembly. Maria's conversion had been of a different stamp, more quiet and less signal. From her first religious impressions her character had been slowly ripening into the mature Christian.

The portrait painter first spreads his canvass, and, after some preliminary arrangements, boldly strikes the outline and features of his subject; and then, by repeated and delicate touches, produces the coloring, the light, the shade, and the effect, the whole being the life-like expression intended; so like, perhaps, that the original himself acknowledges the resemblance. So was it with Maria—she had spread and prepared her heart for the impress of the Divine Spirit; and by subduing sin after sin, and adding grace unto grace, she at last effected her purpose, and was acknowledged by all to have attained some likeness to the Divine Original. And though she now appeared less gay than formerly, she was more established and more happy—though she smiled less, she rejoiced more. Her voice, which was very fine, and by which she formerly made the house vocal with fashionable songs, might now be heard plaintively singing—

"O, for a closer walk with God!"

and the like sacred melodies.

Her husband was constitutionally somewhat inclined to melancholy, and found it difficult to become social even at his own fireside.

Their four elder, still living children, grew apace; and although no longer idolized, were still, perhaps, more indulged than formerly. Both parents watched over them with a vigilance that seldom lost sight of them for a moment. Although the boys were now old enough to become companionable, the father might often be seen walking the streets with the two younger by the hand, whilst the older would seek society of his own age.

The mother and daughter were almost inseparable. At home and abroad they were ever together. And a sweet child she was, combining in disposition the vivacity of her mother with the feminine gentleness of a long departed relative—her mother's sister, **Ben**.

But I must hasten on with my tragical narrative—so tragical, the whole simple truth, that human ingenuity could scarcely add exaggeration to it.

Thus guarded and indulged, the sons had now attained to the ages of seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen years, when, one bright Sabbath morning in early summer, after the family had made preparation for church, the brothers were left in the hall awaiting the ringing of the church-going bell, whilst the rest of the family were above stairs. When the parents were summoned below by its sound, the hall was found empty. This created surprise, but at first no alarm. A servant was sent into the garden to look them up, but they were not to be found. The father now took his hat and sallied forth in quest of them; but could learn nothing of their whereabouts. It was altogether a mysterious affair—they had never so committed themselves before.

The parents now became excited—gave up going to church; and whilst the father again went out upon the search, the mother was waiting with agitation the tidings he might bring home. After about an hour of fruitless inquiry, he returned home to see if they were there. The whole neighborhood soon became informed of the matter. And it was now found that two other large boys, their intimates, were also missing. And they were finally traced to the water, where the whole five had been seen to put off in a boat—two hours before. Neither of them, old as they were, was in the least acquainted with the management of a boat. The three distracted fathers now took a boat, and went down the river in pursuit of them, knowing that they must have taken that direction to avoid the city. After sailing about for an hour or more, they thought that they saw some object moving in the water at a great distance. They hastened rapidly on, but nothing was visible; and just as they concluded that they had been deceived, they discovered the same small object near to the shore. A few strokes of the oar and they reached it. Merciful Father! it was a dog dragging a lifeless body to the shore. It was one of the missing boys, but not one of Mr. B.'s. It was now pretty certain that their boat had been overturned; and at this assurance one deep groan of anguish went up from the rent hearts of those parents. Whilst the father of the boy drawn on the shore was hanging in agony over what he thought the corpse of his son, signs of life appeared, and the child was eventually resuscitated and restored.

The dog, seeming to be assured of the care that would be taken of his young master, now plunged into the water and swam midway into the river. At length he was seen returning to the shore with something in his mouth. O, heart-breaking sight! it was the hat of one of Mr. B.'s poor boys. When he saw it, he moved not, he spoke not; and the paleness and the rigidity of death was seen to pass over his features. He was carried home and put

in his bed, from whence it was supposed he would never more arise. The spot indicated by the dog was examined, and two of his boys were dragged up from the depth of the channel. The other two boys were not found until after the lapse of several days.

As the bodies of Mr. B.'s sons were brought into the house, the mother appeared awed and dismayed into silence. At length nature relented, and she hung in agony over them, and wept tears of such bitterness as few have ever been called to shed. The father never looked on them again.

The boy that was saved revealed the whole adventure. It seemed as the two neighbor boys were going by stealth to take a sail, they passed by the open door of Mr. B.'s house; and seeing the boys in the hall, they enticed them to go with them, and they, who had been so faithfully warned to reverence the Sabbath day, consented; and for this act of disobedience they paid the forfeit of their lives.

In this her deepest affliction, Maria missed the consoling and sustaining sympathy of her husband. A paralysis seemed to pervade his heart; and it was an endeavor to arouse him from this calm despair that now gave her energy to exert herself. She at length so far succeeded as to perceive his heart once more interested toward herself and their sole surviving child. But the shock had been tremendous. His interests in life never again awakened. He was in the world, but not of the world. Even business was no longer any thing to him, and he resigned his office to sit down at home and ponder over his bereavements, and weep for his lost ones.

And thus it went on month after month, and year after year, until he was pronounced by the physicians a sad, despairing monomaniac. He would rove out looking for his lost boys, and then return home, seemingly conscious anew of their death. Without them life seemed a burden to him; and in his aberration of mind, he one day wandered off unperceived, took a boat, and pushed from the shore toward the place where they perished; and two days afterward his own lifeless body was drawn up from nearly the same spot.

Poor Maria! The reader is doubtless anxious to know what became of her. Her tried heart did not break; for she had attained to genuine religion, and patience and resignation had in her their perfect work. She had her Savior's breast to lean upon, and still one dear child to live for. And she humbly thanked God that it was so, and looked upon this child at least as a solace and a companion of her coming age.

Time sped on, and her daughter is a lovely young woman, promised in marriage to one worthy of her. All the arrangements for the occasion are made. The mother, by the wish of all parties, is to reside

with her daughter. Their house is provided, and liberally furnished by the bridegroom. And now the wedding takes place, and they remove to their new habitation; and, in the fullness of her daughter's happiness, Maria seems once more to rejoice with something like an earthly joy. Alas! alas, for her! This young bride had not been two weeks married before she sickened of a fever; and in ten days more the grave had closed over her. She was the last child, and Maria was—*alone*.

How few amidst the afflicted on earth can enter into the feelings of this desolate mourner! She felt like one who, having survived the earthquake, and recovered from her first dismay, looks around for her loved ones; but she finds they are gone—they have been its victims; and assured of this, she awaits without dread its second shock.

She was ever after quiet and passive, but wore a frightened and piteous look—never spoke of her griefs, and only once wept vehemently on hearing that chapter in the Bible read that enjoins the reapers not to glean *all* the sheaves, but to leave a portion for the poor. She exclaimed, "O, the reaper Death!" But she did not long survive this last afflictive stroke. Hardly more than middle-aged, without any specific disease, she wasted away, growing weaker day by day, until her summons came, and she, too, was called to lay down her weary dust beside that of her buried household. Her ransomed spirit, we trust, ascended to its God.

I would remark, in conclusion, that these incidents, however uncommon, are strictly conformed to facts. The narrative will doubtless be recognized by many of the readers of the Repository.

AUGUSTA.



#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO READERS.—The readers of this number of the Repository may desire to be informed who superintended the issue. The former editor, Bishop Hamline, was very unexpectedly called away from its pages. The supplies for the Repository were altogether exhausted before his departure for General conference, by printing beforehand at least one number. The recently elected editor, the Rev. E. Thomson, was as unexpectedly appointed editor as his predecessor was to another field of labor. It was impossible for him to arrive in Cincinnati in time to prepare any thing for the present number. Besides, the correspondents seem to have suspended, in general, their contributions until they would learn who was to be the future editor. The editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* was therefore compelled, from the circumstances of the case, to do the best he could to supply the unavoidable absence of the new editor. His own duties were about as much as he could well perform. He has selected the best articles in his possession. As a whole, we cannot pronounce it equal to many others. Nevertheless, we trust our friends will be satisfied; especially as the new editor is in every respect equal to the task of meeting their largest expectations.







*North River*

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1844.

Original.  
**HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.**  
The Bible, independently of its religious character, is considered its

a person declares his will in relation to his property after his death. This is not, however, its meaning when applied to the Scriptures. It is taken from the Greek translation of the Hebrew word mean-

ing agreement. The word compact which God made with his people; and thus prement, the compact, the compact in the writings of the old dispensation. The name Old Testament, therefore, denotes the record made by Jehovah with his people under the name. By whom this title is known; yet it can be dated—to within two

eras. The Old Testament into three parts, and the Hagiographia, is division reference is made: "All things must be fulfilled in the law of Moses, and the Psalms, concerning me." The first five books, called the Pentateuch, included the Psalms, and Solomon's Song; and all the rest.

The Old Testament were written by the prophet Daniel and some were written in Chaldee. It is supposed that these books were written during which many of the prophets had intercourse with the Chaltheir language.

The New Testament were all written by the apostles, perhaps, Matthew, whose name is supposed to have been first written in Chaltheic, the language then spo-

way of eminence, to distinguish it from all other books, as being infinitely superior to every uninspired production of the human mind. In the same way, the name Koran is given to the writings of Mohammed, intimating that they are the chief writings to be read, or, eminently, the reading.

2. The common division of the Bible is into the Old and New Testament. This word, with us, means a will, an instrument in writing, by which

3. It is the testimony of all antiquity, that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, with the exception of the last chapter of Deuteronomy, which records his death and burial. That was probably added by Joshua, his successor. The Hagiographia, or holy writings, were mostly written by David and Solomon, though several of the Psalms were composed by other individuals. The books of the prophets were written by the persons

*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, appearing as a faint scribble.*

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1844.

Original.

## HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE Bible, independently of its religious character, is an interesting book, whether we consider its antiquity, its origin, its wide circulation, or the events which it relates and predicts.

Should an individual come among us, claiming to have lived in this world more than three thousand years—to have had communications with the Deity, and to have been sent to us to reveal his will respecting our duty—bringing down to us the sayings and doings of many of the wisest and best men that have ever lived—giving us much information respecting the early ages of our race, and, indeed, the only information on which we could confidently rely—I say, should such a man appear among us, and take up his residence with us, we should feel a deep interest in him—we should be curious to know his origin—his education—where he had been—what he had done—in short, to know his history.

Now, though we are acquainted with no individual of this description, yet we have a book which does answer to it in several particulars. Some portions of it are more than three thousand years old—it claims to be a revelation from God—it contains the only authentic records of the early history of man, and of the creation of the world—it tells us what wise and good men, in past ages, have thought, and how they have conducted—it makes us acquainted with some of the most astonishing and interesting events that have transpired in the world. Such a book is the Bible. Independently of its religious character—considered simply as a book of high antiquity—regarded merely in a literary point of view—it cannot fail to be interesting to those who are fond of acquiring knowledge.

With these views, I have selected as the subject of this paper, the "literary history of the Bible."

1. The word Bible, as some of you may know, is the English form of the Greek word *Biblos*, which means book. It is called the Bible, or the *book*, by way of eminence, to distinguish it from all other books, as being infinitely superior to every uninspired production of the human mind. In the same way, the name Koran is given to the writings of Mohammed, intimating that they are the chief writings to be read, or, eminently, the reading.

2. The common division of the Bible is into the Old and New Testament. This word, with us, means a will, an instrument in writing, by which

a person declares his will in relation to his property after his death. This is not, however, its meaning when applied to the Scriptures. It is taken from the Greek translation of the Hebrew word meaning covenant, compact, or agreement. The word is applied to the covenant or compact which God made with the Jews to be their God; and thus primarily denotes the agreement, the compact, the promises, the institutions of the old dispensation, and then the record of that compact in the writings of Moses and the prophets. The name Old Testament, or old covenant, therefore, denotes the record of the compact, or institution, made by Jehovah with his people, or his dispensation under the Jewish economy. The name New Testament denotes the record of his compact with his people under the Messiah, or since Christ came. By whom this title was given is not certainly known; yet it can be traced back to a very early date—to within two centuries of the Christian era.

The Jews divided the Old Testament into three parts—the law, the prophets, and the Hagiographia, or holy writings. To this division reference is made by our Savior in Luke: "All things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me." The law comprised the first five books, called the Pentateuch—Hagiographia included the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song; and the prophets comprised all the rest.

The books of the Old Testament were written in Hebrew, with the exception of Daniel and some parts of Ezra, which were written in Chaldee. The reason of this is, that these books were written after the captivity, during which many of the Jews had learned, by intercourse with the Chaldeans, or Babylonians, their language.

The books of the New Testament were all written in Greek, except, perhaps, Matthew, whose Gospel is by some supposed to have been first written in Hebrew, or Syriac, the language then spoken in Judea.

3. It is the testimony of all antiquity, that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, with the exception of the last chapter of Deuteronomy, which records his death and burial. That was probably added by Joshua, his successor. The Hagiographia, or holy writings, were mostly written by David and Solomon, though several of the Psalms were composed by other individuals. The books of the prophets were written by the persons

whose names they bear; and the historical parts were written by different individuals, whose names have not come down to us. But this circumstance does not weaken their authority as inspired writings; because we have the strongest historical testimony possible, that the same books which compose our Bible were originally received as the inspired oracles of God by the Jews, who had full evidence of their Divine original. The absence of the name of the writer does not invalidate the claim of the book to inspiration, any more than the same circumstance would go to prove the falseness of history. A true history of a country, or of an event, may be written by an unknown person; and if they who live at the time such a history makes its appearance, and who, therefore, have the means of ascertaining its truth, receive it as true, then there is no reason why those who come after them should reject it.

The Old Testament, you will see, was not written all at once. Moses wrote his books about fifteen hundred years before Christ, and Malachi lived about four hundred prior to that event. The books, then, were written at different intervals, extending through a period of more than one thousand years.

4. These books were collected, it is supposed, into one volume by Ezra, soon after the return from the Babylonian captivity, B. C. 456, with the exception of Zechariah and Malachi, which, as these prophets did not write till after the death of Ezra, could not have been included till after this period.

The books of the New Testament were all written within about sixty years after the death of Christ. Of all the various opinions that have been maintained concerning the person who first collected the books of the New Testament, the most general seems to be that this was done by St. John, nearly at the close of the first century of the Christian era.

5. The books of the Bible were anciently written without any breaks, or divisions into chapters and verses. For convenience, the Jews early divided the Old Testament into greater and smaller sections. These sections, in the law and prophets, were read in the worship of the synagogue, and corresponded in number to the Sabbaths of the year. The division of the Old Testament into chapters, as we at present have them, is of modern date. It was first adopted by Cardinal Hugo, who wrote a celebrated commentary on the Scriptures about the middle of the thirteenth century. But he did not subdivide the chapters into verses as they now are. This was done by Mordecai Nathan, a famous Jewish Rabbi, who flourished about the time of Hugo.

The verses into which the New Testament is divided are still more modern, and are an imitation

of those used by the Jewish Rabbi in the thirteenth century. This division was invented and used by Robert Stephens, in an edition of the New Testament in 1561. It was made while he was on his journey from Lyons to Paris, during the intervals of rest from traveling. You will perceive, then, that these divisions are wholly of human invention—made solely for the sake of more convenient reference. It is evident that they were not, in all cases, judiciously made. The sense is often interrupted by the close of a chapter, and still oftener by the break in the verses. In reading the Bible, therefore, little regard should be had to this division. The only use is for reference; and as all the books that have been printed for three hundred years, that refer to the Bible, have made their references to these chapters and verses, any attempt to alter them for general use would be to introduce endless confusion in quoting the Scriptures.

6. Translations of the Bible. After the Hebrew had ceased to be spoken, and had become a dead language, in the second century before Christ, and still more after the spread of Christianity, translations of the Hebrew Scriptures into the prevailing languages of the age became a thing of necessity, both to Jews and Christians, in Palestine and other countries. Accordingly, almost every language then current received at least one version, which became of ecclesiastical authority, and was used instead of the original Hebrew. In this way there arose, almost contemporaneously, the Alexandrian version, for the Grecian and Egyptian Jews, and the earliest Chaldee versions, for those who dwelt in Palestine and Babylonia. After the introduction of Christianity, the Syrian Christians made the Syriac version; and the Latin Christians procured a Latin version, which, at the close of the fourth century, was superseded by the version of Jerome, called the Vulgate. After the wide extension of the Arabic language, produced by the Arabian conquests, both Jews and Christians began to translate the Scriptures into Arabic also.

The Alexandrian translation, or Septuagint, as it is more generally called, is the oldest of all the Greek, or, indeed, of all the versions whatever of the Old Testament. The origin of this version is, in some degree, veiled in Jewish legends. According to them, Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt from 284 to 296, B. C., having formed the wish, through the advice of his librarian, Demetrius Phalerius, to possess a Greek translation of the Mosaic writings for the Alexandrian library, sent an embassy to Jerusalem for this object, and obtained a Hebrew manuscript, and seventy-two learned Jews to translate it. These all labored together in the translation, which, after mutual consultation, they dictated to Demetrius. A more probable supposition is, that, after the Jews had settled in Egypt

in great numbers, and had forgotten, in a great measure, the Hebrew language, a Greek translation of the Scriptures became necessary for the use of the public worship in their synagogues. This would, in all probability, be prepared under the authority of the Sanhedrim, which consisted of seventy-two members. But whatever may be the truth respecting the origin of this translation, there was such a one made about two hundred and forty years before Christ. It is called the Septuagint, from the number engaged in translating it—that being the Latin name for seventy.

Other translations were made in the various languages then prevalent; but, as it would transcend our limits to notice them, I pass to a subject more particularly interesting to us—the history of the English translation of the Bible.

It would be difficult to ascertain precisely when the Scriptures were first translated into the language of Great Britain. It is well settled that the Saxons read the Bible in their own language, some parts having been translated as early as the eighth century. It is supposed, though not absolutely certain, that the whole Bible was translated into that language by the venerable Bede, about the year 730.

The first translation of the whole Bible into the English tongue was made by some unknown individual, about the year 1290. About ninety years afterward, John Wickliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, translated the entire Scriptures into English from the Latin. This was about eighty years before the invention of printing; and the labor and expense of transcribing it probably prevented a very extensive circulation among the people. This expense was so great that the price of a New Testament was not less than £40 sterling, or \$177.76 of our money. Yet this translation is known to have produced a powerful effect on the minds of the people. Knowledge was beginning to be sought for with avidity—the eyes of the people were beginning to be opened to the abominations of the Church of Rome, and the national mind was preparing for the great change which followed in the days of Luther. So deep was the impression made by Wickliffe's translation, and so dangerous was it thought to be to the interest of the Catholic religion, that a bill was brought into the House of Lords for the purpose of suppressing it. The bill was rejected through the influence of the Duke of Lancaster; and this gave encouragement to the friends of Wickliffe to publish a more correct translation of the Bible. At a convocation, however, held at Oxford, in 1408, it was decreed that no one should translate any text of holy Scripture into English, or any other tongue, in the way of book, tract, or treatise; and that no publication of this sort, composed in the time of John

Wickliffe, or since, or thereafter to be composed, should be read, either in part or in whole, either in public or in private, under the pain of the greater excommunication, until such translation should be approved by the diocesan of the place. Every one who should act in contradiction to this order, to be punished as an abettor of heresy and error. From the reign of Henry IV to the Reformation, every one who owned a fragment of Wickliffe's Bible was conscious of harboring a witness, whose appearance would infallibly consign him to the dungeon, and possibly to the flames: "Then," says Milton, "was the sacred Bible sought out from dusty corners; the schools were opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; princes and cities trooped apace to the newly erected banners of salvation. Martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shook the powers of darkness, and scorned the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

The art of printing was discovered in 1457. The Latin Bible was printed in 1462. In 1488, the Old Testament was printed in Hebrew, and in 1516, the New Testament in Greek. In 1474, the art of printing was brought into England, and a press was set up at Westminster. The monks were greatly alarmed by these proceedings. They disclaimed from their pulpits that there was now a new language discovered, called Greek, of which people should beware, since it was that which produced all the heresies; that in this language was come forth a book, called the New Testament, which was in every body's hands, and was full of thorns and briars; that there was also now another language started up, which they called Hebrew, and those who learned it were termed Hebrews. The Vicar of Croydon, preaching at Paul's Cross, said, "We must root out printing, or printing will root out us."

For the first *printed* English translation of any portion of the Bible, we are indebted to William Tyndal. This faithful confessor was born on the borders of Wales, and was educated at the University of Oxford. Having in vain attempted to introduce himself into the Bishop of London's family, in order that he might there prosecute, with greater security, his design of translating the New Testament into English, he repaired to Flanders, at the expense of a Mr. Monmouth, of London. At Antwerp, with the assistance of two other learned men, both afterward put to death for their opinions, he applied himself closely to the work of translating the New Testament from the original Greek.

The first edition appeared in 1526. Copies of it were imported into London, where it was very industriously circulated and read. Archbishop Warham and the Bishop of London immediately issued

orders to bring in all the New Testaments translated into English, that they might be burned. Those who were suspected of importing and concealing any of these books, were adjudged, by the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, to ride with their faces to the tails of their horses, with papers on their heads, and the New Testaments and other books which they had dispersed hung about their cloaks; and at the standard in Cheapside to throw them into a fire prepared for that purpose, and to be fined at the King's pleasure. But all this had little effect, except to turn public attention to the subject. Several editions of the New Testament appeared soon after, of several thousands each, and were soon disposed of. This gave offense to the friends of the Romish Church; and a plan was laid by the English bishops to ruin the man whose New Testament was circulating so widely among the people. He was seized in the name of the Emperor, and imprisoned at Antwerp a year and a half. After many disputations and examinations, he was condemned as a heretic. When he was brought to the place of execution, he prayed, with loud voice and fervent zeal, that the Lord would open the eyes of the King of England; and he was then strangled, and his body was burned.

In 1534, Archbishop Cranmer prevailed upon the convocation of bishops to frame an address to the King, praying that he would authorize the translation of the Bible into English. In pursuance of this design, Cranmer divided Tyndal's translation of the New Testament into nine or ten parts, which he distributed among the most learned bishops of the age. They all entered on the work, except the Bishop of London, whose share was the Acts of the Apostles. His feelings respecting it are seen in the following language, which he made use of: "I marvel much what my Lord of Canterbury meaneth, that thus abaseth the people, and in giving them liberty to read the Scriptures, which doth nothing else but infest them with heresy. I have bestowed never an hour on my portion, and never will; and therefore my Lord of Canterbury shall have his book again; for I never will be guilty of bringing the simple people into error."

The 4th of October, 1555, was signalized by the publication, for the first time, of the whole Bible in the English language. It was probably printed at Zurich, in Switzerland. It was translated by Miles Coverdale, by whom it was dedicated to Henry VIII, in the following language: "Unto the most victorious Prince, and our most gracious sovereign Lord King Henry the Eighth, King of England and of France, Lord of Ireland, defender of the faith, and, under God, the Chief and Supreme Head of the Church of England."

Coverdale was a native of Yorkshire. He was educated at Cambridge, and became Bishop of Ex-

eter; but entertaining principles favorable to the Reformation, he was obliged to escape to the continent, where he zealously applied himself to the study and translation of the Scriptures. His translation is said to have been a great improvement on Tyndal's. He uses the purest style then in vogue. To him and the translators of the present authorized version, our language owes, perhaps, more than to all the authors who have written since.

But these translations were, in general, obnoxious to the Catholic part of the English nation; and several parliamentary edicts were sent forth in the reign of Henry VIII, prohibiting, under severe penalties, the translating or reading the Bible in the English tongue.

In the reign of Edward VI, (1547,) the Reformation was encouraged, and these acts were repealed. The reign of Mary, which followed, was too unfavorable for translations into English, and none were made. But in the reign of Elizabeth things wore a brighter aspect. The Liturgy was revised and established, and the Bible was translated under the direction of Archbishop Parker, in 1568.

These labors of the Protestants had their effect on the Catholics. As they would not use the versions of those whom they considered heretics, and were ashamed of having no version for their use, they undertook to translate as far as they were permitted. Their translation was completed in 1610, and printed at Douay—hence called the Douay Bible. It is the only version which the Catholics of the present day allow to be correct.

The existence of so many translations of the Bible was soon felt to be an inconvenience. Having been made by single individuals, or by a very few, and that, too, without the proper helps, it was to be expected that many faults would be found in them. At a convocation of the clergy in 1603, soon after the accession of James I, complaints were made of these faults to the King, who authorized and enjoined a new translation. This version is the one we possess, and is probably destined to remain to the end of time as one of the most splendid monuments of scholarship and success the world has ever seen.

It claims the highest character for accuracy: which claim is founded on the number and qualifications of the translators, the manner in which they executed their task, and the circumstances of the times in which they lived. The men appointed for this important labor were fifty-four in number, all of them pre-eminently distinguished for piety, and sound learning in the original languages of the text. Seven of them died, or declined the task, before the commencement of the work, and the remaining forty-seven were divided into six classes, from seven to ten in each. To each of these classes was assigned a certain portion of the Scriptures.



Each individual translated his portion by himself. These several translations were then read by the whole division, who together agreed upon the final reading. The part thus finished was sent to each of the other divisions to be revised—by which arrangement, every part of the Bible passed the scrutiny of each of the forty-seven translators successively. Besides, these translators were authorized to call to their aid any learned men whose studies might enable them to shed light on any difficult passages. The whole work occupied about three years; and all the translators lived to see its completion.

One circumstance in the aspect of the times deserves special attention, as it affords another most satisfactory evidence of its impartiality. The Protestant world was more nearly harmonious in sentiment than it has ever been since. It was not yet divided into sects and parties. There were only two divisions of Christendom—the Catholics and the Protestants. The latter were all marshaled under one banner; and being occupied in opposing one mighty enemy, had not yet found time to attack one another, and build up distinct parties. You will see how favorable this state of things was to an impartial translation. There was no temptation, on the part of the translators, to give to any passage a sectarian meaning. In this respect, it may be pronounced incapable of amendment. Were a translation attempted at the present day, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to make one which should secure the confidence of all the differing denominations. But it so happened that the version we possess was made just at that auspicious moment of peace and harmony among Protestants, which has secured its adoption by all as a common standard. None can charge it with partiality, as favoring this or that sect, for the good reason that sects did not then exist. Men may differ in their construction of particular passages; but I know of no denomination which has generally expressed a desire for a new and different translation.

It is sometimes said that modern advances in knowledge of the original Scriptures have been so great, that many errors have been detected in the present version. So much has been said by some on this subject, that much has been done to shake the confidence of many in its correctness. Let it be understood, however, that such assertions do not refer to any thing important—any essential truth—but exclusively to minor points of criticism. It is the testimony of the learned of all denominations, who are most competent to decide, that all the corrections and alterations that could be properly made, would not alter a single doctrine or duty stated in the Bible.

It is an interesting circumstance, in connection with this subject, that during that long period of

more than one thousand years of general darkness, there was in England in each century, excepting the fifth and sixth, some one or more scholars, pre-eminent for knowledge of the Hebrew language. At the period when the first English translations were printed, such examples, instead of being few, like a star here and there in a cloudy sky, were so numerous as to form an illustrious constellation, whose light has reached our own age. Knowledge, indeed, is more diffused at the present day; but it should be borne in mind that the diffusion of knowledge is not the same as accuracy and depth; and while the multitude may have a superficial knowledge of a great many things, they may have no accurate and profound knowledge of any. Many of our fathers were, from their youth, familiar with the original Scriptures; and in former generations some ministers were accustomed to read, morning and evening, at the family altar, out of the Greek and Hebrew Bible.

Such is briefly the history of the Scriptures. Their remarkable preservation and transmission furnishes striking evidence of their inherent and indestructible power. How ineffectual have been all efforts to bury them in oblivion! The time has been when to read the Bible was death. Infidelity has fought against it; but it still lives, and is, at this moment, more widely diffused than any other book on earth. And in its past success we have a pledge of its future triumph. The light which it has kindled up in this world will never be extinguished. It will burn with increasing brightness till its cheering influence shall be felt to earth's remotest bounds.



Original.

THE WISH.

Addressed to an elderly lady on her birth-day.

THE sage, as he stands on the verge of the tomb,  
Looks back on the life that is past;  
And forward, beyond the chill grave's dismal gloom,  
To a heaven of glory and rest.

The past like a point or a moment appears,  
Closely checkered with bliss and alloy;  
But, through faith in the Savior, futurity wears  
An aspect irradiant with joy.

But the end of a year, and the end of a life,  
To the Christian afford a like view:  
The past, with sorrows and joys, appears brief,  
While hope paints the future's bright hue.

Thus may you, as each year passes quickly away,  
Find its moments of bliss still increase;  
Till the last and the best shall lose its last day  
In realized visions of peace. W.

Original.

## INFIDELITY.

WHAT is there so repugnant to the feelings of one who is possessed of the slightest degree of reverence, as to see man, weak, helpless, and accountable man, denying the existence of God? Surely, if there is a defect of human beings that merits the disapprobation of the Almighty, or if there is exhibited a trait of character that bears the evidence of a perfect destitution of moral principle, it is this. Man, on every side, beholds his pathway strewed with blessings, in which are visible the marks of a designing hand. He revels in these bounties seemingly unconscious that he has any thing to pay in return, and distributes them according to his pleasure. He is not unconscious of the beauties of nature; but inquire of him their origin, and he will endeavor to convince you that these are freaks of Nature, which have occurred by chance alone. Bid him gaze upon the canopy of heaven, when the rays of the summer sun are mingling their light with the clouds that decorate its surface, or when it is lighted up with the glittering orbs that speak to the glory of their Maker, in every ray that meets his vision, and inquire of him if chance is the author of the scenery there displayed, and in confidence he will reply in the affirmative. With him enter into the recesses of the human mind—direct his attention to its various functions—point out the superior wisdom that is there exhibited, and inquire if he still finds no evidence of a supreme Author, and again, in infidel blindness, he gives chance all the glory, and traces not, in these mysteries, the love, the wisdom of God. Vain man! you may thus speculate until you lose yourself in your own sophistry; yet there is a voice within that speaks to your condemnation, and bids you seek for truth before it be too late. And although you may heed not its silent admonitions, but lull yourself into fancied security, yet there is a time approaching in which you will gladly invoke the divine light which you are now rejecting, to illuminate the darkness of the tomb. Go, then, before it be too late—divest yourself of your fancied superiority—learn wisdom of those stars whose Author you have denied, for they will speak to you in a voice not to be mistaken. They will tell you of the power, the wisdom, the love of God; for these are all exhibited in their construction. Yea, go bow to the humblest flower that blooms amidst earth's carpeting—read there your own inferiority, and learn, in penitence, that lesson of wisdom which it is capable of imparting, in the display of beauty and ingenuity that it exhibits in honor of its Maker. Then turn your attention to the compounded beauties of the vegetable world, and exercise your faculties no longer in philosophizing upon the wonders of the goddess Chance; but, as the

book of nature unfolds to your view its pages, upon which are inscribed in living light those truths which can satisfy the noblest powers of the mind, let these meet with a reception, that they may remove those contaminating principles which have so long debased your faculties and diminished your moral worth. And, through their influence, may the last glimmering hope of infidelity, to which you have so long clung, be extinguished; and, as its fading taper is rendered dim by the refulgent rays of moral truth, may you feel prepared to wave it a last adieu, and exult in an exchange by which you are furnished with a source of true happiness. The first dawning of infidelity in the mind of any individual has ever been marked, by those who do not profess skepticism, with feelings of the most fearful apprehension; and well may they be, for they are signals of an approaching storm, which will not only engulf the subject in misery, but whose effects will be felt wherever he exerts an influence, and to an extent which human intellect can never ascertain.

But it is not by man alone that an influence of this character has been exerted; for even the heart of woman has been open to the reception of those sentiments which are in their nature calculated to disrobe her of the last remains of female dignity, disenthroned virtue, and destroy the lustre of her moral character. But when we consider the extent of female influence, it is then that we may tremble in anticipation of the effects which such principles may produce. To the female it belongs to stamp the first impressions upon the youthful mind—impressions which are often the polar star through the pathway of life, and the gloom or the glory of the hour of death. With what interest, then, should she attend to the cultivation of correct principles, and to that improvement which is calculated to exalt the character, and crown the life with usefulness.

Readers, many of us will soon commence our career in life. The future, in which is traced our destiny, lies before us, veiled in impenetrable mystery. We are about to enter upon it with anticipations of happiness glowing brightly; but how many of them will be realized we know not. Yet much depends upon ourselves whether our course be prosperous or adverse. If we go to meet it, fortified with principles, not of infidelity but of strict morality and virtue, with a firm confidence in the existence and guardianship of a superior Being, and a determination to render ourselves useful in life, we shall enjoy the pleasures of an approving conscience, and our labors will be finally recompensed with eternal felicity. C. C.

THE proudest man on earth is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

Original.

## MRS. ELIZA PARSONS.

BY MRS. E. S. SEAGER.

THE life of Mrs. Parsons, which was prematurely closed at the age of thirty-three, was passed in the quiet, unostentatious discharge of domestic and Christian duties, unmarked by any of those striking incidents or events which serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale." This circumstance, while it makes it difficult to prepare a biographical sketch, enlivened by details of general interest, does not lessen the obligation on those who knew her worth, and witnessed her active and useful exertions for the benefit of her fellow beings, and her devotion to God, to contribute in every possible way to the preservation of her memory.

The woman who, like Mrs. Parsons, devotes herself, not with momentary vigor, but with unwearied fidelity and persevering resolution, to the discharge of the duties incumbent on the wife of a Methodist minister, possesses a character, and performs services, inestimable in her day and generation. But the extent and reality of her merits are seldom appreciated. In most cases, all she did and was is soon lost and forgotten. The husband, if he be an eloquent speaker, or a successful minister, receives the undivided applause of the community which witnessed the displays of his talents, or were benefited by his labors; and it is an after-thought, a tardy justice, seldom exercised, that goes back and gives credit to the aid, the counsel, and encouragement which he received from his wife, and which, most probably, contributed to those displays, and prompted those labors.

In the wish to commemorate such merit, and give it some more permanent memorial than tradition, which must daily become weaker, the following sketch of the life and character of Mrs. Parsons is furnished.

She was the daughter of Seba Squires, of Ontario county, New York. Her attention was called to the subject of religion at the age of fourteen, by an afflictive dispensation in the death of her mother. She soon after became the subject of pardoning mercy and converting grace. She was happily united in marriage to the Rev. De Forrest Parsons, on the 23d of October, 1829. Her premature death occurred at Seneca Falls, on the 24th of October, 1843.

From the time of her conversion, she was a living, active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Though, with Christian liberality, she extended her affection to all who bore the image of Christ, yet, from taste and habit, as well as from principle, she was deeply attached to the peculiarities of Methodism. During her married life, she

met the difficulties and privations, sacrifices and toils, which must, of necessity, fall to the lot of the wife of an itinerant minister, not with repinings at her lot, and wishes that her husband might locate, but with patience, meekness, and cheerful courage. Before she entered upon her new relations, she surveyed the ground upon which she was to stand, and the duties to which she might be called; and she was prepared to meet all her obligations well. Her sense of responsibility was enlarged by just views of the duties of her station, and she never shrunk from the performance of them.

Rev. M. Tooker, in an obituary notice, from which the following particulars relative to her death are copied, says:

"Her steady and zealous devotion to the best interests of the Church, allowed no compromise, no relaxation, no end, but the end of life. But the part she had to perform is early and peacefully accomplished. She rests from her labors, and her work of piety and benevolence will for ever follow her in blissful retribution. She was attacked with the prevailing throat disease, about the 1st of September, after her husband had left home for conference. More concerned for the welfare of that body, and the results of their deliberations, than for herself, she would not permit her attendant friends to send for her husband, or notify him of her illness. Her disease at first yielded to medicine, but soon after a relapse brought on an inflammatory fever, which was followed by quick consumption. The state of her mind continued tranquil under the most alarming apprehensions, and the severest paroxysms of pain. Soon after her husband's return, while watching over her on one occasion, she said to him, 'I have been praying that you might preach the Gospel in all its *clearness*, in all its *purity*, in all its *power*.'

"Brother Parsons having been appointed to the Rushville station, nearly thirty miles distant, she urged him, as the Sabbath drew near, to go to his appointment. Twice he complied, after a severe mental conflict, the physician judging it safe for him to do so. On returning to the parsonage the second time, he found her evidently failing; but it was not till an early hour next morning that symptoms appeared of speedy dissolution. She said, on witnessing the tears of her husband, 'Do you think *we* are dying?' To which he replied, 'I think you are.' Immediately she engaged in earnest prayer that God would reveal to her the light of his countenance, and give her a triumphant exit. After a brief struggle in prayer, she clapped her hands in token of the victory of her faith, and with a heavenly smile upon her countenance, exclaimed, 'Now I am happy! Now I am happy! Faith in Christ! Faith in Christ! How sweetly those words sound in my ears!' After a momentary

pause, she repeated, with joyous animation, the following lines—

'When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.'

And then added, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Soon after this, she inquired of her husband how the day had passed with him at Rushville, and what reception he met with. On receiving a favorable answer, she manifested strong feelings of gratitude. Finding her strength rapidly failing, she called for her children, Watson, Ellen, and Schuyler, and charged each of them in turn to obey their father, and avoid every thing that is wrong. After kissing Schuyler, the youngest son, she raised her trembling voice, and with great emphasis said, 'God bless the child!' She then took leave of her husband. Throwing her arms around his neck, she said, 'Study to be useful—study to be good—cultivate the higher powers.' She next called on her sister, and other attendants, and bade them each an affectionate farewell. Perceiving that she was almost gone, her husband said, 'Ah, my dear, you are crossing the cold Jordan of death. Does the grace of God sustain you? Is it sufficient?' She replied, 'I'm crossing, I'm crossing over—I long to gain the port—I long to be gone and to be with Christ.' Retaining her hand in his, when signs of life had nearly disappeared, brother Parsons remarked to those by the bedside, 'It is fourteen years and a day since she gave me this hand, and she has ever been my faithful, unchangeable friend.' At the moment of saying this, he was not aware that she heard him, but almost simultaneously she gently pressed his hand, and entered the desired haven of eternal rest."

Thus ended the life and labors of our deceased sister. To the Church and community, the loss sustained by her death is great—to her family it is irreparable.

Among the many admirable traits which adorned her character, the love of knowledge was conspicuous. This was never checked—perhaps it was increased—by the difficulties in the way of gratifying it. Few persons, in similar circumstances, acquired an equal amount of general knowledge, or made so extensive an acquaintance with the works of general literature; but, as religion was her peculiar element, she especially delighted in such authors as dedicated their talents to the inculcation of the principles and practice of piety. But cultivated as was her taste for the charms of literary excellence, ardent as was her love of intellectual pursuits, pleasing as the paths of knowledge were, painful as it must have been for her to quit

them, yet she did not suffer literary pursuits to engross her mind; but, as a wife and mother, she was ever assiduously attentive to the wants of her family—ever ready to sacrifice her own gratifications to the benefit of those dear to her. She lived not to herself—she lived "to please and support, to comfort and to bless" all connected with her in the social and domestic relations. She had indeed a heart formed for love and friendship. No person, with the same circle and acquaintance, could have more friends or fewer enemies. It is not known to those most intimately connected with her, that any person ever entertained toward her an unkind, unfriendly feeling. It would hardly be exaggeration to say, that

"None knew her but to love her,  
None named her but to praise."

The law of kindness was on her lips; and though a person of unyielding moral principle, great firmness of character, independence of mind, and freedom in expressing her opinions, she was never known, by a rash, ill-timed expression, to wound the feelings of another.

Her language, in regard to the absent, was regulated by the injunction, "Speak evil of no man." And so great was her charity, that she was slow to believe evil—always prone to think well of those whom the world was ready to condemn; and she seemed naturally disposed to put the best construction on the actions of others that the circumstances of the case would admit.

Humility was another prominent trait in her character. It was not exhibited with vain show; but it appeared in forgetfulness of herself, in preferring others to herself, and in her readiness to rejoice in every display of moral and intellectual superiority exhibited by another.

Her religious feelings were so woven into the very texture of her character, as to seem the natural product of her heart. They never broke out in the transient excitement of enthusiasm, or sunk into the lukewarmness of formality. Those who have been accustomed to hear her give utterance to her feelings in the love feast and prayer meeting, will remember the peculiar and constant ardency which characterized her devotions. Religion was, with her, the prevailing, the ruling principle. This gave a consistency to her character—a "daily beauty" to her life which nothing else could have imparted; and it has now given her another and a better existence.

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It is of immense importance that religion be secured in youth. Those years which so easily take stamp and coloring from surrounding objects, impress their own likeness upon a series of other years.

Original.

## HINTS TO YOUTHFUL READERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We hope that we have many young readers. For such we delight to write; because we may expect, without much vanity, to profit as well as to please them. Should grave wisdom direct its eye hither, we beseech it to turn over a few pages, and leave the editor "alone in his glory," whilst he endeavors to impart to youthful friends the benefit of his own experience and observation relative to certain small matters.

## HEALTH.

Take care of the body. It is a beautiful abode of the soul—all its apartments and furniture evince Divine wisdom and goodness—it is a system of useful instruments, by which the spirit may acquire knowledge and strength, and achieve works of wisdom and beneficence—it is a medium of communication with nature and with man—it is called, in Scripture, the temple of the Holy Ghost, and, in its incorruptible, spiritual, and glorious form, is to be the eternal habitation of the redeemed, and sanctified, and glorified soul. As we value the comfort and usefulness of the spirit, we should prize the health of the body—as we honor God, and admire his works, let us be careful of that beautiful specimen of his handiwork which he has committed to our keeping.

To secure the health of the body, it is necessary to exercise its members at least three hours a day. That employment or pastime is best which calls into exercise the greatest number of muscles.

But exercise, to be useful, must be taken with a good will, and in a good humor. A vigorous circulation requires a cheerful heart, and an elastic footstep demands a buoyant spirit. Don't walk the street with a measured pace and downcast look, like a soldier marking time to the "Dead March." Don't work your problems, nor mature your griefs, nor plan your enterprises in your rambles. But "over the hills and far away"—mount Bucephalus, and facing the morning sun, plunge into the forest, and brush the dew from the bushes—or, calling your favorite dog, in the mellowed light of evening, chase the fox, or tree the coon, or track the rabbit—or, climbing the mountain side, look out from its misty brow—or sit by the cataract and commune with the dashing waters, and scattering spray, and dancing rainbows, and eternal murmurs—or chase the warbling rivulet, and gaze on the beautiful forms mirrored in its clear waters—or, if you please, look up cowslips on the meadows, or poppies in the rye, or tulips in the valley for your "Ain kin' dearie, O"—or, when in riper years, run races with the little ones in the orchard, or through

the vineyards, or over the lawn. Let your spirit learn to be joyous in the fields of nature, and to catch the inspiration of its light, and freshness, and green. So shall you have a merry pulse, a joyous arm, and a lively footstep.

Inactivity is the temporal ruin of the man. It brings disease, cuts short the days, impairs the mind, disturbs the temper, makes the subject and his companions miserable, wakens a host of witches in the soul, and peoples fancy's airy world with a thousand hideous forms. Men are not always mindful that by indolence they induce disease. No law of nature can be violated with impunity; but because sentence against lounging is not speedily executed, therefore the heart of the sons of men is set in them to be idle. Though the sentence, however, be delayed, it is sure to come. Justice may hobble along with a lame foot; but he'll overtake the sinner at last. You might as well hope to stop a race-horse on the brink of a precipice, as to avert disease if you fail to exercise the muscles. And when disease comes, no repentance or reformation shall seduce it from its work, though health be sought "carefully with tears."

Be as mindful, therefore, to take daily exercise as daily food. Do not say, "I have no time." To neglect the body is to lose time, by shortening your days. Do not say, "I will sacrifice my health to the improvement of my mind." You will find the mind rapidly fail under such a course. Whatever be your mental occupation, whether it demand memory, or fancy, or thought, or feeling, you can do more in five *minutes*, with a body renovated in the fields, and a mind inspired with nature's fairest works, than in five *hours* under the influence of a sluggish pulse.

Would you be healthy, be careful in relation to your diet. As this is not a professional work, physiology would be out of place here. But suffer us to give a few plain directions, which we hope you will take upon trust when we assure you that they pass current with the doctors.

Though the appetite is the index to nature's wants, it is not always a true index. In disease it must often be disregarded, and in health it must never be fully satiated. Rise from breakfast *without* appetite, if you would not sit down to dinner *without* it. Ours is a land of abundance, and its inhabitants have acquired habits of indulgence unknown in many parts of the old world. If persons are abstemious they will rarely suffer from disease. The blood will course freely through the veins, the brain will sit at ease, and a feeling of comfort will spread over every organ and member. The intellect will feel at liberty, and bound with elastic step over the most difficult steeps of science, or the most romantic scenes of fancy. *Abstinence* is often

of service, especially after indulgence. Was it not Bonaparte who said, "When my stomach gets out of humor, I withhold supplies until it cries for mercy." Do not suppose that I would have you so abstemious as to induce feebleness. Whilst the body will lose much, the soul will gain nothing from such a regimen. A vigorous intellect requires a healthy brain, and a cheerful brain demands a rich blood. If you eat to repletion, however, you sin, and must suffer. Under these circumstances, if you take proper exercise, your food may be digested; but the blood will be increased—its vessels enlarged—its circulation accelerated, and a state of plethora will be induced, which will render you liable to acute disease in various forms. But if you add indolence to gluttony, your digestive apparatus will fail under its accumulated labors, and dyspepsy, with all its crudities and acids, its melancholy apprehensions and sour spirits, will come upon you, rendering you a burden to yourselves and to others, and inducing your friends, perchance, to lock you up—in an editor's office.

In reference to the *quality* of food it matters but little, if the *quantity* be properly regulated. The stomach is an excellent chemist, and can analyze and compound almost any thing, if you do not give him too much to do. There are many things, however, placed on the table, which ought never to be seen there—such as pastry, preserves, coffee, tea, chocolate. If I had unlimited authority, I would banish them all, at once and for ever, from the civilized earth. "But what should we do for dessert when favored with company?" Why, how much better is a plate of figs, or a basket of apples, or a few bunches of luscious grapes, than pies, cakes, or puddings? And as to liquids, cold water, milk and water, or lemonade, are far preferable to all the decoctions of foreign herbs. The former invigorate, the latter debilitate.

But I fancy a reader inquires, "Is the editor a Grahamite?" By no means, miss. We believe nature intended that man should have a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food. We think anatomy and physiology, as well as experience, teach this lesson. Nevertheless, we humbly conceive that many countries (among them our own) consume too much animal food. Perhaps, for sedentary persons, animal food once a day is sufficient.

#### PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Be careful of your *personal appearance*. I do not ask you to follow the fashions—to lay the neck bare one week, and cover it with curly locks the next—to comb the hair one way to-day and another to-morrow; but I do ask you to have as much mercy upon your own head as you do upon your horse's; and while you direct the groom to use the curry-comb, see that the barber uses the comb. It has been said that cleanliness is next thing to godliness, and

we have often wished that ablutions were a part of our religion. We hope to see the day when the bath-room shall be as common as the kitchen. We think we shall then have cleaner prose, clearer music, and sweeter poetry. The mind partakes in the comforts and distresses of the body. O, for clear fountains and cooling streams! Methinks they can almost put out the fire of passion, and spread good nature through the soul. Would you be in good humor with yourself pay due respect to your wash-stand. In cleanliness is seen one of the differences between the Pagan and Christian. The sweetness of the sanctified spirit sheds its influences upon the person. Slovenliness is disgusting to all men.

Shall we be considered as descending if we allude to apparel? Our life is made up of small matters. We hate foppishness—aping great men. Because a prince, afflicted with king's evil, conceals his neck in a high cravat, is that any reason why we should bind up ours? Because some afflicted queen endeavors, by the form of her dress, to hide a curvature of the spine, why should the fair of America imitate her? Extravagance in dress is as much to be condemned as foppishness. Let the ornaments of the man be a brilliant mind, a holy heart, and a meek and quiet spirit. Let the decorations of the woman be, not "pearls, or gold, or costly array," but modesty, intelligence, and sobriety. A Grecian matron, when asked for her ornaments, said, "The virtues of my husband are a sufficient ornament for me." Another, when challenged for her jewels, summoned her sons. It is proper, however, that our garments should comport with the habits of our country, and our pursuits and standing in society; and though comfortable, plain, and far from extravagant, they should evince a proper respect for ourselves and our fellow men. We believe it is easier to go through the world in a good garment than in a ragged one; and as a man is responsible for all the influence he can acquire, he is bound to secure a decent apparel. "My banker," said one, "always makes a low bow to my *new* coat, and a slight one to my *old*." It will be time enough when we have mastered the world to disregard its prejudices. We pity the wife who is not as careful to please her husband, as she was, when a maid, to please her beau.

#### MANNERS.

Be mindful of your *manners*. True politeness is of great service. Its spring is good nature. One may, by reading books like Chesterfield's, and mingling in polished society, acquire certain habits, and obtain certain rules, which will enable him to pass off as a gentleman; but unless the milk of human kindness flows in his veins, and a just regard for his fellow beings finds place in his heart, his politeness will be but disgusting hypocrisy.



Vain is the attempt to deceive the world. It has too sharp an eye, and too thoughtful a brain. Every gesture and compliment is a matter of analysis, and through the most complicated processes of investigation is traced to its true motive. The great world, too, is a good physiognomist, and knows how to look through the window of the soul. To be polite is to please, but an *attempt* to please without the *desire* is worse than useless.

The best maxims of politeness are found in the Scriptures. Such are these: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another;" "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers;" "Wisdom is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy;" "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," &c. Let that mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, and you cannot but be polite; for such a feeling will find expression in some form. Nature will be at no more loss to make it known than she is to give utterance to filial or maternal love; and however ungraceful or even offensive to ears polite may be the mode selected, the heart will acknowledge the language of its fellow heart. Let a man, however, be endued with this feeling, and he can readily (by thoughtfulness and an observance of good models of gentility) acquire a graceful mode of expression. "Consider one another;" that is, think of your fellows, of their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their disappointments, their interests—think how you can allay their griefs, or promote their happiness—think of your friends, and of what you would do and say under an exchange of circumstances. It may be that the kindest men may be deemed boorish, at times, for want of consideration. Would you learn the "*sua viter in modo*," observe those who have it.

#### TEMPER.

Be careful of your *temper*. Be cheerful—a glad heart makes a sweet countenance, and a smiling face is like the sun in his beauty. Whatever may be the attraction of a lady's intellect, or person, or acquirements, she is repulsive, if she be of a gloomy disposition. Her best friends will be uneasy in her presence; and though some "good Samaritan" may be willing to pour oil upon her wounded spirit, the priest and the Levite will instinctively pass by on the other side. We have generally sorrows enough of our own, without hearing another's woes. Most of our troubles are imaginary. Never, therefore, nurse evil apprehensions, and you will never be melancholy. There is no philosophy like the philosophy of the Scrip-

tures: "Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Were every one satisfied with her daily bread of affliction, there would be but little murmuring. Keep in good humor with the future—it has never done you harm—why complain of it? Bear kindly the afflicting dispositions of Providence. They are all arranged for your good; and if cheerfully and piously endured, will be pleasing and profitable exercises for the heart or mind, or both. Providence, moreover, like the earth, is in perpetual revolution, and its darkest midnight is followed by the dawn. There is a heavenly alchemy which transmutes anguish into rapture. I would oppose to Pandora's Box Paul's paradox—"As sorrowful yet always rejoicing." David's heart caroled in its sadness, and the wildest and sweetest notes of his harp were touched by the hand that felt the Father's rod. Why should a living man complain? When stripped of every thing, bow down in humble and grateful adoration, and thank God that you have a body and a soul. And shall a saint repine? Would a pardoned culprit, trembling beneath the halter, complain because the government did not send a coach and four to convey him from the gallows? and shall a sinner, raised from the mouth of hell, murmur because angel wings don't waft him *gently* to the throne of God?

A melancholy mind imparts a gloomy tinge to every thing around it. Though nature, to the clear eye, is like to Eden, yet for the jaundiced one she has no charms. No hills are green—no dells are dewy—no paths are flowery—no steeps are breezy to moping grief. In Providence there is a bright and a dark side to every picture. Endeavor to look constantly at the latter. He who searches for trouble is pretty sure to find it—he who courts enjoyment sees her not afar.

Always keep in a good humor with *yourself*. We would not have you blind to your sins, but know the worst of them, and repent and believe to the saving of the soul. But be satisfied with your capacities of mind and body. Rest assured they are the best for you—the very gifts which infinite Wisdom sees that you can best improve. Be satisfied with your sphere. Sometimes you will meet with disappointments—bear them with grace. For instance, your brother, perhaps, intends to be a speaker—well, bid him beware of mortification. He will read, and study, and write, and intend to make a wonderful display—he expects now to raise a shout, and now a laugh, and now, perchance, he hopes to see a lady faint; and anon he designs to raise the audience to their feet; and he promises himself that, as he leaves the court-room, every eye will look toward him, and the young ladies will smile, and become envious of the favorite; and she, the beloved of the orator, will be

entranced, and murmurs of applause will roll in whispers on his ear, such as "great man," "fine speech," "true eloquence." The day arrives—the audience assemble—all eyes are fixed—all ears are open—handkerchiefs rise up to catch the tears, and smelling-bottles push their corks half open. The speaker labors—alas! his mind is rigid—his tongue is stiff—his figures flounder—his arguments tumble down—the peroration is forgotten. The audience rise in confusion, and the speaker sits down in perspiration. And now the ladies smile at one another, the favorite hides her head, and the young rivals sneer, and the malicious breezes whisper, "Rather flat."

Well, well, say to the young man, Hold up your head. Don't let the audience know that you have failed, and they will, perhaps, soon forget the failure, or even change their minds, and reproach their dullness for not perceiving your brilliancy, and their shallowness for not appreciating your profundity. Suppose you have failed, and every body knows it. Don't be troubled—calm yourself with the consolation of the valorous Falstaff—"He that fights and runs away, may live to fight another day."

Keep in a good humor with the world. Mankind are not all rascals, though an honest man wants bread. The world are not all fools, though a genius has no practice. Remember that Homer sung for bread, and Goldsmith wrote in a garret; and who are you? You may be great and wise—we don't dispute your claims—you may be a Cicero or a Webster—a Mrs. Sigourney or a Hannah More; but you must give the world a fair opportunity to understand your powers. Moreover, you may make the world as cross or good-natured as you please. If you treat it roughly, you will be treated roughly in return. Smile at it, and it will answer with a smile. He that would have friends must show himself friendly. Don't look round for imperfections, saying here is a rascal and there is a fop, this is a fool and that is a bankrupt. It may all be true; but why say so? *Cui bono*. Look round for excellences. If you contend with the world you will find fearful odds against you. Speak evil of no man. When others speak evil of a man, do you speak good. No man so perfect as not to have some defects—none so frail as not to have some fine quality.

And now my pen addresses itself particularly to the young gentlemen. Be in the good graces of the ladies. You have learned already that a mother's love, though cheap, is priceless—that a sister's affection is an impenetrable shield. I pity the youth who does not know the value of woman's influence. He cannot succeed. Whether he be carpenter or mason, sovereign or shoe-black, priest or politician, he is a ruined man without the favor

of the ladies. No pursuit so low, none so high, as to be beyond her reach. Needles and bayonets move at her command—turkeys and tyrants roast on her spit—courseurs and candidates run at her will, and crowds and cradles hush at her lullaby. Her smile is prosperity—her indignation is ruin. Great as is her influence, it is no more than she deserves. The purest feelings of the heart receive their earliest and noblest developments in her character. The mother's affection, the wife's devotion, the sister's love, who shall paint? In scenes of poverty and suffering she is an angel of mercy. At the altar of God her prayers are the warmest incense—her songs the sweetest praise.

But how shall woman's influence be secured? The weak side of a mother's heart is her maternal love. You may easily procure a welcome to the family if you treat the children with kindness and attention. Notice the babe—its blue eye—its rosy cheek—calm its griefs, and enter into its tiny joys. And who would not? Are you the man, reader? Then there is no love nor music in your soul, and you don't deserve favor. What creature so beautiful as the infant man? Our Savior took little children in his arms and blessed them.

Make the best of your country and location. The foreigner generally brings down a world of prejudices upon himself by contrasting his native with his adopted country. Comparing Washington with London, the White House with Windsor Castle, Trinity with St. Paul's, he disgusts all around him. Give him an apple, and he must speak of the superior orchards of Great Britain, or a peach, and he will boast of the size and flavor of those across the water. Present him a basket of cherries, and he praises the large, luscious English garden cherry, that grows by the wall. He meets with nothing to please him—as though we had no earth or heaven, water or atmosphere, thunder or lightning, worth a farthing. Were he to turn his attention and conversation upon our advantages, upon the superiority of our forests, and mountains, our seas and rivers, our soil and climate, he would receive a hearty welcome, and be a popular man.

We have known a talented and pious clergyman to lose all influence with his people by harping on the evils and disadvantages of his location, whilst we have seen his inferior become a universal favorite by pointing out the beauties and excellences of the surrounding hills.

And here we drop the pen, intending to continue our remarks under this head in a subsequent number.



WHAT is the world to them that are in the grave, where our bodies must shortly be? Or to them that are in eternity, where our souls must shortly be?



Original.

## DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER.

BY REV. H. DWIGHT.

ONE of the most interesting facts in the history of mental phenomena is the diversity of character which is exhibited in the great mass of mankind. It is a matter of common observation, that the human countenance, to some extent the map of the mind, has, in its expression, an infinite and mysterious variety. Of the millions of the human family that overspread the face of the earth, no two can be found whose countenances and features are, in every particular, precisely similar. This may be regarded as an illustration, to some extent, of the diversity of mental character, which forms the theme of the present article.

1. An examination of national character furnishes a striking variety of features, complexion, temperament, taste, &c. The untutored savage, who roams through the forest in his native wildness, is as much marked by his disposition, spirit, taste, and general intellectual features, as the polished gentleman of the most refined society. In more advanced stages of civilization and refinement, where literature, science, and the fine arts have exerted their transforming influences, communities have likewise their distinguishing features. Works of genius bear on themselves the intellectual stamp of their author—the impress of his moral and mental character. The classic literature of the ancient Greeks breathes the spirit of that republic, and carries with it the prominent features of their national polity, state of society, progress in the fine arts, and, in short, all that is peculiar to that renowned people. The student of Grecian literature sees continually their classic halls, sage philosophers, heroes, demagogues, and orators, all seemingly in real life before him. The language of the Romans portrays, in vivid colors, the genius of their government. Their rustic manners, and hardy, warlike spirit, in the infancy of their republic, and in after times the turbulent factions of the plebeians—their ambitious leaders—corrupted aspirants for power—their civil wars and commotions—their progress from poverty to wealth, and from wealth to luxury, extravagance, and political corruption, all mark them out as a peculiar people, unlike any other on the face of the whole earth. What a diversity of character and associations is suggested to the mind by the mere names, Chinese, Turk, French, Irish, Spaniard, and I may add, John Bull, and real Yankee!

2. A very interesting variety of individual character is exhibited in deliberative assemblies, legislative and ecclesiastical. However great the number in any body, there are no two whose mental features

are perfectly similar. Our national Congress presents to the spectator an instance of this. There duty, interest, ambition, or party spirit, call out the whole soul into action. The character and peculiarities of the unseen mind stand out and become visible. You see them in the indicative look of the eye—in the expression of the countenance—in the tone of voice—in the style and gesticulation—in fine, in all the visible features and actions of the speaker. In one you behold the son of thunder—you see his mental powers in the cogency of his argument, nervousness of style, and heavy intonations, when he comes upon you like a mighty torrent, demolishing every obstacle in its course. You see

“Thunder gathering on his brow—  
Lightning flashing from his eye,”

when, with the gall and bitterness of sarcasm, or the shafts of irony, he goes forth in self-defense, and hurls the weapons of defiance and vengeance at his antagonist. Another's peculiarity is seen in his graceful and fascinating manner, when he clothes every subject with the charms and drapery of a vivid imagination, or when, like the eagle, he soars aloft, traverses the whole creation, roams through the fields of science and literature, to collect arguments to illustrate, and flowers to adorn the subjects on which he expatiates.

3. Diversity of character is exhibited in the various professions and pursuits of life, and the difference of success which attends individual enterprises. The talents of one enable him to accomplish that, in some pursuit, which would baffle the utmost skill and perseverance of one of a different turn of mind. The metaphysician delights in the investigations of intellectual subjects and theoretical speculations, and is prepared to pursue inquiries where others would be lost in bewildering labyrinths. The mind of the geometrician plays with peculiar delight along straight lines and curves, about angles, polygons, and trapezoids, and over cubes, spheres, and parallelepipeds. The clearness and certainty of mathematical demonstration afford him real pleasure.

The ambitious and belligerent spirit of the hero glories in warlike expeditions, and the achievements of the battle-field. Could you enter the inmost chamber of his soul, and read the thoughts and emotions of his heart, you would find love of honor and power the ruling passion of his soul, the goad which urges him on in all the enterprises he undertakes. He makes every thing subservient to the attainment of worldly glory. If disappointed, like the forest tree smitten with the lightning blast from heaven, he pines away and dies. Instance that prodigy of ambition, the immortal victim of St. Helena. Not unlike him is the partisan demagogue, who seeks no higher gratification than to

become the admired object of the captivated populace. He moves in his element when wafted along by flattering breezes of popular applause, and his name is on every tongue. The witty or satirical vein of another's genius renders him a source of amusement and diversion to all his associates, and gives him a weapon for defense or social conflict, which his opponent has neither skill to use nor power to evade. The mind of the astronomer, apparently despising the scientific attractions of earth, travels off to yon distant planets, roams through the illimitable regions of the Almighty's dominions, counts the stars, calculates the distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies, and makes their order and motions as familiar to his mind as the fundamental rules of arithmetic are to the school-boy. His soul revels on the glories and magnificence of the celestial scenery. But how unlike his taste and enjoyment is the passion which actuates the breast of the miser! Imagine him before you in his real character and peculiar habiliments. Could you see his soul stand out in visible features, and with living colors, what a despicable nondescript image would you behold! Eagerness for pelf, cold, calculating, narrow-minded selfishness, and delight in groveling pursuits, are prominent features in his character. His capacity and relish for moral and intellectual beauties are destroyed by his devotion to mere physical pursuits and pleasures. He knows only the poor enjoyments of an earthly, sordid mind. Almost every thing heavenly and ennobling in an immortal spirit has taken its departure; and if any lovely trait marks his character, it is *maternal affection*; for truly he cherishes in his bosom a conscientious attachment and love to his mother earth.

This diversity of character might be pursued still farther in its numberless appearances on the drama of human life. But let this suffice. We pass to make some inquiry into the cause, and some reflections suggested by the subject.

1. That there is a *natural* or *constitutional difference* of mental character, is evident both from analogy and the phenomena exhibited at a very early period of life. Some, in their zeal to show the paramount importance of cultivation, have gone so far as to attribute all difference to education and the circumstances of life. But this is opposed to all ideas of genius, which is a gift of nature—a sentiment which has prevailed universally. Nature, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, exhibits everywhere an endless variety, impressed on every object we behold. We see it in the size, form, color, &c., of every animal, from the king of the forest to the smallest insect that crawls beneath our feet. We see it in the trees of the forest, and in the flowers of the field. The human body, and especially the countenance, strikingly illustrates the

same thing. Has the hand of nature formed the millions of the human family with the same mental stamp, and impressed on all other existences an endless variety? I think not. Besides, there are, in the history of mental phenomena, developments of nature's own handiwork at so early a period of life as to preclude all possibility of ascribing them to the effect of cultivation. We might name, as the most remarkable, instances of those who have been distinguished for their power of numerical calculation, and for musical talents, and that at an age when no cultivation or circumstances could account for so extraordinary developments. And what is true of extraordinary cases, is true, to a less extent, *ceteris paribus*, of every mind above or below mediocrity.

2. Whatever diversity nature may bestow on us, it is manifest that *education*, and the *circumstances* of early life, have an immense influence in developing and modifying the natural endowments. There is much more truth than novelty in the familiar couplet—

"This education forms the common mind—  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Very often the most trivial incidents or events of childhood have an important bearing upon the future destiny of an individual. The tender sapling once forced from nature's course may never recover its original position. The oath which the Carthaginian boy took at the age of nine years, by the injunction of his father, had an important bearing on the character and immortality of Hannibal. How much the growth and strength of the sturdy oak is owing to the climate—how much to the native fertility of the soil, and how much to the hand of the cultivator, is impossible to ascertain. In like manner it may be difficult to say whether one is more indebted for his intellectual greatness to nature or education. But that the influence of education, when thorough and complete, is immense, there can be no doubt. The mind is susceptible of indefinite improvement. Many who exhibited no extraordinary mental faculties in youth, have, by continued exercise and cultivation, acquired the powers of a giant intellect. They are bright luminaries in the literary, scientific, moral, or political world.

3. If a youth exhibit an extraordinary development of some one mental faculty, it is the province of a wise and benevolent educator, not indeed to stifle and cramp its luxurious growth, but rather to invigorate the other faculties. By so doing, he will not only prevent mental deformity, which by all means is to be avoided and obviated, if possible, but also contribute much to what should always be aimed at in mental cultivation—a well balanced mind.

4. The discipline and government of youth,

whether parental or at school, should be adapted to the peculiar disposition and temperament. It would surely be absurd and fatal to administer the same remedy for the cure of all the manifold diseases which afflict the body. It would be equally so, to use the same kind of discipline for minds of a different temperament, and under the influence of different passions. How important, then, must it be for parents to study mental character, and understand the various passions which actuate the breasts of their children: otherwise, their best wishes may be defeated by their ill-adapted endeavors. A pious father who, in the erroneous notions of the method of cultivating early piety in his son, compels him, contrary to his inclination, to read the Bible, and attend to other religious duties, and punishes in case of disobedience, begets in him a prejudice and aversion to every thing in the form of religion, and takes an efficient course to form an infidel, who will one day, perhaps, make havoc of the Church of God. Some indirect and judicious efforts may interest that boy in the study of the Bible, and show him the loveliness of virtue and religion, and thereby, instead of an infidel, make him an angel of light and mercy, to bless a fallen world. Children are creatures of passion; and he who would train them up in the way they should go, must be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves."



Original.

## THE BROKEN LILY.

BY MISS E. COOPER.

I SAW it, delicate and fair,  
 Its cup was wet with morning dew—  
 It breathed its sweetness to the air,  
 That gently fanned it where it grew.

Again I saw it; but no more  
 It smiled to catch the rosy dawn:  
 'Twas broken, withered, scattered o'er  
 The ground; and all its charms were gone.

Sad truth, thought I; will nothing stay,  
 This vale of tears to beautify?  
 Must all decay? Will every day  
 Bring proof that all is vanity?

Turning, I saw a form of grace—  
 Her eye shone like the evening star—  
 The softest blush glowed on her face,  
 And she was young, and sweetly fair.

Again I saw her; but her eye  
 Sparkled no more; the glowing cheek  
 Was cold and pale, and friends stood by,  
 And wept as if their hearts would break.

Original.

## NIGHT SCENE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

NIGHT is the season of repose. With what interest does the weary hireling watch the lengthening shadow! The sweetest hour in the circle, is that in which he commits himself to the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Night is the season of forgetfulness. The pangs of disappointment, the agonies of affliction, the anxieties of a busy world, are drowned in balmy slumber. There is, however, a sorrow which oft disturbs in visions of the night, and for which there is no oblivious antidote but the blood of Jesus.

Night is the season for meditation. When creation sleeps, and silence reigns, then walk abroad and resign yourself to the undisturbed influence of this deep universe. Survey "the heavens—the work of God's hand—the moon and stars which he hath ordained," and a voice within shall whisper, "The Lord is in his temple."

Night is calculated to force upon us the humbling reality of our own insignificance. Look over hill and plain—form some conception of the magnitude of earth. Turn now to the worlds on high. Then reflect that what is visible is but the vestibule of the creation, and you will exclaim, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!" From scenes of night we may learn the nothingness of wealth and the riches of faith. An ancient sage once mortified and humbled a boastful heir, by challenging him to point out his possessions on the map of Italy. Let the proud owner of hills and vales mark out his lands on the map of the universe. How consoling to think that we worms of the dust may hold a place in the regards of God! Vast as is the universe, the Christian's portion is still greater—God.

Night is a season favorable to communion with the heart. Amid the busy scenes of earth we are prone to lose sight of ourselves. But when the curtains of night are drawn around us, we incline to self-examination. "I remember my song in the night, I commune with my heart, and my spirit made diligent search."

Night favors communion with God. When other eyes have no power to see, how natural to think of him who whose eye is all-seeing. Happy he to whom God is not a consuming fire, and who can rejoice when he finds himself alone with his Creator.

There is a world where no fatigues of body or toils of mind render a season of repose necessary—where the senses are not avenues to temptation—where worldly cares and sorrows are unknown—that is a world of light. "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Original.

## MRS. WRIGHT.

Scarcely had we arrived in this city, when our ears were saluted with the mournful tidings of Mrs. Wright's decease. We attended her funeral amidst a crowd of sympathizing friends, and heard an appropriate and able discourse from Rev. L. Swormstedt, who, after concluding his sermon, read in substance the following biographical sketch.—Ed.

Mrs. Mary, late consort of the Rev. John F. Wright, was the daughter of John and Jane Reynolds, and a native of Champaign county, Ohio, where her father has resided for forty-two years. She was born April 14, 1805. Her pious parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church long before her birth, and were careful to instruct their children in the principles and duties of Christianity. The children also enjoyed the society and ministrations of many itinerant preachers, who have found a cordial welcome at the house of Mr. Reynolds ever since the early settlement of that section of Ohio.

Under the influence of all the variety of means afforded Mary, she became very early impressed with the importance and necessity of experimental and practical religion, and applied herself, according to her tender years, to the use of every spiritual help within her reach, that she might be successful in the great enterprise of salvation. When very young, she frequently came forward with other seekers of religion, that she might be assisted by the prayers of the devout and faithful. This practice she continued until satisfied she had obtained the answer to prayer in the renewal of her nature, and in the forgiveness of her sins. In referring to this part of her life, she said she often wished the officiating minister would not request the mourners thus to distinguish themselves; for it was a great cross to her; but such were the convictions of her mind, that she was constrained to go forward every time an invitation was given; for she believed if she neglected the proffered aid, she would commit a great sin, by grieving "the Holy Spirit of God."

Soon after she attained her eleventh year, she united herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, having deliberately determined to avail herself of all the advantages of actual membership. At the same meeting, some of her discerning friends supposed she was then united to Christ by faith, and there found "redemption in his blood—the forgiveness of sins." But such were the exalted views she had formed of conversion, from hearing some describe their sensations and ecstasies when they experienced the blessing, that she could not believe, at the time, that the great and requisite change had been effected in her; and for the plain reason that her experience did not come up to that rather extravagant standard which had been created in her

imagination. She, however, afterward fixed upon this as the most probable period in which the work of grace was wrought in her heart. Indeed, the grace of God was distilled upon her soul, so much like the noiseless dew descends upon the delicate flower, or "the small rain upon the tender herb," that she was always at a loss to determine the precise time and place of her justification. She was, however, fully satisfied that the work was accomplished, and that she realized its happy fruits. The kingdom of God to her was "not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

About eighteen months after her union with the Church, in the winter of 1817-18, at a quarterly meeting at Urbana, she received such a degree of joy and peace in believing, and such a sense of the Divine favor, that her doubts were measurably removed, and she was ready to exclaim—

"His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God."

On this occasion Bishop George and Rev. John Strange, with other ministers, officiated. She has often spoken of the labors of the latter with much interest and sincere gratitude.

Mrs. Wright remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, and spent the morning of her life in a conscientious improvement of the means of grace, and in a strict observance of the duties of religion—"walking in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord." It was, perhaps, a greater cross at that period for a young woman to be a Methodist than at the present; but the youthful Mary sustained it firmly. Nor did she blush to associate with the "company who were seeking the power of godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation." In addition to this public profession of attachment to Christ and his people, she exhibited a good example in plainness of dress, and in other features of Christian deportment, well worthy of imitation.

When about twenty years of age, having deliberately, and with religious gravity, consented to identify all her earthly interests and become one with an itinerant Methodist preacher, she was married to the Rev. John F. Wright, on the 31st of March, 1825. Although she distrusted her qualifications to be the wife of a minister of the Gospel, yet her life was a beautiful pattern for those who sustain this responsible relation. Her natural diffidence, however, prevented her from assuming any prominent position in the Church; but it is believed that her moral excellence and pious example have left their impress upon the Church and the world. Her efforts to do good might well be compared to the silent stream, which is apparently lost in the herbage, but which, nevertheless, gives evidence of its

course by its salutary effects. She was uniformly devoted to the interests of her family; and in all her domestic arrangements she was neat, diligent, and frugal, looking well to her household. She was emphatically a *good wife*.

Mrs. Wright was often harassed with doubts and fears in regard to her spiritual state and future destiny, through much of her life. And although she could give "a reason of the hope" that was in her, she always did it "with meekness and fear." There is no doubt but the enemy of her soul often operated through her natural timidity, to disturb her "peace" and diminish her "joy." She, however, was vigilant and constant in her efforts to resist the adversary, and persevered in every struggle until she gained the victory. When darkness came over her, and her way was obscured, she made it a point to try to keep in "the old paths," and walk as nearly in the right way as she could until she saw the light again. And although sorrow continued, as it were, for a night, joy came in the morning. Her enjoyments seldom rose to raptures, nor did they often fall below a calm and settled peace. She read and studied the holy Scriptures with close attention; and, like Mary of old, she humbly sat "at the feet of Jesus, to learn his words." Her great object was to ascertain accurately what was the will of God concerning her. And when her duty was clearly known, she endeavored to perform it without wavering. Nor did she consider any cross too great to endure, or any sacrifice too much to make, if she could but have the desired "testimony that she pleased God." She adopted the well defined principles which she derived from the Bible for her government, and was faithful and uniform in their practice, being religious every day at home.

She possessed in a high degree the perfection spoken of by the apostle James, 3d chapter, 2d verse, as she "offended not in word, and was able also to bridle the whole body." A notice of her death in the city papers, written by a neighbor who had been long acquainted with her, has this remark, "Her whole life was a practical illustration of the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

When her husband was absent, as was often the case, unless disabled by affliction, she filled his place at the family altar. Her children will never forget the humility and fervor which marked her devotions at such times, and they will long feel the influence of this example.

Mrs. Wright was in the habit of reading the Scriptures regularly through, and her custom generally was to read a portion in the Old Testament and another in the New every day; and for several years she added one of Sturm's "Reflections on the works of God"—a book which she admired much;

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and in this way read it regularly through several times. But the Bible was her favorite book; and for the last few years of her life she read but little else. Her husband procured for her special benefit "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying." She, however, made but little use of it, and seemed to think the New Testament, with psalms added, was the most appropriate and effectual book she could use, to enable her to live holy and die happy. Hence, she made it her constant companion; and thus, "through patience, and comfort of the Scriptures," she had hope. This precious book, that had been so much solace to her, she left to her daughter.

Mrs. Wright, though naturally timid, had moral courage enough for the performance of any duty, or the endurance of any suffering, as the following extract of a letter (addressed to her mother, after the subsidence of a violent visitation of the cholera in Cincinnati) evinces. The letter is dated Cincinnati, January 1, 1833.

"DEAR MOTHER,—Your kind favor was duly received. \* \* \* I was fully persuaded we shared in your solicitude and prayers when our lives were in so much 'jeopardy every hour,' during the prevalence of the terrible pestilence in our city; and it may appear, when the light of eternity shall shine upon that dark period of our mortal history, that prayer was the means of turning aside the pale horse and his rider, or of securing safety to all the inmates of our habitation, amid such peril. As for myself, I have endeavored to keep my mind constantly staid upon God, and have been sustained with a confidence and peace which were truly important at such a period. While hundreds seemed disposed to escape by flight, my heart never inclined me to seek security in such means, but rather said, 'Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.'"

The following paragraph, taken from the same letter, will show her tender affection for her parents, and her submission to the providence that separated her from them.

"Father's long affliction has given me much uneasiness; but I am pleased to hear that he is so far recovered as to be able to come down stairs, and hope he will soon have his usual health. I would be much pleased to see you and father here, and enjoy the company of you all; but if this be not practicable in this imperfect state of being, where all our enjoyments are mixed with inconveniences and privations, it becomes me to be submissive to that Providence which directs all my paths, and chooses my changes for me."

We furnish one more paragraph from the same letter, to show the interest Mrs. Wright felt in the revival of religion then in progress in the city.

"The quarterly meeting which commenced last Friday, was blest with extraordinary success. On

Monday night, at love feast, it is supposed that between two and three hundred presented themselves at or near the altar as seekers of salvation, and that fifty were happily converted. During the meeting one hundred and twenty-five proposed themselves for admission into the Church, and the names of about five hundred have been received since conference, as applicants for membership."

Mrs. Wright, in her youth, when at school in Cincinnati, had her health so impaired that she never fully recovered. She was a woman of very feeble constitution, and often suffered much from affliction; but she endured all with patience, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

On the first of July, 1843, she was attacked with the then prevailing epidemic influenza, which produced a confirmed bronchitis. After thirteen months continued affliction, gradually wasting her flesh and strength, her mortal life expired, as the lamp when the oil is exhausted—

"Sweetly as babes sleep."

She endured but little severe pain at any time during her whole sickness, and often rendered thanks to God that she was so specially distinguished and favored. She would often say, "The Lord is very good to me—he afflicts me just as I am able to bear it." Her religious enjoyments greatly increased the last year of her life; and it was manifest to her family and those who visited her, that as she was advancing toward eternity she was also growing in a meekness for heaven. Indeed, her comfort, which was strong and abiding, sometimes arose to ecstacy, and she proclaimed aloud the praises of God, which was a very unusual thing for her. The enemy thrust sorely at her, and sometimes "came in like a flood," during her long illness; but, in the strength of Christ, she successfully resisted all his temptations, and was finally brought off more than conqueror through Him that loved her.

She seemed to apprehend danger that her patience would become exhausted, and that she would not be able to submit, with perfect acquiescence, to the will of her heavenly Father through all her tedious illness. For this she earnestly prayed, and often begged those around her to pray that she might have grace to endure her affliction, without a murmur, unto the end. And it is believed, in this thing, she was favored with most complete success. No murmur ever escaped her lips; and if she ever said any thing that she thought might possibly be construed into a complaint, she would immediately change the phraseology. On one occasion she asked her husband how long he thought she would have to suffer. He said he could not determine with any certainty; and asked her if she had any presentiment in regard to the time of her

departure. She answered, "None at all: it is all with the Lord."

After she had relinquished all hope of recovery, her husband remarked to her, "You can now see the reason why your two little children were taken from you." She answered, "Yes," and said that she was admonished that they would be removed, and that she saw clearly the design of God in the bereavement. A short time before they were attacked with scarlet fever, she was earnestly engaged in private prayer. Groaning to be made free from all sin, and "filled with all the fullness of God," she repeated these lines of the poet—

"Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Savior, reign alone."

Immediately the question was suggested to her mind, "Can you give up your two little children?" Her heart responded—it was the heart of a MOTHER—"No, I cannot." It then occurred to her that she desired the *will of God* to be done only so far as it might be in accordance with her *own will*. Readily admitting the unreasonableness of such resistance on her part, she determined to deny herself, take up every cross, and continue to pray until her will was entirely subjugated to the will of God. In this conflict she obtained a decided victory, and was able to say, "Not my will but thine be done;" and could repeat, without reservation—

"Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Savior, reign alone."

The tender and lovely children were soon removed from earth to heaven; and the *fond mother* could say, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." The perfect submission with which she bore the loss of her loved ones, was never so fully understood until she furnished this explanation.

At nine o'clock, A. M., on the 30th of July, she appeared to be sinking in death. And when she was unable to speak, her neighbor, sister W., inquired if she did not feel almost at home. She quickly moved her head in the affirmative. Soon after, her husband asked, "Do you find that 'all is well?'" to which she replied, with surprising energy and a full voice, "Yes."

She revived, and conversed occasionally through the day, as she was able, giving her family and friends every assurance they could desire that her spirit was safe and happy, and "ready to be offered."

A short time before her departure, she appeared to overflow with joy, and uttered many expressions of praise to God, among which was the following sentence, distinctly heard by all in the room, "Glory, glory, halleluiah be unto the Lord for ever!" She closed her sufferings and mortal life at fifteen minutes before one o'clock, on the morning of the 31st of July, 1844.

Original.

## ECONOMY OF CHARACTER.

There seems to be amongst mankind a diversity of opinion, about equally balanced, whether the preponderance of character, as it exists, is referable mostly to original turn and temperament, or whether it should rather be considered as the result of education and discipline. We know that the force of blood is strong; and the likeness and similarity of races is acknowledged by all. Yet in this observation, as a question, it will be allowed that our view is in some sort a partial and prejudging one—confining our attention mostly to the points of likeness in our subjects, and not extending them to matters in which the individuals differ from each other.

Let the general likeness of tribes and of families then be allowed, still, with sufficient observation, it may be seen that this allowance supplies no very great argument against the other side of the question; for the same original principle, under the diverse modifications to which it may be subjected in the training and circumstances of different individuals, will so sway and control it, that often no more of the original principle appears (perhaps not so much) as of the coloring, and lights or shades, which have pervaded and modified it.

In a rude state of society, doubtless, the original traits of character predominate, from an obvious cause; namely, the absence of moral culture and discipline; whilst in the opposite extremes of excessive refinement, false sentiments not only present a deceptive surface, but do, indeed, by their constant and sinister action, obliterate, along with the bad, also the ennobling tendencies of nature.

It is, therefore, amidst the medium ranks of civilization, or society, that one should look for the test and evidence of this position.

It is my idea, then, that culture, the early nurture of imposed influences, and habit, have an incomparably larger share in forming character, than the natural tendencies of that character, however vehement, can have upon it.

It is often asserted that a character has a strong tendency so, or so. We may notice these traits, as items of character; but for the strength by which they are sustained, we must refer to the general power and calibre of the characters owning them. Particular traits, as leading individual, are insisted upon; but the great differences perceived, are referable to either the strength or the imbecility of the natural subjects. The original differences of character, it may be supposed, are generic and not specific; and that it is in the power of education to guide, repress, and moderate the one, as also to awaken, stimulate, and elevate the other. The parents of every family, with their own proportionate degree of attention to their children, are

probably, in a like measure, aware of this. And the few instances of positive variation, should be allowed as exceptions to prove the rule, and not to contradict it.

Where there is strength in the character, by culture, this force becomes auxiliary to the bias imposed. The parent, then, possessing the confidence of his child, so far as he can constrain obedience, may, by the blessing of Heaven, guide him almost at will. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the discipline thus established, to be effectual, must be constant and untiring—it must be commenced early, whilst the subject is yet plastic and tender, before the mind has become biased, or the obduracy of habit shall have usurped the ground of action.

May-be the reason why this power of forming the character at will (to the measure of its own capabilities) is not universally believed in, is, that the very fact upon which it is grounded is not often acted upon—at least, not acted upon consistently and completely. Sometimes, indeed, we see one or two members out of a numerous family, who, from particular circumstances, perhaps, rather than by consistency of intention, have, during all the years of their minority, been subjected to the surveillance and continued guardianship of monitorial advisers. But these examples are not frequent; and still less often can be seen whole families who have been thus trained.

In recalling to mind all the families with whom I have been sufficiently acquainted whereby to form a judgment, none seems more convincingly prominent than that of Judge C. This gentleman was a native of Connecticut, in which state he continued to reside during his whole life. He received a good education at Yale College, and after graduating applied himself to the study of the law, in which he succeeded well. Eventually he became judge of the county (?). He did not, as I suppose, inherit any property. I am led to suppose, from occasional remarks by the family, that the style of moderate expense in which they lived when I first became acquainted with them, was rather an advance upon their earlier housekeeping.

This gentleman had married a lady of exemplary character, of good intelligence, and possessing an uncommon share of literary taste and acquirement. She, like her husband, also inherited no property. I once heard her jeeringly tell him that if she had not brought him a fortune, she had at least refused one on his account. To which he replied, in the same humor, "Very few circumstances, wife, warrant such a sacrifice; but if you are satisfied with your bargain I am." This lady was extremely fond of reading. She could not only quote readily from her treasures of knowledge, but she could select and apply the ideas suggested in

books to their proper use—the improvement of life. I recollect once hearing the husband say in her presence, that he had never seen a person who could get through a book sooner than she, scanning and gleaming, meanwhile, whatever was new or valuable in it. The wife looked much pleased at this sort of side compliment, and gave a smile of candor, but did not otherwise reply.

This method, by the way, was very useful to the gentleman himself; for having little leisure from professional reading, he in this way became informed of what books were worth his while.

The reader, may-be, thinks it would be more in point if I had first told whether the wife were a notable and competent housekeeper—to which inquiry I can answer emphatically that she was; and reminiscences of spruce beer, of nice brown bread, and home-made cheese, &c., &c., sent me almost every week, attest to the fact. She was, in all respects, an excellent wife to the husband, who valued and appreciated her. Without seeking to be superior to him, she was exactly the sort of monitorial friend that he required. He was a man of much blandishment of manner, and of charming conversation, and a general favorite in society. The ladies in particular admired him. A wife of less good sense would possibly have betrayed some jealousy, where no real cause existed. The husband, with his suavity, his *bonhomie*, and his obligingness, was constantly called upon for neighborly services. No sooner was it known that Judge C. would depart on the morrow for his circuit, than from one to half a dozen ladies, wives, widows, and maidens, would prefer their requests for protection on the way, to be taken along to some visit nearer or more distant on the route. No press of business, no inconvenience ever suggested a negative; but kissing his hand, he would say, "Certainly, ladies, I am always your humble servant—only one condition—there must be no band-box—a trunk, if you choose, but no band-box;" adding, with his peculiar humor, "for, you know, if the bonnet were spoiled, I should be almost as unhappy as you would." The wife would laugh at the multiplicity of these requests, and calling him "that squire of dames," add, "It is good enough for you."

He used to say, "The women ought to have all these little matters their own way; for, after all, the poor creatures have not a fair chance." Yet he never boasted his "chivalry."

I remember once, during his absence of a few weeks, Mrs. C. found it convenient to make some change in the sleeping apartments, which removed the door of one of them to another angle of the chamber. On his return in the afternoon, she was seen to smile once in awhile at the idea of the surprise he would feel when shown the improvement. He smiled a little, too—reciprocally, perhaps. Being

fatigued, he retired early, when Mrs. C. called to one of her sons, saying, "Show your father to his chamber." Upon this he turned his head in leaving the room, saying, "Madam says I have been gone a long time; and I suppose so, if I don't know the way to my own chamber." He had kept the secret, which the boy who took his horse had communicated to him on his first arrival, but good-naturedly gave into the thing. He expressed no surprise to his little son; but, as he passed into the room, said to himself, in a low tone, "I used to think the door was there."

I have said how great a favorite he was in society; and, notwithstanding his superiority, he would sometimes, perhaps, have fallen into a certain degree of levity, had it not been for the good-natured raillery of the wife, who, jealous of his dignity, would, upon these occasions, convey an inuendo to the very point of the folly, never losing temper, and never pursuing the subject beyond the instant. At home, I think, she never spoke of or remembered these things. They were a mutually confiding and very happy couple.

The management of their family, of which I intend to speak, was uncommon and exemplary. They had a distinct plan of government, and they were well situated to carry it out. Their large house was delightfully situated—removed a small distance from the town. They were surrounded by neighbors, yet not incommoded by them. The rooms were airy, and conveniently furnished. Though plain, every thing was good enough, and nothing was too good. There was not an article that gave the idea either of parsimony or of extravagance. They had a choice garden and extensive grounds. In mentioning these things, I must not forget to add, that they were sensible of and thankful for their possessions, saying, "We have every thing that is comfortable, and nothing to brag of." They lived in unostentatious plenty, and were nobly generous in hospitality. They were the patrons of merit, and the helpers of the unfortunate wherever found. In their attention to friends and acquaintances, the poor were not forgotten. I used very often to see an old gentleman visiting them, who, they told me, was an inhabitant of the alms-house; and thither, the lady told me, they sometimes went, to drink tea with him. She said the attention in that way was gratifying to him, and that he had seen better days. This person, who was called Captain N., subsequently had a pension granted him, as having been in the United States' service. But he died, being old, on the very day he should have entered upon it.

In making a sketch of this couple, I am conscious that I write from the warmth of my own recollections; yet I do not mean to say that either of them was exempted from the faults and foibles



incidental to humanity. But, as they made it a practice to be as well conformed to propriety as might be, so they were not in the way of betraying all the weaknesses to which they might naturally plead guilty. In this way they not only concealed, but they repressed them.

They were much alike in the point of both possessing a genuine independence of action and feeling. But this carried no assumption with it, and never sought to aggress. All who were worthy were treated by them with fairness, and consideration, and complaisance. Urbanity was no doubt the distinguishing trait in the disposition of the husband. And the wife, whilst she possessed a spicery of keenness and discrimination, was yet nobly just.

This entire freedom from either jealousy or fear of the opinions of others, was also not interfered with by any relative form of dependence, either direct or contingent, upon them. They considered their ideas of duty as drawn from higher authority than that of society or of neighborhood—though owning obligation to both—yet paramount to their dictation. They made no false pretenses, affected no undue elevation, nor owed any pecuniary obligation—they lived upon certain means—they lived within their means, and were fully above-board.

In the course of my narrative I may, perhaps, recollect some trait of reprehension in their conduct. But at present I aver that not one presents itself. This will not seem surprising to the reader, when it is recollected that, in their *economy of character*, it was the principle of both to guard the "heart," whence are "the issues of life." This method they had probably assumed by compact, after they became parents, as presenting some example in themselves of the conduct which they exacted of their children.

The lady, I think, possessed the greater share of moral prudence; and with her, probably, this discipline, as an established method, originated. And she, of the two, having the children always about her, would reap more comfort from this culture at a second growth. It was not here, as in many families, that the children, from their greater familiarity with their mother, respected her less than their other parent. Whilst their confidence in her was complete, she yet ever retained that salutary command that insured the well-being of both parties—if parties they may be called, where, in love, all were willing to lay down their lives for each other.

This lady did not think herself very wise—she only essayed to pay a living homage to such as were so. She used to say that her authority was the best on record, adding, "In the book that I consult, I find whatever I look for; and none so bold to gainsay it." She was substantially religious. Judge C., also, was of the faithful. Upon

first establishing himself in a home, he said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." As an industrious man of business, he was much absent from home; so that the charge of the family fell more upon the wife.

I remember once seeing her under some anxiety to clear the house of some guests, who were with her by invitation. She at first essayed some little address in doing this, but finally came out with characteristic candor, saying, "My husband has just got the information that he has lost his office. This is not only a disappointment to him in the way of business, but, also, his feelings are rather mortified. He has been so great a favorite with the public," added she, "that perhaps he will not bear it very well at first; and so, dear ladies," continued she, "if you should visit Miss D. for the next week, and return to me after that time, I shall be entirely at leisure to enjoy your company. You do not misunderstand me; and do return, I pray you, when I shall send for you, and let me claim the whole of your promised visit." She was not misunderstood; for they should be captious persons, indeed, who could have taken offense at this high-minded appeal.

Judge C., after all, had no cause of personal chagrin. His removal from office had been effected by the usual play of party intrigue, in a time of strong political excitement. He had still his profession as a resource whereby to live. And he had ever at hand this kind friend to soothe and shield him, as it were, from himself.

They had six children to train up. They thought it not enough to feed, and clothe, and educate them at school, or at college; but they were vigilant over them, that corrupt ideas should never gain a footing within their hearts or their practices. They were "instant in season and out of season," to direct them to that propriety and those well-grounded principles of action, that should render them competent to whatever station of life they might eventually fill. They took care early enough to train them to the use and exercise of their faculties; so that they should never be averse or discouraged by employment. They *insisted* on their being fond of reading; and this they rendered interesting to each, by conforming, as much as was proper, to their particular tastes in the choice of books. Books they were supplied with in plenty. With toys only sparingly; for which, by the way, they were much better relished by them, than if they had been indulged in more. They inculcated self-dependence and independence upon them in the best sense of the words.

With some of their children they found it matter of vigilant attention to repress that sort of self-importance, which the very young, if possessed of a good deal of character, are apt to carry along

with them. It may be seen that the children of this household never received an example of false pride, or of self-consequence, at home.

I recollect having heard a laughable conversation which took place betwixt the father and a son of about fourteen years. His father finding him exceedingly active, had decided, after consulting the boy, to train him a merchant. And he had now been some few months apprenticed accordingly, when one evening he came home in quite a black humor. "My son," said the father, "what's the matter? You seem out of sorts. Come, eat your supper, and then tell me all about it." The boy cleared up at this, giving his father the confidential smile that was expected and required in this family; and, having eaten his supper, went on to say that Mr. T., to whom he was apprenticed, required services of him that he did not like—so many petty errands all over the town, he said; "and I have to do such things as you and ma' never required of me at home." "I suppose so, son; but then we were never training you up for a merchant," said the father; "and," chimed in the mother, "my child, you are on the lowest step of the ladder just now; but go on regularly and you will arrive at the top. You will never get to be an admiral if you insist upon getting in at the cabin windows!" His elder brother tried to comfort him by saying that for his part he had to study so hard at college, that he almost wished he were at liberty to take nice walks along with him. And his sisters, ten and twelve years of age, laughed at his distress, not knowing how to understand it. But when the tears came into his eyes, his father insisted upon knowing what was the particular affliction of this day. "I will tell you, sir," said he; "Mr. T. ordered me to carry home a *demijohn* through the street, and I did not think that suitable, though I did it." "Well, son, I don't think it need hurt you, after all," said the father, soothingly. "O, no, father," said he, "it did not hurt me to carry it; but I did not think it looked well for Judge C.'s son to be carrying a demijohn!" "O! if that's all," replied the father, "Judge C. will excuse you, and inform you, at the same time, that he himself performed much more menial offices at your age." The temperance idea had no bearing upon this anecdote.

The children of this family were always allowed a fair discussion; for it might emphatically be said they were ruled by love. In this way they were not unfrequently induced to perceive the better sense of their parents' opinions over their own. Also, in matters which mostly concerned themselves, they were generally left, as it were, to their own casting vote of decision. And thus they felt the dignity of being persuaded rather than commanded into a measure.

The son of whom I just now spoke, with a strong spirit, was yet docile to his parents' commands; and evincing much ability, his father changed his destination, and educated him at college, and eventually to the bar, of which he is at present a distinguished member.

The eldest son, at this time about sixteen years of age, was of a mild and affectionate disposition, with great refinement of feeling, and much literary taste. He was quite his mother's darling. Of this, however, she was conscious; and a year or two after, when he had graduated at college, (being destined for a lawyer in one of the western states,) and made pretty long holidays, enjoying the delights of his home, the mother said, "We could keep L. here for ever, if we only consulted our own pleasure; but he has his way to make in the world, and the sooner he begins the better. He is not very resolute; so, 'darling' as he is," said she, with a smile and a tear, "we must give him a push!" This gentleman, who, as a youth, did not seem to possess much enterprise, has, (aided, no doubt, by this judicious management,) succeeded admirably in his profession, and in life.

The third and fourth children were daughters. The elder was naturally very indolent; for which cause her mother insisted upon her daily exercise in house matters; and I am told she has made a most notable housewife. The parents said, "We will marry this daughter young. She is not of an apprehensive mind, and so much a creature of habit, that it is best she be conformed to the character of her husband, before she is established in tastes of her own. Accordingly, when a suitor appeared that pleased her, she was married at the age of seventeen, and has ever been an amiable and happy wife.

"But I don't know what we shall do with 'Chop Logic,'" said the fond father, referring to his youngest daughter. I once heard the mother say that she thanked Heaven that their children were all endowed with common sense, having neither a prodigy or an idiot amongst them; "for," added she, "it is as difficult to reduce the one to the level of common sense as it is to elevate the other. And we are more ambitious for the practical good sense of our children, than for any degree of genius without it." And to this point tended all their discipline.

I believe they had more difficulty with this youngest daughter than with either of their other children. She was neither froward nor self-conceited, but a genuine oddity. She was a sharp, lively, pert little creature, fair, and lean, and alert—a complete contrast in character and person, to the slow, dreamy look, the full figure, and deliberate movements of her sister. She was still in school at sixteen years. She mastered all her studies

with quickness and ease, cared very little for general society, and for the young gentlemen not at all.

There was some little secret one day in the family. After awhile, the mother said to me, looking rather disturbed, "Clara and I are not upon terms to-day;" (the reader understands that I was intimate and confidential in the family;) "but having, until now, had visitors about her all day, I have not yet spoken to her on the subject; but she knows well that something is wrong between us. You must know that it has come to me through one of her younger brothers, that she has been writing an *epigram* upon a certain young gentleman, who has affected to be more about her than she likes. But it is a mean thought to get rid of him in this way. The paper was handed me for inspection, and was headed thus: 'Verses upon a young gentleman who desired that his character might be tested by any *equal rule*.'" "And so," said Clara, now appearing, "I being then engaged in working sums, concluded to test him by the 'Rule of Three,' multiplying his vanity by his self-love. I was working by aliquots." "Hush, daughter!" said the mother, "you may think this very clever; but take my word for it, that cleverness will never excuse impertinence. You have made some children at school laugh, and they have applauded you. But I, your mother, tell you to have done with this vein of satire. It is a thing in bad odor with all; and if persisted in will injure you more than you are aware of. None but your own family will believe that any merit or goodness is associated in the character that harbors it. It looks bold, too, though I know that you have not apprehended it so. I would have my daughter modest; and she is so, when her better sense prevails." Clara looked surprised and self-convicted, making no defense. Her mother went on to say, "I wish you, daughter, to frequent society more; and you will perceive that you must abandon this vein of smartness, or you will have no friends—there would be a prejudice created against you; and you, on your part, would resent the injustice of those persons who allow you no merit, forgetting that you have never permitted them to know that you possess any. Thus you will get at odds with the world in the outset. I wish you, too, to get rid of this shyness, in which it has been our mistake to indulge you so long. But you look fatigued, my child! We shall forget this, for I know the like will not occur again."

Clara suppressed her wit from that day. By mingling in general society, a more liberal and salutary play of the spirits was induced; and by the vigilance of her parents, and her own good sense, she improved year by year, and finally attained to that *economy* of the intellectual acumen which, as

associated with a tender heart, had ever rendered her mother so charming.

The two youngest children were sons, differing in age about two years. Always playfellows, the elder had great control over the younger, from a certain timidity of character which he possessed, and particularly from a trait of credulousness, which the sprightly and free-minded brother had sometimes a disposition to amuse himself with. But this was ever frowned upon by the parents, and finally set to rest, as a point to be insisted upon, by a severe reprimand. The elder, in the buoyancy of his spirits, one day incontinently began, in the presence of company, "Pa', brother G. *believes* ——" when he was cut short with, "Well, son, I am glad he does believe; for on the confiding temper of such a child I can better impress the lessons of obedience and respect which I would fain inculcate on all my children, than I can on one who, whether wantonly or deliberately, is over quick in his judgments of others, and, may-be," said he, softening his voice to a tone of expostulation, "over slow in self-knowledge. Your brother," continued he, "is at present very young, and comparatively ignorant both of life and the philosophy of things; but he is biddable and industrious. As he looks on and studies he will become informed, and his trueness of temper will keep him right in all that is essential. Besides," concluded he, "it is not every one that would contradict him that is capable to set him right. For instance, what does he believe, as you commenced telling me?" "Ah! pa', please excuse me, nothing of any consequence." "You don't like to tell me, ha! Well, suppose, then, that he believes the moon is made of green cheese, now do you, H., tell me what the moon is made of!" H. hesitated, stammered, and coloring very much, said something about "opaque" and "reflected light," but made out nothing clearly. The laugh was turned upon him, and from that day he was more sedulous to inform himself than to detect the ignorance of others. The boys were at this time very young, perhaps eight and ten years of age. They have ever continued affectionate brothers. The elder is, I have been informed, a highly respectable citizen, and very eligibly connected in life. What his occupation is I do not know; but, as a resident in the land of "steady habits," I feel assured that he has an occupation; for this is a point upon which a gentleman, of whatever amount of fortune, is never excused by this people.

The youngest son conformed to the advice of his parents, and became a farmer. I recollect hearing his mother say that he was too good for any other occupation. "In fact, wife," added the father with humor, yet affectionately, "he is good for nothing else. The world, should he try it, would soon use

him up." The mother broke in, with her peculiar, earnest, full, lively manner, "What other station half so noble as the free, large-souled, independent occupation of our yemenry?" adding, "Our son is reasonable and pious. In the country he will enjoy life—he will be occupied—he will expatiate amidst nature unharmed and unharmed."

It was a singular merit in this couple, so closely interested in their home, and the progress of their children, and their higher duties not forgotten, that they were at the same time such delightful participants of social life.

My young reader deserves to behold one of whom I have told her so much as of this lady. She had a milk-white complexion without color, dimples in her cheeks, silvery gray eyes, with a glance both piercing and soft. Her smile was rich in goodness. Her movements were graceful, and in person she was rather inclined to *em bon point*. All her ways were womanly and kind. These were the traits—each one can Daguerreotype for herself.

This excellent lady, having "acted well her part," and lived to see her family established in life, departed at mature age, and in the full consolations of the Gospel. Her bereaved partner lived on a few years, sustained by grace; yet his heart was every day sadder. His home was rendered still comfortable by the filial attendance of his youngest daughter, who, being unaffectedly scholastic, has never married. And, with her peculiar turn of mind, she is one of the few who (having received eligible proposals) may be excused on the score of celibacy.

And now the father felt that his account with the world was nearly settled. He had been faithful to his children, and they all filled respectable and ascertained situations. Active business he had for some years declined. A neighborly kindness, or other act of benevolence, would at times engage his attention and divert his melancholy. She that was wont to share his studies of leisure and taste, was no longer his listener, or his interlocutor; and when he attempted this sort of recreation, he felt to say, sadly enough, that

"Othello's occupation's gone."

The wit that she inspired, and the humor, the offspring of contentment and joy, had ceased. Once, indeed, upon again seeing an old friend, he essayed something in the wonted vein, but a sudden memory arrested and changed the sentiment, and a starting tear was the only explanation. His health declined, every day a little lower.

Nothing more need be mentioned but that he stood his trial well; that the faith which had sustained him all along was most triumphant at last. He had lived a happy life, and it was consummated by a happy death. He lies buried by the side of his companion. Their memory is of a sweet savor

amongst men, and of a savor that ascends to heaven.

My reader will please acknowledge that, although I have narrated incidents but trivial in themselves, yet, as bearing upon character, not unworthy of attention. It were impertinent in me to suggest the points of significancy. Yet the history shows, in this happy and respectable family, that the results of natural disposition in the individuals might have been very different, if the saving care of the parents' eyes had not detected and eradicated the germs of evil as they rose. This was effected by a willing *obedience*, constrained by *love*.

It says well, too, for old Connecticut, that where worldly preferment was not the point aimed at, so much both of respectability and fortune has been effected amidst them, as the result of piety, integrity, and moral worth. C. M. B.

Original.

#### FUTURITY.

It is the design of our great and merciful Creator to make his creatures happy. But this life is a scene of affliction and trial. It can only, therefore, be preparatory to another. To "use this world, then, and not to abuse it," is the great rule of our present state of existence. Our duty is to enjoy, with thankfulness, the blessings of Providence—to be faithful laborers in our Lord's vineyard—to employ our "talents" for the benefit of our fellow beings—to repent of our sins—to trust in the Redeemer for pardon and acceptance—to endeavor, to our utmost, to lead a pure and holy life; and so to "lay up our treasures in heaven," so to elevate our hopes, and fix our eyes and affections above sublunary things, that when we leave this world we shall feel we are going to take possession of "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled," in the realms of eternal felicity, and to shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Were our treasures really laid up in heaven—did the light but beam in upon us from the regions of unexperienced happiness, our reluctance to pass the portals of death would be subdued. Why does a man who sojourns in a distant country, for purposes of health, commerce, or science, look upon the termination of his temporary pilgrimage, and upon the time of his return, with delight; while a native of the land where he dwells would view his having to accompany him as banishment or exile? Because the one is going to the friends of his heart, and to the home of his fondest associations, while the other would go to a place of which he had framed no delightful ideas—he would be leaving the *treasures* of his heart behind.

To form accurate conceptions of heaven, both reason and revelation tell us, is, in our present

state, beyond our capacity; but to picture to our imaginations the highest degree of felicity we can conceive, and then to feel that the glory and happiness of heaven are infinitely beyond it, seems not only allowable, but to be comprehended in the injunction, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Let us conceive, then, that our physical nature is sinking—that clouds are settling over our prospect of this world, and that all is darkness before us—let us conceive we are just crying, with the sinking Peter, "Lord save, or I perish," when a brightness breaks through the clouds, and a shining figure, having a radiant countenance, is perceived in the midst. It is the Redeemer, who stretches out his hand, and with a benignant smile exclaims, "Why did you doubt?" The brightness increases—we rise over the clouds—the prospect widens—a land spreads out on every side, inconceivably more beautiful and glorious than the most captivating scenes of earth—the heavenly city, with walls and towers of apparent crystal, is before us—we approach it, while streams of light glitter among immortal flowers, and the never-fading trees of eternal life cluster over our path. Bright forms are seen to glide along the battlements, waving their everlasting banners, inscribed with, "Glory to the Highest—glory to atoning love!" The gates open, and we enter the mansions of the blest—the places prepared "for the redeemed in the Lord," with the consciousness that now "the wicked have ceased from troubling," and that here "the weary are at rest."

Before us is the incomprehensible, the all-creating Essence—the almighty Father!—diffusing love, and peace, and joy, upon all within the gates of salvation! We feel sensations of indescribable awe—a sublime and glorious elevation, unimagined, and unimaginable before—and feel, predominating over all, ecstatic bliss, while we listen to the heavenly welcome, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Knowing that our trials and sufferings are ended; that our doubts and difficulties are cleared away; that there shall be no more pain, no more dissension, no more sorrow—that our commiseration for the afflicted is exchanged for participation with the joyful—we feel, as we take a hasty retrospect of the temporal obscurity and turmoil from which we have emerged, and with the reason of our destiny and the end of our being in our view, as if we had awaked from a troublous dream; and although we see, among the virtuous in the world we have left, our friends, as yet surrounded by the shadows we have escaped, and still with the wonderful problem of life unsolved; yet we feel that we may become their ministering angels, and that soon they shall be numbered among the glorious company that now encircle

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us. And O, what a company is that! Composed of the "just made perfect," of the dearly beloved friends who went before us, and from whom we shall part no more, and of the truly wise, and good, and great, of every age, now assimilated to angelic existences. And through all is felt perfect and unrestrained communion of feeling and intelligence. All, all "pure in heart" and essence are those who now "see God." Here enters no failure of judgment, no misconstruction of terms, no misconception of motives, to impair the reciprocated confidence and love. Perfect intercommunication of happiness, and the joy of praise is our employment—the investigation, or rather the contemplation, of the inexhaustible riches of grace, of wisdom, of knowledge, our happiness! All science is unfolded to our astonished eyes; the mechanism of the worlds, and the operations that produce the intellectual, spiritual, and material phenomena, are at once revealed. Stars and systems, in never-ending variety, are present to our view; and the various, harmonious, wonderful productions of the great first Cause, are everywhere administering to our ineffable delight. The history of all ages is laid open to our intuitive sense; interminable joy is in prospect; and while enrapturing harmonies float around us, in communion with the Pauls, the Howards, and the Wilberforces, of every age and nation, and the seraphic hosts of heaven, we prostrate ourselves before the throne of the triune God, and join in the heavenly chorus—"All glory, praise, power and dominion be unto our Creator, our Redeemer, and our Sanctifier, for ever and for evermore! Amen! Amen!" Then—O, then, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

W. N.



#### RETIREMENT.

"He was there alone," when even  
Had round earth its mantle thrown;  
Holding intercourse with Heaven,  
"He was there alone."

There his innocent heart's emotion  
Made he to his Father known;  
In the spirit of devotion,  
Musing there "alone."

So let us, from earth retiring,  
Seek our God and Father's throne;  
And to other scenes aspiring,  
"Train our hearts alone."

Thus when time its course hath ended,  
And the joys of earth are flown,  
We, by hope and bliss attended,  
Shall not be "alone."

BOWRING.

Original.

## THE INDIAN CAMP MEETING.

THREE years since, brother Scott, the Wesleyan missionary at St. Clair, hearing that there was a band of Indians, a remnant of the great Chippeway nation, located at Lakeville, Michigan, who had never been visited by a missionary, and who were willing to hear "the Gospel," went, in company with his interpreter, and preached to them "Jesus and the resurrection." The result was, that the chief and nearly all the band turned from their dumb idols, and became worshipers of the true God. After this devoted and excellent minister of the Gospel had, under God, been instrumental in introducing these untutored savages into the fold of Christ, he surrendered them to the Michigan conference, which, at its last session, appointed the Rev. Daniel C. Jacokes, and brother Elijah Pilcher (a converted Indian, now an accredited preacher of the Gospel) as his interpreter, to labor among them and the different bands of Indians in the north and east parts of this state. Perhaps I ought to remark here, that the Rev. Peter Marksman, an Indian, and now a member of the Michigan conference, was the first agent employed by the Church among these Indians. He had the high honor of making many of his countrymen the first offers they ever had of Christ and his Gospel, upon visiting, I believe for the first time, a band located at Cope M'Cormick. He took for his text the impressive and appropriate passage, "I will arise and go to my Father." And that he is devoted, and ingenious, and eloquent, will appear from the following incident, taken from the memory of the writer, who, sometime since, formed part of a small company seated around brother M., at the fireside of a hospitable mansion. After singing the missionary hymn, so as to delight and edify us, he made, in substance, the following narrative: "When traveling to the northwest, on a missionary tour, I had to cross lake alone, in canoe, distance across twelve miles. Pushed away from shore, and, for awhile, pleasant and calm; but not gone far before clouds arise, lightnings flash, thunders roll, waves foam and roar; thrown about like a feather in my canoe; know not how soon I go bottom, but not afraid; I went along singing missionary hymn:

'Waft, waft ye winds the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spread from pole to pole.'

And when I got near the other shore, though bluff three hundred feet high, when down wave so high could not see it; but, at last, big wave carry canoe ashore. Then me climb top bluff, and me thank God no waves around me now—me feel happy; and me think after awhile me get to Mount Zion, where no waves—all calm, all peace, for ever."

And when he preached, in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God, from the text alluded to, there is no doubt the trumpet gave a certain sound; certain it is, most of the band whom he addressed relinquished their heathen practices, gave up their gods, and their medicine bags, of most of which, he exultingly told me afterward, he made a bonfire.

Brother Daniel C. Jacokes and brother Pilcher, brother Marksman's successors, are laboring in this interesting department of the missionary field, with great zeal, patience, and success. Like the honored and devoted missionary to whom allusion has been made, and who may be looked upon as the founder of the Indian mission in the northeast part of this state, they, too, as Harris has it, "feel like the executors of their crucified Lord, who has bequeathed happiness to the world." Burning to penetrate into the regions beyond, and put all within their reach in possession of the great salvation, they have visited bands, located in the north part of this state, who were Pagans, and who had never heard the Gospel. And band after band have been conquered by the Crucified, through the instrumentality of these his servants here.

It was with a view to the united benefit of them and the whites, that a camp meeting was held in a beautiful grove in the town of Brandon, Oakland county, which commenced on the second of July, 1844, and continued until the tenth day of that month. I started on the third, from Flint, a thrifty and growing village almost at the outskirts of civilization, and arrived within the precincts of the grove the next day about noon. And where, but a few years ago, the solitude and silence of the wilderness was only broken by the beasts of the field, or the Indian hunter in pursuit of his game—where, occasionally, fierce and hostile warriors met, gave their war-whoop, and then rushed into mortal conflict—we found hundreds, both of whites and Indians, met for the worship of Almighty God. The different bands of Indians, with their chiefs, (several of whom had become local preachers,) had collected, and were harmoniously worshipping before the throne of God. Chiefs and warriors, that had met as enemies on the battle field, were now brethren beloved. There were two chiefs on the ground who had fought at the battle of the Thames, one on the side of the British, and the other under the banner of Harrison. The one who was associated with the great Tecumseh, and like him fought under the banners of England, stated that his men were nearly all killed around him, and that, though he was nearly surrounded with the Americans, he leaped upon his pony, which he had tied to a bush, rode through them and made his escape. He did not, however, go unharmed, but received some severe wounds. But

these two chiefs, who, inspired by the trump of war, had met as enemies upon the field of battle, might be seen, after the blowing of the horn, taking their seats side by side in the congregation, to listen to the Gospel of peace. There was one chief on the ground, a Pagan, said to be very influential among his countrymen, who, during the meeting, was urged by the missionary to embrace the Gospel, and use his influence to extend it. Amid expressions of opposition, he gave signs of deep conviction. After one of the Indian brethren had delivered an impressive discourse, on Friday night, this chief arose and opposed him. I had fallen asleep, but was awaked and informed that the old Pagan chief was speaking against the Gospel. I wish, for the sake of your readers, I *could paint* with words, and place the picture before them; perhaps some more graphic pen than mine may have sketched the scene. It was a fine, calm evening—heaven above us was full of sparkling gems, the moon shone forth in all her brightness; but the light of moon and stars was lost amid the glare of our camp-fires, and our lamps, which were suspended from the trees. The stand was filled with the preachers; the Indians were, most of them, seated upon the benches nearest the stand, while the whites stood upon the benches behind and around. Immediately in front of the pulpit stood the old chief, a fine looking, stout Indian, a handkerchief fixed Indian fashion upon his head, blue pilot sur-tout coat, broad pieces of silver, some three inches wide, around his wrists, buckskin leggins and moccasins, his belt around him, and his tomahawk by his side. There he stood, the orator and champion of Paganism—fire in his eye and thunder upon his tongue. When he first arose he gave the Indian war-whoop, which, amid our leafy temple, startled both the red men and the Longknives. When I left the tent and first entered the congregation, he was speaking very fast and very loud, and appeared to be pouring forth a torrent of angry speech; his gestures were very violent; he had a cane in his hand, with which he pointed first this way and then that, sometimes toward heaven and then toward the ground. After speaking with great vehemence and terrible energy, appearing to slacken, an Indian minister (Nagagheek) upon the platform said, "Stop now, I want to talk;" upon which the old chief, as if anxious to cease, said, "I done now; I through now; you talk." We were told that in his address he spoke of what their fathers had told them; described their superstitions and defended them; said it was all true, and he knew it was true. He described one of their great feasts, and said that the great Spirit had given it to the Indians to keep them alive. Finding him upon rather debatable ground, Nagagheek did not give him time to change his position, but attacked

him directly, challenging him to tell how he knew it was true, and especially how it came to pass that the Indians were moldering away before the whites, if the great Spirit had given them the great feast to keep them alive. While the brother was speaking, he appeared very attentive, sometimes laughing; but seeing his position give way, and getting impatient, he rallied for the attack, saying, "You stop now, I want to talk;" upon which the brother stopped, and the old chief again arose and spoke with considerable energy, though not with so much impetuosity as at the first. After he had again spoken for some time, his antagonist replied, and the discussion was continued until the chief was completely driven from every position.

I was struck with the contrast. When first I saw him, his utterance was loud and rapid, his gestures violent and quick, while he waved his cane around his head as if in defiance, and pointed with it first in this direction and then that; but at last he talked low and slow, and kept looking down upon the ground, at the same time lifting his cane two or three inches from the ground and striking at the same spot; until, at last, he admitted Christianity to be good, and said he believed it was true, and that he would never speak against religion again. There was a boldness and a magnanimity about the chief, which was truly honorable; and the scene to me, and to many others who witnessed it, was deeply interesting: And, doubtless, it will tell upon the interests and destinies of many deathless spirits. It is thought by the missionary, that the circumstance has opened the door for the Gospel to fifteen hundred Indians, who are yet in their Pagan state. The old chief had an affecting interview with the preachers afterward, in their tent, in which he expressed a determination to seek regeneration, and requested that the missionary would visit him at his village, and preach to him and his band and teach them. And the old man said upon leaving us, "Good bye, brothers—we all brothers now."

Brother Scott, from St. Clair, was present, to the great gratification both of the Indians (many of whom were his spiritual children) and whites, and rendered very efficient service, preaching both to the Indians and the whites. His two admirable sermons will not soon be forgotten, either by preachers or people. After the sermon on the Sabbath, a collection was taken up, amounting to twenty-seven dollars, to aid in supporting Nagagheek, who conducted the discussion with the chief: our presiding elder, the Rev. Larmon Chatfield, who is also superintendent of the mission, having engaged this brother to assist till conference, in cultivating this field, so white already to the harvest. At the same time, also, a subscription was taken, amounting to sixty dollars, to buy a yoke of oxen and implements of husbandry for the



Indians. It was, indeed, a time to be remembered—a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. On Monday, the Lord's supper was administered, and forty-seven Indians, adults and children, were baptized. Some of the adults had experienced religion previous to the camp meeting, under the labors of the missionary. And on this day the Indians formed on the ground in a procession, marched round and parted with the whites and with one another by shaking hands. It was an affecting scene. The hearts of all literally ran together. It seemed painful to leave the sacred place; but, thank God, while sitting together in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus, and banqueting on angelical cheer, their hearts had become one, and they left the encampment full of light, and life, and love; and, doubtless, as they roam through our northern wilds, they will spread the common Savior's name.

W. M.



Original.

## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

AFFECTION, though a tender plant, roots deeply and makes itself manifest. Though the blooming rose may be hidden from mortal gaze, and covered with leaves, its fragrance will find some secret avenue through which to scent the evening air—so affection will perfume the atmosphere in which it lives. As the carnation loses none of its beauty under the window of the humble cottage, so affection blooms as luxuriantly in the meanest cabin as in the lordliest mansion. It is a plant that does not root in the surface of the soul, but digs deep into the heart. Though in some hearts it finds more congenial soil than in others, yet it is indigenous in all, and should be diligently cultivated wherever found.

It is generally influenced somewhat by outward circumstances: for instance, the love of a friend dries up without reciprocity; but that natural affection exercised by a mother toward her child, gushes forth even when it meets with no return. It is deeper, stronger, purer, than any other. A mother's affection has no semblance on earth. It can neither be measured, fathomed, nor illustrated.

A mother's love! It is a theme of centuries. We are glad, for the honor of mankind, it is so. It is one of the first on which the youthful mind should be taught to linger. Teach the infant first to think of the love of God, and next the love of mother; and cold will be the heart of that child that will not, in riper years, prize it.

It has been said by an eloquent author, "The love which the father, the brother, or the sister bears, seems to be secondary, and the result of habit and association. But that which glows early and late—that which never tires or decays, in the

bosom of the mother, seems innate—a part of her very being. In such cases as that presented to Solomon, it speaks out in nature's own voice." Why, it may be asked, has the Almighty planted this deep, this *unquenchable, inexpressible* love, in a mother's heart? Can there have been no design in it? Does Omnipotence do aught in vain? It is to the care of the mother he has intrusted an immortal mind, that may act on other minds, and influence their eternal destiny; a gem for her to polish and prepare to shine in eternal light. Then, mothers, forget not your duty. When you feel for your child the warm gushings of affection, remember God has placed it there, to enable you to discharge the important trust committed to you—to sustain your fainting head as it hangs over the cradle of affliction; to give keenness to that eye which watches the erring footsteps of wayward youth, and fire to those lips which utter a mother's prayer. C.



## THOSE FLOWERS NEVER FADE.

"O God! how glorious must the mansion be,  
Where thy redeemed shall rest with thee!"

A LADY, who had buried a very dear and lovely sister, dreamed one night that her sister was with her, and, as they had been wont when girls, they left home with their baskets on their arms, to seek in the fields and woods, the beautiful wild flowers.

While filling their baskets, the lady, calling the attention of her sister to a spot all covered with lovely flowers, said to her, "O, sister, how beautiful are these; did you ever see any equal to them before?" "O, yes," said the sister, with a most heavenly smile, "where I dwell, flowers, a thousand-fold more lovely, for ever bloom."

"O, then," said the lady, "let me return with you, dear sister, and behold those richer flowers."

"Not yet," the sister answered. "Stay awhile and gather *these*; it is the Master's will. *Those flowers never fade*; they will be as fresh and fragrant whenever you come, as now."

The lady turned away to weep, and when she looked again, the heavenly visitant had departed. A comforting and, at the same time, instructive moral, has this sweet dream.

Parent! some of the most lovely plants that for a moment blossomed, and shed their fragrance in the domestic nursery, have been *transplanted*; while others still remain behind. Thy tearful eye often turns upward, toward "the garden of the Lord," where they now bloom in beauty. *Those flowers never fade*, while these on earth may be blighted. With tears and prayers, cultivate awhile *these*, that are still below, and then thou shalt be permitted to enjoy for ever, those that early passed from earth; and those, also, that now bud and blossom at your feet.—*Sunday School Teacher.*



ROSSE CASTLE.

A WESLEYAN AIR, COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES, BY WILLIAM NIXON, FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. (INSCRIBED TO MISS A. SHIELDS, PARSONSTOWN.)

**Tenor.** *With Simplicity.*

**Treble.**

**Bass.**

My rest is in heaven, My home is not here— Then

**Second Treble.**

*Pia.*

why should I tremble when trials ap - pear? Be hush'd my sad spirit, the

*Pia.*

**Tenor.**

**Treble.**

**Bass.**

worst that can come, But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

*Forte.*

*Forte.*

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
Or placing my hopes in a region like this:  
I seek for a city which hands have not piled—  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow—  
I would not lie down upon roses below;  
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,  
Till I find them for ever on Abraham's breast.

- 4 The dangers and trials my progress oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at the close:  
Come joy, or come sorrow, the worst may befall,  
One hour with my God will make up for it all.
- 5 With a scrip for my way, and a staff in my hand,  
I'll march on in haste thro' the enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
I'll soothe it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

## NOTICES.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS, *Number VI*, has come to hand—a work of interest and value.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH STILLING. *Harper & Brothers*.—This work will be found captivating and instructive. He who reads it will say that truth may be made charming as fiction. It contains some of the most beautiful sketches we have ever read, and breathes a spirit of piety. We have, however, an objection to the work—it is strongly tinged with superstition.

EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES. *By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F. R. S., F. G. S. Harper & Brothers*.—There are many useful facts and interesting reflections in this production; but it abounds with ill-natured remarks, and exhibits strong prejudices against every thing American.

ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA: *embracing also the Theory and Application of Logarithms, together with an Appendix, containing Infinite Series, the General Theory of Equations, and the most Approved Methods of Resolving the Higher Equations. By Rev. D. W. Clark, Principal of Amenia Seminary*.—This book having just reached us, we have not been able to bestow upon it much attention. From a glance at it, we are favorably impressed. Although the multiplication of school books is attended with inconvenience and expense; yet we do not regard it as an evil. It indicates an increased attention to the subject, the instruments, and the method of education. And we feel confident that such attention will be rewarded with important improvements in the art of training the youthful mind.

The work before us seems to present a full course of theoretical and practical elementary algebra, in the preparation of which the author has consulted the works of the ablest writers on the subject. It appears to unfold clearly the theory and principles of common arithmetic, to exercise the student in the logic of algebra, and smooth his path to the higher branches of mathematics. The work is well worthy the attention of teachers; and we shall not be surprised to find it take the place of Day and Bourdon, to both of which there are objections.

All the above works are for sale by Swormstedt & Mitchell.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The July number has been received. Its contents are—

“Art. I. Baptizo—Rev. N. Rounds. II. Literary Policy of the Romish Church. III. Hints on Prophecy—Rev. A. M. Osbon. IV. The Huguenots—G. P. Disosway, Esq. V. Arminian Controversy in the Low Countries. VI. Dr. Durbin's Observations in Europe. VII. Critical Notices: 1. Life of Bishop Roberts; 2. Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles; 3. Expository Notes on the New Testament; 4. Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; 5. Dr. South's Sermons; 6. M'Culloch's Universal Gazetteer; 7. The Land of Israel; 8. Evidences of Christianity; 9. Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition; 10. The Old and New Testament connected; 11. Saurin's Sermons; 12. Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; 13. Sacred History of the World.”

It is ornamented with an excellent portrait of one of the brightest ornaments of the American Church—Dr. Olin. We trust this excellent periodical will be well

sustained. We fear the Church does not appreciate its merits. Let no clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church be without it; but we ought not to be content to put it into the hands of clergymen: a large portion of our laity ought to take it.

THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS IN MIAMI UNIVERSITY, *delivered August, 1844. By G. Junkin, D. D., President*.—The subject of this address is Decision of Character. The writer first enters into an analysis of the mental processes, whence decision of character springs. He next proceeds to illustrate its importance in the various departments of human exertion, and concludes by laying down the following practical rules:

1. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
2. Let knowledge be perfect.
3. Choose your profession, and confine your main exertions to that field.
4. Let deliberation be repressed until investigation has completed her work.
5. Let the intensity of desire never outstrip the tardy movements of investigation, deliberation, and judgment.
6. Let desire always wear the habiliments of virtue.

THE PARLOR ANNUAL, or *Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine*, has reached us, accompanied with the first number of a beautiful edition of Pilgrim's Progress, with Dr. Scott's and Mason's Notes. The Annual is designed to be a “cheap, spirited, able periodical,” suited alike to the “families of the poor and the parlors of the rich.” The present number contains two fine embellishments, and a piece of music adapted to the family altar. It is edited and published by Rev. D. Newell, 126 Nassau-st. We gladly welcome this work into the increasing family of periodicals, and trust that, among the six millions of our country's children and youth, it will find an ample support.

We are pleased to see the “Old Pilgrim” coming out in a new dress. Pilgrim's Progress is a work of strong common sense and true piety. We see no reason for plates—Bunyan's pictures need no explanation.

THE LOWELL OFFERING, “*Written, Edited, and Published by the Female Operatives employed in the Mills*,” is still continued, and the numbers of the current volume, so far as issued, have just been received. Verily, New England beats every thing. We admire the land of the Pilgrims for its granite hills and granite intellects, its cold ice and cold calculations, its scaly fishes and scaly notions, its stormy ocean and its restless, independent spirit; but, really, we should like, above all, to take a look at these “factory girls.” We shake hands with them in our hearts across the mountains, and hope that the “Lowell Offering” will be a blessing both to readers and contributors.

THE AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY is a valuable quarterly. The July number has reached us, and is richly laden with interesting matter. Among its contents are the following articles:

- “1. Writings of Martin Luther. 2. The Works of Samuel Parr, LL. D., Reviewed. 3. The Ideal of a Perfect Pulpit Discourse. 4. Natural History of Man in his Spiritual Relations. 5. Extremes of Credulity and Skepticism in History. 6. Exposition of Matthew vii, 6. 7. Coleridge's View of Atonement.”

THE KNICKERBOCKER is a large monthly magazine, published in New York. It is unembellished, and relies upon its sprightly articles for its charms.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND BIBLE CLASS GUIDE**, is the title of a neat periodical, published in Boston, and edited by Rev. B. K. Pierce. It is filled with interesting matter, useful to all classes, but particularly to that one for which it is designed.

**THE COLUMBIAN LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE**.—This is a monthly published by Israel Post, New York, and edited by John Inman. It is richly embellished, and edited with spirit and ability.

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#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

**THE NEW EDITOR'S ADDRESS**.—Having been appointed Editor of the Ladies' Repository, I deem it proper to make a brief address to its readers. I trust I shall be pardoned for saying that I assume editorial duties with much reluctance, arising in part from inexperience, and in part from the fact that, in yielding obedience to the voice of the General conference, I have been compelled to turn my feet from a path which I had hoped to pursue for the remainder of life. I am not, however, without consolation, nor the spirit of cheerful obedience. Goodness and mercy have followed me thus far on the journey of life, and I trust they will continue to attend me; and since the path to God is through one's own soul, it is of little consequence where I spend the residue of my life, so that I obey the voice of the Church, which I regard as the voice of God.

It may not be improper to advert to the character of the Repository. I shall thus give information to new readers, and hold up a lamp to my own feet.

The Repository is not theological. I am not especially set for the defense and illustration of the Gospel. I may, indeed, occasionally give my readers an illustration of some doctrine, or a comment on some text, or an essay on some precept—I may deem it proper, at times, to reprobate a prevailing error, or denounce a popular vice; but I aspire not to the high walks of theological literature. Let it be understood, however, that whilst I disavow any pretensions to theology, I do not mean to be Atheistical. I shall not regard the fields of nature, or of literature, as a deserted dwelling, but as a holy temple; and I expect to reach no point where I shall lose sight of Him "who filleth all things." Moreover, I intend to have a proper respect for Christianity. I must not be expected to teach morality as a heathen, but as a Christian; though I may utter the same truth as Seneca, yet my teaching shall be in Christ Jesus, as the letters of the Greek alphabet are between Alpha and Omega.

I need scarce add that the Repository is not sectarian. I rejoice that I stand on a platform high above the arena of strife. I have often been pained at the bigotry, and jealousy, and suspicion, found in the best portions of Zion. I rejoice that there is a broad basis of common ground, where parties and sects are forgotten, where personal strife is dissolved, sectarian rivalry disannulled, mutual jealousies mutually disowned, and where charity unites all hearts and hands in the love and service of God.

I am thankful, I count myself thrice blessed, that I shall never be compelled to descend from this elevated ground. I sit in the midst of a beautiful oasis, where I may breathe spicy breezes, and pluck delicious clusters, and drink from cooling fountains, without ever treading

the parched desert beneath. How happy am I, since I must be an editor, that I never need even allude to the troubles which agitate the Church. Whilst others ride upon the storm, and raise the waves, I can pour oil upon the troubled waters.

Whilst our monthly is not sectarian, I shall have the frankness to acknowledge that it may be tinctured with Methodism. Having a Methodist editor, Methodist contributors, and Methodist patronage, it were strange if it did not bear some resemblance to the Methodist family. Although our peculiar views may not be distinctly set forth, yet they may tincture our thoughts as the channel does the stream.

The Repository is not scientific. True, it will not be an ignorant spectator of the progress of philosophy and curious research. It may occasionally pass an hour with its readers in the cabinet of natural history, and gaze with profitable delight upon its dried or polished specimens. It will be careful, also, that no adventurer shall push his daring footsteps into untrodden paths, or bring back contributions from nature's kingdom, to enrich the treasury of knowledge, without an attempt to map his progress, and herald his return. But that no reader may be disappointed, let it be understood that the Repository aims not to discuss scientific topics, or to promote philosophical research.

Our monthly is not a review either of scientific, literary, or religious books. Let no one expect in it what should be found in the North American Review, or the Methodist Quarterly. It will endeavor, however, to notice, briefly, the works which are issued from the press, and may occasionally give an extended review of a new and valuable author.

The Repository aims to purify the heart, to refine the thoughts, to reform the manners, and to gratify that taste for pleasing, yet useful reading, which is extending itself so rapidly through the community.

I will endeavor to make it useful. Without solid thought and valuable knowledge, the Repository must be ephemeral; but it is intended not merely to be read, but to be bound and re-read. There are in the minds of the membership and ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church immense veins of solid gold, which might be wrought month after month into beautiful forms, to adorn and enrich the temple of knowledge.

The Repository aims to be the humble instrument to receive and suspend these charming forms before an admiring country. I wonder that brethren and sisters do not write more. Is there nothing in this beautiful world, nothing in passing events, nothing in a coming life, nothing in an opening future, nothing in God, or Christ, or holiness, or heaven: nothing between the footstool and the throne of the Almighty, to wake them to high and holy meditation?

I will strive to make the Repository interesting as well as useful—to exhibit truth, and array it in lovely attire. The Sermon on the Mount presents sublime truths in flowery robes. If I can provide an entrance for useful yet unwelcome knowledge through the passions or the fancy, will it be wrong to do so? The physician often sweetens a bitter pill. I do not, however, deem fiction allowable, except within narrow bounds. The Savior's parables are beautiful specimens of moral painting, and afford a guide to the use of fiction. When a fancy sketch is *within the limits of nature, clothed in simple language, free from error, and employed for the*

*conveyance of useful truth*, I see no objection to its use. There is, however, a spiritual epicurism, which, while it adorns truth with garlands, does but array it for sacrifice. The vain stories of the fugitive press find no favor with me—I deem them highly pernicious, and am astonished to find them on the tables of some sensible and religious families. They are to the intellectual man what distilled spirits are to the animal—they produce a moral intoxication, which disqualifies for useful thought or salutary feeling. The novel reader becomes little better than a lunatic, and passes his hours in dreams of rapture or of anguish. He can take no pleasure in real scenes, and is of little use to his fellow men. Whenever he meets with disappointment or difficulty, he wings his way to fancy's airy world. His feelings, too, are perverted. Nature has wisely connected sympathy for the suffering with a desire to relieve. Novels break up this connection, by presenting objects of sympathy on which, as they are imaginary, the desire to relieve cannot be expended. I feel hostile to every thing which elevates man above the region of common sense, or the ordinary sympathies of human nature. There is truth enough which is amusing, attractive, exalting. We want no fiction for "useful mirth or salutary woe." Embracing time and eternity, earth and heaven, there is a universe of wonderful realities. In the history of man, the mysteries of redemption, the depths of the universe, the light of heaven, in the epoch forming revolutions on which we enter, have we not enough to wake the passions and charm the fancy. No splendid conception in gorgeous drapery can please like truth in the garments of God.

The Repository has gained an enviable reputation. Its former editor needs no praise from us. Whilst I rejoice that I have the guidance of so gifted a predecessor, I can but mourn that I must follow him at so humble a distance. Though I cannot command the warm fancy, the logical acuteness, the refined taste, and the modest and master mind which he brought to the task, I will not be wanting in indefatigable exertions to maintain the Repository in its present elevation. Whether my efforts will be successful, time will determine. If our brethren will renew their exertions in obtaining subscriptions, and forwarding contributions, I shall not despair. E. THOMSON.

**CANTON FEMALE SEMINARY.**—This institution continues to prosper. Its catalogue has not reached us; but from an interview with our old friends, the excellent preceptor and his lady, we learned that it was well sustained. We should be surprised if it were not. They who bring to the task of educating the young, the ability, zeal, and self-devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Goshorn, deserve reward.

**NORWALK SEMINARY.**—The catalogue of this institution for the year ending July, 1844, shows that its career of prosperity has been uninterrupted. The whole number of students is three hundred and thirty-six. Having retired from our post in that institution, we may be permitted to speak in its praise. Its location is exceedingly eligible, healthy, accessible, and in a lovely village, whose population is noted for morality and good order. Its faculty is respectable and full—remarkable for its harmony, fidelity, and skill in imparting knowledge. May Norwalk Seminary long live! She has sent out many pupils to bless the world. May she send out many more!

**CATALOGUE OF THE CORPORATION, FACULTY, AND STUDENTS OF TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY, West Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the Academical Year 1844.**—Whole number of students, two hundred and sixty-one. Thorough instruction is given to both sexes. We cannot doubt that this is one of the best institutions in the land. The tuition fees are remarkably low.

**CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, for the year 1843-4.**—Total number of students, two hundred and two. We rejoice to find this institution in so healthy a condition. The Protestant population of the city should render thanks to God for his smiles upon our efforts to build up a seminary in Cincinnati for young ladies.

**GLOSSOLOGY.**—A work under this title is announced in London. The author is Dr. B. Ridge, who professes to have made one of the most important discoveries since the days of Hunter: that certain appearances in parts of the tongue indicate the presence of certain diseases, and that these parts correspond with certain organs of the body. We confess we are slow to believe.

We have read with much pleasure a chaste and pithy address, delivered before the Circleville Female Seminary, by the Rev. W. P. Strickland. We give an extract below:

"Much has been said in regard to the inferiority of the female intellect. If it be a fact that there is a difference between the male and female intellect, that difference must not be ascribed to the ancient and exploded notion that God has endowed the mind of man with greater powers and capacities than that of woman; but to the *kind* of education which they receive, and the different circumstances in which they are placed in life. This notion is not only antiquated, but an anti-Christian notion, for it is only in heathen countries where it prevails. \* \* \* \*

"Contact with questions of an exciting character, and participation in the business and strifes of the day, have a direct tendency to blunt, if not entirely to destroy that purity of sentiment, refinement of feeling, and retiring modesty, which should ever characterize the female mind, and which are at once the honor and crown of a virtuous woman."

**REWARDS OF LITERARY LABOR.**—M. Thiers received 100,000 francs for his *History of the Revolution*, and has been awarded 500,000 francs for his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*.

**THE BELGIANS** talk of an iron church in the common of Hornu.

**BOOKS.**—In 1843 there were 5,807 volumes, principally translations, published in Italy.

**TO READERS.**—It will be perceived that this number is filled almost exclusively with original matter. Many of the articles are long—too long for our taste or judgment; but they are all well worthy a patient perusal, and we earnestly bespeak it for them. We hope none of our readers will fail to read this number through before they pronounce upon its merits.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Many valuable articles are on hand, which are laid over for future numbers. We trust the correspondents of the late editor will continue their favors to the Repository. We hope, also, that our new correspondents will not be weary in well doing.





CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1844.

## CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE "wise man" informs us, that it is better to visit the house of mourning than the house of feasting. A thoughtful mind can scarcely enter the cottage of affliction, or the "house of the dead," without receiving salutary impressions. The cemetery should be an alluring spot. "O, how beautiful," said a dying child a few days since, "is that grave-yard; it will be sweet to lay my poor body amid its green willows, when my soul ascends to God." The cemeteries of Naples, Pisa, Bologna, and "All Souls Cemetery" at Kensal Green, England, are said to be among the most interesting objects which attract the notice of the traveler. We are happy to see some attention paid, in our country, to the resting places of the departed. We were much gratified with a walk in one near Baltimore, and another near Brooklyn; but it is said that Mount Auburn is the most beautiful in the Union. We extract a description of it from an article by Professor Larrabee, in the second volume of the Repository. It will be new to many of our readers, and will be read with pleasure by all:

"The distance from Boston is about five miles, through a succession of villages of the New England style, with their neat shaded streets, fine gardens, white cottages, and steeped churches. The most important village on the way is Cambridge, the seat of the venerable Harvard University, rich in the associations of the past. About a mile west of Cambridge I came to a large gateway, opening into a beautifully wild and romantic inclosure, containing above one hundred acres. Over the gate is written, in conspicuous characters, these words: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Entering by the gate, I passed down an avenue between rows of pines and firs, to a small lake bordered by willows. Leaving the lake, I passed on a few rods, and saw before me a natural mound, surmounted by a neat monument of very beautiful Italian marble. Being the first monument we meet on entering the cemetery, it naturally arrests attention and excites curiosity. We readily suppose it may, in many words, record the history, describe the character, and extol the virtues of him who sleeps beneath. On approaching, however, this beautiful monument, I found inscribed on it but a single word—the name of the philosopher and philanthropist, who came from

a far country to visit our own fair land; who died here suddenly, far from his home and his friends, and for whom strangers had made a grave in this beautiful spot. It was SPURZHEIM. How expressive appears that simple inscription, that single word, *Spurzheim*. His name alone is sufficient to recall to the mind the history and the virtues of that great and good man, who held so distinguished a rank in philosophy. At the invitation of his friends and admirers in America, he had left his native land across the ocean, bringing with him a reputation as a lecturer on science and philosophy, such as few men had ever attained. He had been in this country but a few days when he fell ill of a fever, and died amidst the regrets of all who had ever heard his name. Leaving this spot, I passed on over the grounds. Avenues and paths, intersecting each other at various angles, run in every direction over this city of the dead. Their names are derived from the vast variety of trees and shrubs, with which nature has adorned this remarkable spot. There is Larch Avenue, Beech Avenue, Oak Avenue, Hazel Path, Catalpa Path, Jasmine Path, Hawthorn Path, Vine Path, Iris Path, Linden Path, and so on through all the vegetable vocabulary. Of all places I ever visited, this is the most remarkable for its diversified surface, and for its variety of vegetation. There are hills, valleys, horse-back ridges, lakes, glens, dells, and brooks, of every possible shape and variety. On the small space of one hundred acres may be found growing spontaneously nearly every variety of tree, shrub, and wild flower common in the north, with most of the exotics cultivated in the gardens of the vicinity. The mingling of wild and cultivated shrubbery, of indigenous and exotic flowers, in so rural and romantic a spot, produces a fine effect.

"The ground is laid out in lots of sufficient size for containing the graves of a family. The proprietor, each for himself, incloses his lot with an iron fence, and ornaments it with shrubbery and flowers. In the centre of the lot is a monument, on which are inscribed the names of those whose graves are made in the inclosure. There is great variety exhibited in the style of the monuments, each proprietor consulting his own taste. Some are of marble, some of sandstone, and some of granite. Their shapes and sizes vary, some being plain and neat, others gorgeous and extravagantly expensive. Some of the inscriptions are simple and beautiful, others labored and in bad taste."

Original.

## THE DEATH-BED.

How sad, how heart-rending, either to witness or to remember, are death-bed scenes!—too sad and too heart-rending to be imposed on the sympathies of hearers, or of readers, but that they carry along with them a vital instruction.

In order to arrive at the point of my story, and to give it its true bearing in all points, I must inform my reader of many preliminary facts necessarily connected with it.

It was in the summer of 18— that, residing in the southern region of Alabama, I was seized with the fever of the country. The type, as the physicians term it, of that season was congestive. It may not be known to every reader that this is one of the most distressing and aggravated forms of fever, or of disease inducing fever—seizing the patient, as it were, at all points, and paralyzing the *vis medicatrix nature*, as the physicians term it—the restorative energies of nature. I know not to explain how this is; but I know that it is so.

When I was seized violently, this epidemic then raging round me, I supposed, of course, that my attack was of it. But I was mistaken. Mine was but a common though severe case of bilious disease, which yielded readily to the remedies prescribed; and in a few days I was well: still languid and weak, of course, but rejoicing in renovated existence.

Our family then consisted of myself and two sisters, all of mature age. Just at the date of my recovery, and before I was able to leave the house, one of my sisters, habitually an invalid, was seized with apparently the same sort of fever as that from which I had just recovered. This was varied, of course, by the difference of our physical constitutions, and by our different states of strength and weakness. My sister's constitution and mine were exactly the opposites of each other—mine being of an easy, soft, recuperative cast, and hers of a strong, unyielding inflammatory make, and all this aggravated by chronic disease of a nervous character.

The doctor at first thought her not very sick, because her attack had not been as violent as mine. In this circumstance perhaps was the difficulty—the disease was not as easily thrown off. The physician, I should observe, was very young—too young to have had much experience. He seemed sufficiently interested in his profession as matter of success to himself; and yet this was not shown by close observation or close attendance upon his patient.

My sister had now languished three or four weeks; and although the doctor assured us that the crisis was past, and the danger over, yet she

did not seem to mend. The weather was extremely hot, and I became fearful that she would sink under this long continued prostration. I consulted her, therefore, about calling in another physician; and to this she readily agreed. I told her that we would now choose one of equal age with herself, and that he would necessarily perceive many particulars of constitution in its decline of which the other seemed ignorant, or to which he paid no attention. We feared that the large quantity of medicine given would overpower her.

We were fully satisfied of the ability of our last called physician. The calling of him was a matter of delicacy, as it would seem by the custom of the place. However, I was too much interested to stand upon ceremonials. I made my apology, but in a sufficiently explicit manner; and the *truth* was accepted by this worthy gentleman as superior to etiquette. I also asked him to hand in his bill at once. But this he declined to do. I was then compelled by circumstances to add that we could by no means afford the charge of two physicians at once. He observed that it would materially hurt his practice if he were known to absent from a patient before recovery; that he wished still to continue his visits in company with his senior brother in medicine; "but from this date," said he, "I will charge you nothing." This was acceded to; and he was strictly honorable to his contract, not to charge beyond the date designated. It should be observed that physicians' charges here are enormous, or at least were so at that time—owing, probably, to the circumstance of the place being overdone with the number of practitioners. These extravagant charges compelled me to make the explanation. I would rather have forfeited any convenient sum than to have done it.

The new physician, Doctor Z., found my sister in a state of extreme nervous disease, which, shifting from place to place, eludes, as it were, the grasp of the helper. But he managed adroitly, and eventually he did help her. This physician, though he had obtained the diploma of his profession, had evidently not had an elaborate education. Yet he seemed imbued with an unwritten science, that was ever ready, and never at fault, and which, in its peculiarity, gave the observer the idea, as he viewed and studied his patient, of what might be called an occult practice. He spoke very little at the bedside, but inspired an intuitive confidence whilst he seemed to be comparing, selecting, and concentrating his ideas. One thing that I admired at was that he insisted that his patient should eat, taking considerable nourishment, in small quantities, in the course of twenty-four hours. I have the impression that she could not have been saved without this. And I feel it due to the subject to express my conviction of the excellence of the clinical or

close personal attendance, over that of the merely scientific and routine system of practice. Let not this opinion seem bold. As health is a matter of individual concern to every living being, so, no doubt, our beneficent Creator has endued us each with at least some conservative ideas upon the subject. It is good, in cases of sickness, to call the doctor: it is good, also, to ascertain many things concerning our health for ourselves; and a little attention to the subject will do it.

We were living at this time in a village, or small town. We had been here but a short time, and had not become generally acquainted with the inhabitants. The population in this new place was unsorted, and no precise rules of neighborhood assured the sufferer of aid in time of need. It was known, perhaps, that we were three in family, and supposed, without any great interest in the subject, that we were sufficient to each other. One kind neighbor, however, we had. This lady was herself in feeble health, but did what she could, by visits and advice, to assist us. Several, indeed, "came to see the sick lady;" but not one ever proffered personal assistance—not one ever watched a night with her during her illness. But here they were sitting an hour at a time by the bedside, talking volubly the while, and gazing at the invalid. This, in her terribly nervous state, distracted her exceedingly. Finally, I came to the decision to exclude them from her room altogether. This, it seems, as we could not leave our sister to entertain them in another room, was out of etiquette, and gave great offense.

So, during this protracted illness, now of eight or ten weeks, my sister and myself had none to assist us in nursing our sick one. We both attended by day, and took turns night about in watching. Our only house-servant, a negro woman, could not be trusted to keep awake for an hour by night, and, besides, in this season of sickness, had additional duties enough to engage all her exertions. I review this distressing and dark period with surprise how I was sustained to do what I then did. Surely God was good to me; and never can I doubt that, trusting him, we shall be sustained; that "as our day is, so our strength shall be."

Whilst our sister slept at twilight, we two tired attendants would take our seats for a quarter of an hour, perhaps, at a certain door on the cool side of the house, and converse a little together. This was our only recreation. In the sick-room we spoke only in whispers. Our meals we took separately, one attending our sister whilst the other was at table. How wonderfully are we endued at need to meet the exigency of our allotment! Regularly on the nights in which my sister watched, I would awake precisely as the candle was about to expire in the socket, to renew it; and giving a look at the

invalid, would retire and sleep again in a moment. There was a determination about me, too, that seemed indomitable. God helped me to be strong, and I was strong. I did not perceive, until those dark days were passed away, how much my health had suffered. My vigor was sapped away, my animal spirits had ebbed beyond the possibility of rallying, and I was wasted to a shadow.

But I have not yet detailed all the events of the time. Our sister did not apparently get any better, though her sickness was not now of any specific disease. This, perhaps, was not to be expected during the continued heats of August; but as she did not get any worse, we were encouraged.

She was excessively fond of ice, which the physician had allowed her to use freely throughout her illness. This was sometimes procured with difficulty. One day the ice gave out, and could not be replenished until several hours. The air was excessively hot and heavy, and this disappointment affected our sister, in her nervous state, in such a manner that a violent accession of fever was the consequence. This relapse caused us great consternation; for we thought her too weak to sustain a fresh attack. It was then that my sister A., hitherto so active, said, "If it is so, I give up: I can assist no more. I had hoped she was getting better, but now I know she will die: I can assist no more. I have done every thing to the utmost of my strength: henceforth I can do nothing." My sister said this with composure; yet I was surprised. I replied, "I must not give up: I shall continue to nurse her whilst she lives; and she will live." I felt that indescribable sort of irritation which the hopeful do feel when the desponding would seem to wrest away from them the hope they have cherished.

I had not observed, in my devotion to the sick one, though I now recollected it, that my sister A. had, for a day or two, appeared languid, and not well. But, upon this remark, I looked at her, and added, "I know you are tired beyond your strength: you had better retire and rest yourself awhile." This she did, lying in a heavy, insensible sleep for some hours.

I should remark that our sister A. had resided with us only a few months, and had found the change from her former residence very trying to her. At first coming to this region, she observed with a shudder—a sort of *prescient* shudder—upon the peculiarity of the climate—the air changing, and becoming absolutely cold by night after the excessive heats of the day. I had been watchful to close the windows of the sick-room about the time of night that this change renders it necessary; but had not thought to guard my other sister. Notwithstanding what she had said, after rising from her sleep, she still continued moving about the

room, preparing medicines, &c. The next morning (this being my watch night) she said to me, "I believe I had a *chill* last night. I was excessively cold, if I had not an absolute ague." I begged her to lie down again, and, as it was not the doctor's hour, to let me send for him immediately. But this she would not have me do, saying that she would presently bathe her feet, and that that would relieve her at once. She still continued in the room, when all at once she cried out vehemently that she was struck with a pain in her head—violent, unendurable pain. I immediately sent for Doctor Z., but he was not at home. Again I sent: still he was not at home; nor did his family know where to find him. I waited awhile; but the case becoming imminent, I pondered, not knowing how to choose a physician, and finally, at a venture, sent for Doctor O. When he arrived, my sister's paroxysm had in a measure subsided, and the pain in her head somewhat abated. Presently she turned excessively sick at her stomach, retching violently, without relief—a cold perspiration breaking out on her pale forehead, and presenting the most alarming symptoms. However, the doctor said, "I see nothing to be alarmed about. That excessive sickness will go over: I cannot relieve it at once; for it is the coat of the stomach which is affected, and which produces the irritation. But don't be alarmed; for there is nothing to fear: we shall soon manage the case." The patient herself was most agitated at the idea of congestive fever. This, however, the doctor assured her it was not. He left some prescriptions and departed. I did not ask him to see the other patient, expecting Doctor Z.; but him we did not see in many days. He probably made a visit to some important personage in the country. I never knew where he was during this anxious period.

At parting, I begged Doctor O. to come very soon again. He replied that "next morning would be soon enough;" and that he would come early. My sister A. had a restless, wretched night, and early in the morning the frightful pain returned in her head. The doctor was not returned at eight o'clock. I left the servant at the bedside, and myself hurried to his house, a distance of half a mile. I found that he had not yet risen for the morning. He seemed rather ashamed of his lateness, as he answered his wife at the breakfast-table, and said he would attend the call, and be at our house in fifteen minutes. I ran every step of the way home. The twenty or thirty minutes before the doctor got there seemed an interminable age, both to the suffering patient and myself.

One thing was very remarkable—the patient always appeared much better when the doctor was present than at any other time. This was not, however, so surprising as if his visits had been

more frequent or of longer duration. He seldom stayed longer than ten minutes at a time. And my sister was diverted by questions and answers necessary. On the third or fourth day, having only had intervals of relief, but no amendment, she said to the doctor, "Do, sir, please attend me closely with all your skill, for I am very sick, and know not how it will fare with me." "It will fare well," replied the doctor; "the crisis of your fever is not yet arrived, and you cannot be essentially better until after that time; but you have nothing to fear for the event." Yet no amendment took place: there was extreme prostration after the turns of fever, and a frightful stupefaction of the system, indicated by the livid color, and the hard, unging pulse. The patient now said, "If I could only be put into a warm bath, I think I should come to a little, and feel better." The doctor was not now present; and, from many indications, I still doubted that the disease might be congestive fever. There was also an idea borne in upon my mind, (I know not whence it was, nor how correct,) that if it were indeed congestive fever, the warm bath would tend to diffuse it through the system in such a way as would render it irremediable. I called upon a neighbor who was acquainted with the disease, and asked, "Could the bath be used?" She answered discreetly that cases varied so much, that I had better await the doctor. The doctor, at coming, said he thought then was not the time for the bath; that it did not suit the other prescriptions, &c. And he seemed undecided whether the bath were good at all.

My other patient, now convalescent, was on a bed in the same room; for I could manage no other way to attend on both. After a day or two more of suffering, our dear sister A. said to us what doubtless she had revolved in her own mind for many hours: "My time is come—this is my death-bed—do be reconciled—all have their time to die: this is mine;" and many other things, which so affected my other sister that I prevailed on her to be removed from the room.

This sister had experienced so much more sickness than I ever had, that she knew better to understand the symptoms, and was fully persuaded that our dear A. could not live. She wept violently for a long time, and then sunk, soothed as it were, into a sort of slumbering insensibility. As for myself, during this trying season I was like a machine, exerting interminably, and yet so overdone, that I was hardly conscious of what I was about. I had lost all hope. I looked in now and then upon my convalescent sister; but I kept my station by the side of the dying one. At a little intermission of suffering she said to me again, "I think I shall die; and when *I can feel a little better*, I have many things to say to you." Ah, dear sister, that

time never came! I replied, "Don't say so: you may yet recover." Observe, reader, that I suggested not the consolations of faith: not because I did not think them good, but because I could not bear to alarm my sister by a conviction of the certainty of dying. I had recently myself been very ill, and had felt a reluctance to admit, all at once, of a change so awful, so stupendous. In my own case I had felt that this conviction would gradually grow into a certainty by the methods of nature; and that these methods were more merciful than an abrupt disclosure, (for my sister's attack had been very sudden,) under these circumstances, could be by human admonition.

And now, O, reader, was I right or wrong? Partly, too, I was influenced by the recollection that, during my illness, I had been half the time, by intervals, under hallucination of mind. And I feared, in this case, should I interrupt these seasons of repose, (for such they were,) that I should commit my sister's last chance of recovery. Her thoughts were true to the occasion. Again she said to me, "Although, during my life, I have committed nothing to be called a crime, yet the idea of meeting my God face to face, appalls me." I replied, "Dear sister, you have committed no crime: I yet hope you will recover: try now to sleep."

I now begged the doctor to let my sister be put into the warm bath. He replied, "She is too weak—you may put her feet in the bath." This was done; and the surprising relief she experienced convinced me that a mistake had been made. Of this the poor patient was probably conscious herself; for she began saying, "How sweet and easy it is! if this had been done only"—a little sooner, she would doubtless have added; but by an effort of magnanimity, she checked herself, and, looking sadly at me, she said, "Sister, I pity you—you have had a dreadful summer." I knew what she said; but I had no tears for her sympathy: I seemed cased in iron. I had attained to endurance, and that was all of me.

Our present physician did not seem wanting in knowledge: he was probably well-read in his profession. One day he excused his lateness by saying that over night he had been sick, adding that he had *never in his life been sick before then!* I do not wonder at his confidence of recovery for his patient. What sufficient conception can one have of sickness who has never experienced it!

I now resolved to make one more effort to see Doctor Z. He came at my summons, but "shook his head." I said to him, "Would you have used the warm bath?" He replied, "Perhaps at first, but now it is too late!" I shall ever believe that nature suggests some reliefs to the patient which none others can, and that *her vehement cries* should not be disregarded. Also, I have reproached myself

more for not knowing the conditions of a bath, than for all other of my short-comings in domestic life. How many things seemingly insignificant are in reality of the most serious consequence, and occasion, to the neglectful, sorrow and suffering, and perhaps remorse!

On this evening, at dusk, my sister aroused a little, and looked earnestly at the window opposite her bed. I could tell, by the expression of her face, that sad, inquiring look, that she supposed her sight had failed her. She was too low to speak. I took her hands and said, "It is dark—it is evening." I sat by her bed that night, as I had done the whole of the night before, as well as all of the preceding day. By the light of the morning, I saw on her countenance a natural and *perfectly reconciled* look. She endeavored to say something, and made again an earnest effort, but could not speak. I called a very pious and kind clergyman, who opportunely was near us. I then lifted my sister's hands in mine, and he prayed earnestly and beseechingly over the dying, for the blessing of redemption, through the blood of the Savior. Her look seemed all the while perfectly sensible; but she could make no response to the pressure of my hands.

The doctor now presented a large phial, with a peculiar look, saying, "Give a table-spoonful every twenty minutes." I gave one, and a second; but after ten minutes or so, my poor sister, looking perfectly sensible, made a great effort, and swallowed what she had last taken. I gave her no more, believing that, instead of a relief, (as was intended,) it encroached upon her dying hour. I held her hands in mine until they were perfectly cold, and she had ceased to breathe. I ejaculated a murmur of thankfulness, and then, almost as insensible as herself, I left her to the care of two ladies who had kindly answered my summons. One more duty: I selected and handed over some clothes to them, and then seeking the bed of my other sister, without informing her, I laid myself by her side, and sunk into the iron sleep of exhaustion and insensibility.

When I next saw that pale and beautiful face, a placid smile was fixed upon it, seeming, as it were, to reassure the beholder. I called to the convalescent in the next room, "if she would look again." The reply was, "I shall look upon that face no more upon earth! And look, here is her Bible, which she gave me for ever to read, and remember her." This scene had passed during my absence from the room. We had one kind neighbor, and also three or four other ladies were of service to us upon this occasion, and some gentlemen.

On the morrow, attended by a very few persons, the interment was solemnized; and I alone of all the numerous family to which she was born, looked into the grave of our departed sister.

How mistaken often are beholders upon the degree of affection and regret existing in surviving relatives over the departed! At this time I appeared unmoved; for there had so much responsibility rested upon me alone, that I had made myself up to a strength and a tension that could not suddenly become relaxed. But deep, secret, and enduring has been my sorrow over this departed one. Many years have passed away since; but never, in sickness or in health, or in any other change, has there gone by a day or a night in which I have not contemplated again and again, and mourned over, and *acknowledged* my possible short-comings of duty upon this occasion.

When I expressed that my sister said, "Although I have committed no crime," she did not intend to say, "I am not guilty in the sight of God," but rather to make the distinction, "Although I am innocent before men, yet it is another matter to meet God!"

This death-bed has been instructive to me, beyond all the others that I have witnessed during my life. Again and again have I spent hours of reflection upon it. I have said to myself, if in my mistaken tenderness I was unfaithful, may God forgive *me* the sin!

The reader asks, "Were there no *prayers* but at last?" and did I cry, "Peace! peace! when there was no peace?" I hoped there was peace; and I still believe there was peace. There were no *prayers*; but still such "as could not be uttered," were not wanting. At least, my trust was in God. I plead no apology for the omission; for I now *distinctly* believe that there should have been an effort for this, even amidst my perturbation and my complicated distress. *Since* that time, I have often read in the excellent "Advocate," in the "Repository," and other works of the sort, the "dying experiences" and "death-bed triumphs" of the pious. Before that time, I had seldom contemplated these subjects. I had thought all was well if there were acquiescence and composure in the dying subject. Now I am convinced that it may be "better than well" with those who, having been *habitually* in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," are not, however sudden may be their summons, "at a loss," or undecided, when that summons comes—who are not, by the *strangeness* of the idea, almost as much disturbed as by its overwhelming necessity—who, having earned the privilege, possess their soul in peace at death.

I have carried my reader through scenes of revolting distress—scenes of a nature that it has seemed to me almost an act of impiety to reveal. And yet, perhaps, my repugnance to do this has been entirely of nature, and "not at all" of "the Spirit." In this latter I am conscious that I still require many teachings and many experiences before

the account shall have become balanced, as to allowable and relative importance of the two. And if only a few readers shall have had the patience to follow my narrative, and, above all, if any, wanting such admonition, shall hereby become confirmed and decided *how* to act, under circumstances as embarrassing as were mine, I shall be rewarded for depicting these dark shadows, and they, haply, may escape the many sad reflections which have for years revisited my memory, my affections, and my conscience, in reviewing these melancholy death-bed scenes.

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Original.

REFLECTIONS IN A CEMETERY.

—  
BY WILLIAM BAITER.  
—

HERE, in this calm, sequester'd spot  
Repose the silent dead,  
And oft, at dewy eve, the tear  
Falls on their dreamless bed.  
Here fond affection's streaming eye  
Will oft delight to turn,  
To pour its silent tribute forth  
Upon the mold'ring urn;  
And oft, when spring's first flow'rets wake  
From out their wintry bed,  
The hands of guileless childhood shall  
Bestrew them o'er the dead.  
Here age and youth together lie:  
The sire, the babe, are here:  
The mother, sister, brother, friend,  
And all the heart holds dear.  
At mem'ry's call those sainted forms  
Oft seem to hover nigh,  
And whisper in the spirit's ear,  
"Come meet us in the sky."  
And, O, what thoughts come rushing in  
Upon the burden'd heart!  
And sweeter tones than those of earth  
Oft call us to depart,  
To meet them in those realms of light,  
Where, from all sorrow free,  
The soul enjoys the glorious gift  
Of immortality.  
In such a hallow'd spot as this,  
When earth's vain scenes shall close,  
I'd gladly lay my wearied head,  
And there find sweet repose.

—•••••

WOMAN.

CHAIN a *woman*—if thou darest—  
Task her, mock her, crush her low;  
Scourge her—if thou art a devil—  
Is *she* sordid? object?—No!

Original.

## THE EXPANSION OF MIND.

THE sphere of knowledge, while we are on earth, and the means of obtaining it, are circumscribed. Even the philosopher, whose trembling form and whitened locks, "silvered o'er with age," tell that many years have been numbered with the past since he entered on this wide field of action, has accumulated but little knowledge when compared with that which is yet to be acquired. Though he can ascertain the form, size, and distance of each of the heavenly bodies, yet what does he know of the beings placed upon their surface—of their manners, habits, and customs—of their advancement in the arts and sciences—or of their state in a moral and intellectual point of view? Though he comprehends that the present order of things in the material world is sustained by the universal law of attraction, yet, as it regards that mysterious influence which one body exerts over another, how ignorant he must ever remain! Though he can analyze the flower of the field, give names to the different parts, and, seeing the adaptation of every organ to the end which it was designed to answer, acknowledge the wisdom which planned and the power which executed this branch of creation, yet he knows no more of that secret impulse which bursts the seed buried beneath the ground, expands the opening bud, and paints with invisible hand the frail leaves and delicate corolla, than if no sweet flower had ever imparted its fragrance to the summer breeze, or bloomed to gladden the hearts of the oppressed, and throw still another charm around the rich man's dwelling. He looks into the deep blue waters of the ocean, and as his eye stretches over the wide expanse, he sees that every thing is so arranged as to communicate the greatest amount of happiness, and admires the wisdom manifested in this department of the works of the great Creator. Yet even here there is mystery. Although he understands the cause which produces tides, and can explain many other phenomena connected with this "world of waters," yet he would be utterly at a loss to account for the fluidity of a single drop. He sees that in the smallest motion of any organ, as the eye, the mental faculties cooperate with the physical, or, rather, direct them how to act; but yet he knows not *how* this is done. The union of these powers is still a mystery. In every department of science, mental as well as physical, belonging to the material or immaterial world, how many mysteries are yet unfathomed—how many phenomena yet unexplained! But when his course on earth is finished, when the troubles, trials, and sorrows of life are forgotten in the sleep of death, and borne on angels' wings to the gates of heaven, he unites with pleasure in the seraphic songs of the redeemed who gather round the throne

of God and sing praises to him for ever, *then* the boundaries of knowledge are enlarged, and his opportunities for acquiring it increased.

That the expansion of the mind ceases not with this life, but continues in another, is what we should be led to expect from its constitution. Every day its capabilities are increased, and every hour, nay, every *moment*, it grasps at something new. And can it be that, when we are elevated to a higher and more glorious state of existence, the mind—that which eminently distinguishes man, as the "noblest work of God," from the inferior animals—should remain unchanged? That it should be no more capable of comprehending those laws which were established by the Creator to govern "the works of his hands," than when confined within the narrow boundaries of our globe, and the limited paths of human science? This is so little in accordance with the general laws of nature, that it cannot for a moment be admitted.

The idea that the expansion of the mind is not limited to the brief period of man's existence here, but continues for ever, is so natural and so pleasing, that we eagerly and almost intuitively adopt and cherish it. Notwithstanding the philosopher has devoted his life to the acquisition of knowledge, yet in every step he finds something which he cannot understand; and the farther he attempts to penetrate, the deeper does he become involved in mystery. How consoling, then, in these disappointments, is the reflection that, in another and brighter world, these mysteries may be solved, and these difficulties removed; for the degree of knowledge which we may attain in heaven, is, for aught we know to the contrary, unlimited. And, believing this, man has a higher incentive to perseverance in the rugged ascent of the hill of science, than merely the prospect of a crown of honor here, or an elevated station in the temple of fame; for in that world above the works of God will probably be continually contemplated by the redeemed. And as he accustoms himself to dwell on these objects while here, he will probably take greater delight in these employments hereafter. What higher incentive could be placed before him to induce him to go on in his investigations than this? and what idea more consolatory, when disappointed in the acquisition of knowledge, than that our desires may be gratified in another world?

But if he admits that error which so many have embraced, that "death is an eternal sleep," this consolation is taken away, and he feels that he must always remain ignorant on very many points of the deepest interest. All persons have a natural desire for knowledge, which is continually increasing: and are their wishes *never* to be gratified? Are they never to understand those phenomena on which they look with so much interest? Is the

knowledge which we acquire to be lost for ever? or shall we, in "a world we have not seen," be more sensible of the glory and perfections of the Deity in consequence of those studies which we have pursued here.

The bright seraphs who gather round the throne of God, we have every reason to think, are continually increasing their knowledge. The saints in heaven may daily become more and more acquainted with those things which on earth appeared so incomprehensible. They may view "the whole creation round," deriving instruction from the minutest flower, and seeing the power and wisdom of God in the smallest star that illumines "the blue vault of heaven." They may look on those myriads of bright luminaries which are so far removed from our vision; and as they gaze on them, revolving round their common centres, at such immeasurable distances, producing the changes of the seasons, the alternation of day and night, and the regular occurrence of tides and eclipses, see what has transpired there as age after age has rolled by.

They may then comprehend the mysterious union of physical and mental powers, and understand more fully than we do the infinite goodness and wisdom which has prepared every thing for man which could increase his comfort or enhance his pleasure. And if such studies are prosecuted, through years and millions of years, as are calculated to display the perfections of the Deity—to show that in the construction of the smallest flower, or most delicate shell, his labors have not been in vain—that in every department of his works his infinite wisdom and benevolence are conspicuous, they will love and revere him more. How sweet this reflection! How it soothes the troubled breast, and imparts peace to every mind! It cheers the Christian philosopher in his accustomed duties, incites him to persevere in his onward course, and shows him that his trials and disappointments here serve but to purify the heart, exalt and expand the mind, and impart additional lustre to his crown of glory. The heavens, the earth, and all nature proclaim this truth. In the language of one of the sweetest poets of the day—

"'Tis in the gentle moonlight—

'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,  
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy—

The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony."

—•••••  
THREE things contribute much to ruin government: looseness, oppression, and envy.

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY DR. PALFREY.

THE relation of brother and sister to one another, is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful which Providence has instituted; forbidding, from the different pursuits of the two sexes, any thing of that rivalry and interference which is so often the bane of friendship among other equals; and without the possibility of the sentiment being tainted with any alloy of passion, finding scope for that peculiar tenderness, strength, and trustfulness of attachment, which belong to the relation of delicacy, dependence, and retirement, on the one part, to energy, self-reliance, and enterprise on the other.

Is any thing more delightful than to witness this relation sustained, as God, when he arranged it, designed it should be? A mutual confidence and esteem, and sense of privilege, evinced and renewed in every daily communication, the sister watching the brother's growing virtues and consequence with her growing pride, while she checks his temerity with her well-timed scruples, and finds for him a way to look more cheerfully on his defeats—the brother, looking on the sister with a fondness which would be like a parent's, only that it is gayer, more confident, and more given to expression, and studying, with ambitious assiduity, to require the guidance, to which his impetuous spirit delights to yield itself; the one zealous and constant in all acceptable kindness, in her secluded sphere, which God has given her an intuitive sagacity to invent, the other delighting to communicate all means of improvement, which his different opportunities of education have prepared him to offer; the one, gratefully conscious of a protection, as watchful as it will be prompt and firm, the other of an interested love, which, whether in silence or in words, can speak his praise the most movingly, where he may most desire to have it spoken.

Is any thing in the relations appointed by Him who, for wise and kind ends, "has set the solitary in families," more delightful to witness, than such a brotherly and sisterly devotion? If there be, it is what remains to be added to the picture. It is seen that they who are thus united, make the younger members of their band a common care, and turn back to offer the gentle and encouraging hand of love, more discreet than that of mere equals, and more familiar than the parental, to lead their childish, unpracticed steps along the path of filial piety, of fraternal union and religious wisdom, which themselves, walking together in it, have found throughout a way of such pleasantness and peace. Yes, earth has no fairer sight than a company, so marshaled, of young travelers to heaven.—*Mother's Assistant.*



Original.

## INFANTICIDE IN CHINA.

BY WILLIAM B. DIVER, M. D.

THE attention of the writer was forcibly directed to this subject, by the following circumstance, which occurred during his sojourn in China.

While taking my usual morning walk over the hills of Macao, my attention was arrested by the body of an infant, lying under the ledge of a large rock, which flanks the road leading from the gate of San Antonio. On approaching near, it was evident that death had taken place several hours before, and decomposition was rapidly advancing. The child was about eighteen months old, and had been laid there and deserted by its poverty-stricken parents. Knowing the superstitions and prejudices of the Chinese, I left it untouched, and pursued my ramble. On my return to the spot, a large dog was devouring the corpse, the limbs and head of which he had already eaten: alarmed by my footsteps, he seized the remaining trunk and carried it off.

Such, thought I, is an example of heathenism and infanticide, among the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, and here is an interesting subject of inquiry. Sir G. T. Staunton, in a note on the 319th section of his translation of the penal code of China, has the following remarks on infanticide: "It is manifest, from this article, that parents are not, in any case, absolutely intrusted with a power over the lives of their children, and that, accordingly, the crime of infanticide, however prevalent it may be supposed to be in China, is not, in fact, either directly sanctioned by the government, or agreeable to the general spirit of the laws and institutions of the empire. The practice, so revolting to the feelings of humanity, must certainly be acknowledged to exist in China, and even to be, in some degree, tolerated; but there are considerable reasons for supposing that its extent has been often overrated; and, at all events, it does not seem allowable to lay any very great stress upon the existence of such a practice, as a proof of the cruelty or insensibility of the Chinese character. Even the dreadful crime of a parent destroying its offspring, is extenuated by the wretched and desperate situation to which the laboring poor in China (to whom the practice of infanticide is admitted to be in general confined) must, by the universal and almost compulsory custom of early marriages, often be reduced, of having large and increasing families; while, owing to the already excessive population of the country, they have not the most distant prospect of being able to maintain them."

The practice is affirmed to be much more prevalent in some places than in others; and the following

extract from a proclamation addressed to the people of Canton by one of the Lieutenant Governors, will show that it is not confined to the poor: "On inquiry I find that, in the province of Canton, the drowning of female children is common, and that both rich and poor run into this practice. The causes of infanticide are manifestly these: the poor suppose that, because they have not the means of support, it is unfitting they should nourish a commodity (female infants) which will become only an increasing source of expenditure; while the rich affirm, that such slender tenants of the nursery can never be raised to any important posts in the household."

To ascertain the extent of female infanticide in the province of Fukien, a course of inquiry was commenced by the Rev. David Abeel near the close of 1842, and kept up at intervals for about a year. It may be useful to some readers to mention, that the province of Fukien contains about fifteen millions of inhabitants; that it includes ten large and two smaller counties or departments; that each of these again are subdivided into districts, varying in number from two to ten, and that in each district there are numerous towns and villages. Mr. Abeel, being a resident of the district of Tunggan, had opportunities of making more minute inquiries respecting the custom there than elsewhere. From a comparison with many other parts of the country, there is reason to believe that a greater number of children are destroyed at birth in this district, than in any other of this department—probably more than in any other part of the province, of equal extent and populousness.

The number destroyed varies exceedingly in different places, the extremes extending from sevenths to one-tenth; that is, seventy per cent. to ten per cent.; and the mean of the whole number, the average proportion destroyed in forty towns and villages, amounting exactly to thirty-nine per cent. In seventeen of these forty towns and villages, one-half or more are deprived of existence at birth. In the district of Nangan the average number destroyed is just thirty-six per cent. In the Nganki district the proportion is again somewhat reduced: taking eight places as a standard, it is not far from thirty per cent. In several towns and villages, between one-fifth and one-fourth are not allowed to live. Taking these inquiries as a fair specimen of the department, there is reason to fear that scarcely less than a quarter of those born, about thirty-five per cent., are suffocated almost at the first breath. There are several facts which shed light on the subject of the present inquiry, and go to prove that these results, though they may be erroneous in many instances, are probably not very wide of the truth regarding the whole subject. On one occasion, there was a literary

examination before the highest civil magistrate at Amoy, which brought together from this district hundreds of graduates and aspirants for degrees. Many of these visited Kulangsu. They expressed themselves freely on this subject, some of them affirming that in their own villages the majority were cruelly murdered. It has struck me, says Mr. Abeel, that this class of men have almost uniformly given a less favorable aspect to this subject, than their uneducated neighbors. The reason, probably, is, that many of them have not only been guiltless in this respect, but have exerted themselves to arrest the evil, while their neighbors, in too many instances, have practiced it.

One of the high officers in command at Amoy, said to Mr. Abeel, that instead of loving their female children, Chinese mothers destroyed a large number of them. This confession was candid and unsolicited. He added, on further inquiry, that in the surrounding country from three to four-tenths were destroyed. One of the principal men, in the office of sub-prefect of Amoy, dissuaded two of his neighbors from putting their offspring to death, having pointed out a way in which they could be provided for. There is a river or stream at Amoy, called "*Dead Infants river*:" whatever this name may prove, female infants are more valued here than in almost any other place, and, consequently, a greater number are preserved.

There is a kind of testimony to which great value should be attached in the present inquiry: it is the confession of parents who have destroyed their own children. There are very few sunk so low in the scale of degradation, as not to know that this practice reflects no credit upon the unfeeling parent. Neither a sense of guilt, nor a sentiment of humanity, may prevent the act, yet a large majority are sufficiently convinced of its impropriety, at least in the eyes of others, to induce them to conceal rather than disclose such a fact. At a village about ten miles from Amoy, about one-third of the female children are destroyed. The informant said that he had killed two of four of his own. At Lanchie only one-half are preserved: the informant backed his estimate by a confession that he had saved two, having destroyed three. A patient from Pulamkin acknowledged that he had himself killed two; his reason was, that he already had three, and was unable to sustain this additional expense. Another individual, who was questioned about the custom of his native village, confessed that a large majority of females were early put to death, and that he himself had killed two, saving but one alive. During the summer of 1842, two Chinese nurses were engaged by the families then on the island, one of whom acknowledged that she had murdered two of her own children. The Chinese teacher, who is now in the United States with

Rev. W. Boone of the Episcopal Church, declared that his sister-in-law, the wife of an elder brother, had destroyed two, given the third away, and kept one for herself. One of the most convincing evidences of the prevalence of infanticide in any place, was obtained by Mr. Abeel, from ocular demonstration, in a village six or seven miles from Amoy. Dr. Cumming had cut a large tumor from the neck of one of its inhabitants, which excited universal curiosity to see "so bold and skillful a surgeon." While addressing the crowd, one man held up a child, and publicly acknowledged to Mr. A. that he had killed five of these helpless beings, having preserved but two. The question was then publicly put to the multitude, "What number of female infants in this village are destroyed at birth?" The reply was, "*More than one-half*." A man of large fortune confessed that, after the birth of his first two girls, he had destroyed five others in succession; adding that men in his situation are obliged to spend considerable sums in dress, ornament, and marriage presents, and that he was unwilling to submit to such a dead loss. It is not uncommon for parents, residing on the rivers and sea-shore, to send their little ones in *arks* down the stream, hoping they might be rescued by others more wealthy or humane than themselves.

Thus the sad fact is confirmed, that infanticide prevails to a great extent in various parts of this empire. The practice is, however, declining; to what extent it is impossible to say. Between the present and twenty or thirty years ago, there has been a great change for the better—at least in some places. This is ascribed, in a measure, to the exertions of literary men, who write against it, or republish what has been written, and, according to Chinese custom, paste up their admonitions in the most public places. The foundling hospitals, which only grace the large cities, are too limited in number and resources to check the evil. These are supported by the authorities and men of wealth. They are always spoken of with favor, and, no doubt, exert a good influence; but, under the best administration, what can be expected from one such institution for a large city and populous country; and where the benevolence of the patrons is frustrated through the cupidity of the nurses and others, to whom the children are intrusted?

The reasons assigned, and the excuses offered, for this horrid practice, are various. Many affirm that they cannot procure the means for the support of this class of children, and are, consequently, forced to adopt this expedient. If this were the only alternative to a lingering death from starvation, it might be regarded as a dictate of humanity; but even the Chinese themselves do not believe that this desperate resort is ever necessary. There is a variety of ways of disposing of their children,

which cannot all fail. They can generally sell them to those who have no offspring, or to parents who thus provide wives for their sons. This is a common custom among the poor. Instead of paying a comparatively large sum for an adult daughter-in-law, they prefer obtaining infants for little or nothing, and bringing them up in ways which render their service valuable to the family, or at least preclude much additional expense. Another way of preserving them, which is adopted by some, is to put them in baskets, with as much money as they can spare, and place them by the road-side, or send them in water-tight vessels where they are most likely to be seen and rescued. But, alas! "without natural affection," still continues a feature of heathenism. Amid the ignorance and depravity which prevail in the heathen world, and particularly where pecuniary interests are involved, there is no reason to wonder at the existence of infanticide; and we may expect it to continue until it is found to conflict with an advanced state of society. But how is this change to be effected? What but "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" can elevate this unfortunate sex?



Original.

EVENING.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

DUN twilight slowly sweeps along  
 Above the softly slumbering vale—  
 The warbling birds have ceased their song—  
 No longer moans the fitful gale;  
 But while the breast of nature lies  
 All calm beneath night's jeweled urn,  
 My heaving bosom vainly sighs  
 O'er days which never may return!

The morn of youth, so glad and bright,  
 So filled with golden-tinted dreams,  
 Hath vanished with its hues of light—  
 Hath left my spirit's gushing streams.  
 High were the holy thoughts it bore,  
 As clouds in rising sunbeams dyed:  
 They faded, as on ocean's shore  
 The sparkles leave the dancing tide!

As at my couch, in by-gone day,  
 A mother bent, serene and fair,  
 How sweetly breathed her evening lay—  
 How fondly rose her melting prayer!  
 Oft yet methinks I see her form,  
 In floating dreams at twilight come—  
 Mild as the rainbow of the storm—  
 Pure as the stars above her tomb!

Vain vision! swift those beauties flew,  
 That 'round my pathway rose and smiled:

They vanished like "the early dew,"  
 Or autumn foliage from the wild!  
 E'en Faith, whose silver chains I wore,  
 And pure Affection wreathing flowers,  
 And Hope, whose wing could heavenward soar,  
 Seemed dying with the gay-plumed hours!

And now, when o'er the beauteous earth  
 Calm evening's azure veil is thrown,  
 And, softly struggling into birth,  
 The stars begem her glittering crown,  
 I love to sit and muse, and sigh  
 Above the dark and buried past,  
 While spectre memories, hurrying by,  
 Come borne upon the viewless blast!

And, O, I feel, in this still hour,  
 Love's sacred tide swell deep and full—  
 Moved gently by the magic power  
 Shrined in the mystic Beautiful—  
 And gazing on those shapes, I long  
 To join once more the ties now riven—  
 To hear my mother's choral song,  
 And clasp mine own again, in heaven!



From the Presbyterian.

THE TIME FOR CLOSET PRAYER.

MORN is the time to pray,  
 Before the cares of day  
 Steal on the hours;  
 Just when the saffron hue,  
 Tinges the eastern blue,  
 Spangling the early dew  
 On fragrant flowers.

Noon is the time to pray,  
 'Mid busy scenes of day  
 We need it more.  
 'Tis then the heavenly Dove  
 May test our plighted love;  
 His snowy pinions move,  
 And from us soar.

Even is the time to pray,  
 Just when the tints of day  
 Die in the west—  
 When violets sweetly weep,  
 And weary zephyrs sleep  
 Upon the silvery deep,  
 In quiet rest.

How sweet is closet prayer!  
 We breathe the balmy air  
 Of heaven's clime.  
 Dew from celestial flowers,  
 And odoriferous bowers,  
 Fall on us in these hours  
 Of holy time.

Original.

## EARINGTON FENTON.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

"A flower that's offered in the bud, is no vain sacrifice."

Soon after my arrival in Hamilton, while engaged in ministerial visitation, I called on a family where I was particularly struck with the appearance of a child nine years old, who was pillowed up in a chair. She possessed an attractive mien, and there was something peculiarly dignified and mature in her looks, for one so young. It was entirely new with me to see a child of her age so far advanced in a pulmonary disorder. The pensive calmness, patience, and resignation, that rested on her countenance, would have highly graced an invalid of riper years. The more I looked at her the more deeply I became interested in the patient. She would not, however, converse as freely with me, an entire stranger, as with friends of longer acquaintance. But I soon learned enough of her brief history to find that she was an humble and devoted child of God.

My visits to her were not many; for after a few fleeting weeks I was called to attend her burial. We laid her in her grave, not with that uniform satisfaction, merely, which the Church realizes when interring one who is wrapped up in the hope of infant justification; but we wept and rejoiced over her as a sinner—a sinner saved by grace, through faith in a crucified Redeemer. We would, by no means, cast reflections on the case of any who might die at the same early period, without a hopeful development of a work of grace. The period of "accountability," as it is called in common language, may arrive in some sooner than in others, and perhaps sooner in all than we generally suppose. But the subject of these remarks evidently passed through those gradations of grace, through which all believers come.

She was the adopted daughter of brother and sister Fenton. I say "adopted," only to avoid the appearance of misrepresentation; for surely that which bound them to this child could not be weaker than the natural tie of parental affection. Sister Fenton feels a particular desire to give a short memoir of her much valued charge, particularly for the benefit of juvenile readers. So we will draw back, and let the mother, in the fullness of her affection, speak. I am aware, Mr. Editor, that you might correct the style, and round the periods, and highly polish the whole narrative; but neither you nor I can mend the *spirit* of a mother's story.

"EARINGTON E. FENTON, that lovely child, who was so often the pleasing burden of my feeble arms, was piously disposed from the time that her tender mind could comprehend that there was a God to

fear—a heaven to obtain. The Sabbath school and religious meetings were sources of perpetual delight to her. While attending these means of instruction, she learned the song, 'Weeping Mary,' and took great pleasure in singing it. Just before the conference sat in Hamilton, we took her to a camp meeting; and there, while brother M'Dowell was singing, in a prayer meeting,

'Give me Jesus, and you may have all the world,'

she received a powerful blessing, and told me how happy she felt. She learned the whole hymn before we left the ground, and ever after gave it an equal place in her affections with 'Weeping Mary.' These two pieces seemed to embrace a considerable share of her little stock of divinity, as though she entertained some presentiment that her stay on earth was short. She was taken, about this time, with the fatal disease which was for nearly two years wearing her down to the grave. During the winter she was seized with a violent fever, and it was expected she would die. She coolly and deliberately gave directions concerning the disposition of her clothes, and other little matters, which she doubtless considered important; and then said, 'Mother, when I am dying, I wish you to sing my pretty little hymn.' Her afflictions at this time were very severe; but she bore them all with great fortitude and Christian patience. The next fall the disease became more violent, and all hope of recovery was taken away.

"She often requested us to send for the old brethren, as she called them, to sing and pray for her. These were seasons of high enjoyment to her, and of great comfort to myself. On one Sabbath evening, after the family had gone to meeting, she asked me to sing her favorite hymns, which had so often consoled her 'in the house of her pilgrimage.' I did so, while she seemed lost and swallowed up in heavenly contemplation. When the family returned, her brother said, 'Mother, don't sing any more.' She said with much earnestness, 'O, brother, don't make a noise; for my soul has been greatly revived.' A few evenings after, brother Jewell prayed. Although her pains, at that time, were unusually severe, she clasped her hands together, and never moved or groaned while he was reading, singing, and praying. As I knelt by her, I found that she was deeply engaged in fervent prayer all the time. When we arose, she said, in a tremulous voice, 'Sing.' We did so. She requested us to sing again; and while complying with her request, she was greatly blessed—made very happy. She clapped her little hands together, and cried, 'Bless the Lord! O, mother, my soul is happy—happy! I am so happy!' She embraced all in the room, and rejoiced as on the very verge of heaven. Through all her affliction, she was remarkable for tenderness of conscience. On one occasion, after

she was laid down to rest, she recollected that she had omitted prayer; and feeble as she was, we had to take her up to perform that service.

"Let our young readers observe, it was only in the path of duty that she found her richest enjoyments. Having attended to this, she said, weeping, 'Father, O, dear father, I do pray for you; for I love you much. Wont you be good, and try to come to heaven? O, mother, be good, and serve the Lord?' She then threw her arms around her brother's neck, and said, 'Brother, be good—mind your mother. There's my Bible, take it and try to get to heaven.' At one time she said, 'Mother, was ever I a bad child to you, or saucy? I might have been when I was little, though I do not remember it; but if I was, I am very sorry; for you are a good mother to me.' I said, 'No, you are my sweet little girl. You never were saucy to your mother.' 'O, ma, I am so glad to hear you say that; for I do love you so—only I love the Lord better. Is that right, mother? Does not your sweet little girl suffer? Yet I may not cry or fret because I am sick.'" I told her that she bore her afflictions well, and that she would soon be in a world where there was no more sickness or pain—where your little head, which now aches so bad, will wear a crown—where your eyes, which now look so dim, will sparkle with joy—where your tongue, which now can hardly move, will sing the high praises of God: 'Yea, mother, I will sing halleluiah: 'Where these little swelled hands will bear palms of victory, and where your poor body, that is so racked with pain, and scorched with fever, will wear a robe of righteousness.' 'Yes, mother, and these little feet will never tread again on the ground or floor, but will walk the gold streets of the New Jerusalem. Mother, come often to see my grave. What will you do when I am gone?' 'What would you wish mother to do?' said I. 'Why, only to serve God, and meet your angel child in heaven. You will soon come, and may-be I will be the little angel that may come for you when you die.' She said one day that she was not afraid to die, but that she would be very bad before then. I said, 'I hope the worst of your pains, my child, are past.' 'No, ma, I shall feel very bad yet.' I might say a great deal more about my lovely Earington; for the Lord often blessed her in the dark hours of the night. At one time I had to take her up from her bed on account of her excess of joy. In the midst of her suffering, she did not forget the Sabbath school, but sent by brother Adams an affectionate farewell to the children, charging him to say she was going to heaven. And then grasping his own hand, said, 'Good-bye, good-bye!' But I must hasten to a close.

"It was on the Sabbath that she was taken with excruciating spasms, and doubtless realized all the gloomy forebodings of pain which she had

expressed. About twelve o'clock at night we thought she was dying. She appeared to be very restless and distressed, and was constantly saying in feeble accents, 'Do, O, do!' We could not tell what it was that she seemed so much to want, and almost exhausted ourselves with questions. In my distress I had entirely forgotten my solemn promise to sing 'Weeping Mary,' in her last hour; but while she was urging the same words on her father, 'O, do, do!' my promise flashed upon my mind. We struck the song that had so often ravished her soul. She calmly composed her hands, the cloud fled, and she seemed to be amazingly revived. I told the family they might retire. I sat down by her crib, and said to her, 'Now ma will sing to you; for ma loves her dear little babe.' To this she replied, 'Love, ma, love—all is love.' I began to rock the crib—she looked affectionately in my face—she closed her eyes in death without a spasm or groan, and died on her natal day; and doubtless celebrated her birth-day in the bosom of Abraham, in the paradise of God. O, she was a lovely, pleasant child! But the star had scarcely risen before it set—the flower had hardly bloomed before it was cut down. But she still lives—lives on the lacerated tablets of her mother's heart. And what is still better, she truly lives, high up in the glory of God the Father, and will live for ever and ever."

The foregoing narrative should strengthen the sentiment that has already found a place in the mind of every pious minister and parent: that religion is not only the first of all sciences, as it regards importance, but should be taught first in the order of time. By the general suffrage of mankind, childhood is the seed-time of education—reading, grammar, geography, &c. But the knowledge of God often accomplishes its great design, in cases where all terrene science is made superfluous and nugatory by the hasty stroke of death. It is a science which has to do with two worlds—time and eternity. Again we have here a practical illustration of its adaptation to childhood. It is true it was not without much pains, deep solicitude, and constant perseverance, that sister Fenton disciplined her deathless charge into the same spirit with which she herself had been baptized, and taught it to follow her as she had followed Christ. But her work was crowned with success; and the result is given to encourage mothers in Zion to follow out the exhortation, "Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;" that is, begin in childhood, and never cease the work of an evangelist while a son or daughter acknowledges maternal jurisdiction.



Who will not deny himself for a time, that he may enjoy himself for ever?

Original.

## BRITISH POETS.

GASCOIGNE.

WE delight to contemplate a painting where nature is accurately and elegantly copied—where the artist's skill has enabled him to transmit to his canvass every thing but that life-giving touch that would make his colors moving realities. With equal delight we dwell upon the beauties of poetry, which consist in an elegant, passionate, and elevated expression of the mind's operations and emotions. In such beauties Gascoigne's compositions abound. Natural and easy his deductions—pure and chaste his language—he soared far above, in sentiment and theme, the paltry poets of those days, who, in imitation of the love-sick sonnets of the troubadours, employed their pens in nothing better.

Gascoigne was born about the year 1547, of a noble and ancient family, in Essex. He entered Cambridge University at an early age; and after pursuing the classical course taught there, he removed to "Gray's Inn," to study law. How he succeeded in this enterprise is not known. However, it is certain that he abandoned it, and subsequently became a distinguished soldier, and adopted *Tam Marti quam Mercurio* as his motto. Shortly after he left Gray's Inn, he obtained a commission under William, Prince of Orange, (his father having previously disinherited him on account of his extravagances,) and sailed to Holland, where he was characterized by his military skill, and an ardent thirsting after future greatness. After his return, he remained at Gray's Inn, where, at the request of several distinguished individuals, he wrote several of his chief poems.

In 1575, he accompanied Queen Elizabeth in one of her stately tours through England, on which occasion he wrote several pieces, among which is his "Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth Castle." After his return, he composed "The Steele Glasse," a "satyre compiled by George Gascoigne, together with the Complaint of Philomene." The following is the commencement of "The Steele Glasse."

"The nightingale, whose happy, noble hart,  
No dole can daunt, nor fearful force affright,  
Whose chereful voice doth comfort saddest wights,  
When she hir self hath little cause to sing—  
Whom lovers love, because she plaines their greves,  
She wrales their woes, and yet relieves their payne—  
Whom worthy mindes always esteemed much,  
And gravest yeares have not disdainde hir notes:  
(Only that king, proud Tereus by his name,  
With murdring knife, did carve hir pleasant tong,  
To cover so, his owne foule filthy fault.)  
This worthy bird hath taught my weary muze,  
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,  
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,  
And make my backe a ladder for their fecte,  
By slaundersous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke,  
To clime the throne wherin my selfe should sitte.  
O, Philomene, then help me now to chaunt;

And if dead beastes, or living byrdes have ghosts,  
Which can conceive the cause of carefull mone,  
When wrong triumphs, and right is overtrodde,  
Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,  
In barrayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale—  
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes  
Of learned men, and grave philosophers."

The Complaint of Philomene, an elegy, is very beautiful, and of touching simplicity. An account of its composition is contained in a letter written by himself to "The good Lord, the L. Gray of Wilton, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter." "Right noble, when I had determined with my self to write the satyre before recited, (called the Steele Glasse,) and had, in myne exordium, (by allegorie,) compared my self to fayro Philomene, abused by the bloody king, hir brother by lawe, I called to minde that, twelve or thirtene yeares past, I had beganne an ellegie, or sorrowfull song, called the Complaint of Philomene, the which I began to devise riding by the high-way between Chelmsiford and London; and being overtaken with a sodaine dash of raine, I changed my copy, and stroke over into the *De Profundis*, which is placed among my other Poesies, leving the Complaint of Philomene unfinished: and so it hath continued ever since, until this present month of April, 1575, when I had beganne my Steele Glasse. And because I had, in mine exordium to the Steele Glasse, beganne with the nightingale's notes, therefore I have not thought amisse now to finish and pece up the said Complaint of Philomene, observing, nevertheless, the same determinate invention which I had propounded and beganne (as it is saide) twelve or thirtene yeares nowe past."

## "PHILOMENE.

In sweet April, the messenger to May,  
When hoonie drops do melt in golden showres,  
When every byrde records her lover's lay,  
And western winds to foster forth our floures,  
Late in an even I walked out alone,  
To hear the decant of the nightingale;  
And as I stoode, I heard hir make great moane,  
Waymenting much, and thus she told her tale."

The first edition of Gascoigne's poems was published five yeares before his death, entitled, "A Hundrieth Sundrie Flowrs bounde up in one small Poesie. Gathered partly (by translation) in the fine outlandish\* Gardins of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention, out of our owne frutefull Orchards in Englande. Yielding sundrie sweete savors of Tragical, Comical, and Morall Discourses, bothe pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers." The contents of this volume are, "First, an excelento and plesante Comedie, entitled Supposcs. The wofull Tragedie of Jocasta, contain-

\* Not according to the present acceptance of this word, but in the sense of foreign—in opposition to domestic.

ing the utter subversion of Thebes. A pleasaunte Discourse of the Adventures of Master F. J., containing excellent letters, sonnets, lays, ballets, rondlets, verlays, and verses." Then follow numerous small pieces, succeeded by "Dan Bartholomew, of Bathe, wherein is contained his triumphes, his discourses of love, his extreme passions, his libell of request to care, his last will and testament, and his farewell." This last mentioned poem is very interesting. "The extremetic of his passion" begins as follows:

"Among the toys which tesse my braine,  
And reave my minde of quiet rest,  
This one, I finde, doth there remaine,  
To breede debate within my breast.  
When wo would work, to wound my wyl,  
I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.

My tongue hath not the skill to tell  
The smallest grieffe which gripes my heart—  
Mine eyes have not the power to swell  
Into such seas of secrete smart,  
That well might melt to waves of woe,  
And I might swelt in sorrowes so.

Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,  
But floudes which flow abundantly,  
Whose fountains, first enforst by feares,  
Found out the gap of jelouse;  
And by that breache, it soketh so,  
That all my face is styll on flowe.

My voice is like the raging winde,  
Which roareth still, and never stales:  
The thoughts which tumble in my minde  
Are like the wheele, which whirles alwayes—  
Now here, now there, now up, now downe,  
In depth of waves, yet cannot drowne.

The sighes which boyle out of my brest,  
Are not like those which others use;  
For lovers' sighes sometimes take rest,  
And lend their mindes a leave to muse;  
But mine are like the surging seas,  
Whom calme nor quiet can appeas."

A second edition of his poems was printed two years before his death, "corrected and augmented by the author." In this edition he distributed them under three heads, entitled, "Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes;" closing with "certayne notes of instruction concerning the making of verse in English." He died at Stalmead, in Lincolnshire, October 7, 1577. The following lines were written in praise of our author, in 1575:

"Chaucer, by writing, purchast fame,  
And Gower got a worthe name:  
Sweete Surrey sucked Parnassus' springs,  
And What wrote of wonderous things:  
Olde Rochfort clambe the stately throne,  
Which Muses holde in Hellicone.  
Then thither let good Gascoigne go;  
For sure his verse deserveth so."

SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser was born in London, about the year 1553, of an ancient and honorable family. At what place he received his early education is un-

known; but in May, 1569, he entered Cambridge University, and proceeded to the degree of bachelor of arts four years afterward, and in June, 1576, to that of master of arts. Shortly after leaving the University, he became private tutor in the family of one of his friends, in the northern part of England, where he remained some time. By the advice of his friends, he removed to London, in order to superintend the publication of some of his poems, about the year 1579, and while there was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and by him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. At the house of Sir Philip he was always a welcome guest; and in his delightful retreat at Kent, he is said to have written some of his most elegant verses.

In those early times, persons of distinguished abilities were generally promoted to offices of public trust, as those only befitting their talents. In this situation we find Spenser, acting as secretary to Lord Grey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, through, as is supposed, the recommendation of the Earl of Leicester. After an absence of six years, he returned to England, with his connection as secretary to Lord Grey undissolved; and through his kindness, and the interest of Sidney and Leicester, he obtained a grant of three thousand acres in the county of Cork, in Ireland, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond. Such was the nature of the patent, that he was required to attend personally to its cultivation. He fixed his residence at Kilcolman, a place admirably adapted to assist his poetic dreams by its romantic and picturesque scenery. It was here that he completed his "Faerie Queene:" a poem which, if he had left no other, would have immortalized him. Through Sir Walter Raleigh, an intimate friend, he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth, who afterward conferred on him an annuity of fifty pounds.

It is supposed that he returned to London in 1591, and remained there six years, after which he retired to Kilcolman, probably with the intention of residing there the remainder of his life. But from this he was driven by the rebels of Tyrone, by whom his house and all his effects were burned. He arrived in England without any support except his pension, (which he still continued to receive,) with a heart broken down by these misfortunes, where he died, in January, 1599—as it is said,

"Ere he had ended his melodious song."

His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, and the funeral expenses defrayed by the Earl of Essex, a young nobleman of great talent, and a friend to Spenser.

His productions are numerous. The first of which we shall mention is, "The Shepheard's Calendar, containing twelve aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve monthes," dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. This poem is remarkable for its tender-

ness and elegance, and seems to have been inspired by a lady whom he terms *Rosalind*, who, after trifling with his affections, deserted him for a rival. The following beautiful lines were written on the *Shepherd's Calendar*, by the Rev. William Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxford:

"At large, beneath this floating foliage laid,  
Of circling green, the crystal running by,  
(How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade!)  
While gentle whispering winds their breath apply  
To 'suage the fever of the sultry sky;  
Smit with the sweet Sicilian's simple strain,  
I try the rural reed, but fondly try  
To match his pastoral airs and happy vein;  
Next I assay the quill of Mantua's swain  
Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace:  
Ah, foolish emulation! They disdain  
My awkward skill, and push me from the place.  
Yet boast not, thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome—  
My sweeter Colin Clout\* outpicks you both at home."

But his master-piece, by which he has immortalized himself, is the *Faerie Queene*, in length about *forty thousand lines*.

"Lo, here the place for contemplation made,  
For sacred musing, and for solemn song!  
Hence ye profane! nor violate the shade:  
Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along;  
Mix with the music of the ærial throng!  
O, breathe a pensive stillness through my breast,  
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,  
And soothe my passions into rest.  
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colors drest,  
Even such as angels prompt, in golden dreams,  
To holy hermit, high in raptures blest,  
His bosom burning with celestial beams:  
No less the raptures of my summer day,  
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay."

"The end," says Spenser, in a letter to Sir W. Raleigh, "of all the booke (*Faerie Queene*) is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous or gentle discipline; which for that, I conceived, shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being colored with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter than for profit of ensample, I chose the history of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many men's former workes." "The beginning of my history, if it were to be told by a historiographer, shoulde be the twelvth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the *Faerie Queene* kept her annual feaste xii days; upon which the occasions of the xii severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these xii bookes severally handled and discoursed. The first was this: in the beginning of the feaste, there presented himself a tall, clownish younge man, who, falling down before the *Queene of the Faeries*, desired a boone which, during that feaste, she might not refuse; which was that he might have the

achievement of any adventure, which, during that feaste might happen. This being granted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte, through his rusticity, for a better place. Soone after entered a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, falling before the *Queene of the Faeries*, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene, by a huge dragon, many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffred them not to ysewe; and, therefore, besought the *Queene* to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, up-starting, desired that adventure. The ladye told him that unlesse that armor which she brought would serve him, (i. e. the armor of a Christian, spoken of in St. Paul,) that he could not succeed; which being forthwith put upon him, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth on his adventure. Thus beginneth the first booke,

'A gentle knight was pricking on the playne,' &c."

For beauty and force, Spenser is unsurpassed. His "wildly warbled" songs have the same effect on the mind, that old Gothic structures have on the eye. Pope said, "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the *Faerie Queene* when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it a year or two ago." He is justly considered one of the fathers of English poetry. His other principal productions are, *Muiopotmos*, or the Fate of the Butterfly; the *Ruins of Time*; *Virgil's Gnat*; *Prosopopoeia*; the *Ruins of Rome*; *Daphneida*: an elegy written on the death of the daughter of Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, of touching sweetness; *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*; *Astrophel*: a pastoral elegy, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, "dedicated to the most beautifull and vertuous ladye, the Countess of Essex." This possesses unusual beauty—the following is an extract:

"A gentle shepard, borne in Arcady,  
Of gentlest race that ever shepard bore,  
About the grassy banks of Hemony,  
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store;  
Full carefully he kept them day and night  
In fairest fields; and *Astrophel* he light.  
Young *Astrophel*, the pride of shepard's praise,  
Young *Astrophel*, the rusticke lasses love—  
Far passing all the pastors of his daies  
In all that seemly shepard might behove;  
In one thing only fayting of the best—  
That he was not so happy as the rest.  
His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,  
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall;  
And he himself seemed made for merriment,  
Merrily masking both in bowre and hall;  
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,  
When *Astrophel* so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and dance, and caroll sweet,  
Amongst the shepards in their shearing feaste,

\* One of the eclogues of the *Shepherd's Calendar*.



As somer's larke, that with her song doth greet  
The dawning day, forth coming from the east.  
And lays of love he also could compose—  
Thrice happy she whom he to praise did choose."

"The Mourning Muse of Thestylis," beginning as follows:

"Come forth, ye nimphe, come forth, forsake your watry bowers,

Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament."

The next is an elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sidney—Britain's Ida, in six cantos; then a large collection of sonnets and hymns, some of great beauty, which are the last of his productions. D.



Original.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF OUR TIMES.

MAN is a wonderful being. His physical organization, though a complex, is a complete machine. It fills the contemplative mind with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration. Every joint, every nerve, every muscle is mysteriously constructed, and performs its functions with the most exact regularity.

Though the physical *frame*, in the language of inspiration, is "so fearfully and wonderfully made;" yet the "human *mind* is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite with which we are acquainted." Do we admire the proportion, the symmetry, the beauty, of the material part, admiration grows into astonishment, astonishment becomes reverence, and reverence devotion, when we direct our attention to the power, the energy, the skill of the *immaterial*—that brightest specimen of the Divine workmanship, which oceans cannot overwhelm—which the kindling fires of a universe cannot consume—which the withering breath of time cannot annihilate—which will live, and shine, and expand for ever. The world's annals show that the mind has never received attention proportionate to its importance. Sensual gratification, love of wealth, and lust of power have generally absorbed the attention of mankind. A pall now and then has rested over the intellectual world, penetrated only by the rays of some bright star which, for a time, threw a gleam of mental light upon the benighted world, and then disappeared.

Never was there a time since man came into existence, in which the intellect was so generally cultivated as it is at the present. We need not go back into the history of ancient kingdoms to evince our improvement by comparison—we need not call up from the shades the sleeping dead, and demand the testimony of Socrates, of Epimenides, or of Zeno, relative to the condition of the world in their day; for, in the memory of many whose sun has not yet reached its meridian, the cultivation of the intellect was confined almost exclusively to the rich. If a youth had wealthy friends, though his

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cranium were ever so limited and vacant, he was dragged to college, and compelled to undergo what to him was most painful drudgery; and after four years of *otium cum dignitate*, he came out, in the language of another, "a graduated fool." On the other hand, a young man, if in indigent circumstances, though nature might have been lavish in her intellectual gifts, was compelled to live in comparative ignorance, lamenting his lot, and die unseen—unknown.

But that day has passed, we trust, *for ever*. A brighter sun shines on us. Its rays have been felt. Its rays *are* felt—rays that kindle the eyes of many who live in the nineteenth century with intellectual fire, and raise their hearts with buoyant hope.

Hail, sons and daughters of America!—noble descendants of a noble ancestry! Though the paltry gifts of fortune may be withheld, a richer boon is ours—that of mental improvement. The day has come when men are measured by their minds and moral worth, and *not* by their coffers, or the titles of their fathers.

Let then an enlightened community award its praises warily. Let them not be deceived by external appearance. You may see in some, what you consider the unrefined, unprepossessing demeanor of the farmer, or the laborer—you may see the rough, hardened hand of the mechanic, which constant labor has deprived of its effeminate softness. Despise them not for this; for, in the language of Horace,

"*Ingenium ingens inculto sub corpore latet.*"

"Under a rough exterior may be concealed a great soul." The costly pearl is found inclosed in the uncouth shell of the oyster. The choicest gold is often enveloped in unsightly dross. Consider, and look around you, and you may see the man who, a few years since, guided the plough, now holding, with a hand equally skillful, the reins of government. You may see the man who, in youth, drove the plow, wielded the sledge, or handled the mallet, using with equal ability the pen of science or literature, whilst "learned fools" blush and envy. C.



### THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

A WRITER beautifully observes that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune, and even crime, set up no barriers between her and her son. Whilst his mother lives he will have one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered—who will not desert him when he suffers, and who will speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affection knows no ebbing tide. It flows on from a pure fountain, spreading happiness through all this vale of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

Original.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

REST is one of the sweetest words that has ever saluted the ears of mortals—one that is calculated to infuse tranquility into the breast, when sorely tried by the sorrows of life, and which renews our hopes in our most joyless moments. It is also suited, in the most admirable manner, to the wants of our nature amid the toils and trials of a world like this—so much so, indeed, that all persons, in every state and situation in life, are prepared to admit, and eager to enjoy the pleasure which it so well calculated to impart.

In order to bring before our readers some illustrations of this fact, we shall not be compelled to adopt remote inferences, or far-fetched examples. The proofs are spread around us in endless profusion; and we may at will adduce them from the conduct and experience of joyous infancy, and from the matured reason of hoary age. Look for a moment at the calm and peaceful rest of the child wearied with its play in the pleasant fields, where, the live-long day, it has culled the bright flowers, or has been seduced into a long and weary chase by the glowing wings of the gilded butterfly; or turn to the aged and way-worn man, who, after spending many wearisome years in the eager pursuit, it may be, of fame or gold, at last, worn out by his exertions, and the weight of increasing years, leaves all his former pursuits, and eagerly desires to pass the few remaining years of his life in the pleasant valley which gave him birth—the scene of his youthful sports and recollections. Look at such a one when, faint and weary, he is drawing nigh to the scenes of his childhood: see him at the close of day, when the last rays of the fading sunlight are shedding their bright hues over hill and plain—the last summit is nearly gained, whose top hides from his view the scenes so well cherished in the halls of memory—his limbs, already faint, can scarcely bear him forward; yet a thousand mingled feelings conspire to urge onward his faltering steps. The summit is gained—the village spire meets his view, and embowered amid honeysuckle and vine, he sees once again the home of his youth. His toils and dangers are all forgotten—the thought of rest steals over his soul as softly as the mother's lullaby to her slumbering child, and years of calm and uninterrupted repose, like sweet visions, spring up to fancy's gaze; and when his home is gained he finds the rest he has so long and so ardently desired.

How ardently does the captive, too, chained to the oar, or the slave of the mine, desire a cessation from his labors! His dreams are of all things

beautiful, and of all things free—his cottage, so far away, his wife and little ones, whose gentle smile and lisping tones seemed to be harbingers of the rest which awaited him when the toils of the day were past. He wakes—the scenes portrayed before him were but a mockery, and he sadly sighs for the rest of the grave, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” We might also ask, why does the merchant toil and labor so many long and tedious years? Why does the soldier, in the pursuit of what men call glory, endure every species of hardship and misfortune? Why does the mariner launch boldly out on the pathless and untried deep, and risk all the chances of wind and wave? The answer is, to lay up for themselves a sufficiency of this world's goods, and thus be able to rest in the calm downhill of life. No matter how great the dangers to be encountered, or the difficulties to be overcome, they are all met with cheerfulness, and conquered by fortitude; provided only that rest is to be the reward of their toil.

After what we have said, it is very easy to perceive that the prospect of rest is a powerful incentive to action; and if we feel disposed to trace out the conduct of the great Creator of all, we shall find that all his dispensations to our race have been conducted on this principle. And here we cannot fail to be struck with the wisdom of that Being who, in his approaches to man in his fallen and degenerate condition, struggling with the products of a cursed earth, and earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, presented rest before him as the greatest motive to strict obedience to his divine commands. In the Scriptures we have four rests spoken of, which we shall briefly consider, as proofs of the fact we have previously stated, namely, that God has uniformly presented rewards to his servants under the idea of rest. To begin with the Old Testament, we learn, nearly at its commencement, that the Creator, when he had, by his almighty fiat, called this stupendous frame of nature into being—when he had called light and order from darkness and confusion—when he had spread the arch of heaven, spangled with its ten thousand times ten thousand luminaries, over the new-made earth; and when man, “his last, best, noblest work,” rose from the molding hand of his Creator—when he surveyed with delight the new earth, formed like a regal palace, in which he might dwell and rule as lord of animated nature; and when the elder sons of God, joining in the sweet chorus of the morning stars as they rejoiced over the finished work, the Creator himself, recognizing by his own example the importance to be attached to sacred rest in all future time, rested on the seventh day from all the works he had made. But we are not to suppose from this that any degree of weariness

was experienced by the Creator, but that he knew perfectly the nature of the being for whom all this work was done, and, as a dim foreshadowing of his final destiny, left this example, which being imitated by man, might be a faint type of that rest to which he would finally attain. But to advance farther, when the land of Canaan was promised to Abraham and his descendants, was not that land, from that hour, looked forward to as the bright land of promise—the land of rest?

But in order to enjoy rest, it is highly necessary that we should have some acquaintance with its opposite. The man brought up in ease and indolence, whose every desire is gratified, and whose every wish is anticipated, is not at all prepared to experience the sweet influence of rest with any thing like the same degree of delight as the tired laborer returning from the field when his toil is done.

Thus we find that the Israelites spent many and long years of toil and suffering in the land of Egypt, before they were permitted to inherit the pleasures and the joys of the goodly land which God had promised to give to their fathers. With what joy must that people, after their wearisome journey through the desert, have beheld the land of Canaan spreading out before their vision in all its richness, and in all its beauty! The toils of the journey were all forgotten, or, if remembered at all, only served to make their happiness more complete by the recollection of the dangers through which they had passed. They stood on its borders—they gazed with new delight on its beauties—the sterility of the desert, and its parching sands, were among the things of the past, and the hope-illumined future beckoned them on. They crossed the waters of the Jordan—they entered into rest.

But that rest, and all the advantages to be derived from it, were of an earthly and transitory nature. Its possessors proved themselves unworthy of the favors which had been conferred upon them. They seemed to have mistaken the rest which they enjoyed for that of which it was but the type, and thought of none other than that which they possessed. The result was, they were rejected of God; and the land in which they dwelt, partaking of the curse, from one of the most delightful spots on earth, became a parched and barren desert.

But the New Testament presents the true rest before us in the most pleasing manner—that perfect rest which the Savior himself came to impart. The children of Israel had been ground down by excessive toil, and the rest which they obtained was the very opposite of this. But instead of the body being wearied, in the New Testament we find that it is the soul of man which suffers. A continued struggle is going on in the mind; and the words of the prophet, when he says there is no peace to the

wicked, are verified in the experience of every unregenerated son and daughter of Adam. To the burdened soul, laboring under such unrest as this, how sweet and full of comfort are the words of the Savior, when he says, "Come unto me all that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" Yes, here the troubled soul finds the rest it has long sought with so much anxiety and solicitude. The heart's wild tumult in a moment ceases at the voice of the Savior—all its angry passions subside, like the waves of Tiberias when he spake and there was a great calm.

But we must not think that the Christian's life is one of inaction and dull repose. The very reverse of this is true. The mind is now released from its fearful forebodings—the terrors which formerly agitated the soul have departed—the mind has found a peaceful quietude to which it was previously a stranger; but if we stop here, and are content with this, we shall fail of attaining that eternal rest which is held out as the reward to those who persevere to the end.

We have already remarked that the joy of the Israelites was greatly heightened by the contrast which the promised land doubtless presented to the toils and afflictions which they had escaped. So the glories of the eternal rest will, doubtless, be prized in proportion to the difficulties and dangers we shall encounter in attaining to those blissful mansions. That it was the intention of the Author of our religion that Christians should be active and untiring in their efforts, will be easily made plain by a reference to some few of the allusions which are made to the Christian life on the pages of the sacred Oracles. Those engaged in the Christian cause are often represented as performing a journey—as running a race—as enlisted in a glorious cause; and in all these various pursuits, we cannot but be struck with the propriety of proposing rest as the reward of all their exertions. Is the Christian life a pilgrimage, how aptly does the figure agree with the end proposed! He sets forth, staff in hand—his long and wearisome journey must be accomplished step by step. The steep ascent of the mountain must be surmounted—the thick forest and the howling wilderness must all be encountered—he must be exposed to every variety of hardship—the heat of a vertical sun must pour its fiercest beams on his unprotected head—he must meet alike the dread simoon and the piercing blasts of the north; yet he has the consolation of knowing that each day brings him nearer to the place of his destination. He reaches it at last, and then how sweet is that rest! He looks back over the long years of his pilgrimage: the scenes through which he has passed—the toils which he has endured—the privations he has undergone—all spring up with life-like vividness before him;

but he feels they are for ever past—he is in the possession of a rest that never faileth, and he feels that for every pain he has endured he has received a rich and bountiful over-payment of delight.

But do we view the Christian contending in the race as a candidate, not for a crown of laurel, but for one whose lustre never fades, and the flashing of its jewels far excel in beauty all the diadems of earth! He starts with the greatest alacrity; and though the race be long, his eye is fixed firmly on the bright reward which he sees glittering before him. Every impediment is laid aside—every nerve is stretched to its utmost tension, and his whole conduct declares that he so runs that he may obtain. He loiters not by the way to view the scenes which tempt him to desert the straight path—gems at his feet, and flowers on every side, cannot induce him to slacken his pace—they are all mere baubles in comparison with the prize for which he is contending. His course is still onward—he feels faint from his exertions, and the goal is not yet gained; yet he stops not. The crown which is before him, the rest which awaits him when his toil is done, arouses every latent energy of his nature to new exertions—he presses on with new vigor, and the task is accomplished; and, though weary with toil, he enters into rest.

Behold the Christian warrior panoplied in the whole armor of God, pledged to fight his battles, and to follow wherever his Captain may lead! The warfare is to be conducted in the enemy's country. He must watch by night and fight by day—the wiles and stratagems of his adversary are to be guarded against—his armor must ever be girded on, his sword ever unsheathed; yet, amid all his privations, he goes forward with courage. The Commander under whose banners he marches never lost a battle, but ever leads his armies on to certain and glorious victory. Fired with a noble ambition, he contemns all danger—presses valiantly forward, cheered with the pleasing hope that when the war is over he will be released from all his toils, and enjoy the rest destined for those who fight manfully the good fight of faith, that they may lay hold on eternal life. How sweet must be the rest, how delightful the repose which they now enjoy! The pilgrimage is ended, the race is over, and the victory won. The crown—the reward of their exertions—is placed upon their heads, and they enter upon a rest that shall know no end.

But what shall we say with reference to the nature of this rest? It is far, very far above the language or even the conception of mortals. Paul felt himself unable to unfold, to its full extent, that exceeding and eternal weight of glory. John, in his sublime visions, could by no means equal its beauty and glory. It were worthy of the tongues of angels to describe all the untold grandeur of that rest which remaineth

for the people of God. There the white-robed elders stand, ever pouring forth their ceaseless songs. Seraph, and cherub, and all the lofty intelligences of the skies, up to the tall archangel, are assembled there. The tree of life presents its fruit to the longing taste, and they behold the bright flashings of that river, the streams of which make glad the city of our God. But higher than all these, above seraphim and cherubim, and all the bright hosts which throng the skies, we shall see the King in his beauty, even the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world. And while eternity rolls on, no jarring note shall ever disturb our joys—no fear of being deprived of these pleasures shall ever ruffle the tranquility of our bosoms; for to those who attain to this blissful rest, the promise is, "They shall go out no more for ever."

#### ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN man went to a dervish, and proposed three questions: 1. "Why do they say God is omnipotent? I do not see him in any place; show me where he is. 2. Why is a man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good. 3. How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?" The dervish took up a large clod of earth and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cazy and said—

"I proposed three questions to such a dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache."

The Cazy, having sent for the dervish, asked—

"Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?"

The dervish replied—

"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head; let him show me where it is, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike him without the will of God; what power do I possess? And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?"

The man was confounded, and the Cazy highly pleased with the dervish's answer.

#### GOOD ADVICE.

NEVER suffer your children to require services from others which they can perform for themselves. A strict observance of this rule will be of incalculable advantage to them through every period of life.

Original.

## INFLUENCE OF HOLINESS ON THE MIND.

It is an opinion somewhat prevalent in the world, that eminent piety is incompatible with high intellectual attainments, and that they who would have free communion with God, must withdraw from the bleak atmosphere of human science. It were presumptuous to declare that there have been no examples of an unhumiliated and boastful spirit among the students of science. There not merely have been, but it is melancholy to add, there are even now many among those pursuing the employments of the scholar, who, instead of magnifying the name of God, have pleasure in the unfruitful works of darkness. Arrogance and self-exaltation but too frequently usurp the place of submissiveness and humility. From this circumstance, however, we are not at liberty to conclude that the intellect and heart should be arrayed against each other, that knowledge and piety should be dissevered, and that literary and scientific research should never be pursued by the disciple of Christ.

Holiness is not the offspring of reason. It is not a principle which, from its isolation and barrenness, is compelled to seek assistance from the intellect. Nor is it a plant that lives beneath the shadow of the understanding—it is rather the light and rain, from which the latter derives its vigor and nourishment. That eminent piety has an important and salutary influence on the intellectual powers, and that the faithful performance of our duty toward God is promotive of the strength and expansion of the human mind, we feel disposed to contend from the following considerations.

1. The Scriptures uniformly connect holiness with knowledge, alike in the historical narrations and the preceptive instructions. Why did God appoint Moses to be the leader and lawgiver of the children of Israel? Why, above all others, was he commissioned to be their guide during their forty years' pilgrimage in the wilderness? "He was *learned* in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and had in his possession an amount of experimental knowledge which few, if any, of his time could boast. It was not at random that God alighted upon him. He *selected* him, probably, as the only man in the whole Jewish nation competent to meet the exigencies and trials that should befall that people in their long and devious march to the land of Canaan.

Again: Why was it that the writers of the Old Testament were chosen from among the most intelligent and erudite? *Erudite*, we say, for nothing can surpass the purity and simplicity of the style of the sacred penmen. In material for the exercise of deep thought, for the cultivation of taste, and for the elicitation of the noblest feelings of the soul, they are rich and exhaustless. Their composition is so exquisite as always to please—

their stores of wisdom are never consumed—their beauties never fade—their eloquence never ends. No closeness of inspection, no keenness of investigation, no ingeniousness of criticism can defeat their claims to the highest excellences of language. Considered simply as intellectual productions, who would compare the poems of Hesiod and Homer with those of the rapt patriarch of Idumea and the inspired prophets of Salem? Where, in the Iliad, shall we find life and energy which will vie with the fervid strains of Ezekiel, or maxims that will equal the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity that will not die away before the conceptions of Job, or David, or Isaiah?

It has been urged by some, and with seeming triumph, that Christ sent forth, as the disseminators of his Gospel, the most illiterate fishermen—individuals who had never been favored with any considerable degree of moral and literary instruction. We can see no ground, however, for supposing that their occupation precluded the possibility of receiving and acquiring information; or that, because they were fishermen they were wholly destitute of mental culture. Illiterate they were in one sense, though not to that degree that sciolists would have us believe. They were not profound doctors of the Jewish law—they were not deeply versed in the traditions of the elders—they were not professors of the arts and sciences; but they were men of sound original minds; and, in one respect, as Dr. Chalmers significantly remarks, they were *well educated*, since none ever equaled their teacher. Neither Luke nor John lacked ability to investigate religious truth, and to present it to view in a clear and engaging manner. They were not, indeed, as the sophists who dwelt in Grecian cities, and who, though counted wise and noble, were sadly deficient in common sense, possessing scarcely any thing but fine-spun metaphysics and wire-drawn subtilities—fine prototypes of the polemicists and smatterers of a later age.

The doctrine which teaches the severance of knowledge from religion we consider a perfect gratuity. The Bible nowhere inculcates it. "Give me understanding," says the psalmist, "and I shall observe thy law with my whole heart. Teach me knowledge and good judgment. O, how love I thy law: it is my meditation all the day. The entrance of thy word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple." Paul, who was chief among the apostles, exhorts his brethren to study the religion of Jesus Christ, because therein was contained all wisdom. "Strengthen yourselves with might in the inner man, that ye may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Jesus." He proceeds farther, terming the doctrines of faith, repentance, and the resurrection,

the elementary lessons, "food for babes," and reprimands the disciples for not having advanced into "the mysteries of their religion." These and similar passages, doubtless, have reference to religious knowledge. Yet they cannot be said to exclude other kinds of knowledge, since to comprehend the deeper mysteries of the Christian religion, requires the culture and enlargement of the mental powers. We are aware that, in his first letter to the Corinthians, Paul declares, that while charity edifieth, "knowledge puffeth up;" but it will readily be perceived that he spoke of knowledge without grace—knowledge "concerning those things which are offered unto idols;" hence the declaration in nowise invalidates the position we have assumed.

We argue the compatibility of learning and piety, in the second place, from the nature of piety itself. Genuine religion cannot exist without a degree of knowledge; nor can religion advance without a corresponding advancement in knowledge. It is not possible to keep the affections on an object which gives no exercise to the understanding. There have been, we admit, examples of uncommon spirituality among persons in lowly life. Few individuals, in any age or nation, have equaled in holiness the Albigenses or Waldenses, of the valley of Piedmont; and yet, none were more destitute of the means of acquiring information, whether secular or otherwise. But they were diligent students of the Bible; and, as the result, while it improved the heart, it gave power and vividness to the intellect. They found its atmosphere wholesome and salutary—its clime a region of strong thought—its treasury exhaustless in truths—

"Truths that had power to make  
Their weary years seem moments in the being  
Of eternal silence; truths that waked  
To perish never."

God not only requires what we *are*, but whatever we *can* be. He demands "the attainable as well as the attainment—the possible as well as the existing." He has given us the principle of curiosity, in order that we might be stimulated in the pursuit of intellectual knowledge, as well as in that of religious. If we stifle this curiosity—if we bury it in a napkin, and are indifferent as to the occupancy of all the talents with which our Creator has indued us, then we are not giving him our best offerings—we are not devoting our entire faculties to his service. Fervent *emotion*, by a certain class of community, is considered the simple and sole ingredient of eminent piety. It is, undoubtedly, *one* of the elemental parts of holiness. No man, professing to believe the Bible, and living constantly under its influence, can be without emotion. None can *reflect* on the character and attributes of Jehovah—none can contemplate, in a spiritual point of view, his relation to his fellow-

man, the design of his creation, and the duration of his existence, without intense emotion. The love which Jesus bore to an apostate and hell-deserving world, must melt the heart, if it be not colder than ice—must move the soul, if it be not hard as the nether mill-stone. Still, emotion is but one of the elements of sanctification, and we have no right to make it the *only* test of an elevated Christian, since, in so doing, we undervalue the influence of religious knowledge, and diminish too much the number of eminently holy men.

We argue the beneficial effects of piety on the intellectual character, in the third place, from facts. It may not be deemed improper in the outset, perhaps, to state, that there are certain writers who not merely maintain that religion is of no importance in the development of the mental faculties, but that it is positively and unequivocally injurious; as the mind, becoming distracted by the agitating, never-ceasing conflict between the natural inclinations and the renewed nature, is thus disqualified to proceed in its abstract and deductive operations. It is farther alledged, that the most eminent intellectual characters, in every age and nation, such as the discoverers, inventors, poets, philosophers, historians, antiquarians, and linguists, have been persons destitute of religion. However specious they may appear, we are not willing to admit the validity of either of these allegations. We are well aware, that the mind may be disciplined by him who has no fear of God before his eyes; and so can one, who does not recognize the superintending hand of Providence, amass unto himself immense treasures of wealth. Indeed, we believe it possible for the mind to unfold its energies, and to acquire an *extraordinary* growth, while uninfluenced by holiness—even while the affections are scorched and withered: just as the ground, which has been burned over, sends up a more luxuriant vegetation.

But we are far from acknowledging, that eminent piety has no influence on the mental character of man. If correctly informed, we think it never yet has been proven, that those who have been hostile to Christianity, would have been less intelligent or less ingenious had they been its defenders. On the contrary, there is strong reason to believe they would have been more so. Had the writer of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire been a disciple of Christ, and accurately instructed in reference to its nature and its bearing on mankind, he would, doubtless, have been better qualified to understand the historical ground over which he traveled. And David Hume, the contemporary of Gibbon, would certainly not have been the less acute as a metaphysician, had he possessed the spirit of Robert Boyle; nor would the author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage been less celebrated as

a poet, had he, instead of abetting the cause of infidelity, humbly embraced and exemplified the religion of the Redeemer. His mind would not have been so dark, so disordered and desolate; nor would his descriptions have been so fraught with the feverishness of distemper, the ravings of passion, and the gloom and bitterness of misanthropy. His harp would then have beat in unison with the harp of David,

"Which told the triumphs of his King,  
Which wafted glory to his God;  
Which made the gladden'd valley's ring,  
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
Whose sounds aspir'd to heaven, and there abode!"

He would have felt some commiseration and sympathy for his fellow-men, and would have exerted himself, by his pen or otherwise, in ameliorating their condition, and promoting their present and eternal welfare.

We are equally far from acknowledging, that the few on whom have been bestowed the richest gifts of genius, and who have toiled the most assiduously in their cultivation, have been devotees at the shrine of skepticism and irreligion. Kepler, Boyle, and Pascal were distinguished for their piety and fervent devotion toward God. Religious reflections occur even in the mathematical works of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton. The Baron De Sacy, the first among the Oriental scholars, was not ashamed, in the midst of a perverse and atheistic generation, to profess his cordial trust in the Savior of the world. "If my conduct," he observes, "has not always been, as I humbly own, conformable to the sacred rules which my faith enjoins, those faults have never been, with me, the effect of any doubt of the truth of the Christian religion, or of its Divine origin. I firmly trust that they will be forgiven me, through the mercy of my heavenly Father, in virtue of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ his son: not putting my confidence in any merit of my own, and confessing, from the bottom of my heart, that in myself I am nothing but weakness, misery, and wretchedness." Voltaire, Rousseau, Smollet, and others, were great men without Christianity; yet, had they come directly and fully under its influence, they would have been greater still. They were philosophers, who dwelt so long in their "own bright land of deductive reasoning," and who refined and etherealized their views to such an extent, that finally they lost the road to truths of the highest value, and rendered themselves, as Professor Whewell severely but justly remarks, *almost wholly incapable of judging of moral evidence.*

Other things being equal, the man of distinguished holiness will be the most diligent observer of the things in the natural world around him. He converses with his God in all the works of

his hands. In every wonder, he sees the power that made it; in every landscape, the bounty that adorned it; in every object around him, he beholds an emblem of his own spiritual condition. Does he contemplate the pure and cheering light of heaven, or does he watch that light as, at dawn of day, it breaks along the eastern sky? in the language of inspiration, he can say, "The day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." Does he look upon the sun, the source of heat and light, as he wheels his "march triumphant through the unknown void;" or does he gaze upon the silvery moon, mild regent of the night,

"When round her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole!"

With the psalmist he can exclaim, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Does he stand upon the bank of the river, whose waters glide through flowery meads and verdant plains toward the distant deep? by it he is reminded of the river of life, "clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb; the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High." Does he look upon the ocean, when convulsed with wind and storm; or does he hear its hoarse surges breaking along the rocky coast? he feels that "the Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea; that the Lord sitteth king on the floods, yea, that he sitteth king for ever." Does he gaze upon the distant mountains, those emblems of greatness and eternity, as they tower, in all their dread sublimity and unshaken firmness, toward the skies? he has the assurance that "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but the kindness of the Lord shall not depart, neither shall the covenant of his peace be removed." With all the manifestations of his Maker's glory in creation, the Christian connects the remembrance of his glory as it is seen in the face of Jesus. Of him it may be said, in the beautiful lines of Cowper,

"He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy,  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling, say, 'MY FATHER MADE THEM ALL!'"

The Christian, in contemplation of such subjects, will not merely have his heart improved, but there will be a growth of the intellectual faculties,

commensurate to the dignity and importance of the themes upon which they are constantly exercised. Yet, in order to the complete development of these faculties, they must be under strict control. This discipline the man of distinguished holiness, above all others, will be most likely to maintain. He has uniformly before his mind an illustrious example of moral and mental excellence in Jesus Christ. In communing with him the heart and intellect grow in perfect harmony and proportion; for he is the fountain of all knowledge. He that walketh with the wise, himself shall be made wise. How great, how precious, then, must be that wisdom which he who walks with Jesus acquires!

In the course of the preceding article, the impression may have obtained that we have lauded human learning at the expense of humble, warm-hearted piety. Such impression, it seems unnecessary to remark, is decidedly erroneous. Our object has been to prove the very reverse. Unsanctified human learning we deem a miserable dependence—a something which, if not always, but too frequently, through the pride and weakness of the heart, “puffeth up, and leadeth to vain boastings, which are not profitable.” But the union of knowledge with holy affections is mighty, through God, “to the pulling down of the strongholds in which any class of unbelievers may have entrenched themselves.”

H.



Original.

## FEMALE INFLUENCE.

The following lines are from the pen of a young lady sixteen years of age.—Ed.

It is certainly treating with violence and contempt the wise designs of an infinitely wise Providence to suppose, for a moment, that woman, endowed as she is with all the faculties of mind of which the sterner sex are possessed, was called into this world merely as the slave of man, and as the instrument, in his hands, by which he might promote his pleasure and gratify the desires of his heart. Woman was called to fill a much higher and nobler station in life than this. She has important duties devolving upon her, which were assigned her to perform by her Creator, who governs the universe, and controls the thoughts and actions of all his creatures. And yet how many are there of our sex who live utterly regardless of the great object for which they were called into existence! They drink deep into the cup of delusive pleasure; and having satiated their vain desires in the momentary amusements of the world, sink into dependency and remorse. Time with its fleeting moments is soon past with them, and the destroy-

ing angel unexpectedly makes fatal ravages upon them. Thus they pass through time without leaving behind them a single vestige of their earthly existence.

There are many ways in which woman is called to exert her influence upon her fellow-beings; but it is chiefly upon the moral principles of childhood that this influence is of the greatest importance. To her is committed the noble charge of training the youthful mind in the paths of virtue and true happiness. She may, by the blessing of God, be enabled to check and subdue, by continued efforts, every propensity to evil which may arise in the human breast, and also to cherish and cultivate all those Christian graces which so eminently adorn and qualify their possessors for every station in life. Numerous instances might be related to illustrate the fatal effects which have resulted from neglecting to govern and control the evil passions of the heart. Woman, with the assistance of Divine aid, can soften and conquer these evil tendencies, which so frequently mar the peace and happiness of all; and which doubtless would, if not checked in their progress, cause the eternal destruction of the soul.

The future destiny and welfare of man depends much upon the early formation of his character. Reflect for a moment upon the danger to which a youth is subject, when (being under the necessity of relying upon his own resources for subsistence) he is sent into the world devoid of those moral principles which contribute so much to prosperity. Having nothing to guard him against the calamities with which he is beset on every hand, he is naturally drawn aside by every delusive fascination which may present itself to his enlivened imagination. But if his mind has been early stored with virtuous principles, they will guide him safely through the slippery paths of youth; and when he shall advance to riper years, they will still shield him from many enticing temptations, as well as adorn and qualify him for every station in life in which he may be called to act.

If females in general would but consider the great responsibility which rests upon them, it would surely arouse them to a sense of the duty which they owe to their Creator, to their fellow-creatures, and to themselves. If they would wish to see the rising generation made pious and useful members in society, they must exert their influence upon the mind while it is pliable and yields easily to the mild instructions which are imparted to it, which will, if properly administered, make upon it a lasting impression. A word of advice, if given properly and in season, may effect much good; but if postponed too long, until the evil has taken deep root in the heart, it will then be of no avail, for the disease is seated upon too firm a foundation to be shaken. The mother must commence with the



infant in its youngest days: she must observe the first dawning of reason in the infant mind—instruct it betimes in the simplest truths of religion, and carefully guard against the ascendancy of the evil passions; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

The improvement which female influence has caused in the manners and morals of mankind is very great; but there is still room for greater improvement: and the fact that their labors heretofore have not been in vain, (but that they have been like broad cast upon the waters, that was found after many days, Ecclesiastes xi, 1,) ought to stimulate others to exertion.

How many owe the preservation of their moral character to those principles which were enstamped upon their infant minds while sheltered under the roof of maternal care! And with what pleasure can they look back and trace out the influence of those moral lessons, and see the many hair-breadth escapes which they have made from crime! Many a profligate youth, who is utterly lost to virtue and morality, may be reclaimed from the broad road of crime and certain destruction, which he is rapidly pursuing, and placed in the right way, by the mild reproof of female instruction.

The progress of literature and science among all nations, and in all countries, is much affected by the condition of females: it being in those countries only where females are rightly educated, and permitted to exert their proper influence, that improvement is visible.

If we permit the memory to turn back upon the dark ages of the world, when woman was not only regarded as the slave, but even thought to be destitute of an immortal spirit, we shall there behold crime reigning with terrific power, and spreading its baneful effects over the whole of the known globe. Even now, in many countries, females are not allowed to claim that respect which is their due; and they are, therefore, prevented from discharging their duties in that sphere of life in which their Maker designed they should take an active part.

Compare the present state of society with that which existed several hundred years ago, and we behold a striking change. To what are we indebted for this change, but to the effects of the Gospel, which has improved the education and exalted the character of females? They in their turn having advanced civilization, and modified the moral character of mankind.

What heart-thrilling sensations of horror pierce through every mind, on reflecting upon the degradation and servitude in which the female sex were formerly involved! But Christianity has wrought a powerful change; and wonder, love, and praise should fill every soul in contemplating

the unbounded goodness and infinite wisdom and mercy of God.

In considering what has been done, it is impossible to conceive what might be done by the female community, if they would but unite, heart and hand, in their efforts to promote the well-being of man. How should it arouse every latent energy of their minds to action in endeavoring to store the youthful mind with the principles of Christianity, and to promulgate those sound morals upon which rest the security and happiness of the nation!

Seeing what Christianity has accomplished, how does it behoove every individual of the fair sex to make greater exertions toward propagating a system which has raised them from the depths of degradation and slavery, and exalted them to that station in life which they are now privileged to enjoy. In proportion as the knowledge of Christianity spreads over the earth, will improvement advance; and if the holy principles of the Gospel are received into the hearts of men, they will lay a sure foundation for a still greater change. Men will attain to greater purity of life and conduct—science and literature will rapidly advance, until this world shall once more be restored to its primitive excellence and beauty. F. C. J.



#### A SENTIMENT FOR PARENTS.

THE ordination of Providence, says a distinguished writer, is that HOME should form our character. The first object of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign whenever children have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. Provide pleasure for them around their own fireside, and among themselves. The excellent Leigh Richmond pursued this plan—had a museum in the house, and exerted every nerve to interest his little flock. A love of home is one of the greatest safeguards in the world to man. Do you ever see men, who delight in their own firesides, lolling about taverns and oyster-cellars! Implant this sentiment early in a child; it is a mighty preservative against vice.



#### PRAYER.

WHEN dreamy doubts rise in the soul,  
And flickering hope afar hath fled:  
When dire despair without control,  
Would hover round the sick one's bed:  
When ghastly phantoms of past crime,  
The sinking mind would fain depress  
In doubt's abyss—nor hope to find  
A refuge in its wretchedness—  
'Tis then that orisons to heaven  
Give consciousness of sins forgiven. S.

Original.

## THE FEMALE MISSIONARY.

"I love to look on woman when her eye  
Beams with the radiant light of charity;  
I love to look on woman when her face  
Glow with religion's pure and perfect grace:  
O, then, to her the loveliness is given,  
Which thrills the heart of man like dreams of heaven."

DISPIRITED and perplexed, and in no very submissive state of mind, I was searching my desk, a few days since, for a missing paper, when my eye was arrested, and the whole current of my thoughts and feelings suddenly changed, by a glance at the well-remembered characters of a deceased friend. One whom I had known intimately in early life, and had seen in many trying situations. She had drunk deeply at the spiritual fountain, and was never dismayed—never suffered herself to be dispirited or perplexed by any human event. In the midst of trial and tribulation, like the beloved disciple, she was ever found "leaning on the breast of Jesus," and ever ready to exclaim, "So be it, Lord, for it seemeth good in thy sight."

As these recollections passed through my mind, my paper and my perplexity were alike forgotten; and taking up the time-discolored letter, I hastily unfolded it. The first words which met my eyes were these: "Brig Indus, at sea, south latitude, September 20th." But to explain. My friend was now the wife of a missionary. She had left home, parents, friends, and country, without any expectation of ever seeing them again. She was on her way to a heathen land. She had been several months at sea; and, in addition to the usual discomforts of the sea-farer, they had had severe storms, and suffered much sickness in the missionary family. But was she dispirited or dismayed? We will listen to her own words and see. Her letter bears several different dates. She says, after a page which I omit, "Since writing the above, I have been walking on the deck. A solemn stillness rests upon every thing. The blue waters, which so lately threatened to swallow up our ship, as she rose with their mountain swell, or sunk again into their depths, are now as calm as the little river that flows before the home of my parents. To-day all labor is laid aside by the seamen, except the common watch, for we feel that *the Spirit of God is with us*. He has brought two souls to repentance, and fastened conviction on the consciences of others; so that all are inquiring, 'What mean these things?' O, my dear friend, how refreshing is it to breathe such an atmosphere! Our hearts are encouraged and made to rejoice. Pray that the Lord may protect us until we reach the heathen, and there give us a door of entrance."

Again: "October 10th.—Sickness has entered our dwelling, but we can still speak of mercy. I have

been afflicted, and am still an invalid, as well as some others of the missionary family. I have thought much of home to-day, and of the thousand charms which my native village, with all its dear inhabitants, presents at this season. But *not with a desire to be there again*. Each day of my missionary life increases my desire to live and to die among the heathen. But I need continually to be more spiritual. I need more faith—to live nearer to God. For this, dear friend, missionaries need the prayers of Christians at home; or their feeble efforts to scatter the darkness which covers so great a portion of the world, will be unavailing. The effectual, fervent prayers of all Christians should follow them."

Again: "*Boy of Bengal, October 20th.*—I again take my pen to tell you what God has been doing for his great name in the midst of us. You will, doubtless, see published the particulars of this glorious revival, which, we trust, has brought sixteen precious souls into the fold of Christ: three officers, all the seamen, the steward, cook, and cabin-boy. Dear friend, I cannot tell you how solemn and how precious this place has been, for about ten days. I never knew any thing so like the day of Pentecost. A 'rushing, mighty wind,' has filled our whole dwelling, so that we could do nothing but stand still and see the great salvation. It is, indeed, worth all the fatigues of a long voyage, yes, of a long life, to be permitted to be a member of this household of faith!"

These selections, I trust, are sufficient to give my reader the assurance, that my correspondent was fitted for her station, both by nature and by grace; and to secure for me the perusal of the short sketch of her life, which I shall attempt to narrate.

Harriet L. was a native of one of the small towns in Connecticut. She was the eldest daughter in a numerous family, consisting of three brothers and five sisters. Born in pious Connecticut, of pious parents, with pious kinsfolks, neighbors, and teachers, it would have been strange if Harriet had not herself become pious. She did, indeed, seem to be a Christian from her cradle. She was told by her parents, when very young, that God knew all her thoughts and could read her heart; and although her infant mind could not understand how an invisible Being could do this, yet she *believed it*. And thus she walked by faith, and not by sight, while yet in lisping infancy. And she ever after found it good rather to rest in the promises, than to speculate upon the mysteries of Scripture. In reading these, she could say heartily with the poet,

"What we can't unriddle,  
Learn to trust."

Harriet, at a very early age, enrolled herself with the people of God. In doing this, she had nothing

to give up; the world of fashion and folly had never possessed any charms for her; she had never imbibed its manners or its *morals*, never sighed for its distinctions; in fact, this world never had any dominion over her—she belonged to *another*. She made her profession—she publicly, as inwardly, gave her young heart to God; and she steadfastly set her face Zionward. She pressed on, in pious earnestness, toward the mark of her high calling in Christ Jesus, nor cast

“One longing, lingering look behind.”

Her sweet face was now not only seen on the Sabbath in the “great congregation,” but wherever two or three worshipers were met together, she was sure to be seen amidst them. Her native village possessed a very pious community; yet, even here her father's household was, by way of eminence, called “the pious family.” Each member of this family had, as they arrived at maturity, fallen voluntarily into the bosom of the Church. Each had become a pious laborer in the Lord's vineyard, according to ability.

When I first knew Harriet, she was, I think, not more than eighteen years of age; and yet, amidst this religious community, she labored more than they all. She literally, according to her means, “fed the hungry, clothed the naked, comforted the afflicted, and visited the sick.” And all this was done in so quiet and noiseless a manner, that one should be for awhile a member of the family, to have learned the extent of her charities. I had been long acquainted with her, before I knew that she uniformly devoted part of one day in every week, in visiting the inmates of the “poor-house.” She read the Scriptures and prayed with them, and then lingered awhile to cheer them with her conversation, and comfort them by her sympathy. She was, I believe, not more than twenty years of age, when she became deeply interested for the heathen. The Memoirs of Harriet Newell had just then been published; and, as Harriet read it, “her heart burned within her” at the recital of her devotion and her sufferings. Christians had then, (more than twenty years ago,) just begun to wake up upon the subject of foreign missions. Harriet gathered all the information she could respecting their condition; and her interest steadily increased with increasing information, until it became the paramount wish of her heart to labor amongst them. And, verily, her prayer was granted.

The missionary enterprise, surrounded, as it then was, with difficulties and uncertainties, might be viewed as a formidable undertaking for a female. Exposed to hardships and self-denial, always uncomfortable, and sometimes unsafe, the wife of a missionary was almost sure to sink under these combined circumstances: and thus, it was urged upon Harriet, to encumber instead of aiding the

cause. Many good Christians, at that day, were opposed to females engaging in it. A short time only before this, the devoted Fisk, who was going on a mission to India, was deterred, by the advice of the Board, from taking a wife with him. This advice seemed, in the event, providential; for, soon after his arrival at his missionary station, he fell a victim to the climate. It is not probable that a female, exposed to these circumstances, could have escaped.

The parents of Harriet did not, at first, approve of her intention. But finally, seeing her heart so much set upon the subject, they seemed to consider it as a sort of divine call, and yielded to her wishes: consenting that she should leave them whenever an opportunity offered of joining a missionary family. This she considered as a great point gained.

As a preliminary step to usefulness amongst the heathen, she now left her home, and went to a sort of missionary school just then established in Cornwall, Connecticut, to learn the eastern dialects. A step so independent and devoted, occasioned, as might be supposed, much comment: some wondering, some doubting, and but few approving the measure. After this event, none that were deeply interested in the cause of missions thought of passing her father's house, strangers though they might be, without seeking acquaintance with her parents, to talk of their absent daughter, and, finally, to pray for her and for the benighted heathen. On these occasions the visitor would be pressed, by this hospitable couple, to stay over night. The pious neighbors would then be notified that a “social prayer meeting” would be held in the evening at Mr. L.'s house. This notice was sufficient to secure a room-full of the right sort of people. I have more than once, on these occasions, met with zealous and gifted young Christian disciples, who were thirsting for an opportunity to “spend and be spent” in the *missionary cause*. The opportunity, perhaps, offered, and they went rejoicing to the burning east, where, for a brief time, they shone like comets amidst surrounding darkness, and then, like comets, they suddenly disappeared—leaving a luminous track behind. But they shall be gathered, when the comet is still but a mass of fire. Yet, far from their country and their friends, comfortless and alone, they breathed their last sigh; and their bones now rest where their labors ended. How lifeless and how cold, in comparison to this, appear the best efforts of the Christian minister at home! In the bosom of his own family, surrounded by the comforts of life, associated with the people of God, and worshipping under his own “vine and fig tree,” what can he know of, or how appreciate, the trials and privations of missionary life? Verily, it is his privilege and his duty, to give much and to pray much for the missionary.

The comprehensive mind of Harriet soon mastered her studies at school. She returned to her parents more lovely than ever. Her newly acquired knowledge she considered as the golden key with which she should unlock the understandings, the hearts, the consciences of the heathen; and she esteemed it "great riches." Her father's house now became more attractive than ever to young Christians; and many turned aside, in their journeyings, to make acquaintance with its inmates. It was not long before she was sought in marriage, by one of congenial spirit. This was a Mr. W., who, a year before, had offered himself and been accepted by the Board of Foreign Missions. He had just now finished his preparatory studies, at Andover, Massachusetts. He had heard much of Harriet, and, like many others, had turned aside in his wayfaring to seek her acquaintance. He was at once charmed with her Christian graces, and child-like simplicity of manners, and was ready, like the Queen of Sheba, to exclaim, "The half was not told me." The attraction was mutual; and it was not long before his visit was repeated, and their vows were exchanged—vows to be solemnized at the altar, when the missionary expedition, then in contemplation for India, should be fitted out.

Harriet now considered herself a missionary in good earnest, and began to count the cost of the sacrifice she was about to make. Her home, her parents, her brothers and sisters, she dearly loved; her friends were numerous, and her heart was warm. But did she shrink from the enterprise, at the thought of parting with these blessings? No!

"Some natural tears she shed,  
But wiped them soon."

She argued thus: "These loved and loving friends all belong to the fold of Christ. If I am faithful to the end, I shall surely meet them again in a heavenly mansion. Time is rapidly passing away—the separation will be short: I will, then, employ it in seeking the 'lost sheep of Israel.'" The struggle once over, it recurred not again; and she appeared so cheerful and happy, in the prospect of leaving them, that her parents began to catch something of her zeal in the cause, and unreservedly surrendered her to God. Harriet's eldest brother, a devoted young man of about two and twenty, was now just leaving home to prepare for the ministry, and they strengthened each other by spiritual counsel.

Presently there came rumors, that the Board of Foreign Missions were making arrangements to send out a ship from Boston. And this rumor was soon confirmed, by a letter from Mr. W., adding that he had been apprised by the Board to hold himself in readiness to obey their summons. All things being in "order," as says the apostle, this, his follower, finished his epistle by saying, that he

should then come to claim Harriet as his bride. She now felt that her hour of departure was at hand. But, alas! for all human calculations! "Man appoints and God disappoints." A few weeks passed away in preparation, and another letter arrives. Her hopes are now gone, and her heart sorrowing; for it informed her that Mr. W.'s health, which had for some time been delicate, now threatened *consumption*, and that the Board deemed it inexpedient that he should go out with the mission. This double blow to her heart and her hopes, was the severest trial of Harriet's life. She could not go on her mission, and she feared her friend would die. But grace prevailed, and she was enabled to look unto God and, with an unfaltering tongue, to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

The expedition was fitted out, and Mr. W. was left at home, with death in prospect. He, too, was supported on this trying occasion by his deep piety. For some weeks after the mission ship sailed, his health continued to decline, and friends thought, and he himself thought, that his days were numbered, and that he had not long to live. But it was not so ordered. Gradually a change took place in his health, and, to the surprise of all, one after another of his consumptive symptoms left him, and he slowly regained his health to complete restoration.

A trial of another sort now awaited him. Harriet had been thrown from a carriage, and, in the fall, three ribs had been broken and one arm shattered. The letter which contained this information, assured him that, although she was suffering much, her life was not in danger. With all expedition he now hastened to her; and, in the midst of their anguish—the one of pain and the other of sympathy—they poured out their hearts in thanksgiving to God, for having so recently spared them both from the grave. Never were suffering and confinement borne with more uncomplaining magnanimity, than Harriet's. The first time I saw her after her accident, I remember to have used the language of commiseration in speaking of it. She looked up to me from her bed of pain, and, with gratitude beaming in her eyes, said, "Dear C., rather *rejoice* with me that it was not my neck that was broken."

Mr. W. was now nearly recovered; and hope again whispered that they might yet go to the heathen. And so it was. After the lapse of a year or more, another expedition was fitted out, and Mr. W. was duly notified by the Board, to be ready for embarkation for the Island of Ceylon, whenever he should receive their final summons. This time there was no disappointment. As Harriet's shattered frame strengthened, her activity returned—her spirits became elastic; and she began to make herself busy in arrangements for the voyage. The simple bridal preparations could soon be made. But a

sufficient wardrobe for so long a voyage as this, would necessarily require much time in preparing. Her friends, aware of this, and ever ready to serve her, proposed having a "sewing bee," to be held at her house, at certain hours of each day, until the work was completed. This arrangement was cheerfully assented to; and, as many friends were diligently employed, the task was accomplished sooner than was expected. These social meetings had given her friends more of her time, and a nearer access to her parting thoughts, than they could otherwise have enjoyed. On these occasions, Harriet was always composed and at work; so that a stranger coming in, would hardly suppose her warm heart was taking its last leave of friends so dear to her in this quiet manner. And here let me mention a peculiarity of vision, of which I had often read but never before witnessed. One of the ladies present was one day at work on a *green* silk hood; and Harriet, showing the bonnet to a young brother, asked him to get, from a store near, some sewing silk of *that color*. He soon returned with some of a bright *scarlet*, and asked "if that was right;" and great was my surprise when Harriet, laying it upon the work and turning to the company, repeated his question. I now learned, that both she and that brother had an obliquity of vision: scarlet and green looked alike to them. Harriet then told us, that she could only distinguish ripe cherries from the leaves of the trees where they were growing, by their *outline*. This, certainly, was her only *obliquity*. The defect must have been inconvenient to her, but she made no fine-lady distress of it. I had never heard it mentioned until then.

But to return. The preparations were now finished, and the ship was to sail in about two weeks. Mr. W. was expected in a few days, when the wedding would immediately take place. Mr. W. arrives in due season; all things being in readiness, the wedding is appointed for the next evening. And now are again assembled the members of the "sewing bee," and also many older and graver people. Mrs. L., the mother of Harriet, a lovely, animated Christian woman, just passed the meridian of life, sits in one corner looking composedly on, but too deeply impressed for communion with any one. Her eyes are resting upon her daughter, and her heart upon her God. The officiating minister rises, (there are half a dozen present,) and the bride and bridegroom stand before him to unite their fates. Harriet is attired with a chaste simplicity, suited to her character and calling—a plain white muslin dress, nicely fitted to her person, but made in the simplest manner. Her dark hair, combed smoothly back and confined with combs alone, without either braids or curls, displays her fair intellectual forehead, and bespeaks the modest simplicity of her taste. The only ornament

she wore was a bouquet of flowers, formed by nature and culled by the hand of friendship. Another couple had arisen with Mr. W. and Harriet, who, it was generally supposed, were their bridesmaid and groomsman. But great was our surprise, when the ceremony commenced, to hear the plural number used instead of the singular, and after the words, "You who have your brides by the hand," &c., to hear both couples respond at once. The secret was this: a young lady, of diffident manners and retiring habits, had long been an inmate of the family, and, for two years or more, under an engagement of marriage. Disliking the publicity of making a wedding, she had put off marrying until now, when, in her modesty, she supposed that she should be *overshadowed* by her friend Harriet, and almost escape observation. And so it was; for, after the first surprise was over, all eyes were again turned upon the missionary bride. The ceremony passed, Harriet mingles with the company more like a guest than a bride. The wedding-cake is handed round, an hour, perhaps, spent in social converse, then prayer, and the company disperse.

One more gathering of friends, and Harriet will be gone. In two days, Dr. S. and his wife, from New York, who are to be their fellow-laborers in the mission, will be at their door with a carriage, to accompany them to Boston. And now the day has arrived; the parting friends have assembled; her own family are grouped together as in a funeral chamber, listening, with painful earnestness, for the sound of carriage wheels, which are to bear away their beloved Harriet. Whilst all others are silent with emotion, Harriet is calm and self-possessed: for *He* who called her to this work of love, has placed his everlasting arms about her. Another hour has passed, and the carriage is at the door. The stranger friends enter, and Harriet silently approaches and embraces her missionary sister. All conversation has ceased, and, for awhile, nature seemed to have triumphed over grace: sighs and tears are the only language of this stricken assembly. A short delay, and they must part. The signal is now given, and all fall upon their knees; a short, fervent, and heart-absorbing prayer is offered up for those about to leave, and for those who are to remain. And now the mother approaches, and, after folding her daughter in her arms for some moments, resigns her to her God. Her father, her sisters, and brothers, now imprint upon her lips their last kiss. A hasty leave of her assembled friends, and Harriet is gone. The sound of the carriage wheels has died upon the ear, and the company seem to wake as from a dream. The old folks have retired, and the young ones are in tears. Their loved one has gone—not to return!

We have seen by her letter how they were protected over the great waters. A few days after our

last extract, they reached Calcutta, and soon embarked for the Island of Ceylon, where they arrived in safety, and immediately commenced their missionary labors. A Church was organized, and a school collected. Mr. W. preached, and Harriet soon taught the heathen in their own language. Their hearts were cheered by the success of their undertaking. The climate was exactly suited to Mr. W.'s consumptive habit; and his health was never better. Although Harriet felt it uncomfortably warm, for some years she flattered herself that she could *endure* it without its enervating her constitution. But in this she was mistaken: because the work was gradual, she could not believe it was sapping away her life, until she found that she could no more "run and not be weary"—no longer "labor and not faint."

She had now become the mother of several children; and although free from specific disease, as her family increased, her health had continued to decline, until she was so weak that the "grasshopper became a burden" to her. Her eldest child, a delicate, feeble boy, and (agreeably to the beautiful order of nature) more endeared on that account, had been sent to her parents in America, for the strengthening of his constitution, and also to commence his education; and just as Harriet was about leaving the island for her own health, the news of his death reached them. He had languished through the long voyage to live only a couple of weeks after reaching his grand-parents. This information seemed to have touched the hidden spring of Harriet's life; and a few days after she sunk, without a struggle, into the arms of death. And although, not aware that her hour was so near, she had not spoken of the grave, her spirit doubtless ascended to her God; for she had lived the life of a Christian, and died the death of a martyr.

Her three daughters were soon afterward brought to this country, and have since been adopted into several different households of the friends of their pious mother. Whilst Harriet was dying in the Island of Ceylon, one of her sisters, the newly married wife of a missionary, was crossing the Atlantic, rejoicing in the hope of soon embracing the sister from whom she had for long years been separated. Alas, for her hopes! When she arrived, that sister was "buried out of her sight." But it was soon her turn to suffer for Christ's sake. The climate suited not her constitution; and in less than two years from the time of her landing, she, too, was laid in the dust. And, strange to relate, a third and a fourth sister then went out, all of whom were wives of missionaries. One of the last sojourners still survives: the other is lying beside her buried sisters. The fifth sister still lives, the wife of a distinguished clergyman of the city of New York.

AUGUSTA.

## NOTICES.

**HISTORY OF ALL THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.** By *Theological Professors, Ministers, and Lay Members. Projected, Compiled, and Arranged by J. Daniel Rupp, of Lancaster, Pa.*—This excellent work supplies a want which has long been felt. It will be found a valuable book of reference, and should have a place in every minister's library. We lament that so many denominations exist in the Church. Whilst they do exist, however, it is proper that their tenets should be known. In the work before us each branch of the Church is permitted to explain its own faith. The article relative to the Methodist Episcopal Church is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Bangs, and needs no commendation to make it reliable. We rejoice to find that the differences in the leading Protestant Churches are far less than we at first imagined. Let each one be permitted to explain for herself, instead of being misrepresented by another, and we shall find points of agreement numerous and important, and points of disagreement few and of minor consequence. We find our prejudices vanish as our acquaintance extends. Let the inductive mode of investigation be generally adopted in theology, and we shall soon come to agreement on all important points. Meanwhile, let a spirit of charity and good will be cultivated, that, even though divided in opinion, the world may know that we agree in action and in feeling.

**A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE,** principally from the German of Kuhner. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. Harper & Brothers.—Excellent as are some of the grammars of the Greek language already in use, we presume, from a cursory examination of this work, as well as from the reputation of the learned author, that it will be a general favorite in our schools and colleges. The more numerous and complete exemplifications of declension and conjugation, the selection of a pure verb as the model of regular inflection, and the frequent reference to the Sanscrit and cognate languages, in this excellent work, are evident improvements.

**SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN,** during the Cruise of the Clipper *Margaret Oakley, under Capt. Benj. Morrell.* By Thomas Jefferson Jacobs. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The preface says this work "purports to be nothing more than a plain and simple statement of the incidents of the voyage, the scenes through which we were led in its course, and the character, situation, and resources of the numerous islands which we explored." Humble as were the pretensions of the author, he has written a very interesting book, in which amusement is blended with instruction. Our better half, who borrowed it from the office without consulting the General conference, speaks of it as delightful, and therefore we do not hesitate to recommend it to the ladies.

**LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON,** by Amos Kendall.—Number five has reached us.

**M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER, Parts XVI and XVII**—equal to the preceding numbers.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND PICTORIAL BIBLE.**—Number seven has reached us. The engravings in the present number are in the style of preceding ones. The work will certainly be a splendid one, and will entitle

the publishers to public thanks as well as public patronage.

THE FEMALE STUDENT AND YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND, is the title of a work published at the Wesleyan Female Collegiate Institute. This is a small monthly, devoted exclusively to the advancement of female education. Its editorial management will be under the supervision of the Board of Instruction of the Wesleyan Female Collegiate Institute. We trust the work will be sustained, and that it will develop the geniuses of many of the young ladies who contribute to its pages, as well as promote the object in view in other modes.

We have read with pleasure the Valedictory delivered at the close of the Annual Examination of the Canton Female Seminary, by Miss Sarah J. Binney, and published in the Ohio Repository. This performance would be no discredit to a practiced pen, and it breathes a spirit of piety and gratitude, which indicates a pure and generous mind.



#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL TROUBLES.—Here I am, locked up in a room ten by twelve: one elbow rests upon an old desk whose lower extremities have been amputated, and the other points to a small Franklin stove, literally filled with literary litter. Files of old newspapers stand waiting on the right, as if to bolster up my drooping head, whilst in front a number of vacant pigeon-holes stare me in the face, as if to mock the empty organs of my cranium. My eyes are inflamed—my brain bewildered—my heart icy: the clock strikes ten, and my candle burns dimly in its socket. A voice within cries, Why not lie down to rest? The merchant drowns his cares in the Lethæan waters of sleep—the mechanic renovates his limbs on his quiet couch—the Indian sleeps sweetly in his wigwam—the slave in his hut—the beggar on his pallet of straw—"the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests:" but I am an editor. But why attempt to write now? why not wait for inspiration? Talk about inspiration to a printer when he asks an editor for copy! But it is madness to strive to write when your effort must be a failure, and your body and soul must suffer from it? Would you open a vein and let out a quart of blood to please a printer? Nonsense! Poets may talk about inspiration, and novelists about health, but editors are concerned to get copy. Well, write away, then, and write whatever comes uppermost. This would do if I were not editor of a *literary* periodical. I must have good sense, chaste language, rich imagery, well-turned sentences—I must blend strength with beauty, unity with variety. My matter must be grave yet amusing, evangelical without being ecclesiastical, adapted to the old and the young, the learned and the illiterate—not a comma misplaced—not a word misapplied—not a sentence ill-constructed. Who is sufficient for these things? Most of all, I must write for the ladies.

Look yonder! Those floors are covered with carpets: those glasses sparkle with vermilion: there sit three beautiful ladies enjoying the society of some amiable young gentlemen. The conversation flags, and one of them steps up to the centre-table and picks up a Repository. Now, why did not she take a Knickerbocker, or Ladies' Garland, or Columbian Magazine? Well, well,

this is my fortune; and what better could I expect, since I was born on Friday? And now I am to be criticised without mercy.

*Miss B.* "Do you read the Repository?"

*Mr. C.* "Occasionally. I understand it has a new editor."

*Miss A.* "Yes, sir; and a much inferior one to the former: indeed, we could not have expected a successor to the Bishop to write with equal power and beauty."

*Miss B.* "I think, also, he lacks judgment. This article is too heavy: it would suit the Biblical Repository or the Quarterly Review: it may please ministers, but does not suit me."

*Mr. C.* "You must remember the editor is a minister, and that many readers are ministers."

*Miss B.* "Well, but he should have recast the article, and thrown some charms of diction or of metaphor around it."

*Miss N.* "And here is an article entirely too light: it is a mere school girl's composition."

*Mr. M.* "Perhaps, miss, it was written by a young lady of the editor's acquaintance, whose promising pen he was unwilling to discourage."

*Miss B.* "Here is an obituary. Why introduce such matter as this in a literary paper?"

*Mr. C.* "You should bear in mind that the biography of the good is morality teaching by example."

*Miss A.* "Look at this article. Verily I am astonished that the editor should write with such plainness. He seems intent only on gaining a point. No beauty—no grace—no sublimity."

*Mr. M.* "I wish the editor were here to defend himself. I suppose he has been in the habit of preaching in log cabins."

*Mr. C.* "I assure you, were the editor here, he would be proud to own that he is a backwoods preacher. Your apology for him is precisely the one he would make himself."

*Miss B.* "There is some little beauty in some of the articles; but I want more vivacity and raciness—less circumlocution—more fancy—less dull narrative. I want no formal essay—no stale metaphysics—I want something pathetic—something to make one laugh or weep."

*Mr. C.* "Well, miss, suppose you sit down and pen just such an article as would suit your taste. I have no doubt the editor would thank you for it."

O, if I could get the ear of that company, I would make my lowest bow, and say, Do you not feel under obligations to one who has furnished you with so much amusement, and occasions of exhibiting such powers of discrimination and sagacious criticism. You surely will subscribe for the coming year, if only for the pleasure of scanning the editor.

I fancy I see a bundle of Repositories going up to the Female Collegiate Institute. The young ladies assemble in a group, and one proposes to test the new editor. Forthwith all repair to an upper chamber, put the editor's article in the crucible of criticism, and blowing up the fire, resolve to evaporate it, or reduce it to a very small residuum.

One cries, "I am fully acquainted with metaphysics: let me have it first." She inquires, "Are the statements of fact authentic—relevant—full—fair? Are the propositions allowable? Are the first truths such as men generally act upon? Are the assumed connections

of events warranted? Are the alleged general principles facts, and universal? Do the facts come under the proposition? Are the terms defined? Are they used in the proper sense?—in the same sense throughout the argument?—in the same degrees of comprehension? Are the new conclusions correct? Are they deduced from the premises?"

Another cries, "Now let me have it: I'm fresh from logic." Alighting on a syllogism like a hawk upon the prey, she institutes the following investigation: "How many propositions in this syllogism? How many terms? Is the middle distributed? Is there any illicit process? In what figure is it? Now there," she exclaims, "I can't reduce it to Barbara: there must be something wrong."

"I know rhetoric better than any of you," cries a third: "let me examine the sentences. Here is a shifting of subjects. This might be lopped off. I can't discover harmony or beauty. See here is a long succession of sentences of the same length. Here the construction is loose, there periodic. Here is a mixture of metaphors. Why it is worse than Shakspeare's 'taking up arms against a sea of troubles.' Now look at the style. It is not ornamented, neither Ciceronian nor Demosthenian. It is plain—almost bald. A literary writer ought to write in an ornate style. His object is to please, not profit. Let us now pass from paragraphs to the whole article. Does it possess unity—sweeping on like a river, gracefully curving here and there, and receiving a number of tributaries, but steadily bearing on its waves to the ocean? If it possesses unity, is it unity of idea or of subject? is it unity reconciled with variety, like nature, which presents simplicity of cause with multiplicity of effects? Has it the proper parts—introduction, proposition, argument, peroration—all properly arranged?"

*Miss A.* "Now, Jane, is not there a verb singular with a plural nominative?"

*Miss B.* "Look, Nancy says she saw a common noun commencing with a capital."

*Miss C.* "I see a place where there ought to be a comma."

*Miss D.* "Hush, girls; you appear to be very great in small matters. Now the great question is whether the subject is suitable. Let us try it by the editor's own rules. Is it instructive, evangelical, amusing, impressive, appropriate?"

O, how we perspire at the thought! A keen-eyed girl jumps and cries, "Come, girls, let's cook the oysters before Mrs. W. finds us out." Now, young ladies, before you part, agree to coax your parents to subscribe again for the Repository, as it will afford you such an admirable opportunity for practicing your logic, rhetoric, and metaphysics.

The dread of criticism is, however, but a part of my troubles. The printer sometimes comes and says, "You must cut out three lines of this article." Well, that is easy work, and soon accomplished. And again he comes and says, "We want you to add three lines to the close of this." Sometimes he says, "We want five lines to fill up a column." Well, after a long search, we get the requisite number; but, lo! we find it must be poetry; for it is to fill up a column of poetry. Well, we search again, and can find two, or four, or six, or eight, or almost any other number but the one required. After a long and wearisome rummaging, at length we find the stanza, and rejoice as one who has obtained great spoil.

But, upon taking it to the printer, we find the lines are too long. Now to travel hard is easy when we accomplish something by the journey; but to "trot all day in a half bushel" is intolerable.

But I have not yet described the summit of distress. Here are some compositions:

No. 1, perhaps, is from a young lady—fair, pious, humble—the daughter of one who has seen better days. She is teaching a school in order to maintain a dying father, a disconsolate mother, and a little group of brothers and sisters, who, in helplessness, look up to her for support. The recollection of other scenes, the cold neglect of a scornful world, the care of a distressed family, and unremitted labors in the confined air of the school-room, prove too much for her: consumption has marked her for his own: the hectic blush is on her cheek: she has written with a fevered brow, perchance in the hope of alleviating her sorrow, by erecting for her friends a literary memento. O, how dare I cruelly dash the hope that trembles in her breast! Let me bleed, draw teeth, amputate, shoot the pigeon as she flutters in maternal tenderness over her sweet nest, or slaughter the innocent lamb that runs to me for protection; but—

No. 2 is one which I cannot approve; but it is from a quarter I would fain conciliate.

No. 3 is from an old friend, with whom I have taken sweet counsel, and oft walked in sweet communion to the house of God. Shall I give to that dear friend a pang? No, never! But—

Well, who would not pity an editor? I never yet have appealed in vain to the sympathies of woman. Sister, could you look upon this pale brow, this trembling hand, this haggard face, you would say, "Doh't, my dear husband, discontinue the Repository—subscribe again. Can you open that failing vein? nay, lend your name and subscription, that the chilled heart may beat a better music." Thus I judge; for I am acquainted with one woman, at least, that has a feeling heart; and when I close the exhausting labor of the day, I know where to find her—perchance kneeling, at the midnight hour, in her silent chamber, quiet as the watched sepulchre, and, with tearful eyes, and woman's heart, praying for her poor, dying —

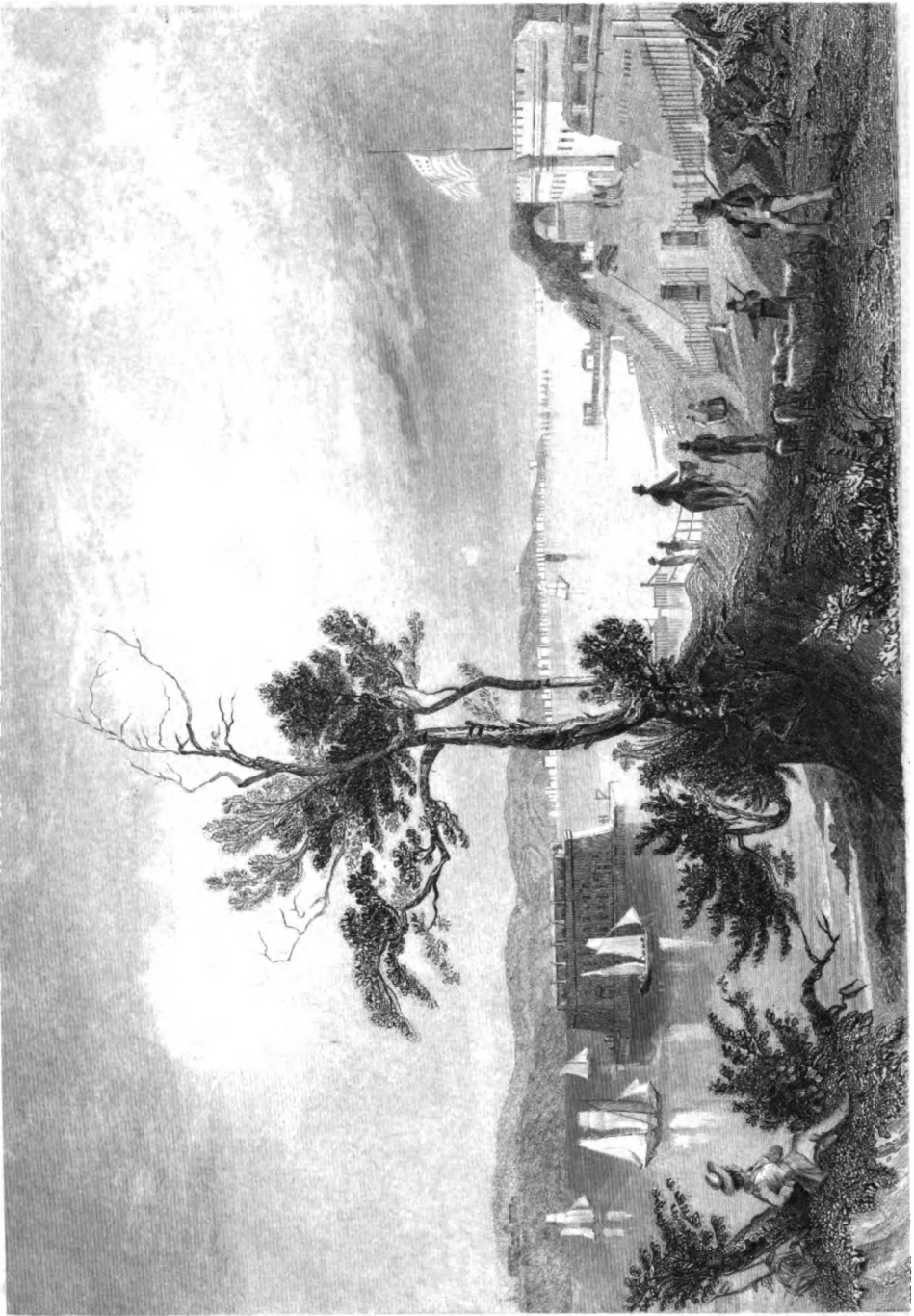
SIXTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY for the year ending Aug. 1, 1844. *Rev. Joseph M. D. Matthews, Principal.*—"The whole number of pupils connected with the seminary during the year, ninety-seven. The institution is now in a flourishing condition. A larger number of pupils has been in attendance during the summer session than in any one session since the commencement of the school. The prospect for the winter session is very good." The winter session will commence on Wednesday, the 2d of October, and terminate on the 26th of February, 1845.

WORTHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY.—This institution is very flourishing. Its present Principal and his excellent lady, as we well know, are admirably adapted and amply qualified for the discipline and instruction of young ladies. The winter session will commence the 7th of November. Tuition from \$3 to \$5 per quarter.

AN APOLOGY.—We had written an article in continuation of "Hints to Youthful Readers;" but owing to necessary absence, we were compelled to lay it aside for the next number.







VIEW OF THE TOWN OF NEW YORK FROM THE WATER

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER 1844.

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# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1844.

## THE NARROWS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE Narrows is one of the most lovely straits in the world. Viewed either from Long Island, Staten Island, or Fort Hamilton, it presents a lovely scenery of banks adorned with green: woods in beautiful clusters: smiling villas peering through the distance; and waves whitened with the sails of a busy commerce.

The New York bay was first discovered by Verazzano, about three hundred years since; but it was not until nearly one hundred years afterward, that the first European vessel, the Halve Mane, under the command of Hendrick Hudson, on his third cruise in search of the northwest passage, entered the Narrows, and explored the adjacent islands and streams, giving name to one of the most beautiful rivers of the new continent. Even then the spot was attractive; for the distinguished navigator says the highlands "were covered with grass and wild flowers, and the air was filled with fragrance." Groups of friendly Indians, clothed in elk skins, stood on the beach, singing and offering him welcome. How changed the scene! Now "there stands a villa on every picturesque point: a thriving town stands on the left shore: hospitals and private sanitary establishments extend their white edifices in the neighborhood of the quarantine grounds; and between the little fleets of merchantmen, lying with the yellow flag at their peak, fly rapidly and skillfully a constant succession of steamboats, gaily painted, and beautifully modeled, bearing on their airy deck the population of one of the first cities in the world."

The Narrows, naturally beautiful, are doubly so, to many observers, by association. Our earliest recollections are of a sickly little boy entering, one holyday, into the counting-room of his father, and finding him in conversation with a company from America. Climbing behind his father's chair, he hears of extensive plains, wild geese, large snakes winding amid the tall grass, hills covered with trees and brush, savage Indians emerging from swamps with bloody tomahawks, and here and there a white man, with a gun upon his shoulder, coming out of a rude house made of logs. Afterward the mention of America occasions a shudder, and perhaps a dream of an Indian in the midst of snakes. A few weeks more, and all was bustle about the house; and presently he is standing upon the deck of a ship, looking into the blue

waves, or climbing up the berths, and inquiring among the sick passengers for his mamma. Soon he is in the streets of Havre de Grace, learning to say, "*S'il vous plaise*," and looking for toys with a few sous in his pocket; or throwing light from a broken looking-glass into the eyes of some indigo packers, at work in a yard overlooked by the chamber window. And now, on ship-board once more, he sits on the fore-castle, with an arm around his sister's neck, and listens to some French and English musicians playing, "Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing." \* \* \* \*

'Tis midnight, and the cry is made, "All hands on deck!" Peal after peal rends the heavens, and flash after flash lights up the sea. The rain descends in torrents: the winds blow a hurricane: the waves dash over the vessel: the hatch-way is fastened down: the ship quivers like an aspen leaf on the billow. And now there is weeping, and crying, and sobbing, and praying. An exclamation is heard: it will never be forgotten; for it was uttered by sweet lips: "O, if ever I set my feet upon the land again, I will murmur no more." \* \* \* \*

'Tis noon. The sun shines in a cloudless sky: the gales are favorable: the sailors are catching dolphins: the vessel glides over the deep at nine knots an hour. A sail is seen in the distance: the mate surveys it with the telescope: anxiety is depicted on his countenance: another and another looks through the glass: whispering excites suspicion: at length the captain settles the question: "It is a piratical schooner;" and there is general confusion and alarm—hiding of treasures, putting on the worst apparel, fainting of women, weeping, praying, screaming. In a few hours our vessel is in the hands of armed men. \* \* \* \*

Six weeks had elapsed since the "Alexandria" left Havre. We were nearly out of water and provisions—only a few sea-biscuits left—when we entered the Narrows. You need not ask me how they looked to these rejoicing eyes on that smiling day in July, when first they came in sight. All on board, doubtless, could write down in their hearts what Robert Juet, the mate of the Halve Mane, recorded in his journal, on his first sight of these shores, "It is a very good land to fall with, and a pleasant land to see." Its tall trees, and waving grain, and goodly flowers, and blushing cherries, seemed like to those of an earthly paradise. Should we ever enter heaven, perchance we may be reminded at its portals of the Narrows.

Original.

## HINTS TO YOUTHFUL READERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We take up the pen to resume our counsels to the young. Socrates taught that philosophy should have a practical object. It must be admitted that our philosophy (of which, however, we do not boast, since it is all like Shakspeare's shepherd's, "quite natural") is of this character. It was the triumph of the prince of Grecian philosophers, that he brought down philosophy from heaven to earth: following the reverse order, in this article we shall endeavor to load from earth to heaven. Our first advice is in relation to certain bad *habits*.

"Choose that which is most fit," said Pythagoras, "and custom will make it most convenient." There are many bad habits prevalent in our day of which we would have you beware. Gentlemen have a fashion of *sitting* which we know must give ladies much uneasiness, since it wears holes both in the carpet and the wall, and often divorces the seats of chairs from their backs. Our worthy, witty, and sensible friend, Judge W., of D., propelled us to the borders of convulsions once, at his hospitable table, when he described the predicament, on a particular occasion, of a certain individual, who, having perhaps read in Thomas Aquinas, that the human intelligence rocked itself on the centre of two horizons, was in the habit of reminding himself of that sublime truth, by poisoning his body upon his chair. On a visit to President Jefferson, being somewhat embarrassed, and not paying due respect to his antero-posterior motions, he was very painfully assured of the important principle that bodies corresponding solely to time and space, have both a *hic* and a *nunc*, so that if by gravitation or any other cause they are removed from one place they must go to another. We can think of no excuse for the habit to which we refer, unless the philosophy be correct which teaches that to attain to true wisdom a man must imitate the motion of the stars, so as to produce a giddiness which frees the mind from "sensible notions," and raises it to the region of illumination. In spite of Tophail, however, the ladies can cure this habit at once by having castors put under their chairs.

There is a plant which was hailed, at its introduction into the old world, in the middle of the fifteenth century, as one of the wonders of America, and which, through a strange coincidence, was first conveyed into the eternal city by a descendant of that illustrious man who first brought to Rome the wood of the true (?) cross. This plant appears to have a peculiar charm for three animals: a certain worm, a particular goat, and a creature in the image of God. It is used in various forms:

some grind it to powder, and offer it to themselves as the heathen present incense to their idols—others curl it into little stems, which they burn, as the converted pagan does his god; whilst a third class roll it, like the sinner does his sins, as a sweet morsel under the tongue. We protest, *ex cathedra*, against its use in any form.

The practice of using *snuff*, (not uncommon among the fair) injures the voice. We have known several distinguished speakers deprived (in no small degree) of their charm by this habit. Nor is this the worst: why did Pope Urban VIII publish a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in the Church? Though we grant that this bull was rather severe, we believe, nevertheless, that his holiness was a very discerning man.

The practice of *smoking* causes a waste of time and money, and subjects us to great inconvenience. A man will sometimes find company, even at his own fireside, to whom the ashes and fumes of tobacco are far from agreeable. (I speak not now of such as are peculiarly susceptible, and liable to "die of a rose in aromatic pain.") Very few who have not been accustomed to breathe such incense as that of the pipe, can endure it long in a close room without discomfort. And what will you do, gentle reader, if you become the room-mate (at college or elsewhere) of one whose olfactories and lungs are delicate, or when shut up in a stage-coach or cabin on a cold day, with nervous companions, to whom you are bound to show respect? Should you carry this habit into the itinerant ministry, how often will it give you uneasiness! You will not, surely, defile the *prophets'* chamber, or the *holy altar*.

This practice offends against what has been called—next thing to godliness. We would not declaim against it as did King James I, who said it was "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless;" but we may surely be allowed to say that it is not charming to the senses. We have seen ladies smoking—young ones, too. O, tell it not in Christendom: publish it not in the streets of Cincinnati! It was customary among the ancients for a lass to eat a quince on her bridal day, that her breath might be fragrant at the altar, and that the odor of her lips might suggest mellifluous discourse, and spiritual sweetness. What bridegroom would not prefer the odor of the quince and its purifying associations, to the fumes of the "herb of immortal fame," and dreams of bar-rooms and blackguards?

We know it is unpopular to write against a favorite custom; but then we do not, as did the legislature of Russia in 1634, forbid your smoking,

under pain of having your noses cut off, nor do we propose to issue a decree, as did Amurath IV, pronouncing it a capital offense. We write so gently that you cannot be offended: indeed, when we see a man in the winter of life sitting by a lone fire, and musing over the flight of happy hours, we would not diminish the consolation which he draws, in his solitude, from his long white pipe tipped with red sealing wax, nor would we deprive the rude Indian of his emblem of peace, nor the slave of his socializer, nor the wandering Arab, or the hardy Esquimaux, or even the poor editor, of a luxury which sweetens his bitter hours; but we advise the young, and such especially as dwell within the precincts of civilized life, to seek for solace of a different kind.

We have not spoken of the *other form of using tobacco*; but as that is so disgusting, we will presume none of our readers are addicted to it; nor need we tell the story of Mrs. S., who spread out her beautiful white satin apron before her guests, as they were defiling her new Brussels carpet, saying, "Use this, gentlemen: I can wash this, but not my carpet." Allow us, in conclusion, to say that tobacco, in any form, is ordinarily injurious to health. We do not, however, wish to deprive the steam doctors of it, nor speak disparagingly of its merits: it is a good emetic.

We should not have touched upon this plant, but for the fear that its popularity is increasing, and that it has a great tendency to produce intemperance by causing a dryness of the *fauces* for which a remedy is too often sought in the glass.

Avoid the habit of *speaking carelessly*, using ungrammatical expressions, low phrases, unauthorized words, provincialisms, &c. This, you will say, is a very small matter; but if a neglect of such counsel should preclude your admission into more refined circles of society, it will prove to you a matter of some consequence. Wealth, station, influential connections, may do much toward securing respect; but vulgarity can counteract them all. Wit and intelligence, enchanting as they are, cannot atone for those coarse expressions which denote ill-breeding and low conceptions. Many amiable ladies, whose connections are wealthy, of high official standing, and great political influence, wonder why it is that they are not admitted to the circles to which they aspire. Not a few of this class could solve the perplexing problem which embitters their existence, if they would pause over the hint just given. Pedantry and affectation are as much to be avoided as vulgarity. A pretended delicacy of expression is often a sign of real indelicacy of thought. Words are often corrupted by the channel through which they pass. To the pure all things are pure: "*Honni soit qui mal y pense.*" We question the refinement which calls Hog Island

Swine Island, and dog the "domestic quadruped which guards the habitation." The language of Paris is that of attenuated refinement; yet it is the vehicle of the grossest moral pollution. Above all, shun every appearance of *profanity*. It is a sure sign of very bad breeding or a very bad heart. Was it not the prince of modern philosophers who took off his hat when he passed a church? Is it not said of Boyle that when he pronounced the name of Deity he uncovered his head? How often is the title of Jehovah—that name which rends mountains—the tower of the persecuted Christian—the hope of the dying man—the name at which heaven bows, earth shakes, hell trembles—used with as little regard as that of a slave.

Violate not the first commandment: better kiss the cannon's mouth. How deep the depravity that can trifle with the name of the Creator! For other sins an excuse may be pleaded; for there is scarce any which does not confer or promise pleasure for a season. This sin can point to no part of our nature, and say to the inquiring Judge, "The passion which thou gavest me did tempt me, and I did eat." It is the development of sheer depravity, unless the transgressor can plead that he has come up from the very dregs of society, where there is no other dialect but that of hell. When at Washington city, I heard it said of one high in office, "He swears even in the presence of ladies," I trembled and I hoped. I saw that the nation was defying Heaven: I saw, also, that religion was not yet driven from her strong-hold—woman's heart. To the honor of woman, let it be said, that to swear in her presence is the climax of impoliteness.

Be careful of your *character*. No youth can succeed in the world without a good reputation. A man may have genius, and fancy, and wit—profound learning—a charming person—a sparkling conversation; and yet, devoid of integrity, who will give him employment, or bid him welcome? We may admire him; but only as we do a beautiful and dangerous beast. The shepherd may smile at the tiger bounding through the forest, or reposing in his den; but he would shudder to see him among the lambs of his flock. To obtain good character we must have good morals. I need not say there is no morality like that of the Scriptures. Keep the ten commandments—they are of infinitely more value than the morals of Seneca, the precepts of Socrates, or the Lives of Plutarch. They are radiant with heavenly light, and worthy of God. He who observes them occupies an elevated post in the moral world. He enjoys the approbation of his reason, his conscience, and his heart—he commends himself to sinner no less than saint—he is blessed of God. Earth rejoices before him, and joy unbidden dances in his heart. I know there appears to be no just hand in this life

to distribute good and evil according to desert; yet the observation of all men will justify the remark, that integrity is indispensable to permanent prosperity. Though the immoral man may succeed for a time, he shall not prosper long. Reason will weaken him with her reproaches, conscience alarm him with her terrors, and the divine curse overtake his footsteps.

Would you understand the commandments, however, bring them to the Sermon on the Mount. In the light of this commentary we see their beauty and divinity. They are not confined to the overt act: they require a sinless motive. Would you keep the commandments perfectly, you must not have a heart from which proceed "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries," &c. I know there is an outside morality, which makes a man as a whited sepulchre; but trust it not: the stone may be rolled away, and the rottenness laid open to the light of heaven. Would you have perfect, and pure, and vital morality, you must have a purified heart. Make the fountain pure, and the stream will be pure. But where shall the heart be washed of its stains? In the fountain of a Savior's blood. I have no faith in any morality that has not found out "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

These general observations are sufficient for our purpose; but I cannot refrain from some specific directions. Be observant of truth. Scarce any man falls into vice and crime who is willing, at all hours, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Falsehood is the gate of the road to ruin. If once a young man learns to lie, he is ready for almost any sin; because he fancies he has found a method of concealment. Who steals, who counterfeits, before he has learned to falsify? Hence, Satan is called the father of lies. "All liars are to have their portion in the lake that burneth with brimstone." An intuitive perception of the guilt of falsehood makes the appellation "liar" exceedingly offensive. Make no distinction between white and black lies. Beware of allowing gesticulation, or manner, or countenance, to falsify. Remember that you may lie without speaking, that you may lie by exaggerating, or diminishing the truth, that you may lie even *with* the truth, by giving it a wrong arrangement.

Be cautious how you make promises: make none which you do not intend to fulfill. I know that such directions are not suited to our times of reckless trading and wild speculation. I am aware, too, that such care and caution may be incompatible with rapid accumulation; but I know, also, that the steps of one who pursues such a course, though slow, are sure; and when he gains the summit, he does not find it crumble beneath him. How immense the advantages of a man who, having acquired a reputation for punctuality, passes

his promises as silver! How easy for him to command capital, or secure patronage! Many are not aware that the habit of falsifying steals on insidiously. We first lie for amusement, then for convenience, next to conceal guilt, or gratify malice, until, finally, we can bear false witness against our neighbor, without the least compunction. Beware, then, of the smallest beginnings of falsehood. Be guarded in speaking of *motives* or matters of *opinion*, remembering that he who asserts any thing as true assumes the responsibility of ascertaining it to be so.

Consider the dangerous consequences of falsehood. The fortune and character which had been acquired by a long life of usefulness has often been blasted by a single falsehood. A soul has not unfrequently been hurled to ruin by one lie. Witness Ananias and Sapphira. Tell me not that lying is essential in your profession or trade. It is a libel on divine Providence. There is no lawful pursuit in which truth is not far more advantageous than falsehood. The obligations to speak the truth, and the blessings which flow from it, do not depend upon the pursuits of the speaker, or the rights of the hearer, but our relations to God. Truth is lovely in herself. Learn to venerate her as the leader of virtue, the mother of science, and the attribute of God.

With a view to facilitate an observance of truth, I subjoin a few cautions. Be slow in making promises. As much as lieth in you, owe no man any thing but love. Be wary how you borrow or lend. The practice of promiscuous borrowing is a great fountain of falsehood and misfortune. I will not say that we ought never to lend. The great father of English poetry says, without qualification, "Neither a lender nor borrower be;" and, perhaps, if a man were to consider his own interest only, this would be an unexceptionable precept. As the great dramatist says, "Use doth oft destroy both itself and friend."

But we are not to look *solely* to our interest; and higher authority than Shakespeare informs us that it is our duty to lend to the poor. We are rarely, however, under obligation to borrow: suffer rather than do so. Better go barefoot and bleeding over the ground than run the risk of losing a friend, blunting conscience, and incurring self-degradation, by borrowing means to buy shoes. Don't tell me about the necessity of borrowing. Few men can do it without plunging into a whirlpool of engagements from which it is impossible to get out with a clear character and conscience.

Be decided, not only in your opinions, but your course of action. Having chosen your path from a conviction of its rectitude, suffer nothing to divert you. Rather starve, or bleed, or burn, than act contrary to the convictions of your judgment.



The desire to please is an amiable trait in the character of youth, and is often confounded with humility and modesty; but it is different from either, and has been the temporal and eternal ruin of thousands.

Firmness is the helm of the mind. It can direct a feeble intellect across a stormy ocean. Without it, no force of thought, no depth of feeling, no resources of learning, no power of eloquence, no clearness of mental vision, is safe upon the voyage of life. Splendid abilities deprived of its guidance, are destined to be but a splendid wreck. It is an indispensable element in the character of the good man. To be virtuous, in the midst of wickedness, is to be singular. He who follows the multitude in this world must do evil. The man who passes through the wide gate, and down the broad way, goes to destruction. What would Daniel have been without firmness. One of the precepts of the Gospel is, "Be ye steadfast, immovable." The rock in the midst of the sea, which, in the stormiest as well as the calmest hour, lifts its venerable head above the billows, is the best emblem of the Christian.

Firmness is not eccentricity. The former is founded in regard for one's own opinions: the latter in contempt for those of others. Firmness is singular in matters of importance: eccentricity is singular at all times. Who had more firmness than Paul; and yet, who, in trivial matters, was more accommodating? Though he everywhere held up the cross, yet, on Mars' hill, he paid respect to philosophy; and, in Jerusalem, he honored Moses. In condescension to the Greek, he refrained from meat, and to please the Jew, he circumcised Timothy. Steadily keeping salvation in view, he was "all things to all men."

Firmness is not obstinacy. The former rests upon reason, the latter upon will. The former implies intelligence, the other stupidity. The one is a high excellency, the other a great defect. The one is illustrated in Luther standing before the Diet at Worms, the other in the mule standing under the lash of his master.

Be careful *in relation to your company*. Some of you are about to leave the circle of your family, and the companions and guardians of your youth; but, as man was formed for society, you will soon find other associates. Beware: extend your confidence slowly; and whilst you treat *all* with respect, be careful how you admit *any* to the endearing relation of friend. If you look over the history of the past, or the scenes of the present, you will see two classes of men: the one advancing to honor and happiness, the other plunging into infamy and ruin. And what accounts for the difference? The respective character of their early companions. "Be not deceived—evil communications corrupt

good manners." Avoid infidel associates. You have been born of pious parents, and reared under holy influences. The very gambols of your boyhood have been among the green pastures, and beside the still waters of the Shepherd of souls. You have seen, upon your native mountains, the beautiful sect of Him "that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace." You have heard, with infant ears, "the joyful sound" that makes the people blessed. You have breathed a moral atmosphere, purified with the dews of the Gospel. You have gone up to the temple to worship, and with infant voices have caroled Jehovah's praise. Perhaps, reader, you are a *Peter* called from his net to be a fisher of men; and by your side is a *David*, invited from the mountains of Bethlehem to the throne of Israel; and here is one on whom, while looking into heaven, the mantle of an Elijah hath fallen; and there is the son of some Hannah, a child of vows and tears, dedicated to God in his temple by her whose trembling heart said, "So long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." Here is that Samuel who, when the word of the Lord was precious, as he lay by the ark of God, said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

But you are about to leave the fresh paths of youth, and to go down into the wilderness. Beware! I am not afraid that you will seek companions in the bar-rooms, and in the corners of the streets. You *shudder* at the blasphemies of those cruel scorers who can hurl down, with malignant pleasure, the poor souls whom they allure to the dark mountains of unbelief, and look with mad indifference upon the eternal ruin of the victims whom they betray to the hands of Satan. You will not listen, whilst the Bible, and the blood which speaketh mercy, and the temple, which lifts its veil from the counsels of the eternal Mind, are reviled. But you should remember that there is a *refined* infidelity. You will meet with young men of engaging manners, cultivated minds, and elegant attainments, whose thoughts and feelings are tinctured with skepticism. These men know how to ensnare you. Praising the poetry of Isaiah, the morality of the Gospel, and the character of Jesus, they will treat your religion with respect, and go to the house of God in your company. But, at the same time, they will give you to understand that they see excellences in the Koran and the Talmud, as well as the Bible; that they venerate the son of Sophroniscus as well as the son of Mary, and that they have a similar regard for the Arabian kneeling at the tomb of the prophet, or the Brahmin prostrate at the feet of his idol, that they entertain for you at the supper of the Lord. Descanting upon the prejudices of early education, and the power of custom, and sneering at enthusiasm and superstition in all their forms, they will ingeniously

turn the contempt they arouse against these her accidental concomitants upon the holy religion which they deform. Whilst they raise a cloud before your eyes, which hides God from your view, they will steal into your doubting heart, robbing it of all faith in God's word, all hope in his mercy, all traces of his love, and leaving you in a world of wickedness and misery, without any support for your virtue, any consolation for your woe, or any hope in a better world. Alas! what may we expect will be your career? and in what manner will it close? Who shall help you on your dying pillow, when the terrors of the grave rise, and the curtains of despair fall, and the furies of remorse wake up, and hell opens its mouth for the lost soul? O, Jesus, may we never leave thy cross! Shun the most splendid society, if it be of infidel tendency. No accomplishment so elegant, no learning so profound, no honors so resplendent, as to compensate the child of God for the least seed of doubt that skepticism can plant in his heart.

Avoid the company of the gay or dissolute. Far be it from me to recommend austerity or gloom. There is nothing in my philosophy or my feelings which would rob youth of one of its rational pleasures. There is useful mirth as well as salutary woe. And it becomes us all to sit down to life's feast with pleasure, and rise from it with gratitude. But let your pleasures be *rational*, not *sensual*—the pleasures of *man*, not those of the *brute*. Let the feast be the feast of *reason*, and the wine the flow of *soul*. Immortal mind should need no material stimulant. As iron sharpeneth iron, so the face of man his friend.

Whilst mind struggles with mind, and heart bounds to heart—whilst thought leaps out to thought, and joy dances to joy—whilst mutual sympathy heightens mutual rapture—there are heights and depths of pleasure never known to the noisy scenes of the cockpit, the race-course, or the ball-room.

Although the habits of the age are temperate, yet there are a thousand avenues to the drunkard's grave. On the steamboat and on the street, in the city and in the field, there are those who "lie in wait to destroy." Hundreds are ready to lead you to the card-table, and from the card-table to the wine cup, and thence to the scenes of alluring vice, where pleasure decks her bowers, and spreads her bed of poppies, and in the words of the poet, "weaves the winding sheet of souls, and lays them in the urn of everlasting death."

Be careful of your *mind*. *Inform* it. There is as clear evidence that the mind was made to learn as that the feet were made to walk. All nature is hung with leaves of instruction, and a flood of light spreads over them to make their lessons luminous. The Bible is a book from heaven, ample

in its evidence, sublime in its revelations, clear and copious in its instructions, pure in its precepts, rich and precious in its promises. Above all, there is a divine light which beams upon the humble soul. These three sources of knowledge are exhaustless and pure. Commune much, then, with nature, with revelation, and with God. Beware of other sources of knowledge. We fear both men and books. Granted that *holy* men are good counselors, religious books helps to wisdom. Try both by the divine oracles. If they speak not according to this there is no light in them. Books of history, of geography, and of true science, are but transcripts of Providence and nature. Of these we need not be fearful. But works of human genius are to be suspected. The memory is an immortal canvass, and the forms traced upon it will probably be enduring as God. Beware whose brush you suffer to approach it. Thought may be buried, but the hour cometh when it shall have a resurrection, and be hung up in eternal light to the gaze of men and angels. Moreover, there is a Mind so pure that the heavens are not clean in his sight—so transcendent that he charges his angels with folly; and that mind searcheth hourly the heart. Let us beware whose ink-horn we let down into the bosom.

Though an impure thought may give a moment's amusement, it may afterward cost unspeakable anguish. Who shall tell the torment of that spirit, when, in the hour of its painful trial, the infidel doubt which it received in the days of its wickedness rises like a lost spirit from the pit to haunt it through the darkness. Novelist, there cometh an hour when death shall seize. Then every stanza of Zion, and every verse of the Bible, will be an angel to thy soul. But, alas! the impure thoughts of Shakspeare, and Byron, and Butler, may be commissioned, like horrid spectres, to drive you away from hopes of mercy, and promises of God, into the very terrors of hell. In that sad moment of despair, what would you give for a rod to drive away the ghosts of impurity and sin that hover round thy dying pillow!

*Exercise* it. Let all you learn be subjected to examination, fair and full. Read, then meditate, understand, appropriate. Keep a sentinel at the door of the mind, charged to admit no stranger who does not give the countersign. When any important fact comes into your presence, survey it carefully: inquire into its nature, its origin, its uses, and how to make it bear upon your object. He who perpetually reads, but never inquires, is like a stranger in the midst of a mob—he knows not friend from foe, nor which way to flee to escape danger.

In the economy of God, high achievement issues only from commanding mind; commanding intellect

can only be brought forth by painful mental travail. *Control* it. Magnificent are its powers immortal; glorious the improvement, or terrible the havoc, which they must make in the universe; high and luminous the elevation, or dark and profound the abyss, which must reward its labors, according as they are well or ill-regulated. You can do much to acquire command of your powers, by long and laborious exertion. The reason can be trained to patient, powerful, consecutive thought—but not without a will, which to the soul is as the voice of God to the universe. To think, in this world of sights and sounds, and fragrance and sweets—of fancies and follies, cares and duties—is no easy task. Ulysses, as he passed the rock of the Syren, stuffed the ears of his companions with wax, and lashed his own body to the mast. He who would escape the rocks of folly, as he sails deep seas of thought, must learn to shut the gates of the senses, and bind his intellect with strong cords. The imagination is of incalculable value, but it needs to be under stern control. It is a beautiful world of dreams, in which the soul may advantageously luxuriate—dancing through its castles, communing with its heroes, emparadising itself in its bowers, and returning to the real world with the motion, the beauty, the fragrance, and the song of an angel fresh from the scenes of light. But we must be careful not to tarry too long in our visits to these enchanting regions—not to forget that we are visitors there, that our proper sphere is the world of matter—let us always maintain a proper command of the ivory gate, so that we may have free egress to the upper air.

The passions are a vast deep: it is good this deep should oft be moved. Let the east wind, and the north, and the south, and the west, bursting from their caves, together meet upon its waters; let the waves rise and the sands be thrown up, and the spray sprinkle the stars, and heaven and earth be commingled; but take care that there shall always be a Neptune within the soul, to raise his calm head above the billows, and driving the struggling winds to their strong prisons, and calming the troubled waters, make a tranquil surface on which to retreat to his ocean home.

I tremble, reader, to think that you are plunged into the depths of the universe, with an immortal soul responsible to a holy and infinite God. Let constant prayer ascend that the Holy Spirit may never "leave you alone."

Finally, save your soul. What gain can compensate for its loss? Who, that reads his own heart in the light of God's law, does not feel guilty? There is mercy and there is wrath in Jehovah—to which of them shall the sinner be consigned? Jesus Christ is wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Up, up, dying sinner, to his cross!

Original.

## RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS IN CANTON.

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BY DR. DIVER.  
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ON the island of Honan, in the Canton river, immediately opposite the foreign factories, is the celebrated Temple of Honan, the largest and best endowed religious establishment in Canton. It was originally a private garden, in which, several hundred years ago, a priest named Cheyue built up an establishment which he called "The Temple of Ten Thousand Autumns," and dedicated it to Buddha. It remained an obscure place, however, until about A. D. 1600, when a priest of eminent devotion, with his pupil, Ahtsze, together with a concurrence of extraordinary circumstances, raised it to its present magnificence. In the reign of Kang-he, and as late as A. D. 1700, the province of Canton was not fully subjugated, and a son-in-law of the Emperor was sent thither to bring the whole country under his father's sway. This he accomplished; received the title of "Ping-nan-wang," (king of the subjugated south,) and took up his head-quarters in the Temple of Honan. There were then thirteen villages on the island, which he had orders to exterminate for their opposition to the imperial forces. The tradition of the Chinese says: "Just before carrying into effect this order, the King Ping-nan, a blood-thirsty man, cast his eyes on Ahtsze, a fat, happy priest, and remarked that 'if he lived on a vegetable diet, he could not be so fat; he must be a hypocrite, and should be punished with death.' He drew his sword to execute, with his own hand, the cruel sentence, but his arm suddenly stiffened, and he was stopped from his purpose. That night a divine person appeared to him in a dream, and assured him that Ahtsze was a holy man, adding, 'you must not unjustly kill him.' Next morning the King presented himself before Ahtsze, confessed his crime, and his arm was immediately restored. He then did obeisance to the priest, and took him for his tutor and guide; and morning and evening the King waited on the priest as his servant. The inhabitants of the thirteen villages now heard of this miracle, and solicited the priest to intercede in their behalf, that they might be rescued from the threatened extermination. The priest interceded and the King listened, answering thus: 'I have received an imperial order to exterminate these rebels; but since you, my master, say they now submit, be it so. I must, however, send the troops round to the several villages, before I can report to the Emperor. I will do this, and then beg that they may be spared.' The King fulfilled his promise, and the villages were spared. The gratitude of the inhabitants to the priest was unbounded; and estates, incense,

and money were poured in upon him. The King, also, persuaded his officers to make donations to the temple, and it became affluent from that day. The temple had then no hall dedicated to celestial kings; and at the outer gate was a pool belonging to a rich man, who refused to sell it although Ahtsze offered him a large compensation. The King, conversing with the priest one day, said, 'This temple is deficient, for it has no hall for the celestial kings.' The priest replied, 'A terrestrial king, may it please your majesty, is the proper person to rear a pavilion to the celestial kings.' The King took the hint, and seized on the pool of the rich man, who was very glad to present it without any compensation; and he gave command, moreover, that a pavilion should be completed in fifteen days; but, at the priest's intercession, the workmen were allowed one month to finish it; and, by laboring diligently night and day, they accomplished it in that time."

I visited this stupendous edifice in company with Rev. J. L. Shuck, Baptist missionary. The buildings are chiefly of brick, very extensive, and occupy, with the gardens belonging to them, about eight English acres. The grounds are surrounded by a high wall. Crossing the Canton river a few rods east of the foreign factories, directly after landing you enter the outer gate, pass through a long court-yard to a second, called "the hill gate," over which "Hae-chwang," the name of the temple, is written in large capitals. Here, as you stand in the gateway, you see two colossal figures, images of deified warriors, stationed the one on the right, the other on the left, to guard, day and night, the entrance to the inner courts. Passing further on through another court, you enter "the palace of the four great celestial kings." Still advancing, a broad pathway conducts you up to the great, powerful palace. "*Procul, procul este profani.*" You are now in the presence of the three great, precious Buddhas: three stately images, representing the past, the present, and the future Buddha. The hall in which these images are placed, is about one hundred feet square, and contains numerous altars, statues, &c. It is occupied by the priests while celebrating their vespers, usually about five P. M. Further onward there are other halls filled with images, among which that of the "Goddess of Mercy" is the most worthy of notice. On the right, after you have entered the temple, is a long line of apartments, one of which is used for a printing office, and others are formed into narrow cells for the priests, or stalls and pens for pigs and fowls, &c., which are brought to the temple by devotees, when they come to make or pay vows to the gods who inhabit the temple. Apart from these is the "*Sacred Pig-sty*," where I was much amused to see a dozen huge hogs, so loaded with fat as to be

unable to stand. They are carefully fed with the best food, and kept remarkably clean, until they die of obesity, when they are burned, and their ashes dedicated to the gods. On the left is another set of apartments; a pavilion for Kwan-footsze, a military demi-god; a hall for the reception of visitors; a treasury; a retreat for Tea-tsang-wang, the "king of hades;" the chief priest's room; a dining hall, and a kitchen. Beyond these is a spacious garden, at the extremity of which is a mausoleum, wherein are deposited annually the ashes of deceased priests; also, a furnace for burning their dead bodies, and a cell in which the jars containing their ashes are kept, till the annual season for opening the mausoleum returns. There are, likewise, tombs for the bodies of those who leave money for their burial. At the time of my visit in 1839, there were about one hundred and seventy-five priests in the temple. They are supported in part by the property belonging to the establishment, and partly by their private resources. Few, very few of them, are well educated. While we stood gazing, with feelings of sadness and of wonder, at this strong-hold of idolatry, a number of priests, with shaven heads and black robes, came forth from their cells, and, in solemn procession, entered upon their duties at vespers. The deep, musical notes of the bell admonished us that the time for our departure had arrived. Beside this great temple, there are upward of one hundred and thirty in Canton; nearly one-half of them are devoted to the worship of ancestors. There are, moreover, a great number of public altars, which are dedicated to the gods of land and of grain, of the wind and of clouds, of thunder and of rain, and of hills and rivers, &c. At these, as, in all the temples, sacrifices and offerings, consisting of various animals, fish, fowls, fruits, sweetmeats, cakes and wines, are frequently presented, both by officers of government and private citizens. There are, also, in these temples and at these altars numerous attendants, whose whole lives are devoted to the service of the idols. On the birth-days of the gods and at other times, processions are fitted out at the different temples, and the images are borne in state through all the principal streets in the city, attended by bands of musicians, priests, lads on horseback, lasses riding in open sedans, old men and boys bearing lanterns, incense-pots, flags, and other insignia; and by lictors with rattans, and by soldiers with wooden swords. In addition to all these, the different streets and trades have their religious festivals, which they celebrate with illuminations, bonfires, songs, and theatrical exhibitions. A great deal of extravagance is displayed on these occasions, each street and company striving to excel all their neighbors. The private and domestic altars, shrines crowded with household

gods, and daily offerings of gilt paper, candles, incense, &c., together with numberless ceremonies, occasioned by nuptials, or the burial of the dead, complete the long catalogue of religious rites and institutions, which are supported by the people of Canton. The whole number of priests and nuns is probably not less than three thousand; and the annual expense of the one hundred and thirty temples may be put down, on a moderate estimate, at \$250,000. An equal sum is required to support the annual, monthly, and semi-monthly festivals, and daily rites, which are observed by the people in honor of their gods. But it is not the mere outlay, nor even the sinking of half a million annually, that makes the full amount of the evil: it is incalculable. Like consumption in the human frame, it preys on the vitals, and destroys, with a slow but steady step, the whole system. Then why all this array of men and means? To what useful end is it devoted? Does it adorn the city? does it enrich its inhabitants? clothe the naked? feed the hungry? instruct the ignorant? reclaim the vicious? heal the sick? Does it, in short, bring any consolation or real support to the poor and afflicted which crowd the narrow streets?

Buddhism and Taonism, with the religious doctrines of the immortal sage, Confucius, acting conjointly for a period of more than seventeen hundred years, have had full opportunity to exhibit their legitimate results; and these results are too numerous and too palpable to be misunderstood.

It might be supposed that, as the citizens of Canton had done so much for religion, they would also contribute liberally to the cause of humanity; but in reference to the benevolent institutions of this city, I have to say that they are few in number, small in extent, and of recent origin. We notice, first, the "Foundling Hospital." This institution was founded in 1698—was rebuilt and considerably enlarged in 1732. It stands without the walls of the city, on the east. It has accommodations for two or three hundred children, and is maintained at an annual expense of \$2,500.

Secondly, we notice the hospital for poor, aged, and infirm, or blind people, who are destitute of friends or support. It stands near the Foundling Hospital, and like it enjoys Imperial patronage—receiving annually about \$5,000. Both this sum and that for the Foundling Hospital, are received in part or wholly from duties paid by foreign ships, called "fees to the superintendent of the commissariat." The amount paid by each ship for this charge is about one hundred and twenty dollars.

Thirdly, we notice the "*Hospital for Lepers.*" This is also on the east of the city. The number of patients in it is three or four hundred, who are

supported at an expense of about three hundred dollars per annum. Some centuries ago a public dispensary was set up, in order to furnish the indigent sick with medicines; but for a long time the establishment has been closed.

Small plots of ground, situated on the east and north of the city, have been appropriated as burial places for those who die impoverished. Of these, I suppose, there must be great numbers, judging from the number of the living in that sad state. There are, it is believed, no tombs or places of interment within the walls of Canton. But the hills beyond, and in every direction around the city, are covered with monuments and hillocks which mark the places of the sleeping dead. Thither the lifeless bodies of the poor are carried out and buried, usually, I believe, at public expense.

All the above-named appropriations are under the charge of government, and are meted out with a sparing hand. The condition of the three hospitals, if such they may be called, is wretched in the extreme. The foundlings are often those who have been exposed, and who, when grown up, are frequently sold for the worst of purposes.

Such is a specimen of the benevolent institutions of the "Celestial Empire"—the "Central Flowery Kingdom"—and such is a picture of the moral and physical degradation of its inhabitants. There is some relief to the mind in contemplating what has been done through the enlightened liberality and Christian philanthropy of foreign residents in China. In 1805 Sir George Staunton introduced vaccination: the benefits of which were so highly appreciated, that subsequently a vaccine institution was established by the Hong merchants at their Hall, the Consol-house, where great numbers of all classes resorted to receive its benefits. The "Medical Missionary Society," in imitation of the example, and encouraged by the success of Sir George Staunton, of Drs. Morrison, Pearson, and Colledge, have instituted several extensive hospitals at Canton, Macao, Hong-kong, Chusan, and other prominent places in the Empire, where many thousands of Chinese enjoy the advantages to be derived from the skill and science of foreign surgeons, and where the missionary of the cross can at all times meet a congregation to whom he may open the truths of the glorious Gospel.

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### ETERNITY.

REMEMBER you are at the door of eternity, and have other work to do than to trifle away time; those hours which you spend in your closets, are the golden spots of all your time, and will have the sweetest influence on your last hours. Our life is a passage to eternity; it ought to be a meditation of eternity and a preparation for eternity.

Original.

## SKIRMISHES ON THE PENINSULA IN 1812.

BY HON. J. R. GIDDINGS.

We are happy to furnish our readers with the following fragment of history. It was originally written for a work (now in preparation by our friend, C. B. Squire, Esq., of Sandusky City) to be entitled, "History of the Fire Lands." When Mr. S. mentioned this as among his materials, we solicited a copy of it for publication in the Repository. Although the great object of our work is moral and religious instruction, yet we conceive that whatever can throw light upon the early history or settlement of our country, comes within our purview.—Ed.

Washington City, Dec. 10, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—In attempting to give you some account of the two skirmishes that occurred on the Peninsula, during the war of 1812, I shall be compelled to speak entirely from recollection. It is a somewhat singular fact that, although that day witnessed the first trial of our arms, during the late war, upon the soil of our state, yet no account of the transaction has been published. I was myself a lad of sixteen years of age, acting as a private soldier in the company commanded by my respected friend, Jedediah Burnham, Esq., now of Kinsman, in the county of Trumbull. The incidents connected with those skirmishes made a strong impression upon my mind; and so far as they came under my own observation, I think I can give an accurate relation of them. But I must necessarily speak of many occurrences which transpired beyond my personal notice. Of them I can give such impressions as I then received, which I think were very nearly correct, although I cannot vouch for their entire accuracy.

About the 20th of September, A. D. 1812, the regiment at that time commanded by the late Hon. Richard Hayes, of Hartford, in the county of Trumbull, were encamped upon the high ground on the east side of Huron river, some three miles below the present village of Milan. This regiment was composed of men residing in Trumbull county, and in the southern tier of townships in Ashtabula county. Capt. Parker's company, from Geauga county, Capt. Doll's company, from Portage county, I think, and Capt. Lark's company, from Cuyahoga county, were attached to our regiment. I am entirely uncertain as to the residence of the two last mentioned companies. Brigadier General Simon Perkins, of Warren, in the county of Trumbull, also accompanied our regiment to that place, and remained with us sometime in actual command; but the day on which he left, or the cause of his absence, I am unable to state.

About the 25th of September, Major Fraiser, with about one hundred and fifty men, was detached with orders to proceed as far as Lower Sandusky. At that place there had been a stockade

erected for the defense of those who resided there. This fort was deserted upon the surrender of Gen. Hull at Detroit, and remained unoccupied until Major Fraiser took possession. The stockade was extended during the winter following, and dignified by the name of *Fort Stephenson*. From this point Major Fraiser sent forward Capt. Parker, with about twenty volunteers, as far as the mouth of the "Carrying river," now called "Portage river."

After the declaration of war, and while Gen. Hull was in possession of Detroit, provisions to a small amount had been collected at Sandusky, to be forwarded on for the support of his army. These provisions had been left when the fort was abandoned; and on the 26th of September Major Fraiser loaded four small boats with pork and beef, and directed them to be taken to our encampment. The number of men accompanying these boats I am unable to state, but think it was eighteen. They started down the bay, intending to proceed directly to Huron; but finding the Lake so much agitated by a storm at that time prevailing, they thought it prudent to wait until it should abate. They therefore returned to Bull's Island, and landed on its east side. From that place they sent one of their boats, with some five or six men, on to the Peninsula, for the purpose of reconnoitering. Among these spirits were one or two of the Ramadells, who had resided at what was then called the Two Harbors, on the shore of the Lake, some six or eight miles from Bull's Island. This party proceeded to the former residence of the Ramadells with that stealthy caution which the backwoodsmen of that day knew so well how to practice. They were careful to leave no tracks, nor to approach by any of the frequented ways leading to their former dwelling. By creeping stealthily through a corn-field, they obtained a view of the house, and discovered around it a number of Indians, who appeared to be feasting on roast corn and honey, which they found in abundance on the premises. They remained here until they supposed they had obtained an accurate knowledge of the number of the enemy, which they reported at forty-seven.\* They then returned to their comrades on Bull's Island, and made report of their discoveries. The whole party then moved across to Cedar Point, and dispatched a messenger to Camp Avery (as our encampment was called) with the tidings. The soldier who brought the information arrived at the camp about five o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, the 28th of September. The news found our little army in a most enfeebled state.

\* We subsequently learned that the number of Indians was far greater than estimated by our spies. It was reported, in the spring following, by the French at the mouth of the Maumee river, that more than a hundred and thirty of the enemy united in this expedition to the Peninsula.

The bilious fever had reduced our number of effective troops until we were able to muster but two guards, consisting each of two relieves. So that each man in health was actually compelled to stand on his post one-fourth part of the whole time. I was on duty at the time the news reached camp. When relieved from my post, at a little before sunset, I found them beating up for volunteers. I soon learned the cause; and without going to my quarters I joined the small party who were following the music in front of the line of troops. According to my recollection, there was in all sixty-four who volunteered to share the dangers of the enterprise. We were dismissed for thirty minutes, to obtain our evening meal. It was between sunset and dark when we again assembled, at the beating of the drum, and prepared for our departure. Daylight had fully disappeared before we shook hands with our companions in arms, and marched forth amid the silent darkness of the night.

At the time now referred to, Gen. Perkins was absent from camp, Col. Hayes was dangerously ill of a fever, and Major Fraiser was absent at Sandusky. I think Major Shennon, of Youngstown, Trumbull county, was commanding officer of the forces then at Camp Avery. What orders he gave to Capt. Cotton, who commanded the expedition, or whether he gave any, I am unable to state. Capt. Joshua T. Cotton, then of Austintown, was our senior officer. Lieut. Ramsey, whose residence I am unable to state, and Lieut. Bartholomew, of Vienna, in the county of Trumbull, accompanied the party. The night was dark, and the march was slow. It was past four o'clock in the morning when we reached our friends on Cedar Point, who were waiting our arrival. We unloaded the boats, and embarked on board of them, accompanied, I think, by eight of the men who had come from Sandusky with the provisions; and leaving the remainder of that party on the Point, we steered for what was then called the Middle Orchard, lying on the shore of the bay nearly opposite to Bull's Island. Our whole number now amounted to seventy-two. We landed a little after sunrise at the Middle Orchard. Here our arrangements were made as follows: Eight men, including a corporal, were detailed as a guard to remain with the boats. They were directed to take them to a thicket of tall bulrushes, apparently half way to Bull's Island, and there to await further orders. Two flank guards, of twelve men each, were also detailed: one under the command of acting sergeant James Root, and the other under the command of acting sergeant Thomas Hamilton. These guards were directed to keep at suitable distances, one each side of the road in which the main body under the command of Capt. Cotton was to march. In the course of ten minutes from the

time of landing these orders were in process of execution. The boats were moving off, the flank guards were out of sight, and the main body was marching for the Two Harbors.

At the expiration of an hour or two the corporal (Coffin) who was with the boats, contrary to orders, took the smallest boat, and with two men, went ashore to obtain fruit for his little party. Once on shore, they pushed their examination for fruit to the orchard lying some eighty or a hundred rods above the place of landing in the morning. While thus engaged, they accidentally discovered several canoes filled with Indians, making their way down the bay, covered by the island from the view of the little party who remained with the boats. Corporal Coffin and his two companions instantly left the shore of the bay, and under cover of the woods, hastened down to their boat, and with as much energy as they were able to put forth, pulled for their companions, who were resting in perfect security, unconscious of danger. On their arrival, the few knapsacks and blankets that were on board the four boats were hastily thrown into the two lightest. Each of them was manned by four men, the corporal in the lightest boat, who gave directions to the men in the other to make for shore if the enemy were likely to overtake them. The two heaviest boats were thus abandoned, and the men in the others made all efforts to place as great a distance between themselves and the enemy as was possible. They had got so far before the Indians came round the island and discovered them, that they were permitted to escape without pursuit. The other boats floated near the shore, where the Indians sunk them in the shoal water by cutting holes through their bottoms. But the water being very shallow, they remained in plain view; so that on return of our men, in the afternoon, they attempted to use them for the purpose of escape.

The guard with the two boats reached Cedar Point, where they remained until near evening, when a portion of the men on the Peninsula came down to the Point, and were there met by the boats and brought off, and the wounded conveyed to Huron in them.

While the enemy thus drove off the guard, and scuttled two of the boats, Capt. Cotton and his party were marching for the Two Harbors, in the full expectation of finding them there. They reached Ramsdell's plantation, and saw fresh signs of the enemy. The Indians had left evident marks of having been there. Fresh beef lay on the ground, putrifying in the sun. Their fires were yet burning; and every indication showed that they had recently left the premises of the Ramsdells. There was some wheat in a field near the Lake in such a situation that the owner was anxious to

make it more secure. The whole force had collected in the field; and it appeared to be understood that the pursuit of the enemy was to be extended no farther.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, A. M., that the return march was commenced. Mr. Hamilton with his guard, and Capt. Cotton with the main body, were to return to Ramsdell's house. The main body were then to return along the road leading back to the bay. Hamilton and his guard were to file off to the right, and maintain their position on that flank. Root and his party were to secure the wheat, and then, by a diagonal route, intercept the main body at the distance of a mile or so from Ramsdell's house. The day was clear and pleasant, and there was no difficulty in either of the guards keeping their direct course. Each party appeared to have moved with great regularity. Capt. Cotton and the main body were marching along the road in double files: Hamilton with the right flank guard was maintaining his position; and Root, having secured the wheat, was returning on the route in which he was directed. All had progressed perhaps three-fourths of a mile, when suddenly Root with his party were fired upon by the enemy. His party were led by young Ramsdell, who acted as pilot. The ground was open timber land, with grass as high as a man's waist. The Indians rose from the grass directly in front of the party, and fired as simultaneously as a platoon of militia would have fired at the word of command. At the instant they fired they raised the war-whoop, and disappeared in the grass. Young Ramsdell fell at the first fire, pierced by several balls. One other man was also disabled, leaving but nine men besides their commander\* to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them at bay, until they should be supported by their friends under Capt. Cotton. Root directed his men to shelter themselves behind trees, and by his cool and deliberate movements stimulated them to maintain their ground. Whenever an Indian showed any part of his person he was seen to receive the salutations of our backwoodsmen's rifles. The firing was kept up in an irregular manner, constantly interspersed with the yells of the Indians, until the little guard were reinforced from the main body.

As the sound of the enemy's rifles first struck the ears of Capt. Cotton and his party, they stopped short, and stood silent for a moment, when they began to lead off from the rear without orders, and without regularity. Many of them raised the Indian yell as they started. As they reached the scene of action each advanced with circumspection, as the

\* Mr. Root informed the author that, during the skirmish, his mind was so much occupied in attending to and directing his men, that he entirely forgot that he had a gun of his own, and that he did not discharge it during the engagement.

whistling of balls informed him that he had attained the post of danger. The firing continued for some fifteen minutes, after the first arrival of assistance from the main body, when it appeared to subside by consent of both parties.

As the firing became less animated, the yells of the savages grew faint, and the Indians were seen to drag off their dead and wounded. About the time of these manifestations of a disposition on the part of the enemy to retire from the conflict,\* Capt. Cotton ordered a retreat. He retired, and was followed by a large portion of his men. A few remained with Sergeants Root and Rice,† and maintained their position until the enemy apparently left the field. When the firing had entirely ceased, our intrepid sergeants held a consultation, and thought it prudent to retire to where the main body had taken up a position, some sixty or eighty rods in the rear of the battle-ground.‡ As soon as they and their companions reached the party under Capt. Cotton, that officer proposed to take up a line of march directly for the orchard, at which they landed in the morning. To this proposal Sergeant Rice declared he would not consent, until the dead and wounded were brought off. He was then ordered to take one-half of the men and bring them away. This order was promptly obeyed. The dead§ and wounded were brought from the scene of action to the place where Cotton was waiting with his men. The dead were interred in as decent a manner as could be done under the circumstances, and the line of march was again resumed.||

\* It was a matter of much doubt, among the officers and men, whether the Indians, who attacked Root's flank guard, were the same who appeared in the bay early in the morning, and who sunk the boats left by Corporal Coffin and his guard. It has always been the opinion of the writer that it was a different party, and far less in numbers.

† Mr. Rice was an orderly sergeant in the company to which the writer belonged. He was a man of great physical power, and, while on the field, exhibited such deliberate courage, that he soon after received an appointment from the brigadier general as a reward for his gallant conduct. He was, also, permitted to command the next expedition which visited the mouth of the bay, a week subsequent.

‡ Sergeant Hamilton and his guard were so far distant, at the time of the attack, that they arrived in time to share only in part of the dangers of this skirmish.

§ There were but two dead bodies left on the ground at the time of the retreat: Ramsdell, who fell in the first fire, and Blackman, who belonged in the southern part of Trumbull county. James S. Bills was shot through the lungs; and after being carried back to where Cotton had made a stand, and after leaving his last request with a friend, he died before the bodies of Ramsdell and Blackman were interred, and the three bodies were buried together between two logs, covered with leaves, dirt, and rotten wood.

|| There was but one man so wounded as to be unable to walk. A ball had struck him in the groin, and he was carried on the back of Sergeant Rice most of the distance. Rice was a man of great determination of purpose, and refused to leave his charge during the subsequent skirmish.



There was a very general expectation that the enemy would make an attempt to retrieve their evident discomfiture. They had lost some of their men, but had not taken a single scalp, which with them is regarded as disreputable, particularly when they are the aggressors, as in this instance. The order of march was the same as it had previously been. All proceeded regularly and silently toward the place of landing. When the main body, moving along the road, had arrived in sight of the improvement at the Middle Orchard, there suddenly appeared two Indians, some thirty or forty rods in front of the foremost members of the party. The Indians appeared to have suddenly discovered our men, and started to run from them. Our men in front made pursuit, while others, more cautious than their comrades, called loudly for them to stop, assuring them there was danger near. Our friends stopped suddenly, and, at that instant, the whole body of Indians fired upon our line, being, at furthest, not more than twenty rods distant, entirely covered behind a ledge of trees that had been prostrated by the wind. It was a most unaccountable circumstance, that not a man of our party was injured by this fire. The Indians were on the right of the road, and, of course, between the road and bay. Our party betook themselves each to his tree, and returned the fire as they could catch sight of the enemy. The firing was irregular for some three or five minutes, when Sergeant Hamilton, with the right flank guard, reached the scene of action. He had unconsciously fallen somewhat behind the main body during the march. As he advanced, he came directly upon the enemy's left wing. His first fire put them to flight, leaving two or three of their number on the ground. As they retreated they crossed the road in front of the main body, who, by this time, had been joined by Sergeant Root and the left guard. Having crossed the road, the Indians turned about and resumed their fire. At this time Capt. Cotton began to retire toward a log building, standing within the cleared land. The retreat was very irregular, some of the men remaining on the ground and keeping up an animated fire upon the enemy, until Cotton and those who started with him had nearly reached the house in which they took shelter. Those in the rear at last commenced a hasty retreat also, and were pursued by the Indians until they came within range of the rifles of those who had found shelter in the house.\* Capt. Cotton, with about twenty men, entered this building, and very handsomely covered the retreat of those who remained longest on the field.† There were about thirty of those

who passed by, and proceeded to the place where we had landed in the morning, expecting to find the boats there in which they might escape across the bay; but the guard and two of the boats were gone; the other two boats were then scuttled. They dare not return to the house, naturally supposing that it was surrounded by the enemy. Some of them pulled off their clothes and attempted to stop the holes in one of the boats, so as to enable them to cross the bay; others fled at once down the shore of the bay, in order to get as far from the enemy as they could, entertaining a hope that some means would offer, by which they might cross over to Cedar Point; others followed, and before sunset all those who had not found shelter in the house, were on the eastern point of the Peninsula, with their six wounded comrades. The firing was distinctly heard on Cedar Point, by Corporal Coffin and his guard of seven men, who, under a state of extreme anxiety for the fate of their companions, put off from the Point, and lay as near the point of the Peninsula as they thought safe from the rifles of the enemy, should there be any there. They rejoiced to see their friends coming down the Point, bringing their wounded, wet with perspiration, many of them stained with blood, and all appearing ready to sink under the fatigues and excitement of nearly twenty-four hours unmitigated effort. The boats were small, and one of them was loaded at once, and crossed to Cedar Point and returned, and, with the assistance of the other, took in all that remained on the point of the Peninsula, and crossed over to Cedar Point.

All were now collected on the beach at Cedar Point. Sergeant Rice was the highest officer in command. Eight men were detailed as oarsmen, and ordered to take in the six wounded men, and move directly for the mouth of the Huron river. I do not recollect the number of men placed in the other boat, but believe it was eight. The remainder took up their march for Huron by land. It was my lot to act as one of the oarsmen on board the boat in which the wounded men were placed. Daylight was fast fading away, when we put out from Cedar Point into the mouth of the bay; here we stopped some little time to listen, in the silence of the evening, for any noise that might come from the house in which our companions were left. Hearing nothing from that direction, we started for the mouth of Huron river. We entered the river and arrived at a place then called Sprague's Landing, about a mile above the mouth, between one and two o'clock on the morning of the 30th making, with the guards left in the boats, thirty-seven. These were joined by those left on Cedar Point from the time they left Bull's Island on their way from Sandusky; so that the whole party, who reached Huron that night, was between forty and fifty.

\* The Indians commenced a fire upon those in the house, and kept it up for a short time, keeping themselves concealed behind the brush and small timber.

† There were six wounded men brought away that evening,

of September. An advanced post was kept at this point, and we fortunately found one of the assistant surgeons, belonging to the service, at that place. We soon started a fire in a vacant cabin, and placed the wounded in it, and delivered them over to the care of the medical officer to whom I have alluded, but whose name I am unable to recollect. Having accomplished this, Sergeant Rice proposed going to head-quarters that night, provided a small party would volunteer to accompany him. Anxious that the earliest possible information, respecting the situation of Capt. Cotton and his party on the Peninsula, should be communicated, some eight or ten of us volunteered to accompany our determined and persevering sergeant. In the darkness of the night we mistook the road, and, finding ourselves on a branch leading south, and which left Camp Avery on the right perhaps a mile and a half, we attempted to wend our way through the forest; we soon lost our course, but wandered among the openings and woods, until daylight enabled us to direct our course with some degree of correctness. We struck the road near what was then called Abbott's Landing, and reached camp a little after sunrise. Arrived at head-quarters, both officers and men were soon made acquainted with the situation of our friends, who yet remained on the Peninsula. But, in the enfeebled state of our skeleton army, it was difficult to obtain a sufficient force to send out to relieve them. During the forenoon, Lieut. Allen (of the company to which I belonged) succeeded in raising some thirty volunteers, and started for the Peninsula, in order to bring home those we had left there. The necessity of this movement will be understood, when the reader is informed that Capt. Cotton and his men were destitute of all means of crossing the bay. Lieut. Allen, however, met with difficulty in obtaining boats to convey his men across the bay, and did not reach Capt. Cotton and his party until the morning of the first of October. They there found our friends in the house, but no enemy was to be seen: soon after Cotton and his men commenced firing upon them from the house, they retired out of danger.

They seem not to have noticed those who passed by the house in order to find the boats, and who then passed down the bay to the point of the Peninsula on Monday during the skirmish. Had they discovered those men, they would doubtless have pursued and massacred them all. Being unconscious of this, and there being no prospect of effecting injury to those in the house, they returned to the scene of action, and stripped and scalped two of our dead who were left on the field. They mutilated the body of — Simons. His right hand was cut off, and the scalping-knife of a chief named Omick was left plunged to the hilt in his breast.

This Indian had previously resided at a small village on the east bank of the Pannatony creek, in the township of Wayne, in the county of Ashtabula. I had been well acquainted with him for several years, and so had many others who were engaged in the combat of that day, some of whom declared that they recognized him during the skirmish. It was also supposed that he must have recognized some of his old acquaintances, and left his knife in the body of Simons as a token of his triumph.

There were three of our men killed during this latter skirmish. — Mason lived on the Huron river, and cultivated the farm on which we were encamped. He came into camp on the 28th, about sunset, volunteered for the expedition, and accompanied us on our march. He was shot through the lower region of the breast, the ball evidently having passed through some portion of the lungs, as the blood flowed from his mouth and nose. A friend took him upon his shoulder, and attempted to bring him off the field; but as the enemy pressed hard upon them, Mason requested his friend to set him beside a tree, give him his gun, and leave him to his fate. His friend, knowing at most he could only prolong his life but a few minutes, sat him down as requested and left him. He was seen, some moments subsequently, by those who passed him in haste, flying before the pursuing enemy. They represented him as still sitting up beside the tree, and the blood flowing from his mouth and nose. They also stated that they heard the report of his musket soon after they passed him, and that the report of several rifles immediately followed. On examining the body, it was found that several balls had passed through his breast. And it was generally supposed that he fired upon the enemy as they approached him, and that in return several Indians fired at him. His body was stripped of its clothing, and he was also scalped.

On the arrival of Lieut. Allen and his party at the house, Capt. Cotton joined him, and they proceeded to bury the bodies of those two men. — Mingas was also killed during this skirmish. His brother saw him fall, and immediately seized the body, and raising it upon his shoulder, proceeded to the house with it. After the Indians had retired, and left our friends somewhat at leisure, they proceeded to raise a portion of the floor, composed of plank split from large timber. They then dug a sort of grave, and burying the body, replaced the floor, leaving no signs of the body being deposited there. Capt. Cotton and Lieut. Allen with their party then returned to camp on the evening of the first of October. The next morning we again mustered. The roll of volunteers was called. The names of the killed and wounded being noted, we were dismissed, and each returned to his own company.

Original.

## SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.\*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

RAHAB.

In sketching the portraits of Scriptural females, I cannot pass by the character of Rahab without observation, although we are accustomed to consider some of the features as revolting, and would rather seek to veil them in oblivion than bring them into notice. May not this prejudice originate more in ignorance than justice? Of her origin, or of her personal history, previous to the advance of the Israelitish army to the valley of Jericho, we have no knowledge. General opinion, indeed, as I have just hinted, seems to have attached to the unwritten record the suspicion, if not the certainty of crime, and to have linked her name with shame and degradation. But we have no actual proof that the imputation is merited. Some commentators, whose judgment deserves consideration, have suggested that the opprobrious epithet by which she is introduced to the reader, and which forms the sole foundation of accusation against her, has, in the Hebrew language, various significations, and may be interpreted *stranger* or *alien*, and the keeper of a public house. Many classical authorities could be cited to support such an exposition; and, as we are informed by Dr. Clarke, the term is translated in the latter sense, when applied to Rahab by the Chaldee Targum. Indeed, the circumstances of its application to her appear to render such a meaning plausible, if not absolutely essential. But whatever may have been her course of life prior to the period when the spies of Israel found protection beneath her roof, she was evidently at that time a believer in the true God, and manifested qualities which, when we contemplate the peculiarities of her situation, and the unenlightened and idolatrous people by whom she was surrounded, call forth our surprise and admiration.

She combined quickness of apprehension with resolution, forethought, energy, and discretion, which fact is clearly demonstrated in her cursory but eventful history. Two strangers seek entertainment in her house. Whether or not she surmised at first the object of their mission does not appear; but the speedy mandate of the king that she should betray them to his officers, with the reason assigned for this breach of hospitality, left her not long in doubt. With ready perception she divined the truth, and with equal self-command evaded the enforcement of the order by the artifice of her reply. She acknowledged that the assertion of her

having received strangers during the day was correct; and having, by this unhesitating avowal, lulled suspicion, if any was awakened, of her loyalty, she added, in the same sentence, the story of their departure, mingling it with the entreaty, which seemed prompted by her honest zeal, that they would pursue them quickly, and concluding with the encouraging assurance that their search would be successful. While we do not attempt to justify the utterance of a falsehood, under any circumstances, but, on the contrary, express the most unequivocal disapprobation of it, we must, nevertheless, do justice to the motives of Rahab, and believe her actuated by a genuine conviction that the enemies of her country were fighting under the banner of the true God. No feeling less potent could have nerved her with sufficient courage and constancy to hazard the displeasure of her king, and the safety of herself and family, by first concealing and then effecting the escape of the messengers of an army, the rumor of whose deeds had struck terror to the hearts of her countrymen. Romance, indeed, might weave the briefly narrated facts into a tale of suddenly awakened love and consequent trustfulness; and with some shadow of probability, as she afterward became connected by marriage with the most illustrious family in all Israel: nor is there any thing in the Scriptural account which would prove the fancy false that would identify her future husband, the son of the representative chief of the thousands of Judah, with one of the very spies whom she saved. The importance of the embassy on which they were sent, naturally suggests the idea that they were persons of distinction whom Joshua employed; and, by the way, we will remark that this idea tends also to countenance our dissent from the general opinion of Rahab's character. But though the lovers of romance may speculate on the subject, and do so, we think, innocently, our object is merely to present to the reader's view the Scripture relation. And from that we infer that the faith of Rahab was not a sentimental or momentary impulse, having its seat in the emotions only, but a deep and abiding principle, however produced, whether by the report of the conquests of the Israelites, the representations of their messengers, or the inward and secret workings of the Spirit, unaided by external means. How clear and comprehensive is the expression of her belief, in her address to the spies, after her dismissal of their pursuers, and how well conceived is her appeal to their kindness and gratitude! While she declares her conviction of the superiority of the God who guided their armies to the vain idols of the surrounding nations, and while she describes, in brief and emphatic terms, the panic their victories had spread throughout the land, she does not pretend to attribute those victories to the

\* Continued from page 300.

valor of the Israelites, (and, indeed, they were not, at that time, either a valorous or a warlike people,) but to the right source, the will and direction of God. By thus distinguishing the instrument from the cause, she evinces the correctness of her faith; and while she does homage to the omnipotence and invincibility of their Divine leader, she incidentally encourages the hopes of the spies by confidently, though indirectly, predicting the success of their siege of Jericho, as the necessary result; as if she had said, "How can you be otherwise than triumphant, since God leads your hosts?" The faith of this Canaanitish woman might have shamed the weak distrust of many of the Israelites, who had constantly before them the visible symbol of the presence and power of their Almighty Guide. Well did she merit the eulogy of the two apostles, whose impartial and indisputable testimony corroborates our opinion of the strength and clearness of her faith. St. Paul honors her name with a place in his catalogue of eminent worthies, whose example illustrated the excellency and efficacy of the principle he was expounding and commending. And St. James points us to her conduct toward the ambassadors of Israel, as an exemplification of a fruitful and saving faith. We would, also, notice the wisdom she displayed in the means she adopted to insure the preservation of herself and kindred.

The same process of reasoning which produced in her mind the assurance of her city's overthrow, led her to the conclusion, that the best guaranty she could receive from the spies of her safety, was an oath, administered in the name of that God whom her faith recognized as righteous, and able to punish an infringement of a contract thus made; and, therefore, ere she released them she exacted such a pledge, and, with consistent and undoubting confidence, proceeded immediately to the fulfillment of her part of the stipulation, the suspension of the scarlet flag—and most influential and felicitous did her faith prove to her "father's household." Whatever were the circumstances which had induced them to live apart, her early affections seem to have been unestranged, and her individual faith procured the temporal salvation of all her family. Thus still, in this far off period of time, does the same sweet and love-fraught principle stimulate its subjects to the endeavor to snatch from the fate of the impenitent and unbelieving as many as will yield to their influence; though, alas! few, it is to be feared, succeed like Rahab, in accomplishing even the rescue of all their own kindred! But let not any, who are earnestly and faithfully engaged in such an enterprise, be discouraged. No earthly power can calculate the effect of persevering effort, founded on, and guided by, trust in the promises of God, *through Christ*. Such a trust has not unaptly been called omnipo-

tent. It seems, in many instances, to hold back the thunderbolts of Divine wrath, and keep the objects of its ceaseless prayers and admonitions within the orbit of mercy, even when apparently trembling on the brink of destruction. In all the range of human emotion, there is no feeling so beautiful, so energetic, so invaluable, so sublime, as faith. It is, in fact, the one *sense* of the soul, in its intercourse with the spiritual world. Deprived of it, we become deaf, dumb, blind, and palsied. "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three," the elements of all that is great, or good, or salutary in human action. In concluding this sketch of Rahab, in whose breast they were so happily mingled, let us sing their praise:

With careless step man treads the world,  
And heart depraved from earliest youth;  
His spirit's eyelids closely fur'd  
Against the healing light of truth.

Some random rays, as if by chance,  
But yet propell'd by hand Divine,  
Arrest, at last, his startl'd glance,  
And on his guilt-fraught conscience shine.

O, none can tell, who have not felt,  
The anguish of that stricken hour,  
When error's rigid barriers melt,  
Touch'd by conviction's flashing power.

In mournful consciousness of need,  
And lash'd by keen contrition's rod,  
The helpless soul scarce dares to plead  
For mercy from an angry God.

Just as it nears despair's dark verge,  
Faith whispers words of soothing balm,  
Inspiring hope one prayer to urge—  
The storm subsides and all is calm.

The bliss is felt of sins forgiv'n,  
The world seems clothed in richer bloom,  
All things put on the hues of heav'n,  
And e'en the grave is robb'd of gloom.

Then love springs up within the breast—  
The fervent wish that all mankind  
May share the rapture now possess'd,  
And have their hearts by grace refin'd.

Hence comes the effort, strong and deep,  
Our fellow-men to God to win:  
True charity can never sleep,  
While earth contains one slave to sin.

"Faith, hope, and charity, these three,"  
Sweet songsters from the Elysian plains,  
Which give to hearts their minstrelsy,  
And tune them to immortal strains.



#### GENIUS.

COLLISION is necessary to give full force to genius. Various ages have had their peculiar genius: there has been the age of sculpture, the age of painting, the age of poetry; perhaps no individual, however, would have risen to pre-eminence during any of those epochs, but for the collision of congenial talent and the rivalry of competitors.

Original.

## BRITISH POETS.

DANIEL.

"If the god of verse

In English would heroic deeds rehearse,  
No language so expressive he could choose,  
As that of English Daniel's lofty muse."

DANIEL, the son of a music-master, was born in Somersetshire, near Taunton, in 1562. Of his early history we have no account. At seventeen years of age he entered the University of Oxford, where he was supported for three years by the liberality of the Earl of Pembroke. By the publication of his *Impresse*, three years after leaving the University, he gained such a reputation that he was appointed tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, only daughter and heiress of George, Earl of Cumberland, who was so much attached to him that she caused a monument to be erected over his grave, announcing that she had been his pupil—a circumstance upon which she delighted to dwell. He was made by King James gentleman extraordinary, and afterward groom of the privy chamber of the Queen, who took great pleasure in his conversations and writings. After retiring from the court, he rented a small house and garden on Old-street, London, where he was favored with the acquaintance of Shakspeare, Chapman, and others in the higher walks of life. But not being satisfied with the attentions paid him as a poet, he removed to Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died October 14, 1619.

His poetry is remarkable rather for chasteness and elegance of style than for sublimity of thought.

"His rhymes were smooth, his metres well did close;  
But yet his manner better fitted prose."

He confined his pen strictly to narratives of facts, never allowing himself to launch off into the broad regions of imagination, which other poets have so successfully attempted—leading you beside cool, shady, lambent streams, collecting the gems and love-flowers along their grassy banks, or delighting the fancy with gorgeous views of elysium, and scenes in fairy land, or again holding converse with the gods, striving to compete with the Thunderer on his throne. No! you simply hear the sweet warblings of the English Virgil—plain, beautiful, poetic narrations, unadorned and undressed. His principal productions are: *A History of the Civil Wars*, in eight books, *The Complaint of Rosamond*, *Sonnets to Delia*, and *Musophilis*. In the *Sonnets* he is continually "playing the griefs" of his unrequited love. The following is a specimen:

"If this be love, to draw a weary breath,  
Paint on floods, till the shores cry to th' air;  
With downward looks, still reading on the earth,  
These sad memorials of my love's despair:  
If this be love, to war against my soul,  
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve,

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The never-resting stone of care to roll;  
Still to complain, my griefs, whilst none relieve:  
If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,  
Haunting untrodden paths to wall apart;  
My pleasure's horror, music tragic notes;  
Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart:  
If this be love, to live a living death,  
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath."

Besides the above, he wrote several dramatic pieces, the principal of which is the tragedy of *Cleopatra*. This he dedicated to Mary, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of his former benefactor.

DRAYTON.

This poet was born in the little village of Harshull, in the parish of Atherston, on the river Anker, in 1563. His parents were in the middle walks of life, but yet unable to meet the great expense an university education in those days required. However, the sweetness of his disposition, and superiority of his talents, recommended him to some distinguished persons, who not only prepared him for the university, but liberally supported him while there. In early life he displayed a great passion for the reading of poetry; and to gratify this taste many of the Latin and Greek classics were put into his hands: the natural tendency of which was to refine and elevate his feelings, and give force and beauty to his expressions. From the time when he entered upon his collegiate studies at Oxford, the veil seems to have been dropped, and nothing revealed of the remaining acts of his life, save this one fact, that although he enjoyed the near friendship of many distinguished individuals of those days, among whom we find Sir Henry Godoro, Sir Walter and Roger Aston, courtiers in the time of King James, and Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, he never rose to wealth, or station of honor. He died December, 1631.

As a writer few attained to the eminence which he enjoyed. Taste, the translator of Ariosto's *Satires*, speaks of him as "not unworthy the name of the archangel, (Michael,) singing after his soul-ravishing manner." Burton, the distinguished historian, considers he may be compared with the Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, and Stigliano, and then adds, "But why should I go about to commend him, whose own works and worthiness have sufficiently extolled him to the world!" His genius was the reverse of Daniel's, and fitted for a more extended range. However, Drayton has many faults: that he was perfect no one asserts. His poetry is sometimes dull, prosaic, and passionless. His productions are numerous, and often very extended, among the chief of which is—*The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Barons' Wars*, in six books, *England's Heroical Epistles*, *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, *Nymphidia*, or the *Fairy Court*, *Poly-Olbion*, in thirty books, or "songs," *The Pastorals*, in nine *Eclogues*, *The Muses' Elysium*, in ten *nymphals*,

Noah's Flood, Moses' Birth and Miracles. The following is an extract from the Nymphidia:

"But listen you, and I shall tell  
A chance in Fairy that befell,  
Which certainly may please some well,  
In love and arms delighting:  
Of Oberon, that jealous crew,  
Of one of his own fairy crew,  
Too well, he feared, his queen that knew,  
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwigtin was this fairy knight,  
One wond'rous gracious in the sight  
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night  
He am'rously observed:

Which made King Oberon suspect  
His service took too good effect,  
His sauciness and often check'd,  
And could have wished him starved.

Pigwigtin gladly would commend  
Some token to Queen Mab to send,  
If sea or land him aught could lend,  
Well worthy of her wearing:  
At length this lover did devise  
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,  
A thing he thought that she would prize,  
No whit her state impairing."

Dr. Chalmers speaks of this Nymphidia as "possessing the features of true poetry." It is at once light, airy, and elegant. The following extract is from the sixth nymphal of the Muses' Elysium:

"A woodman, fisher, and a swain  
This nymphal through with mirth maintain;  
Whose pleadings so the nymphs do please,  
That presently they give them bays.  
Clear had the day been from the dawn,  
All checker'd was the sky,  
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,  
Vall'd heav'n's most glorious eye.  
The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss,  
That closely by it grew.  
The rills that on the pebbles play'd,  
Might now be heard at will:  
This world their only music made,  
Else every thing was still.  
The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,  
Look'd, as they much desir'd,  
To see whose head with orient pearls  
Most curiously was 'tir'd;  
And to itself the subtle air  
Such sovereignty assumes,  
That it received too large a share  
From nature's rich perfumes.  
When the elysian youth were met,  
That were of most account,  
And to disport themselves were set  
Upon an easy mount:  
Among this merry, youthful train  
A forester they had,  
A fisher, and a shepherd swain,  
A lively country lad:  
Between which three a question grew,  
'Who should the worthiest be,'  
Which v'iently they did pursue,  
Nor stickled would they be:  
That it the company doth please  
This civil strife to stay,

Freely to hear what each of these  
For his brave self could say.  
When first this forester, of all  
That Sylvans had for name,  
To whom the lot, being cast, did fall,  
Did thus begin the game."

D.

Original.

ASIA MINOR.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

THE geography of any country can only prove interesting in proportion to the historical interest which lingers around and is identified with it; and though it may seem strange, yet it is no less true, that lands, wild and barren, on account of some noble spirit, some mighty achievement, may become worthier objects of admiration than those upon which nature has lavished her richest gifts. But Asia Minor is deficient neither in the charms which the hand of nature so lavishly bestows, nor in the circumstances which are calculated to rescue a country from the night of oblivion. Nay, so far is this from being the case, the fact of its being the land of Homer, and the scene of his matchless songs, is amply sufficient to insure its claims to at least an earthly immortality. The chief difficulty, then, which presents itself to the writer who would desire attentively to consider this part of the world, is not what he shall speak of, or where he may find materials for his description, but what he shall select from the mass of materials which are spread out before him. In one word, it is a country the richness of whose history, in all that can delight and interest, is surpassed by none that meets the sun in its course. Here princes have reigned, who, in extent of territory, number of armed legions, and courtly magnificence, have never been equaled. Historians have here lived, whose faithful delineations have rendered them the teachers of all succeeding time—lawgivers and statesmen, poets and orators, at once the wonder and imitation of the world. Indeed, there is scarcely a mountain in the whole region, a river which glides through its pleasant valleys, a promontory that stretches into its blue waters, or an island that gems its coast, that is not deeply and intimately associated, in the mind of the lover of classic lore, with some great exploit, some valiant hero, or renowned bard. For example, we look at Mount Ida, and the sorrowful flight of the daring son of Anchises from the ruins of Troy starts up with life-like vividness before us: at Scio, and its blind bard is present to the imagination: at the Granicus, Xanthus, and Meander, and we see the snowy tents of Rhesus and the embattled hosts of the fierce Macedonian.

But if it be pleasing to the lover of ancient story thus, as it were, to live over the past, how much more so will it be to the Christian who looks upon this land as the scene of some of the greatest triumphs of his religion, and the fulfillment of some of the most remarkable prophecies recorded in holy writ. It was one of its cities which gave birth to the illustrious apostle to the Gentiles, who once despised the Christian faith, but who, by the power of that truth, was completely subdued, and became one of the most zealous advocates of the faith he once so bitterly opposed. Here paganism received a deadly blow, its fanes soon were deserted, its temples and altars crumbled to the dust, and its unmeaning ceremonies and useless rites yielded before the simple yet powerful doctrines of the cross. Here, too, in the early ages of Christianity, the fierce hatred of heathenism was exhibited—here persecution lighted its baleful fires, and thousands of noble and devoted spirits were found who sealed the testimony they gave with their blood.

But perhaps there is nothing in the history of this country which attracts such mournful interest as the seven cities once the location of the seven Asiatic Churches, in which religion pure and undefiled once flourished; and here thousands of sincere and humble devotees once crowded to the Christian temples to offer up the pure sacrifices of their hearts; and here the loftiest praises were sung by those who had turned away from their idols to serve the living God. But the fate of these cities is worthy of more than a mere passing notice. The first, Ephesus, was the site of the great temple of Diana, at whose shrine it was said that all Asia and the world worshiped, and which, on account of its size and magnificence, was called one of the seven wonders of the world. We learn from the Acts of the Apostles that Paul dwelt in this city for the space of three years. He established a flourishing Church there, to which one of his epistles was addressed. The apostle John, in the book of Revelation, accuses this Church of being in some degree indifferent, and it is made the subject of some fearful threats on account of its continued neglect. These declarations have all been most signally fulfilled. This city has been utterly destroyed: its proudest structures have been leveled to the earth: the plough has been passed over its prostrate grandeur; and in the year 1826 it was described, by some eastern travelers, as having corn growing above its moldering ruins. Such has been the fate of this once famed city, where all was once life and activity: the proud arches and columns which once heard the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" now hear the scream of the eagle and the moan of the prowling jackal.

But our limits will not permit us to speak of all the rest in detail. Suffice it to say, that Pergamus,

once the residence of proud monarchs, has very much degenerated from its former greatness. Sardis, once celebrated for its beauty and opulence, is now the site of a few mud huts, the dwellings of Turkish herdsmen. Laodicea has fallen to utter decay: not a single Christian remains where thousands once worshiped; but ruined arches, decaying columns, and moldering friezes serve only to mark the spot where the city stood.



Original.

### LITTLE THINGS NO TRIFLES.

How dear the chain which friendship weaves,  
To bind the human heart—  
How deep the wound its ruin leaves  
When rudely forced apart!  
Not absence, solitude, or gloom  
Its links can disunite;  
The flowers which intertwine may bloom  
E'en 'mid the shades of night:  
And yet how often is that chain  
Most rudely severed here,  
By scenes at which the soul must mourn,  
And memory ask a tear.

'Tis not the power of greater things  
Which causes rupture here,  
Or drearest desolation brings  
On what we hold most dear;  
But oft a little word—a look—  
An unkind thought expressed—  
A sentiment or thought mistook—  
A kindly word suppressed—  
These, these the chiefest mischief do—  
These wound with keenest smart;  
And, like the worm concealed from view,  
Gnaw and consume the heart.

The gossamer a cord may weave  
Which time can scarce destroy:  
The coral 'mid the ocean leave  
The fruit of its employ:  
The smallest action oft may make  
A link in friendship's chain;  
And the minutest agent break  
What ne'er is formed again.  
Then think it not a worthless thing  
On trifles to bestow  
That care—a willing offering—  
Which greater objects know. G. W.



### RESIGNATION.

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will, O God, be done.

Original.  
NOVEL READING.  
—  
AN ESSAY.  
—

THE mischievous effects of novel reading upon the young has been (at least since that form of writing has existed) apprehended and acknowledged. The different degrees of deterioration and injury received, as resulting from the different eras and styles of this form of literature, have not been so often discussed. In whatever age or style, however, those who have mostly suffered from perusal of these books have been females. And to them I now address myself.

The earliest productions of this sort were, as it is known, entitled "romances." These, wild, fantastic, and incongruous as they were, yet formed an era upon what had preceded them, and were well enough suited to the uneducated times which gave them birth. Female education, in particular, had not then advanced beyond its normal stage. In those days of russet simplicity and industry, it was not every young lady that could boast of reading a romance—or of reading at all. And if any could advance the claim of an elementary education, it was elementary in a very few branches. Little did any then dream of the efforts, the pretensions, and the "ologies" to which her great, great, grand-daughters, a dozen generations removed, have now attained. Little did they ken, for their own attainment afforded no leadings to such eminence, of the real acquirement, of the stores of science, of the gems of truth, which tuition and achievement have unlocked to them.

To resume. Some amongst both of these classes have, it is feared, according to their opportunities, been addicted to novel reading. Previously to this date very few books had been of a sort to interest females; also, every lighter work, or matter appertaining to the imagination or the fancy, as complimentary addresses, prologues, epilogues, recitative orations, tales, &c., had all been couched in verse. Amongst these the allegorical tale, admitting, as it did, of all the aids of mythology, either to heighten its interest, or to conceal its defects, was a favorite form of composition. The romance, following close upon this, naturally partook of its spirit and character. And the narrative and prose style of these works, affording facility, was a new incitement both to writers and to readers. The bombast and fustian, hitherto confined to verse, were now extended to prose—these books being but another variety of the genus fiction. I have seen a few of them: they are indeed very much in the clouds, being both of "transcendental" elevation and obscurity.

In giving these "novelties" to the public the

writers assumed the latitude of the times, blending human and superhuman agencies, and thus violating, by "mixed figures," the canons of rhetoric. Yet to any rule of criticism they were not amenable, and should not be tried by a law not then established. Yet possibly their injurious effects upon innate taste were as real though not as apparent as now.

To this feature of mythology there is a much stronger objection. It was obnoxious to spirituality: it desecrated the *attributes* of Jehovah, and *distributed* them in common to the whole "staff" of heathen divinities, "which, like water spilt on the ground, could not be gathered again." It will be recollected (and how should it have been otherwise?) that this was the age of superstition and credulity, when Dagon, if not as much venerated, was at least as much feared as God. We know of vague apprehensions, the offspring perhaps of low health, that, if listened to by any assent of mental belief, take strong hold upon us, and blinding the judgment, and destroying our power of resistance, leave us, perhaps, "to believe a lie."

And to these books may, in great measure, be traced the superstition of the times, which, in fanciful and familiar guise, they were well calculated to foster and promulge. The more marvelous they were the more delightful. Any extraordinary event, or strange tale, in those days, when little was known in any department of science, went far. The fragments of tradition were eagerly gathered up; and these being thrown into the alembic of a heated imagination, served both as aliment and inspiration. With *quantum sufficit* of "love," of "mystery and murder" in the sequel, and copious sprinklings of disaster and accident by the way, and a modicum—it should not be left out—of common sense, and lo! we have a "romance."

Very few specimens of this sort of book are now to be found on this side the water, or probably existing any where. So absurd, disjointed, and unnatural were they, that it might be asserted that the only truth belonging to them was that of their title. Yet these books, we read, were eagerly sought after and devoured. And some excuse may be suggested for the reader in the paucity of the times. An innate taste for literature was faint, perhaps, in its initiatory stages, to content itself with what was afforded, and to "feed on garbage." Such were these books. A distinguished writer has said, "Show me the songs of a people, and I will not ask to know their laws or their history."

This date, though long emerged from the dark ages, historically denominated, was still a very dark age to females, when the inferiority imputed confined them by custom to obscure places, and debarred them a participation in the lights that were



rising on their horizon. So that although we have been informed concerning their queens, their personages, and a few solitary stars of the firmament, yet, as to the social life of their ordinary females, our said grandmothers of the British islands, we know very little about it. Yet, knowing their disadvantages and their liabilities of contamination, we may form some guess, at least, in the negative. The student in anatomy, on seeing the bones, or dried alimentary preparations of an animal, infers to a certainty on what it fed; so we, seeing their books, and inverting the rule, may thereby judge of themselves. We know, too, that in all cases of assault the weakest and the most defenseless are the greatest sufferers; that this literature, if such it may be called, was probably much more injurious to one sex than to the other.

Amidst our inferences, our guesses, and deductions, we are entirely established on one point, namely, that *those who were too religious to read these books could not be injured by them*, whilst to those who did read them, it was like sowing tares in a naked field, where their growth, unchecked by "wheat," or other culture, should run riot and expand itself into the most luxuriant harvest of—fears, fancies, and absurdities.

The next era of the novel, though no less extravagant, was considerably varied in taste from the preceding, and was characterized by affectation, excessive refinement, and super-sentimentality, leading the reader away from reality and truth, abusing the mind, and desecrating the heart by false and factitious views, not of manners only, but of life and being.

The legends of chivalry, with their pageants, their "knights," their "tilts and tournaments" for "ladies' love," naturally addressed themselves to the most accessible point of female weakness and desire. And the young girl, injudiciously indulged in these studies, though knowing them to be fictions, could not fail to become in reality imbued with their spirit and their folly. The counteracting influences, at this date, were much fewer than at any subsequent one. Generally the females thus acted upon were not the weakest of their sex—perhaps only the most ardent, the most impressible, the most highly gifted with imagination and enthusiasm, and even with the appreciation of truth and goodness. But how perverted! for it must be allowed that all these qualities, by appropriation, were conceived and existed in a merely worldly sense, and appertained to those doubly unfortunate youth, who, with the best capacities, the highest capabilities, were, by the want of a counterbalancing principle, by *the want of religious training*, confined to a sphere infinitely below both their ability and their aspiration. Hence, they were ever unhappy, never contented, never at rest. They were

not only betrayed by the false conceptions within their own bosoms, but were subjected to misjudging and derision from without. And many, whose common sense was the extent of their capacity, would assume to reproach and to ridicule what, however faulty, they did not fully comprehend—the folly alone being apparent—its origin and extenuation hidden and unknown. And thus was the victim of this infatuation set at odds with the world, the moral order of her life interrupted, and confusion wrought every how. Neither was it to the time of her youth only that the disadvantage was confined. But the baleful evil, like some fabled serpent of old, extended itself into the future, marring for ever her happiness and her life.

And of this, copying from fact, let us give the detail. The young lady has a lover, worthy, honorable, and discreet; and she, truly loving and admiring all noble and estimable qualities, can yet hardly discern his merits, because they are invested in the homely guise of every day life. His loyalty should be called "devotion," his courage cycled "prowess," and he should be a "hero knight," "all cased in steel." Whilst subjected to this hallucination, and alienated from simple affections, she is herself unconscious of it. The moth desires and is impelled toward the glowing flame; nevertheless he scorches his wings. Neither is the young girl, by this blindness, shielded from the accidents of her nature. Her sensibilities are heightened by these studies. Though expatiating only in fiction themselves, they draw upon the realities of heart and character for their sacrifice. She feels the un-friendliness of the world: its animadversions sting her: she desires kindness, though, having squandered her own sympathies, she has none to give in return. She is the victim of the most absorbing monomania.

But of her lover. Measuring his simple virtues by the false standard of her own romantic and exaggerated ones, she misapprehends and undervalues him. If he will not go beyond the bound of common sense, his "devoirs" are not enough for her, nor the "homage" which is her due. And finally, however much she may love him, she doubts, and discards him; or, may be, overtried and disgusted with her caprices, her requirements ever conflicting with his dignity and his self-love, he discards himself. She is now a "heroine" indeed, "deserted" and "wearing the willow." Her suffering is no less real, because ridiculously self-imposed. And in the intervals of her anguish, she is admonished, by glimpses of common sense, that she has made the mistake of her life—has sacrificed to her folly the *friend* who would have been sustainer, helper, and adviser on its devious way. That path she will now tread alone. These alienations are irreversible; and it is better that they should be so: the fire-side of home should have no doubts.

But to resume. As it regards other gentlemen, few are content to be accepted at "second best;" and thus are some of the best years of the *novel reader* trifled away and wasted. Nor is the picture overdrawn. For we have taken but a life-view of the subject—confining it to that theatre on which she has expended her energies and her being, uncognizant of that inner life of truth, which her whole course had been so well calculated to stifle and repress—to stifle, but not to quench, of its claiming or its responsibility. Alas! for the unhappy novel reader! By the time that the realities of life, and a more sober companionship, have had their effect and worn off this false gloss, she is past the date of redeeming herself as to the well-being of this life; happy if her late repentance, however dearly bought, shall admonish her of "that bourne" which, in desolate sadness, she now approaches! Happy, if truth ever possess her soul!

Of these readers there was another class, who, being more obtuse, less perceptive, and less susceptible, suffered less, and were not so deeply injured. Whilst upon the former the impression was burnt in to the very core of their being, the latter class escaped with only the external brand—marking them, however, distinctly, as to the school and ownership to which they belonged. Where those had imbibed the sentiment and soul of romance, these were fain to content themselves, and to display its guises and disguises, its caricaturing, affectations, and folly, and fatuity. Though their error was not of so deep consequence, yet they were no less culpable and more ridiculous than the others. Though varying in character, yet wearing the same uniform, in general aspect they resembled each other, and were merged in one general head, under the several names of "sentimentalists," "romantic misses," and even sometimes of "blues"—though the latter epithet, contemptible as it is, should be rather an advance upon their pretensions.

But this, the romantic school of novels, with its peculiar characteristics and tendencies, has been long departed, and is fast waning to the obsolete. Few of its writers, it may be believed, are in any sense worthy to survive. Of these, one of the purest, both as to romance itself, and, also, as regards freedom from sinister conclusions, is Mrs. Radcliffe. But her volumes deserve rather to be called poetry than novel writing. And yet, after all, upon the adult reader, who is capable of an induction, what is the impression? It will be found that the author has been so far true to her "colors," that the *tone of mind* has become conformed to its teaching, and that there remains upon the imagination a panorama, not of "Alps" and "Appenines," of "glaciers," "rivers," and the "majestic main" alone, but, also, there is floating in the mind, and *usurping it*, ideas of "castles," which we prefer to

houses; of "dangers on the road," which have thrilled us, making still life and home too tame; of robbers, and fraud, and guile, which we were more guileless to know nothing about; whilst that grim assassin, Spalatro, haunts our sleep for many a night, "making fear palpable," and robbing us of rest.

We would wish to be a heroine and to be persecuted, not only for the exciting notoriety of being so read of, but, also, for the stronger claim of the sympathy of a lover. However chaste the style, however pure the sentiments, yet the circumstances of a romance are so exaggerated, that if persisted in, they tend to confuse and confound that instant and priceless simplicity of perception, which those instructed in "truth" only, would not barter

—“For purest draught of Helicon,  
Nor for Apollo's lyre.”

This reading not only injured the mind by perversion, but had a further effect. As the eating of confections at first give a distaste for wholesome aliment, and, after awhile, by weakening the organs, create an inability to receive it—so this weak and enervating reading not only injured the mind by perversion, but had the further effect to induce insuperable distaste and aversion to that which was salutary and proper.

In process of time, and led on by intermediate shades of difference, another variety of this book took the ground. And the new teaching, though much less romantic, was more faulty and more pernicious than the old. If there was less of folly, there was more of calculation about it. Vice was represented under the most insidious guise, and flaunted in high places. The moral charities seemed lost sight of; elevation and riches were the only guerdon, and honors and distinctions were more valued than desert. Meretricious ornament catered to the taste of youth, and vitiated it: the images of pomp, and parade, and fashion, and expense were conjured up in the scene; whilst the real elegance and blandishment of the heroine, were made to veil the enormities of her moral degradation. The sacredness of marriage was wantonly betrayed, the seducer being commonly the hero of the book. This class might be designated as the "crim. con. novels," and Bulwer, with all his genius, named as its high priest. The American reprint of these works, is again diffusing and revealing to our countrywomen a trait of English and continental high life, which they have, as yet, haply escaped. But, with *such reading*, how long may it be so?

Concomitant with these, also, was another class, the "historical novel," so called; which, conforming generally to chronology, and to the appropriateness of its superior personages, assumed to invest all the minor *dramatis personæ*, not in the mist and

obscurity of ages alone, but in that of the most licensed and extravagant fiction. Mixing just enough of fact with its details to unsettle the mind of the reader, and to repudiate history itself; and, by throwing down one of the great landmarks of truth in the mind, it introduces doubt as the precursor of unbelief. It may be asked, "Are these apocryphal books ever received as authentic?" and it may be answered in the words of Byron, concerning his authority touching some of the English kings: "Shakspeare is my authority—I acknowledge, for myself, no other." It may be observed that there is, in some minds, a sort of habit of distrust; and this we would sooner believe to have been superinduced by circumstances, than that it was innate. This style of book, half history, and half fiction, was well calculated to produce such an effect—to unsettle and unhinge. It is, also, unsuitable in another sense. For the personages of history, whether famous for their virtues or infamous by depravity, were still, as the subjects of fact, too elevated to be drived into the "plot" of a novel; they should be allowed to retain their identity of station, as well as of character—to remain in their own niche. If the old mechanism of "gods and men" was objectionable, as subject of embarrassment to the reader, this sort of jumble is likely, by its nearer points of resemblance, to produce a still more bewildering confusion.

The line of demarkation betwixt truth and fiction, like some grand circle of the heavens, though merely ideal in itself, is yet of vast importance as to what it designates and divides, and should never be removed or encroached upon. Yet, as in the one case, neither the place nor the order of the constellations could be disturbed, although the zodiac were swerved from its range; yet this change not being apprehended, it would appear so to the discomfited astronomer, and set all his calculations at naught. And so, though truth is in itself of imperishable integrity, yet, throw down its landmarks, mix and disguise it with fiction, and it can be no longer distinguished or discerned: like Nebuchadnezzar's image, half brass and half clay, it will not stand. Nothing is more salutary to the mind than the assurance of truth—it is the starting point to "all truth." But destroy our belief, and of what worth were truth to us? And if to these chronicles, over which statesmen and politicians were so jealous at the time of their record, such license has already accrued, what further innovation, in process of time, may not be apprehended? But license is itself a manner of the times, extending not to novels alone, but to "books," and we, too, should be jealous! The historical novels were mostly written with ability, and engrossing a great amount of general information, were thought to be a great advance in this department of com-

position. Sir Walter Scott, for awhile known as the "Great Unknown," affected much this method of writing. (It was for the merit of these books, that George IV conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.) If a great deal may be learned from his volumes, they are still subject, by their class, to the above stated objections.

One great idol and exemplar of the present date, must not be passed over. The novels of *Dickens*, though sedulously free from the faults of Bulwer and his school, as well as of some others, are, by no means, free from all fault. These books are of a "motley wear," and it takes several epithets to describe them. It is not to any dereliction of principles that we can object; yet, whilst the ideas are true in the sentiment, they are distorted in the representation. There is a groundwork of caricature, inlaid with the grotesque, the farcical, humorsome, whimsical—the petulant, passionate, pretending. And its impression, though often dealing in severe sentiments and extreme situations, is never of reality; but always of an entertainment from which we can, at will, break away and begone; yet not without carrying along with us some of its guises, prankings, affectations, and airs. And whilst its exaggerations are beyond the credibility of belief, they do not, therefore, fail (being addressed to the fancy and the humor rather than to the understanding) of impressing their own characteristics upon the reader. Nothing, it is known, is more easily imbibed by the young than mimicking. Hence a common complaint amongst children at play, such a one "is 'making faces' at me." The microscope, fashioned to the view of objects only, is, in these books, perverted to the use of ideas. And yet the writer, we perceive, is honest and earnest in his intentions. Still, we add, there is nothing in these books which should stand us in stead, or which we might not gather by competent attention, in much better company. The *Dickens* novel is the parent of a numerous progeny, of which the fair student, if she may not be deterred, should be in one particular most guarded, namely, that whilst engaged in "recounting" herself, she commit not the error of what is vulgarly called "shooting with the long-bow," i. e., shooting beyond the truth, and before she is aware, shall have committed, not her taste and her time only, but her veracity.

But I must hasten to a close: yet not without noticing the last enormity—the novels of Eugene Sue. These books are now the "rage," (that being an appropriate epithet.) I have seen one of them, and am told all are of a similar character. The "Mysteries of Paris," which no young lady should read, is truly a magazine of abominations—where fraud, and crime, and stratagem, and guile, with ribaldry, profanity, and blasphemy, and murder,

are all bound together in one *unholy volume*. And, although the writer affects to say that his motive, in these representations, is the amendment of the police laws of that city, (Paris,) yet he must know very little of human nature if he is not aware that, as a writer, he "inculcates" what he represents, and not what he asserts. And this book has been deemed a meet offering to the youth of America! Nature has one beautiful propriety: even the vile amongst parents will not inculcate vice into their children. And this rule were better guarded—if what themselves will not do, *they would allow none others to do*.

Fredericka Bremer's novels are now in great vogue. Whilst they have a great deal that is pure and natural, and commendable in sentiment, they have, also, not a little that is extravagant and transcendental. The manners of the German and Swedish cities still retain, even in high life, a license, attested to by their repeated "scalls" (toasts) at every reunion, of which the temperance movement has reformed our country. And, also, the "license of language" prevails, which good Queen Bess could not, in her most excited moments, have rendered "stronger."

Finally, with all the various exceptions enumerated to novels, I know of very little to be adduced in their favor. The prettiest idea, in this form of composition, is that of "poetical justice;" and yet, this idea is purely fanciful, precisely opposed to the order of facts and of Providence: an idea well calculated, by a series of such readings, to impress the notion of immediate rewards and punishments, and so, in a vague sort of way, to forestall the necessity of a future retribution.

It would seem an omission, in a dissertation upon novels, not to have mentioned, in their several places, the names of Richardson, Burney, Edgeworth, Austin, Porter, Sedgewick, and several others; and if these writers, in their several styles, were free from the various faults imputed, of immorality or of affectation; yet, as "fabricators," they all come under the ban. And whatever exception candor demands, it must be remembered that I come

"Not to excuse Cesar,  
But to bury him."

C. M. B.

Original.

### MYSTERY.

MYSTERY is indelibly stamped on every part of the material universe. The smallest pebble on which we tread, as well as the costly gem that sparkles in the jewels of the gay, bears its impress. It is seen alike in the smallest blade of grass, and in the lofty oak of the forest—on the wing of the beautiful little humming-bird, and the pinions of the

majestic eagle as he soars aloft and gazes on the brilliant sun—in the innocent lamb that gambols on the lawn, and the fierce lion, the king of the forest. It is seen in the small animalcula that crowd a single drop of water, and in the whale, the largest fish that ploughs the mighty deep. We see its footsteps in the vivid lightnings of heaven. It speaks in the loud thunder, in the roaring wind, and falling cataract. It is seen in the twinkling star, the pale moon, and glowing sun. Not only in the material universe is it the characteristic of every object; but in the holy Scriptures we find many mysteries, some of which lie so deep as scarce to be comprehended by human thought. The death of Christ is not only an important but a mysterious event. Not only mysterious to man, so intimately connected with its results, but to angels, who would have looked into the mysterious plan of redemption, and were not able. It was a plan devised by infinite Wisdom, and the finite mind alone cannot fully comprehend it. There is no mystery on which we may dwell with so much profit as this. God must have been influenced by love, unbounded, mysterious love, to have thus provided a way whereby lost and ruined man might regain his Eden. Who could believe that a human heart could be so hard as to follow the Savior, and behold him, bearing the assaults of Satan, the malice of enemies, the inconstancy of friendship, ascending the rugged steeps of Calvary, and there suffering the cruel death of the cross, and yet remain unmoved?

O, there is mystery in the deep wickedness of the human heart. And yet, more mysterious is the mercy that bears with man's ingratitude. Jesus, not content with having given his life a ransom for us, still sits at the right hand of the Father as our mediator. What happiness flows from his mediation! It is, when sorrow presses heavy on the heart—when we feel that we are justly condemned, and all looks dark and dreary—that we turn to the Mediator to seek a place in his bosom, to shelter us from the storm which hovers over us. It is then that we fully see the beauty of his character, and understand the great mystery of godliness. He smiles away all our fears, and grants us a token of his love. O, what a boon! not like the love of mortals, inconstant. No: His love changeth not—it forsakes us not in the hour of adversity, but even then it cheers and consoles us. It imparts peace and happiness, such as this world knows not; and, when all the mysteries of this life shall be ended, the great mystery of redeeming love will afford a glorious subject of contemplation throughout eternity.

Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh.

Original.

## MINOR MORALS.

## CHAPTER I.

IN promenading this gregarious city, how much of life and manners is presented, even to the cursory passenger! It is a common remark from across the water, that Americans "do not walk well." Whether they do walk well or do not, is, in some measure, a matter of taste in the judges, or, more properly, the judges. It is mostly English tourists who have imputed this defect to us. Certain it is that our style of walking will not compare with theirs, particularly that of the females. The physical movements of the English, like their whole character, is pompous, consequential, and stiff; whilst that of the Americans, it must be acknowledged, presents, in its slipshod informality, a striking contrast to all this. Both are extremes in their way; and the mean distance from both were, perhaps, the line of gracefulness.

It is not of gait alone that our fair countrywomen need, in frequent instances, to be admonished: the whole aspect and bearing is sometimes faulty. The countenance is often presented before the public in undress, which is a manifest want of propriety. The petty vexations, the chagrin, the despondence, or other unhappiness of the wearer, is often thus revealed to the public—perhaps thoughtlessly; for the same individual, who would deem it an unpardonable impertinence to be inquired of concerning certain disagreeables of her condition, will yet herself, in this way, display and parade them before the public. If particular circumstances are not known, yet their results, with *such a face*, cannot be doubted. Such exposure is certainly neither dignified nor proper; it is not even benevolent. Persons walk for recreation and delight, and it is proper in all to present a cheerful and winning aspect. On the other hand, certain it is, that sad, anxious, presaging, and unhappy countenances do create strong sympathy in the beholder—a revolting, unwilling sympathy! Why is it that many persons will not visit a hospital or an asylum for the insane? They, perhaps, intend no errand of relief; and doing no good to others, they seek not to disturb themselves. I have often seen the same lady who would not appear in the street without being elaborately arrayed, yet present such a countenance as put all her extra advantages of dress at naught, and said, as plainly as a face can say, "This is an unhappy, discomforted woman. She is peevish, discontented, mortified; whether with cause or without sufficient cause, I know not—but I know that it is so." Yet I would not recommend even the shadow of dissimulation, truly speaking. But a dignified reserve of our own difficulties, is what we all, if decently discreet, would see fit to affect; and if a lady cannot compose her

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countenance, to the scale of equanimity at least, she had better not present it before the public.

Aaron Burr was one who should be seldom quoted, at least in affirmation. Whatever were his *morality*, he was, however, certainly a good judge of manners. He writes to his daughter, in reprehension of this fault, say something like this: "No person can choose his own features or complexion, &c., but every one can wear *such a countenance* as he pleases; and I desire that you, my daughter, will take some pains to present a complaisant one before the public: at least, such a one as is not offensive and disagreeable."

This thing, with many, is but a habit, which it were at least better to exchange for a better one. A humorous story is related of Bonaparte, when happening in company with Madame de Stael, (to whom he was inimical, and who, he supposed, was noting his demeanor,) that he "threw all expression out of his face," leaving *that* face an unreadable blank. It is unnecessary to multiply instances; for it may be known to all, that unless there is some extraordinary distress existing or impending, the countenance may be composed to the grade of complaisance and comfort. And this, individual propriety out of the question, is as much a duty toward the public, as it is to go neatly and becomingly appareled before them.

The deportment and manners on the sidewalk, betoken much more of character than is generally reflected upon; at least, its indications of good breeding, or the reverse, are unquestionable. When one meets (perhaps "encounters" were a better word) a lady with the head unnaturally elevated, eyebrows to suit, and a scornful demeanor, with a determined, veteran air, assuming the better side of the pavement, it may be known at once that she is *not* a lady, but is only trying "very hard" to make persons believe so. It is best never to notice these "ultra demonstrations," but to yield, in a quiet way, what certainly a lady would not contend about. Some, in passing, are so unbred, that they will not break a column of three or four, to accommodate the opposite passenger. It is best, in this case, to stand, with polite demeanor, lowering or elevating the parasol to suit, until the party pass; thus having neither insisted nor yielded.

It need not be said, that for the aged or the infirm, place should be relinquished. In all cases of what may be significantly called *reality*, the spontaneous heart should dictate. Those are the best, as well as the highest manners, which it suggests. Never stare a person in the face. If, seeking some one, you have unwittingly done so, make a respectful passing bend of the head, in token of your mistake. Do not permit a young gentleman to parley with you on the pavement; but, giving recognition, pass on your way, and let him join you in the walk

if he has any communication to make. Do not make any half bows to humble acquaintances; let your salutation be frank and free, and not an insult instead of a compliment. Walk comfortably, and do not be in a "vulgar hurry," nor, when fatigued, indulge in a slovenly trudge. On the other hand, do not mince or "show your paces" in the street; it is undignified, puerile, and ridiculous. When walking for some distance close behind a person, take great care not to contract the particular style of step and movement; this is almost unavoidable without attention. Be careful, also, not to adopt the military step, when passing a "band" in the street. This is unfeminine, and nearly as ungentle as it is to drum with the fingers, counting the bars of music, in public.

Many other instances might be mentioned; but tact and good breeding, where one is competently well disposed, will suffice to guard the young lady against self-assumption on the one hand, or overbearing and offensive encroachment on the other.

This paper, though intended for the Repository, is mostly upon externals, yet not merely so. I would hope that nothing is inculcated, which would contradict the philosophy of benevolence, as shown in outward deportment and manners. We read that the good and pious of old "anointed the head," put on "goodly raiment," and were of a "glad countenance."



Original.

#### JUVENILE PEDANTRY.

It ought not to be deemed merely ridiculous, or a bad omen, when the very young, in conversation with their superiors, commit some act of pedantry. But rather should it be received as an omen for good, indicating a taste for acquirement and literature. Any little demonstration of this sort is then but the development of a full mind, helping itself out, and should be regarded with indulgence—an indulgence of which the child may, at more mature age, be corrected. In these days of "eclecticism," when all that we know should be tested by induction, our examples are necessarily of self; and the ever-recurring egotism, if the matter in hand be of importance, is pardoned and self-excused.

When I was a school girl, of nine or ten years of age, I recollect of having the greatest desire always to be associated with girls two or three years older than myself. These, at times of recess, sitting under a large button-wood tree in the school-house yard, were wont to deliver certain opinions concerning the reading of their leisure hours. I was, at this time, as bashful as a young girl could well be, and, though fully enjoying the conversation, affected only to be a listener. But one day, after the girls had named the "Scottish Chiefs,"

the "Mysteries of Udolpho," and several other "high works," I felt all at once an irrepressible inclination to contribute my quota to the little stock of knowledge here discussed. So, casting down my eyes, and, by great effort, elevating my voice to "concert pitch," my face covered with blushes, I began, "I have been reading 'Sandford and Merton.'" When I had got so far, the little girls gave forth a derisive and merry giggle, and the larger ones, casting their eyes upon each other, "looked" things which pierced many fathoms deep into my self-esteem. I could get no further—I was done. And thus, my little training in literature, by the method of a head and shoulders pedantry, was cut short, and for many years arrested, by this, the unhappy reception of my initiatory speech.



Original.

DEATH.

—  
BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

Lines written on viewing a picture representing a little girl weeping above a few secluded graves, her cottage-bonnet and basket lying near her, and she herself seemingly uttering the words inscribed beneath, "*I come to gather flowers.*"

CAM'ST thou to "gather flowers," fair girl!  
 Cam'st thou to gather flowers  
 Amid this forest dark and wild,  
 Beneath yon ruined towers?  
 Thou didst—but to thy swimming eye,  
 Half hid in shadowy gloom,  
 The monumental relics lie  
 Above the grassy tomb;  
 And tell that in departed hours,  
 Before *thee* DEATH hath "gathered flowers!"

Yes! Death hath gathered flowers of hope,  
 Of innocence and truth:  
 The bud that scarce began to ope,  
 The half-blown one of youth—  
 The blossom full, with beauty rife,  
 Was broken at his call;  
 His hand uprooted the roots of life,  
 He seized and took them all!

He saw an infant as it smiled,  
 Expanding in the light:  
 Its every tear young joy beguiled,  
 Its every look was bright;  
 He rudely touched the trembling leaf,  
 It withered in his clasp:  
 What though the mother sighs in grief,  
 Such flowers Death loves to grasp!

He saw a maiden, pure and free,  
 In matchless charms arrayed—  
 Her soft, sweet voice was tuned in glee,  
 As merrily she played!

She was too fair a thing for earth,  
And ere her spring was gone,  
Hushed was her music and her mirth—  
Death had her for his own!

He saw a woman, high of soul,  
Of intellect refined—  
Whose warm affections held control  
Within a sinless mind:  
He gathered her, and as she fell  
From life and love away,  
He grimly smiled to hear her knell—  
His was a rare bouquet!

Thus gathers he his blossoms gay,  
The beautiful, the good—  
Like leaves that fall when breezes play  
Through autumn's changing wood.  
He takes them all: yes! weep, child! weep!  
He has the choicest flowers—  
Like dreamy forms that go with sleep,  
They leave these earthly bowers.  
Yes, weep, child, weep! yon burial sod  
Tells DEATH hath "gathered flowers" for God!



Original.

#### AN AUTUMNAL STORM.

The following stanzas were written during a recent passage on the Ohio. A severe frost had caused the foliage to assume its autumnal hues, and even to fall, leaving many of the trees quite destitute of any protection. The winds moaning through the partially stript forest, and the rain beating upon the decayed and falling leaves, and against the windows of his state-room, awakened in the breast of the writer a train of thoughts and feelings, which sought expression in the strains which follow.

How dreary all without appears,  
Inspiring gloomy thought—  
The presence-chamber of the soul  
Is filled with forms unsought;  
The pattering drops upon the glass  
Call forth a bitter sigh,  
Awakening feelings like the strains  
Of sad Melpomene.

The sorrowing tears of Rizpah fell\*  
Upon her children's graves,  
Bedewing both the infant bud,  
And seared and falling leaves:  
But who is this, with sadden'd heart,  
Weeps o'er her children slain,  
With tears so full of tenderness,  
As might the lost regain?

Hark! with those tears, convulsive sighs  
And moaning sounds I hear,  
As though the throbbing heart would break  
With griefs long pent up there:

\*2 Samuel xxi, 10.

'Tis AUTUMN weeping o'er the dead,  
Slain by the frost-king's breath,  
And mourning through the wood with sighs,  
Their early, cruel death.

The maple, with its leaves late seared,  
Her sister Spring's first-born,  
And Summer's pride, the giant oak,  
The walnut, beech, and thorn—  
All—all are clothed in sable robes,  
And stand beside the bier,  
Where Spring's and Summer's progeny  
Await sepulture there.

Not e'en the gentle flowers escaped  
The cruel-hearted foe;  
They, too, the ornaments of earth,  
Lie withered, prostrate, low.  
O! who could then the tear repress  
Of agonizing grief,  
Although it brings them not again,  
Nor offers e'en relief.

No, Autumn, no! I wonder not  
Thy tears with wildness fall;  
Thy desolate and moaning sighs  
The lost can ne'er recall.  
I, too, could join my tears with thine,  
In sadness sigh with thee,  
And, mid the deep surrounding gloom,  
Lament their destiny. G. W.



Original.

#### H Y M N .

Thy promise, gracious Lord, declares,  
To those who worship thee,  
That where thy saints shall meet to pray,  
Thy dwelling place shall be.  
Though thou art high, and elders now  
Are bending at thy feet,  
Yet wilt thou deign to bless the place  
Where thy disciples meet.  
Though few and humble, still we would  
With confidence draw near,  
For thou hast said, where two or three  
Are met, I will be there.  
Then, while we worship here with thee,  
Do thou thy grace impart,  
And fill with joy, and peace, and love,  
And zeal, each waiting heart.  
In such communion, Lord, with thee,  
How gladly would we stay,  
So sweetly do the blissful hours  
In worship pass away.  
And thus on earth our souls shall learn  
The lessons of thy love,  
Until we tune our golden harp  
With the blest throng above. W. B.

ETERNAL WISDOM! THEE WE PRAISE.

MUSIC, A POPULAR AIR.—WORDS BY DR. WATTS.

ANIMATO.

E - ternal Wisdom! thee we praise, Thee

the cre - a - tion sings: With thy lov'd name rocks, hills, and seas, And

heav'n's high palace rings. In - fin - ite strength and e - qual skill Shine

through thy works a - broad, Our souls with vast a - mazingment fill, And

speak the build'er God. Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky, How



glorious to be - hold; Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye, And

starred with sparkling gold. There thou hast bid the globes of light Their

endless circuits run; There the pale planet rules the night: The

day obeys the sun.

2 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes  
 On clouds and storms below,  
 Those under regions of the skies  
 Thy num'rous glories show.  
 The noisy winds stand ready there,  
 Thy orders to obey;  
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
 To make thy chariot way.  
 On the thin air, without a prop,  
 Hang fruitful showers around:  
 At thy command they freely drop  
 Their fatness on the ground.  
 There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,  
 Thy thunder shakes our coast;  
 While the red lightnings wave along,  
 The banners of thy host.

3 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays  
 The earth in cheerful green:  
 A thousand herbs thy art displays,  
 A thousand flowers between.  
 There the rough mountains of the deep  
 Obey thy strong command:  
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
 Or sink them to the sand.  
 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the wond'ring sight,  
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
 With terror and delight.  
 But the mild glories of thy grace  
 Our softer passions move:  
 Pity divine in Jesus' face  
 We see, adore, and love.

## NOTICES.

AN EXPOSITION OF UNIVERSALISM; or an Investigation of that system of doctrine which promises Final Holiness and Happiness in Heaven to all Mankind, irrespective of Moral Character or Conduct in this Life. By Rev. John H. Power.—Although this work was noticed by our predecessor when it first made its appearance, we deem it proper to attract attention to it again. That Universalism is extending in the west is a melancholy fact, which ought not to be disguised. This heresy (unlike most others) is perpetually undergoing modifications. True, it has general principles; but they are variously combined in different instances, and are claimed or repudiated according to circumstances. It has no creed, and but one uniform characteristic, viz., the dogma "that all men will be finally saved." A man may be infidel or Christian, atheist or deist, fatalist or Arminian, Mohammedan or Jew, and yet subscribe to the distinguishing tenet of the Universalist. We do not wish to be understood that every Universalist society is constituted of such diverse materials as we have indicated; but we assert that a Universalist has a wide latitude in debate, and that when driven from one position he may go to another, and in the course of a single discussion gradually sweep the whole compass of theological error.

Universalism varies in different ages and in different locations. Hence the necessity of new treatises against it. The author of this book has met that peculiar phase of it which presents itself in the western country in our own day. His work is masterly. There are a few faults, perhaps, in the style, and an undue expansion of some topics; but its logic is admirable. Many of its conclusions are worked out with the clearness of an algebraic equation, and on every page we see the traces of a vigorous and original mind grappling with a subject whose bearings it clearly perceives. There is no unfairness nor ungentlemanly severity in the work. The writer seems in earnest, and fully impressed with the dangerous consequences of the system which he investigates; but at the same time he appears to be a candid, and manly antagonist, and one who entertains a proper respect for his adversary.

The book has lately been reduced to seventy-five cents. Let preacher and people purchase it as a means of fortification, instruction, and reference.

THE LAND OF ISRAEL, according to the Covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. By Alexander Keith, D. D. Harper & Brothers.—Any thing relative to the tempest-tossed Jew, or the land from which he is an exile, must be read with interest by the Christian. The work before us is from the pen of a master, who has already earned for himself an enviable reputation as a writer, a scholar, and a divine, by the "Evidence of Prophecy," "Signs of the Times," and "Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion." On the author's return from Palestine he was urged by Dr. Abercrombie to publish the substance of an evening conversation. In obedience to the solicitation of his friend, Dr. Keith took up his pen to delineate "a few retrospective and prospective sketches of Judea and Judaism." But the sketches expanded under his hand into the essay before us, and which the author regards as a sequel to his treatise on the Evidence of Prophecy, and an introduction to other Scriptural topics. "The perpetuity of the covenant concerning the land of

Israel, and its connection with that which was made with the Israelites when the Lord brought them out of Egypt, and with the new and everlasting covenant which the Lord made with David, concerning his throne, is, in the first place, brought within the view of the reader. The borders of the land, not as it was anciently possessed, but as set of the Lord, naturally form the immediately succeeding theme. In the sequel of the volume, proof is adduced from its past history and actual condition of the goodness of the land—of its natural fertility, not impaired but increased—and also of the facility with which its fallen cities may be raised from their foundations, and forsaken cities, though not fallen, even cities still existing, though without inhabitants, and houses still standing, though without man, may be repaired or restored to dwell in." Let the Christian read this book to strengthen his faith—the infidel to correct his skepticism. Let every intelligent reader peruse it for the pleasure which any thing connected with a land so crowded with interesting associations must afford.

MEDICINES: THEIR USES AND MODE OF ADMINISTRATION: by J. Moore Neligan, M. D., with Notes and Additions, conforming it to the Pharmacopœia of the United States, and including all that is New and Important in Recent Improvements, by David Meredith, A. M., M. D. Harper & Brothers.—This volume is very properly called a conspectus of the three British Pharmacopœias, and comprises within its pages "not merely medicines, their uses and mode of administration, but a compendium of chemistry, pharmacy, toxicology, pathology, and therapeutics, so far as these several departments are connected with the details of *Materia Medica*." The notes of the editor are numerous and valuable, and are inserted (distinguished by brackets) in the text. We look upon this as a valuable book of reference for the practitioner, and of course as an important addition to our medical literature.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE, Number X.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS, Number X. Harper & Brothers.—This number completes the volume—a volume which, we think, notwithstanding all that has been written of the Puritans, will be sought with avidity and perused with delight. The present number contains a beautiful line engraving.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October, 1844, has reached us. It is richly freighted. The following are its contents: History of the Church of Scotland; Works of the Rev. Robert Hall; Luther before the Diet at Worms; The English Language; Arminian Controversy in the Low Countries; Dr. South's Sermons; Health and Longevity of Scientific and Literary Men; Kuhner's Greek Grammar; Critical Notices. We commend the articles on the English Language and Kuhner's Greek Grammar particularly to the notice of our junior brethren in the ministry. The number before us is ornamented with a fine portrait of Dr. Wiggins, one of our most distinguished ministers. We are highly gratified to learn that the publishers have reduced the price of this work to \$2. We see no reason now why its circulation should not be very extensive. We heartily rejoice in the success of our publications, whether in the east, west, north, or south.

THE AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY, for October, 1844.—This able review sustains its high character. The October number contains several articles of rare merit.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—The time is at hand when you will have an opportunity to render us service in enlarging our subscription list. As our volume commences on the first of January, the additional subscribers must be obtained chiefly during the months of November and December. Although the Repository has at present a sufficient support to warrant its continuance, yet it has not that extent of circulation to which we humbly think it is entitled. If our brethren in the ministry will but present the claims of this periodical to their people, and earnestly entreat their aid, our list of subscribers can be enlarged four-fold within the next two months. At present our circulation is principally in the west. Now whilst we have peculiar claims upon this section of our country, we ought not to be neglected in other parts. Should not the north and east render us their aid, not only in subscriptions but in contributions to our pages? Brethren and sisters of New England and the east, do not say, "Can any thing good come out of Nazareth?" Look and see; and though you find that no prophet, no "golden" idea, no trance ariseth in the west, yet you may perhaps believe that we have minds not destitute of thought, and hearts no strangers to feeling, that we have broad streams and billowy lakes, and sunny fields, and whispering dells, and lofty mountains; that we have good lightning and noble thunder, and that inspiration floats in our breeze, and covers our clouds, and dwells upon our summits, and lingers in our woods. What though we have no Websters, or Channings, or Everetts, or Willises, who knows but we may have genius, and taste, and solemn thought, and holy sentiment; that we may converse with nature, with spirit, and with God. Why sneer at us because we are young. Are we not brethren beloved? Dear brethren, if we are behind, should you not pity and help us? But why do I thus speak? Already Zion's Herald, and the Biblical Repository, and the Christian Repository have said, "Hail, sister of Cincinnati! hail! we recognize thee—we welcome thee—go on and prosper." The voice hath reached our ear, and quickened our pulse, and lightened our laboring lung, and made us to thank God that we have *brethren*. And why should not the south aid us, too? They have aided us; but how much more might they do? We love the sunny south. We intend, ere long, (if Providence permit,) to feast our eyes with its beauteous scenes, and enjoy its characteristic hospitalities. If she would only promise that a little of her chivalry, and piety, and glowing eloquence, shall find its way into our pages, then we should be sure they will be read with increased interest. Is not every Methodist minister in the Union under obligation to help sustain the Repository? The General conference determined the propriety of its publication. After it had been published more than three years, the same body deliberately resolved upon its continuance. Can it be that brethren look upon it with indifference? If so, why did they not let us know this at the proper time and place? It is well known that the editor did not desire his present position. Personal considerations call upon him to abandon it. Now that he is here, striving to do his duty, he calls upon his brethren to do their duty toward him. Did you put me here without intending to sustain me? Then we say, as the frogs in the fable did to the boys that were pelting them, "It may be fun to you, but it is death to us."

If we do not make the periodical what that is a reason why you should point out its fail, and how we should amend, but no reason should sullenly abandon us. In the fear of God, we have come hither, and with a desire to please him; and in humble prayer for his guidance do we superintend these pages, and we will thank any brother to throw light upon our path. We ask, earnestly ask, whether a work containing interesting, truthful matter, infusing correct sentiment and pious emotion, shall be able to compete, in a Methodist community, with the trashy monthlies that flood the land. I am ashamed of my egotism; but I would expose a whole "broadside" of my infirmities to accomplish a good object. The reader should bear in mind that the editor is not pleading for himself—he has no pecuniary interest in the Repository. If the subscription list be increased, the Church will be the gainer. I have done.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF AMENIA SEMINARY, 1844.—This institution is in Dutchess county, N. Y.—Rev. Joseph Cummings, A. M., Principal. It is for both sexes. The number of students in both departments, for the past year, is two hundred. From the faculty, the facilities, the course of study, we are induced to believe that this institution is among the best in the land.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN SEMINARY, ALBION, MICHIGAN. Rev. Charles F. Stockwell, A. B., Principal.—Total number of students in both departments one hundred and seventeen. This infant institution evinces precocious energies. There is no telling what Yankees can do. If Ohio does not bestir herself, that young sister of the confederacy which smiles amid the lakes will outstrip her.

Our warmest thanks are due to the North Ohio, Ohio, and Indiana conferences for the favorable notice they have taken of the Repository. We trust they will meet with no difficulty in fulfilling their intentions in regard to increasing our subscription list.

CINCINNATI.—How many copies of the Repository are taken in this city? Our entire list of subscribers might (we sincerely believe) be readily doubled without going beyond the limits of this thriving city, if our friends were to exert themselves. On our way down the river we met with an old friend, (a distinguished physician, who has probably resided here for twenty years.) Finding that we were engaged in editing a periodical in Cincinnati, he inquired what it was. We told him it was the Ladies' Repository. "Ah!" said he, "that is a publication I have never heard of before." Being informed that it had been published in the city nearly four years, he remarked, "Well, I think you Methodists must be rather selfish with your periodicals. You seem unwilling that they should be known except to your own people. If you will allow me, I shall be happy to take the Repository."

THE EDITOR'S APPOINTMENT.—Our friends who read the Advocate have observed that the editor has been honored with an appointment by the Trustees of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Should we accept that appointment, we shall, nevertheless, retain the editorial supervision of the Repository at least for a year. It is a settled point that the editor will yield his chair to no man at present: he has just purchased a box of first rate steel pens.

TO READERS.—Dr. Diver, of this city, who has but recently returned from China, whither he went in his professional capacity, has furnished us already with two very interesting articles relative to that remarkable country, and has promised us further sketches relative to the manners, customs, and religious and political institutions of its inhabitants. The Christian who can read such papers without feeling the missionary flame burning within, is to be pitied. The sketch by Mr. Giddings, in the present number, will be deeply interesting to those who, like ourselves, have gambled upon the fields on which the events described were enacted, and formed acquaintance with some of the actors. What though the fair reader may never have covered her "lovely face with the helmet," nor brandished the musket, nor bound the sword to her side, nor "heaved her white breast beneath the steel!" yet she may, nevertheless, peruse descriptions of this kind with profitable interest. She will be led to inquire for the yet unwritten history of her country—to thank God for the blessings of peace, and send up the prayer for that period when the "sword shall be beat into the pruning-hook." The poet Campbell, toward the close of life, speaking of his poetry, said, "That was the work of more early years, when I did not sufficiently weigh the important ends of life. I am now turning my attention to a work which will be of more substantial benefit to those who read it than poetry or other imaginative works can be." The work he had in view was a general history.

We are indebted to the female department of the Norwalk Seminary for the piece entitled "Infidelity," in the September number, and for "Mystery" in the present number, and to the Female Collegiate Institute of this city for "Adversity the Nurse of Intellect," in the August number, and for the following articles in the October number, viz., "The Expansion of Mind," and "Female Influence." We invite attention to these articles as highly creditable specimens of composition.

A correspondent who writes with great facility and felicity, after alluding to some stubborn facts, says: "I only mention these in explanation of my almost necessary, not willing silence; for who, I ask, can feel romantic, or court the muses, or cultivate literature, in the midst of such a state of things? You will tell me that Dante wrote in a prison. Well, so could I, (if I could write at all.) Just look at the difference. Dante had no rent to pay, no wood to chop, no wife and children to provide for, no cold storms to ride in, no charge of a circuit, with its thousand conflicting interests to reconcile, no Universalists, no Scottites, no — to fight and quarrel with." And Dante might reply, brother — was not entangled in the meshes of love at ten years by a bewitching Beatrice—he was not bound in wedlock to a termagant "Gemma," from whom, after months of warfare, he was separated—he was never hurled from the chief magistracy of a republic, nor banished from his native city, nor condemned to be burnt alive, nor fated to wretched wanderings and fruitless struggles. No, no, brother, if Dante, under such circumstances, could "on horror's head horrors accumulate," you can surely have no excuse. Up, up, and with wild and terrific energy, sweep through hell and heaven, or with simplicity and grace sing of Zion's spicy hills, or Jesus' dying love.

In a postscript, our correspondent adds: "Write soon if you scold hard. Perhaps if I can get mad with you or somebody else, I may feel better." Now we give him fair warning that we shall, if he don't write soon, come down upon him like "the mountain storm when a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the midnight air," and we will dart thunderbolts into his organs of approbation, and combativeness, and ideality, until we make him come forth like "Ossian the son of Fingal."

The following important works have recently issued from the European press: in Germany, one volume of Roscher's "Olio," Professor Becker's Manual of Roman Antiquities, accompanied with a plan of Rome, three parts of Umbreit's Commentary on the Prophets of the Old Testament; in France, a new volume of the *Histoire Litteraire de la France*; in Italy, eight volumes of Angel Mao's *Spicilegium Romanum*, (containing interesting documents illustrative of the middle ages, from Greek, Latin, and Italian MSS. in the Vatican;) in Great Britain, Becker's "Gallus or Roman Scenes of the time of Augustine," a valuable work just translated and published in London, illustrative of Roman manners and customs.

The Society of Northern Antiquarians has recently had an interesting meeting at Copenhagen. During the past year it has published an edition of the ancient Sagas of Iceland, embracing the annals of that island from the ninth to the fourteenth century, and two supplements to the "Historical Monuments of Greenland." A new edition of Rafn's *Memoirs of Discovery of America*, being a supplement to his great work, the *Antiquitates Americanae*, was laid before the meeting. The *Memoirs of 1840-1843* contain various interesting papers, among the rest a disquisition on the connection between Sanscrit and Icelandic, and an account of human remains and remarkable antiquities found at Fall River, Mass.

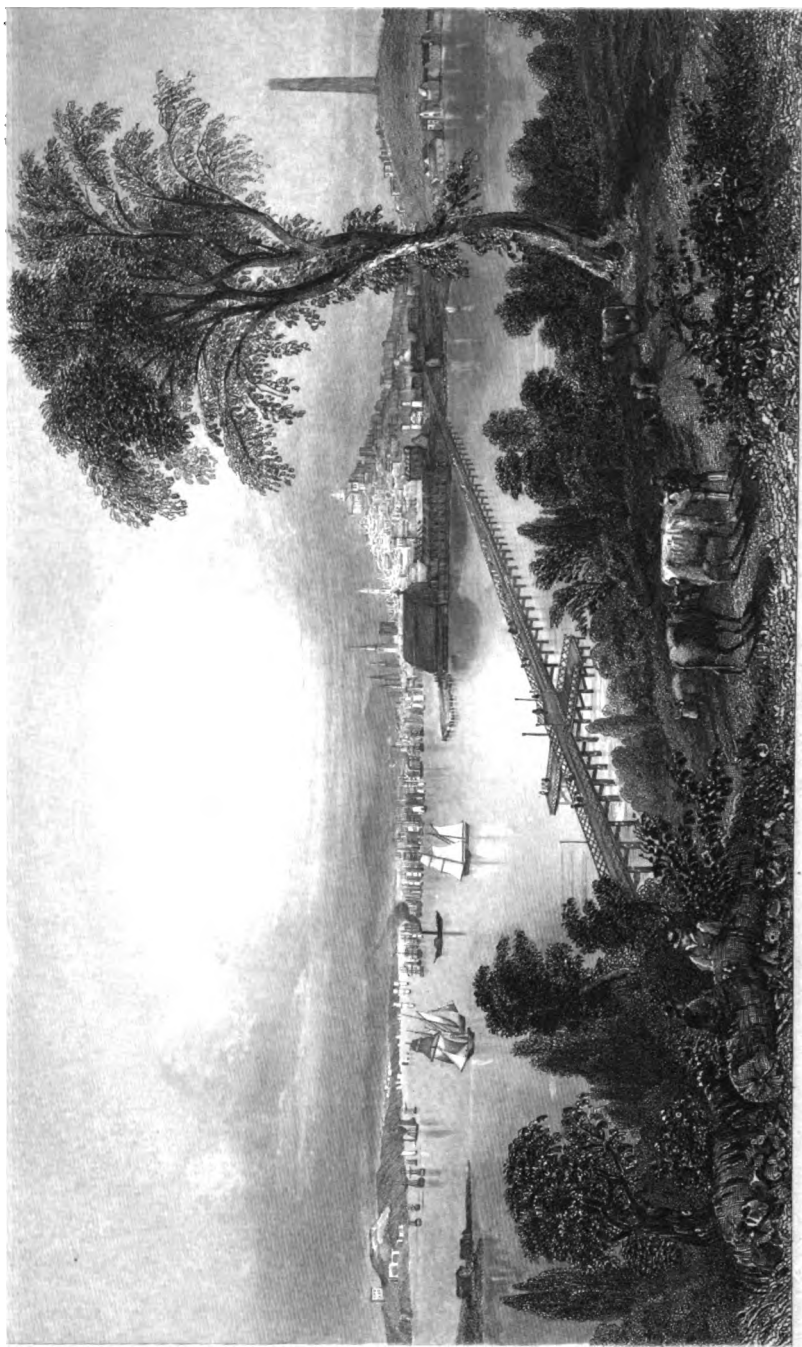
ANTIQUITIES.—"On one of the branches of the Rio Puerco," says a traveler, "at a short distance from Santa Fe, there are ruins belonging apparently to an ancient temple, remarkable for its extent. \* \* \* \* From the shores of the Colorado to the Gulf of California, a country little frequented by Europeans, the traveler meets with imposing ruins at every step."

VEGETABLE IVORY.—The Tagua Nut, which has obtained this designation, although fluid at first, is said by degrees to acquire the solidity and become susceptible of the polish of ivory. It is the fruit of the palm, on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Columbia, South America, and is becoming fashionable in Europe for purposes of ornament. The botanists give it the generic name of *Phytelephas*, distinguishing two species, *Macrocarpa* and *Microcarpa*.

M. Le Bas is prosecuting with great success his archaeological investigations in the east. He has modeled, at Athens, all its finest remains and sculpture—made important discoveries at Cairo; and he intends to renew the researches (lately suspended) amid the ruins of Delphi.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Our readers will be happy to know that the Methodist Episcopal Church in this state has commenced in earnest the erection of a literary institution of the highest grade. The Trustees have organized a faculty, to enter on duty the 15th inst.





View of the Harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil  
(From the East)

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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DECEMBER, 1844.







# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1844.

## BOSTON AND BUNKER HILL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"Boston is situated at the head of Massachusetts Bay, on a peninsula, about four miles in circumference, and is about three miles in length, and one mile and twenty-five rods, where widest, in breadth, and is connected with the main land at the south end, by a narrow isthmus called the Neck, leading to Roxbury. The town is built in an irregular circular form round the harbor, which is studded with about forty small islands, many of which afford most excellent pasture, and are frequented in summer by numerous parties of pleasure. The harbor is formed by Nahant Point on the north and Point Alderton on the south, and is so capacious as to allow five hundred vessels to ride at anchor, in a good depth of water, while the entrance is so narrow as scarcely to admit two ships abreast. The entrance is defended by Fort Independence, belonging to the United States, on Castle Garden, and by Fort Warren on Governor's Island. There is another fort, called Fort Strong, on Noodle's Island."

Boston is the Athens of America. Its public libraries are numerous and valuable—containing, with the Boston Athenæum, about one hundred thousand volumes. Harvard College is in its immediate neighborhood, and is the best endowed institution in the United States. The classical and common schools are of the first order. It is estimated that about one-fourth of the entire population are kept at school during the year, at an expense of \$200,000. Its publications vie with those of the old world: Boston is distinguished for its liberality; perhaps there is no city in the world more celebrated for its munificence—none in which literary, or charitable, or religious institutions are fostered with so much zeal and pleasure. There are one hundred and six literary and charitable societies, among which are, the American Academy of Arts and Science, and the Boston Society of Natural History. The city has great commercial facilities, and is rapidly rising in importance. The tonnage of the port is exceeded by that of no American port, except New York. The foreign imports are \$17,000,000 annually, the exports \$10,000,000; the coastwise trade is much larger than the foreign. Boston is crowded with the most interesting historical associations. It was here the declaration, "Taxation without representation is tyranny," was first made. This, in the language of President

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Adams, "was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain." It was here that the Stamp Act was first resisted, and the "Boston Massacre" occurred—and here, too, the chests of tea were thrown overboard from the India ships, in testimony of the public indignation at the Boston Port Bill. In the immediate neighborhood was fought the battle of Bunker Hill, which was the first trial of American arms, and the first effective indication to Great Britain that her American colonies were competent to achieve their independence. In this engagement the American loss was one hundred and forty-five killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded; and the British loss was two hundred and twenty-six killed and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded. In the subsequent year the Americans, under Washington, took possession of Dorchester Heights, compelling the British, ten thousand strong, to evacuate Boston, leaving behind them stores to the value of £30,000.

This movement was one of Washington's most masterly strokes of generalship. For some time after the battle of Bunker Hill, both armies remained inactive—General Washington occupying both sides of Charles River, and the British amusing themselves in the town. General W. had long desired to attack Boston, but could not gain the acquiescence of his officers. At length he determined to take Dorchester Heights, with a view, doubtless, to bring on a general engagement. To divert the attention of the garrison, he bombarded the town several days from his camp, and on the night of the 4th of March, 1777, he lodged a detachment on the Heights, and commenced erecting an entrenchment. Though the ground was frozen very hard, he succeeded in erecting a temporary bulwark, which, looming upon the eye of the British general through the morning mist, excited his astonishment and consternation. He, however, determined to attack the Americans, but a tremendous storm interfering with his operations, he called a council of war, which concluded to evacuate.

The monument in the back-ground of the engraving, in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, need hardly be described, as every thing in relation to it is fresh in the recollection of Americans. The good taste of New England is shown, in the fact that it has no inscription. It will need none so long as the American name is known. May veneration of the illustrious dead, in which it originated, ever animate our hearts!

Original.

## A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

BY THE EDITOR.

READER, did you ever sail the Potomac in the spring? Is it not beautiful? On a lovely morning in April I started with my friend P. from my lodgings in Washington to visit the tomb of the father of his country. We were soon seated on the deck of a comfortable steamer. The orb of day looked down from a cloudless sky, the fragrant breezes gently fanned, the birds sung their morning song, and the green banks seemed to look up and smile at the sun as he poured his warm beams into their beautiful bosoms. Reader, I am no poet; but I really think that I felt that morning a little poetic inspiration. How lovely is this world! How worthy to be the abode of a noble and holy being! How good is the Almighty! Whose heart does not inquire within him, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? If this sinful earth be thus charming, what must heaven be?

Before the vessel left port three respectable looking gentlemen stepped on board, and soon joined us on the upper deck. Whether by instinct, accident, the play of moral affinities, the operation of magnetic influence, or some other cause, I pretend not to say; but thus it was—we all became acquainted in about two minutes. The strangers, like ourselves, were from the Buckeye state: two members of the House of Representatives of the United States, and the third late a member of the state Senate. Mr. X., having been many years a member, and being acquainted with the locality, served us as guide, pointing out the Navy-yard, and other objects of interest, as we descended the stream. Arriving at Alexandria, we found carriages ready to receive us, and were soon on our way. As we rode through the city we could not but observe that though it had some good buildings, and appeared to be well sustained by its flour trade, it was, nevertheless, rather shabby in appearance.

After a pleasant ride of five or six miles over a rough road, we arrived at the Washington estate, which, I believe, contains about three thousand acres of land, and is in possession of a distant relative of General Washington. In all my excursions through this region I was surprised at the condition of the farms. Much of the land appears worn out and abandoned, and that which is cultivated seems poorly attended to. If it were in the hands of Pennsylvania and Ohio farmers, would it not soon be reclaimed? Its vicinity to the great cities ought, in my humble opinion, to prevent its abandonment, unless it be much poorer than I suppose. At the outer inclosure an old negro woman stood to turn the gate on its hinges for the sake of our

metallic tribute of thanks. On leaving the carriage, our first object was to see the tomb. Looking through the railing of an open vault, we saw the sepulchre which contains the remains of George and Martha Washington. Adjoining was a closed vault, which we were informed contained the remains of about fifty of the distant connections of the great and good man. We found masons engaged in adding another slab to the number already there, in commemoration of a grand-niece of the illustrious soldier, who died in the prime of life, and shortly after her marriage to a gentleman of New Orleans. I have never been so forcibly reminded of the Latin lamentation, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," as when standing on this hallowed spot.

I have often thought that it was well for Washington that he had no descendants. Had he left children, possessed of his powers, they would have constituted a kind of aristocracy. Had he left a family of a different description, they would have diminished the veneration which the nation spontaneously accords to his name. There seems to have been a happy providence also in the period of Washington's death. Did he not close his eyes at the time best for his own fame?

Leaving the vault, we strolled about the woods and fields, and at length came round to the house. This is by no means an elegant structure, but it is spacious and well arranged. In the hall hangs the key of the Bastille of Paris, (a prison-house of centuries,) which, if I mistake not, was demolished during the French Revolution in 1789. This relic (the key) was presented to Washington by his friend Lafayette. In the dining-room is a beautiful marble mantel, on which is represented, in mezzorelievo, a charming rural scene. I felt a kind of superstitious reverence as I dropped down into the old arm-chair. But I must not attempt to describe what doubtless has been painted a thousand times by much more happy pens than mine.

From the house we passed to the garden. This is inclosed by a brick wall, built under the direction of Washington himself, and is tastefully laid out in various geometrical figures, all bordered with box-wood. Within these beds are flowers of almost every description, many of which are in bloom in the month of April. The gardener, a good-natured, modest, but talkative old man, took great pains, and pleasure, too, in showing every interesting object, and letting us into the domestic history of the General. "Do you see that wall? well, the General built that. Do you see these beds? well, the old General wrote to king of Germany for a gardener." \* \* \* But why should I narrate the conversation of the old man, since a hearsay of a hearsay has no authority in law, and since the witness is yet alive, (I suppose,) and you may consult him for yourself.

The gardener appeared to be as much interested in us as we in him. When he led us to the greenhouse, and showed us the orange, lemon, and other trees loaded with fruit, besides various rare shrubs, among them an aloe fifty years old, he very gently intimated to us that gentlemen and ladies could be accommodated with oranges or lemons at a shilling apiece, and that they could be taken (if green) to our wives and daughters, and, moreover, that they would perfume our trunks on our journey and our bureaus after we returned home. The old orator! he knew just when to strike the wanderer's heart. Having provided ourselves with green limes, oranges, and lemons for our wives and daughters, as mementoes of the father of his country, and having sealed up the fountain which the impudent gardener had dared to unseal, we passed out.

As we left the garden, we passed a hut, white-washed and apparently clean and comfortable, on the door-way of which squatted "one of God's images cut in ebony." Time had wrinkled her cheeks, and frosted her temples, and chilled her blood, and palsied her limbs, and put out her eyes. She was one of the most wretched looking objects I ever beheld. Her arms were like drum-sticks, her whole frame like a skeleton covered with skin, and her face destitute of expression—a mere blank; or, as Mrs. Royal said of Dr. C.'s, "like the butt-end of a log of wood." By an invisible attraction, and without any consultation, we were drawn in a semicircle around the old woman, when the following colloquy occurred:

Mr. X. "Old woman, did you know General Washington?"

Negro. "Yes, sir, I knew him well."

Mr. X. "How old are you?"

Negro. "I don't know my age; but I was a smart girl at the time of Braddock's defeat."

Mr. X. "Have you any children?"

Negro. "Yes; but they are all down the river."

The old woman now turned querist, and raising her drooping head, she said, with a firm voice and a deep solemnity and interest, "Are any of you soldiers of Christ?" There was silence in heaven. That must have been a still silence. Well, the silence which ensued reminded me of it. One looked at another for an answer. At length Mr. Y. replied, with evident and perplexing embarrassment, "We don't know." As he stammered out his reply, I thought of King Agrippa before Paul. Mr. Y. is an intelligent, amiable, honorable man; but he stands confused before old Quashee. "O, yes," rejoined the old woman, with a voice of commanding tones and flute-like melody, "O, yes, if you are soldiers of Christ you *know* it. The Lord does not do his work so poorly that his creatures don't know when it is done!" Another dead pause, and more embarrassment, increased by

mutual sympathy. The old woman, as she waited for an answer, seemed to assume a new appearance. Her ebony countenance beamed with penetrating intelligence and Christian sympathy. I understood Solomon's declaration, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." My heart, as I gazed upon her, whispered, "Glory to God!" and I verily believed had my companions been "cedars of Lebanon," I should have tried a shout. Brother P. was the first to break the silence by saying to me, "Brother T., that is good doctrine."

Mr. X. "Old woman, are you blind?"

Now he need not have asked this question. She had no eyes. Turning her sightless eyeballs toward heaven, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "No, blessed be God! though I am blind to the things of this world, I am *not blind* to the things of the Spirit."

Methought the old woman's soul sustained the same relation to the world that her body did to her cottage. She was sitting at its door-way, her spirit's feet already resting upon the green of heaven, and her soul's eyes opening on its rainbow hues.

Mr. X. "Old woman, you are very old, and must soon die."

Negro. "Yes, blessed be God!"

Mr. X. "Well, you are old, and sickly, and feeble, and blind, and your children are gone, and you are a slave. I should think that, with your hopes of heaven, death would be desirable. Are you not anxious to die?"

Negro. "O, no, I wait God's time: I learn to suffer as well as do his will. I shall gladly go when he calls for me."

Mr. X. "What Church do you belong to?"

Negro. "In the language of this world, I belong to the Baptist Church; but when we get to heaven, I suppose my answer will be, I am a member of the Church of Christ."

Now, when you talk of moral sublimity, don't point to Alexander conquering the world, to Hannibal surmounting the Alps, to Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, to Wolfe dying in the arms of victory, to Lawrence wrapping himself in the American flag, and crying, "Don't give up the ship!" Here is a specimen of moral sublimity far superior to all that was ever exhibited upon earth's battle-fields—a poor, old, blind, diseased slave, sitting upon the rock of truth, while the waves of affliction dash in mountains at her feet; yet, looking up into heaven, and clinging to some beautiful promise, she gives glory to God, and smiles upon the world.

We departed silently from the old saint. I said within myself, as I took my place in the carriage, "This, blessed Christianity, is thy triumph. Philosophy may teach man to endure excruciating torment without a murmur: it belongs to the Gospel alone to teach him to rejoice in his affliction."

Original.

## PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Most individuals, we presume, acknowledge the importance of correct views in regard to the doctrines and precepts of religion. Such views lie at the foundation of all that is good in life and character. Some truths there may be, concerning which a mistake does not result in fundamental error; yet there are others that enter into the very soul of piety, any misconceptions as to which must be productive of consequences the most lamentable. Else why has God seen fit to make unto man a revelation of his will? If religion consist *exclusively* in leading an honest life, and in discharging those duties which grow out of our social relations, the Bible can be dispensed with, as being in itself but little superior to some other code of morality. But if it teach love toward God as well as toward man—if it inculcate the *principles* of righteousness, peace, and holiness—if it open up the way by which salvation and eternal life can be attained—then it would be as absurd for us to expect to live holy, while indifferent to its teachings, as for an individual to attempt to guide a vessel across the ocean, while he contemned the use of chart and compass, and was ignorant of the first principles of navigation; or to determine the orbits and to measure the distances of the planets and fixed stars, while he is incredulous in regard to the truths of mathematics.

Still, correct opinions are comparatively of little importance, unless permitted to exercise their legitimate influence in forming and elevating the character. We may have speculative belief without a particle of vital godliness; we may have every thing that Pharisaism and Sadducism enjoin; we may live peaceably and deal equitably with mankind; we may have "all faith and all knowledge;" we may be unswerving in our maintenance of the truth, and able at all times to confound gainsayers, and yet, if there be in all this nothing but the desire to appear well before men, our character, in the sight of heaven, will not be far removed from that of the unbeliever and hypocrite. We may seem Christians, and it is possible to succeed in deluding ourselves into the belief that we *are* such; but the hour of affliction, the hour of death, and above all, the light of eternity, will prove that our professions have been in vain, and that our religion has been nothing but a scheme of the intellect—an inefficient, unsustaining, worthless principle.

It is a sentiment somewhat current in modern times, that religion consists in the susceptibility of a warm glow of feeling, in the power to weep profusely under the preaching of the Gospel, and in the faculty to discourse fervently respecting the state, the rise and fall, or the fluctuations of piety among surrounding friends and neighbors. Enter-tainers of such doctrine generally are indifferent to

the every-day duties of the Christian life: because these duties, in their estimation, are among the less weighty matters of the law. There is another school, which denies the necessity of having the heart engaged in religious concerns, yet demands acts of justice and mercy. Its advocates are regarded, and very properly too, as those who have the form of godliness without its power. Both views, in part, we doubt not, the reader will discover to be incorrect. *Action is required to accompany feeling.* The affections and the outward conduct alike must be controlled. We are to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our strength, and our neighbor as ourselves. It is not enough simply to assent to the Divine origin of Christianity, and occasionally to observe its injunctions; nor is it enough for us to believe that God is: we must believe that he is a rewarder of all those that diligently seek him. Our belief must have such an influence over us as to produce *holy* affections; and these affections, in turn, must lead to a holy life. Any thing short of this is, as we have already intimated, religion only *in part*—a species which, whatever may be its assurances, can never secure acceptance with God.

Practical religion, to employ a metaphor, is a deep river, unaffected by temporary rains—ever flowing and ever full, having its rise in the great fountain, God, and partaking, to some extent at least, of his purity and unchangeableness. It is not at one time a torrent, leaping wildly from the mountain's brow, tearing up and merging every thing in its course, and anon becoming a rivulet, with so scanty a supply of water as to seem almost dried up at its head. It is the quickening power, planted amidst the sensibilities of our nature by the Holy Spirit. It is the source, the only source, whence flows all true joy. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away; the breath of human applause is fitful and delusory, changing oftentimes into the blight of slander; worldly pleasure terminates in bitterness and disappointment:

"Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits:  
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height,  
But downward as the blaze declining spreads,  
The dwarfish shadow to a giant grows."

It is not thus with religion. Let the change of external circumstances be what it may, let the fate of our possessions be what it will, this still abides with us. As the Psalmist said, so may the Christian say, "In the time of trouble the Lord shall hide me in his pavilion—in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock. Mine head shall be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of *joy*; I will sing, yea I will sing *praises* unto the Lord."

There are two distinct views which may be taken of the subject of practical religion, as it stands connected with the trials of life—as *triumphing over them*, and as *being advanced by them*. The experience of every individual living, affords ample and irrefutable testimony that this world is a vale of tears. It is possible, indeed, to find those who for ever seem to wear the smile of joy and gladness; yet the heart may be full of grief and mourning. Few, very few, escape being buffeted with adversity's blast; and fewer still, we may add, can withstand its shocks, unless supported by the Divine influence of religion. Let wealth depart; let poverty, with its train of evils, come; let detraction point its arrows at the blameless breast; let sickness steal away the hue of health, and stamp upon the cheek the look of death; let one or all of these calamities come upon the Christian, and he will meet them in unruffled serenity and triumph. Like the rock in the raging current, with sunshine ever on its brow, so stands the witness for God in the evil day: his heart full of peace in Christ, when all without is tribulation and gloom; his spirit mourning more for the sins it has committed, than for the outward sorrows it endures; himself more concerned about having his crosses sanctified, than about having them removed; and turning his tranquil eye unto Him who doeth all things well, he says, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are just, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Not only, however, does religion enable us to overcome the trials of life, but the varied principles of the Christian character are developed and strengthened by them. Nothing, in fact, is so well adapted to purify and brighten the graces bestowed by the Spirit, as the furnace of affliction. And hence, as the pious Leigh Richmond remarks, we look for the noblest specimens of Christian attainment, not among those who have always been surrounded by the sunshine of prosperity, but among those who have had to struggle hard with the world. Every Christian who has been severely tried, may, and ought to be, the better for it; and if he be not so, we do not say that he may not be saved, but let him take heed lest it should be so as by fire.

It is at the close of life that religion exhibits a still more glorious triumph. Death, with great propriety, has been termed "the king of terrors." There is something inconceivably awful, in standing on the shore of time and endeavoring to penetrate the veiled certainties of eternity. We look backward on life: it is but a shadow, a dream, a vapor; yet it has been the source of countless joys—of ten thousand delightful recollections. Many have been our friends—many our associations—but now we are to bid them all adieu, and must know

"And feel, alas! that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears distress;

Yet still our trembling hearts complain,  
Nor will we mourn one moment less."

In the hour of death nothing but religion can hush the voice of grief and check the tide of woe—nothing but it can irradiate the darkness of the tomb, and open up the vista to everlasting life.

But the highest triumph of religion is in eternity. The religion which we here enjoy is but the prelude of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which is in reversion for the faithful at God's right hand. In the present life we know only in part; in the future life we shall know even as we are known. *Here* we are often called to weep, but *there*, "to dim the radiant scene, the tear of sorrow never flows." *There* there is no more curse, neither pain nor death. There, with the ransomed of the Lord, shall we, if counted worthy, return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads; we shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. *Here* our converse with friends is short, and embittered with the thoughts of disunion; but there we shall form friendships that shall never be riven—there we shall be with an innumerable company of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect—and there, unto Him that loved us and gave himself for us, will we sing "Hallelujah, and power and dominion for ever." Yes, and more than this,

"There we shall see our Father's face,  
And never, never sin:  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in."

II.

Original.

## THE SPIRITUAL MARINER.

BY D. WELBURN.

THROWN upon the ocean of existence, without his own counsel or consent, man becomes the sport and prey of a thousand dangers. Though the voyage of life is to make, and the port of endless bliss to gain, he, in blindness and folly, trusts all his treasures and confides his every hope to the frail bark of human expectation. With nothing but the weaker than waxen cement of mortality, to protect him from instant and remediless ruin, he smiles at the gloom which gathers over his destiny, and fondly dreams of smoother seas, softer gales, and fairer skies. Roused from his fancied security by the thunders of Divine justice, all seems lost: for the vivid flashes of wrath discover the yawning waves of despair, and reveal to the wretched voyager all the horrors of his desperate situation. In the darkness and distress of that melancholy hour, he turns his anxious eye to catch some gleam of light from the far off regions of unfading day. But,

alas! in vain. Another moment, and his every hope is lost—he sinks to rise no more. When, far in the distance, a speck upon the ocean appears: it draws nearer and nearer—and the life-boat of the Gospel, with the Savior of sinners at the helm, wafted onward by the gales of grace, approaches the miserable wreck. The silver trumpet is heard in heaven's own accents, proclaiming, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Whosoever will, let him come." And while the ladder of Gospel promises is suspended, Jesus extends the help of his Spirit. But the weary wanderer, paralyzed with fear, seeing the step is so long, dreads to make the effort necessary to secure his salvation. He estimates the probabilities of safety by other means, until learning that "there is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we may be saved," he casts his cares on Jesus, and one step of obedient confidence lodges him safely in the arms of his adorable deliverer. Now, though storms may howl and waves beat high, the voice of the celestial Pilot is heard saying, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." Though rough the passage, the coasts of glory soon heave in view. The tall spires and glittering domes of the heavenly Jerusalem are seen through the telescope of faith: the anchor of hope is cast within the vale. One wave of death—one gale of love—and the port of peace is gained—the weather-beaten mariner is landed in the haven of eternal repose:

"There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Savior beneath;  
With shoutings each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past:"



From the Mother's Assistant.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY J. E. SANBORN.

I DREAMED. I saw an infant's lovely form,  
And from his mother's smile, and tender kiss,  
So full of love, he drank deep draughts of bliss.  
But soon the tide of life and manhood's storm  
Came bursting on his noble soul. An hour  
It was deeply to feel, and try, and prove,  
The hallowed impulse of a mother's love.  
Temptations dark came o'er him. But the power  
That lived in her mild words, and her meek eye,  
Had snatched his soul from crime and shame.  
The gloom  
Of age came o'er him. And anon the tomb  
Called for its prey. He went, prepared to die.

The moral is, prize well a mother's love,  
It tells of joys on earth, and joys above.

Original.

## MINOR MORALS.

### CHAPTER II.

FROM the side-walk our youthful reader proceeds probably to the door, calling to see a friend. Let us be careful even of the manner in which we pull the bell, no less on account of the bell-ropes, that it be not done with the startling abruptness of a *roue*, than of our own gentility and propriety. If our acquaintance be not at home, we will quietly place our card in the hand of the waiter and depart. It is best—even most discreet—to send as few *verbal* messages as possible—our pencil and card suffice—and all is done politely—and we have exactly our own words, neither more nor less.

Loud talking and laughter in the street are particularly unbecoming, and out of place. Let your recognition, in look and gesture, be as animated and cordial as you please. The different degrees of acquaintanceship will prescribe their appropriate salutations. But, even with intimates, bandy not familiar words in public, least some waggish rejoinder, or sympathetic laugh from the crowd, put you to the blush for the freedom you have seemed to invite. And whether this result occur or not, the thing is equally improper. Much laughter and loud talking, or any roistering demonstrations, are improper and ungentle any where, oppressive to hearers, and positively disrespectful in the presence of elders.

Never, when passed out of the nursery, be betrayed into romping. Even in partaking the lively exercise of the country at picnicks, in playing at battle-door, &c., let decorum preside over your sports. You may still play with gusto and animation without enacting the romp. Especially on the Sabbath, in walking to and from church, do not permit any young companion or irreverent admirer to revert to the amusements of the week, to use light words, or to betray you also into frivolous conversation. Let your silence, and a decided manner, mark your disapprobation. This is so exceedingly improper that it should be hardly classed in rebuke with other acts of levity.

Try upon all occasions to restrain a volatility of spirits. It is an excess which, if not unnatural, is at least an unwholesome waste of vitality, and which frequently results in self-mortification and chagrin, often causing misunderstandings and affronts; for remember that those whose animal spirits are not pitched to the same key with your own, cannot harmonize with them, nor understand their latitude. This excess, too, destroying that equilibrium so salutary in nature, is sure to have its answering ebb and lowness, subjecting you to the imputation of a moody, capricious, and uncertain character. But don't mistake me. Be as cheerful as you please. Have as much emotion, sensibility, and

liveliness of mind as you may. And these refinements are much more likely to subsist under the temperate régime of cheerfulness than under that of a wasteful and dissipating mirth. But in all your moods of mind, of all things avoid affectation. Yet do not deem the restraints of decorum to be affectation. You are not thus affecting a character which you have not: you only discipline that which you have.

There is hardly any circumstance which should excuse whispering in the presence of a third person. If a particular communication is to be made, rather call the person to be addressed apart. This is much better than risking the possible suspicion of others being the subject of the talk, or even of subjecting them to the awkward feeling of being *de trop* in the company.

Never assist or participate, by nods, and looks, and gestures, in personal comment. Even if the subject be a jocose one, it is taking an unwarrantable liberty with another. If the person be absent, to do this is cowardly and mean: if present, insult is added to injury.

Never abet scandal and calumny in any form: it is ungenerous in the extreme toward those implicated, and no less debasing to your own manners. However well-grounded a disadvantageous report may be, there is always more or less of uncharitableness in giving it the pass. Although vice should not be countenanced, yet it is a matter of conduct and not of conversation that should distance it. Besides the matter in question is often subject to much mistake and misinterpretation; and these "hear-says," these impersonal authorities, are not always of incontestable validity. For yourself—morality apart—it is a low habit to talk scandal. The dignified never do it.

In receiving visitors be upon your best behavior. Courtesy is the due of all admitted as such. Even if the visit be untimely, or an interruption to some engagement, make the best of it, and let not this appear. If two or more present themselves together, one being much the senior of the rest, let not your salutation be general, as, "How are you, ladies?" but, after a general bow, "How are you, madam?" and "how are you all, ladies?"

If you are disengaged enough to see company at all, be disengaged enough to give them your attention whilst present. And especially do not commit the grossness of interrupting their comment or story. If some interruption have necessarily occurred, refer to the subject with polite interest to hear the sequel. If your visitors are not ready in talk, it is your place to supply subjects, letting them lead, however, if they will. Divide your attention equally to all. They have all equally paid you the compliment of a visit; and none should be subjected to disagreeable impressions in return.

Do not be over-pressing to any, upon any point, as to the performance of a piece of music, the singing of an air, &c., leaving them no option of disobliging themselves to oblige you.

Never betray your weariness of a dull person who fastens upon you; but having "submitted" awhile, withdraw yourself the best way you can.

In visiting others be careful to observe if your visit is well-timed. If it happened *mal à propos*, make your *congé* soon, and away. Especially, if on the eve of a journey your acquaintance is packing her trunk—or should be—do not hinder her. Do not treat persons to continual apologies for trespasses which might have been prevented. Remember that too much apology is in itself an offense. In matters of serious moment, it shows more sense, and a better appreciation of things, to refrain from all apology—only expressing regret. Observe that apology is never received, and never equivalent to that which it would excuse—and in a matter of moment has the air of throwing it in the light scale.

Affect not an undue positiveness in small matters. Avoid contradiction. Do not avouch all that you have "heard said;" neither abet contending opinions unasked. Do not thrust yourself into a *tete-a-tete*: it is very impertinent and very offensive.

But the morning is quite too lovely to be spent in these comparative abstractions. Instead of giving forth ideas, it is much better, at such a season, to be gathering them in—to breathe the outward air—to bask in the life elements—to range abroad—to see, to taste, to feel the joy of outward life. Bating the convenience of things, on such a morning all else seems sordid. *Vale!*



#### THE BIBLE OUR TRUE GUIDE.

WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,  
Where sin has tracked ten thousand ways,  
Her victims to insnare;  
All broad, and winding, and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,  
Bearing their baubles or their loads  
Down to eternal night;  
One only path that never bends,  
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends  
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?  
The Bible!—he alone who hath  
The Bible need not stray;  
But he who hath, and will not give  
That light of life to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way. MONTGOMERY.

Original.

## SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF MAN.

BY T. B. CRAIGHEAD.

EVERY thing around, above, and beneath man, declares that he is fallen. The clouds which obscure our sky, the burning rays of the meridian sun, the tornado, the earthquake, the toil and sweat with which we procure our food, the pains requisite to education, the sorrows, ills, disappointments, and misfortunes, which happen to men in this life as their inheritance, are inconsistent with the doctrine of man's natural purity. And whenever we look within, and see that our hearts "are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," so that none can know even themselves to perfection; when we experience that, after the enjoyment of all earthly honors, riches, and pleasures, without the peace of God in our hearts, there is an aching void, which the world can never fill; when we experience that the more riches we have the more we desire, the more honors we arrive at the more we endeavor to obtain, and the more pleasures we participate the more we endeavor to enjoy; when we feel that there is a certain longing after immortality, which will not suffer the soul to be satisfied with the things of time, without the favor of God—so that if we were enabled, like Alexander, to conquer the whole world, and claim all its riches, honors, and pleasures as our own, like him, we should weep that there was not another world for us to conquer; when we look within us and see all this, we know that we are fallen. A monarch, when surrounded by his courtiers, and reflecting upon the woes of men, is reported to have said, that "if he had had the making of man, he would not have made him in his present situation;" and he spoke truly, whether he designed to do so or not, for "God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions."

Man was made in the likeness of God. He was the ruler of Eden—the companion of angels. No beast of the forest nor the field—no fowl of the air, no reptile nor insect of the earth, dared to resist his power, but all gently obeyed his will. The lion, which now so wildly and fiercely resists his commands, then played innocently with the lamb, at the feet of the partners of Eden, as they sat on some fair, flowery mount of Paradise, their temples fanned by the most delightful zephyrs, and the air perfumed with sweet odors, which added to their happiness; while they, perhaps, mingled their voices of angelic sweetness in praises to their Father, God. The eagle, which now fixes his eye upon the dazzling sun, and mounts upward far beyond the reach of man and above the rain-cloud, and is even lost to human vision amid the trackless fields of ether, then came at his call and

went at his bidding. No clouds then obscured his sky—no burning heat nor pinching cold made him weary of his life, for all was joy.

God had placed man, however, under one restraint: "Of all the trees in the garden (he said) thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." In the meantime the devil, who was called in heaven the Sun of the Morning, and who was one of the brightest spirits that burned around the throne of God, and who, together with a third part of the angels, was cast out of heaven for his rebellion, being envious of the high state of felicity to which man was created, plots against his happiness and determines his fall. Therefore, he enters the serpent, because that was the wisest of the beasts of the garden, and our first parents were, therefore, most likely to take heed to his counsels; and, by fair speeches, he induces them to violate the law of God, and to bring sin, death, and all our woe upon a lost and ruined world. Man had now violated the law of God, and justice required an atonement for the offense committed. Adam and Eve, with all their posterity, were about to be condemned to a hopeless and eternal hell, except a mediator is provided. Now, all the men that have or may live, and all the angels of heaven, and all the powers of hell combined, could not bring salvation. In this period of thrilling interest in the history of man, when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

When we see the Spartan king sacrificing his life for his country, we are struck with admiration of his patriotism. When we contemplate the willingness of Abraham to offer up his only son, Isaac, in obedience to the commands of his Creator, Benefactor, and Friend, we are filled with wonder and astonishment at his faith and love. But when we contemplate God Almighty giving his Son to die, not for a benefactor, nor yet a friend, but for his enemies, we are overwhelmed with the thought of redeeming grace and dying love. This love cannot be compared to any thing else, hence our Savior does not institute a comparison. It is higher than heaven, and as deep as hell; it is more boundless than space, and as enduring as eternity! And shall this love be manifested in vain? It remains with us to answer, in part, this question. Then seize this day, dear impenitent reader, and consecrate unto God your bodies and souls, by an active faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If you perform this reasonable service, God Almighty, who sees thy work of faith and labor of love, will, ere long, welcome thee into the joys of thy Lord, and the love of God shall be thy theme of unceasing praise.



Original.

## NEW ENGLAND MUNIFICENCE.

NICHOLAS BROWN, of Providence, R. I., who died in 1842, left a bequest of forty thousand dollars to that (his native) town, to aid in the erection and establishment of an asylum for the insane. Cyrus Butler, of the same place, has proposed to add the like sum of forty thousand dollars, for the same joint purpose, upon the condition that, within a limited number of months, a third sum of forty thousand dollars shall be subscribed by the inhabitants to the same purpose, the amount of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars being deemed adequate for the purpose contemplated. We hear that thirty-two thousand of the required sum is already subscribed for, and have every reason to believe that the remainder will be forthcoming in season.

Mr. Brown, it should be known, is the same gentleman who, many years ago, endowed Rhode Island College with the sum of five thousand dollars, for which donation the trustees made him the compliment of changing its name to that of Brown University. In addition to this, when a third and centre building was put up beside this child of his adoption, at an expense of *thirty thousand* dollars, seeing and approving the plan, Mr. B. said, laconically and characteristically, "Charge it to me! charge it to me!" And so it was done.

Mr. Butler, here mentioned, is the same gentleman who mostly built the beautiful Arcade on the western side of the river, not, it is known, as a matter of speculation, (for any other investment would have answered better,) but as an ornament to his native town, and a noble monument of his own public spirit.

The late Ezekiel Knight Dexter, of the same city, also bequeathed *seventy thousand* dollars for the erection of an asylum for the indigent. He also gave the lot, probably an area of twenty acres, on which the building stands, situated a small distance from the city.

It is believed in some sections of our country, that there is no liberality in New England. Many years ago I was in Savannah, dining at a table with the Rev. Dr. Porter, (deceased,) then Principal of the Theological School at Andover, Mass., and heard him asserting to the effect that there was no country in the world where contributions for proper objects could be more readily obtained than in New England—"particularly," he observed, "in the city of Boston." He corroborated this statement by adding, "I myself, when first engaged in the institution at Andover, had immediate and urgent occasion for *ten thousand* dollars. But," continued he, "I was not at all anxious on the subject; for I confidently believed I could get it. I cast about in mind, and settled on two men

in the city of Boston, whom I would ask in succession for the whole sum; and," added he, "*my first man gave it me.* On another occasion," continued he, "I needed *two thousand* dollars for the institution. I went to Boston, called on a friend of mine and of the institution, and told him I had come to dine with him, and to discuss a particular subject, which, over the dessert, I unfolded to him. He came into it at once, and *quietly handed me a draft for the money across the table.*"

I recollect that there were present two foreigners, an Englishman and a Scot, both probably fully imbued with prejudices of "Yankee meanness." At these recitals they looked as if they could not believe their own ears, (the manner more than the amount certifying to an opposite conclusion,) Doctor Porter's veracity being beyond doubt.

In Boston, although there is an abiding economy of money, yet public purposes are liberally subscribed to, genius and talent are fostered and assisted, (and *never* overlooked.) The public charities are numerous and munificent, and beyond my ability to capitulate. "Every now and then" we hear of an individual who, in his lifetime, or by bequest, endows some new object of charity to amounts varying from a thousand to a hundred thousand dollars, and rising. B.

## TO-MORROW.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou  
Of time and tide that are not now!  
But think, in one revolving day  
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,  
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;  
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss  
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press  
Her husband in her fond caress;  
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed  
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain  
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;  
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,  
That bosom current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast  
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;  
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,  
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou  
Of time and tide that are not now!  
But think, in one revolving day  
That even thyself may'st pass away.

Knox.

## Original.

## HEBREW MINSTRELSY.

THERE is no place in which such sublime poetry can be found, as in the Hebrew language of the Old Testament. Adorned in all the rich luxuriance of oriental imagery, Hebrew poetry was consecrated to the declaration of the mighty acts of Deity. No coldly clad metaphors marred its beauty; but it discovers the perfect impress of the divine Original at once to the mind of the reader. Now picturing the greatness and glory of the Infinite, you feel an instinctive dread of coming into his presence, or beholding his majesty. Again you listen, and with such pathos is his tenderness and compassion described, that you seem to be listening to the sweet minstrelsy of an angel, and are forced to believe that the inspired penman stood at the portals of eternity, and gazed on the glory within.

Many parts of the Old Testament were written in verse, though differing, as widely as possible, from the modern system of versification. Psalms, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and the greater part of all the prophetic books, except Jonah and Daniel, are written in verse. The two introductory chapters of Job, however, are in prose; and in the prophets, prose and verse are continually mingled together. Isaiah is remarkable for the sublimity of his thoughts, clothed in a rich poetic dress. It seemed the business of the prophets, chosen by Jehovah himself, when retired, as they were, from the noise and bustle of life, to clothe the oracles of God in that rich poetic drapery, and to pen those strong appeals to the heart and conscience, which have cheered many a pilgrim since, in his journey to the celestial city.

Lowth says: "It is evident, from many parts of the sacred history, that even from the earliest times of the Hebrew republic, there existed certain colleges of the prophets, in which the candidates for the prophetic office, removed altogether from any intercourse with the world, devoted themselves entirely to the exercises and study of religion. Though the sacred history affords us but little information, and that in a cursory manner, concerning their institutes and discipline, we, nevertheless, understand that a principal part of their occupation consisted in celebrating the praises of almighty God in hymns and poetry, with choral chants, accompanied by stringed instruments and pipes." It is certain that the Hebrews chanted these hymns in alternate choirs; and hence arose those parallelisms in which their poetry abounds, especially in the Psalms and Proverbs. The first choir would sing,

"In a little anger have I forsaken thee;"

The other would reply,

"But with great mercies will I receive thee again."

Again, the first,

"In a short wrath I hid my face for a moment from thee;"

The second,

"But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee."

This method of parallelism is adopted throughout the whole of Proverbs, and frequently in other places. But there was another kind that the Hebrews often used, viz., where the first choir began and sung three, four, or more lines, before the response from the second choir, which would continue the song, though rarely ever, in length, proportionate to the first.

It would be thought at the present day, that such a continual parallelism would prove very wearisome; but, says a distinguished author, "the nervous simplicity and conciseness of the Hebrew muse, prevents this parallelism from degenerating into monotony. In repeating the same idea in different words, she seems as if displaying a fine opal, that discovers fresh beauty in every new light to which it is turned. Her amplifications of a given thought, are like the echoes of a solemn melody—her repetitions of it like the landscape reflected in the stream. And, whilst her questions and responses give a life-like effect to her compositions, they remind us of the alternate voices in public devotion, to which they were manifestly adapted."

Another benefit arose from the free and unconfined nature of Hebrew poetry, which was, that it admitted a freer use of figures than any modern poetry admits. All oriental productions are characterized by a free use of bold metaphorical language, which gave brilliancy and beauty to the subject. But in no place is figurative language used so boldly, vividly, yet simply, as in the poetical productions of God's word. Those warm outgushings of the heart, the benedictions of the patriarchs, and the patriotic glow excited in their bosoms by some remarkable act, naturally would find vent in expressions under a poetic dress. It is to such occasions as these, that we are indebted for the finest specimens of sacred poetry.

The oldest specimen of Hebrew poetry, of which we have any account, is the address of Lamech to his wives, in Genesis iv, 23, which is more than a thousand years older than any production of the profane poets. It is a fact, as a distinguished writer remarks, that "their historical records," speaking of the Hebrews, "may be said to end where those of Greece begin: the first of their historians being a thousand years anterior to Herodotus, and the last of them his cotemporary; and they possessed beautiful poetry, which was committed to writing probably centuries before letters were known in Greece, and before the remotest period in which we can suppose the author of the Iliad existed." The next poetical production, is the address of Noah to his sons. Then comes the blessing of Jacob, of touching beauty. The next we meet with is the triumphal ode sung by the

children of Israel after the passage of the Red Sea, composed, probably, by Moses. Then, passing over several fragments, we come to the prophecy of Balaam, a production remarkable for its wild yet mournful sublimity, and its sudden burst upon the mind:

"From Aram I am brought by Balak—  
By the king of Moab, from the mountains of the east:  
Come curse me, Jacob,  
And come execrate Israel:  
How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?  
And how shall I execrate whom God hath not execrated?  
For, from the tops of the rocks I see him,  
And from the hills I behold him:  
Lo! the people who shall dwell alone,  
Nor shall number themselves among the nations!  
Who shall count the dust of Jacob?  
Or the number of the fourth of Israel?  
Let me die the death of the righteous,  
And let my last end be like his!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I shall see him, but not now:  
I shall behold him, but not nigh," &c.

Then, in Deuteronomy, that beautiful and affecting appeal to the Israelites; and a little after, the blessing of that holy man a short time before his death, viewing the promised land, spread out before him, from Pisgah's top, speaking sweetly of their rest there, as a foretaste of the joys of eternity. These are the principal poetic fragments in the historic parts of the Old Testament.

But the greater number, by far, of those sacred songs collected under the general head of Psalms, were composed by David, so appropriately styled "The sweet Psalmist of Israel." When an obscure shepherd, pasturing his flock on the delightful vales of Bethlechem, his voice might be heard, accompanied with the soft tones of his lute, raised in humble thanksgiving to that God who had bestowed upon him so many blessings. We discover, at once, the "man after God's own heart," by his wild, pathetic, yet tender appeals to the heart:

"The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want;  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside the still waters;  
He reviveth my spirit,  
He leadeth me in the right paths,  
For his name's sake.  
When I walk through the darkest valley,  
I fear no evil, for thou art with me;  
Thy crook and thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of mine enemies;  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of  
my life,  
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

In this example the common version has not been followed, but the translation of the Rev. George R. Noyes, as it is considered nearer the spirit of the original.

O, come, let us sing unto Jehovah!  
Let us shout to the rock of our salvation!  
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,  
Let us shout to him with songs!  
For a great God is Jehovah,  
And a great king over all gods.  
In his hand are the deep places of the earth,  
And his are the heights of the mountains;  
The sea is his, and he made it,  
The dry land also, which his hands have formed.  
O, come, let us worship and bow down,  
Let us kneel before Jehovah, our maker:  
For he is our God, and we  
Are the people of his pasture, and the flock of his hand."

In Job are some of the most sublime passages of poetry that can be found in any language:

"Then spake Jehovah to Job out of the whirlwind, and said:  
Who is this that darkeneth my counsel by words without  
knowledge?"

Gird up thy loins like a man;  
I will ask, and answer thou me,  
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?  
Declare, since thou hast such knowledge!  
Who fixed its dimensions, since thou knowest!  
Or who stretched out the line upon it!  
Upon what were its foundations fixed?  
Or who laid its corner-stone,  
When the morning stars shone together,  
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?  
\* \* \* \* \*

Hast thou ever commanded the morning,  
Or caused the day-spring to know its place,  
That they should lay hold on the ends of the earth,  
And shake the wicked out of it?  
\* \* \* \* \*

Where is the way to the abode of light?  
And darkness, where is its dwelling place?  
That thou mayest lead each of them to its boundary,  
And know the paths to its mansion.  
Surely thou knowest it! for thou wast then born!  
And the number of thy years is great!

Hast thou entered the store-houses of the snow,  
Or seen the treasures of the hail?  
\* \* \* \* \*

Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades,  
Or loosen the bands of Orion?  
Canst thou lead out Mazzaroth in its season,  
Or guide Arcturus with his sons?  
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?  
Hast thou appointed their dominion over the earth?"

Isaiah is full of rich poetic imagery. He, indeed, may be called the national poet of the Israelites. How beautiful are his expressions when, speaking of the future Church, he burst out with the exclamation—

"There the glorious Lord shall be unto us a place of broad  
rivers and streams:  
The wilderness and the solitary parts shall be glad for them,  
And the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.  
O, thou afflicted, and beaten with the storm, and destitute of  
consolation,  
Behold, I lay thy stones in cement of vermillion,  
And thy foundations with sapphires:  
And I will make of rubies thy battlements,  
And thy gates of carbuncles,  
And the whole circuit of thy wall shall be of precious stones."

D.

Original.

## A LEAF FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

In the latter part of July, 184—, I was spending a few days in the pleasant village of B—, Kentucky. Its retired situation, and the pleasing manners of its inhabitants, had such an effect on my mind, that I thought I could cheerfully consent to spend my days in its calm retirement. Here, in the circle in which I became acquainted, cheerfulness, softened and brightened by the hallowing influences of Christianity, seemed to have found a genial home; and though an entire stranger on my arrival there, in a few days I found myself surrounded by friends and circumstances which I shall never forget.

I had not been here long, however, before I found that, notwithstanding the general peace and content which appeared to prevail, there was even there much that was calculated to make me remember that this is but a world of sin, and of sorrow, and death. Though, at the first casual glance, the picture seemed bright, yet I soon, very soon, made the discovery that pain and sickness, the struggle of the spirit for life, the pallid brow, the fevered cheek, and the sleepless eye of the watcher, were all to be found in this beautiful and apparently happy spot. Yes, even here the monster who has triumphed over so many myriads of our race, who has made earth one vast charnel-house, a very *Golgotha*, was, by his agent, disease, preying upon the cheek of beauty, seizing upon the strong man and the infant with a giant's grasp, and bearing alike the purest and noblest to the silent dwellings of the dead.

There was one of whom I heard shortly after my arrival. Consumption had laid its hand upon him, and slowly and silently, but surely, was performing its accustomed task. For some years this disease had been preying upon him; but, like all its victims, he seemed to hope that life would be prolonged, and that the ties which bound him to earth would not soon be rudely severed. He was still young, and the wife of his youth, and one fair child, the pledge of their pure affections, were cords of union of no common strength, and they seemed to bind him to this lower sphere with the holiest ties.

About the time I arrived at B—, he began to perceive that life was fast waning away, and that soon he would be called upon to pass "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." By the advice of his friends he had been removed a short distance into the country, in the hope that its quietude and pure air might have a beneficial effect on his declining frame. It was at this place that I first

visited him. The morning on which I started for this purpose was truly delightful. A short time before, a heavy rain had fallen, which had imparted to all things around a pleasing freshness and fragraney. All nature seemed cheerful, the birds were caroling forth their sweetest songs—all around me seemed full of life—all joy and gladness; but I was on my way to the house of sorrow and of mourning. When I arrived there, how changed was the scene! Silence seemed to reign around. The friends of the sufferer spoke in whispers, and the heavy, measured breathing of the dying man was the only audible sound to be heard. All hope of life had fled, but, with his weakness, the hope of eternal life seemed to grow stronger and stronger. He made signs for us to pray. We knelt at his bedside and poured out our fervent prayers to the great Dispenser of all good in behalf of our suffering brother. When we arose his eyes were cast upward. He made a strong effort to speak, and looking round him, he exclaimed as loud as his feeble voice would permit, "Sing! sing!" A hymn was chosen, the burden of which was the final resting-place of the faithful, and the joys reserved in that happy home, or, in the words of the hymn which we sung—

"The home I have in heaven."

Never before had I so deeply felt the power of music. I had heard the union of young and happy voices sending forth, in merry peals, the "unwritten melodies" of their hearts—I had heard it swelling from the lips of beauty in the scene of festal mirth, and bursting in solemn anthems from the deep-toned organ; but never, to me, did music seem to possess such power as when it rose tremulously yet triumphantly around the couch of that dying man. There were weeping eyes around that bed, and hearts that were nearly breaking; yet, when their voices caught the strain, their weeping eyes were upturned, and thoughts of heaven so triumphed over those of earth, that even the sufferer strove to join in that glad yet solemn song with his dying breath, and, even in death, to shout *victory*. The song ceased, and soon his glad spirit, borne on the wings of faith and holy prayer, took its heavenward flight. My own feelings it were vain to attempt to describe; but shortly after leaving the room, I attempted an imperfect transcript of them in the following lines:

How tremblingly that strain arose  
 Around the couch of death!  
 So sweet, the sufferer strove to join  
 It with his dying breath:  
 He smil'd, to him it seem'd to be  
 Some ling'ring angel's minstrelsy.  
 Soft as a lute's last dying notes,  
 Or as the vesper song,  
 And yet it spoke of blessed hopes,  
 Of faith, and courage strong:

In tones sweet as the breath of ev'n  
 The song spoke of a home in heav'n.  
 That home the suff'rer long'd to see—  
 His spirit's blest abode—  
 His Father's glorious dwelling place—  
 The city of his God;  
 And that glad song struck on his ear  
 Like music from another sphere.  
 Each note appear'd an angel's voice  
 To beckon him away,  
 And make the spirit haste to leave  
 Its dwelling place of clay:  
 It was a prelude to the songs  
 Which burst but from seraphic tongues.  
 While bands of happy spirits bright  
 Appear'd to hover nigh,  
 Which bade his spirit plume its wings,  
 To seek its native sky,  
 It struggled in its shatter'd cell,  
 And bade to earth a long farewell.



Original.

THE WRATH OF GOD.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

IN reading the Bible, we often meet with passages like the following: "God is angry with the wicked every day;" "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness;" "For a fire is kindled in mine anger which shall burn to the lowest hell," &c. These passages and those of a kindred character naturally suggest the inquiries—what is meant by *wrath*, as thus used? or in what sense can God be said to be *angry*? and what has caused this anger to exist? An answer to these inquiries will constitute the subject of the present communication.

In entering upon the elucidation of any subject, it is frequently found of great importance to remove false impressions from the mind before any direct attempt is made to exhibit the truth as it is. This is particularly the case in relation to the subject before us. Two very erroneous opinions have always been extensively prevalent among the human family in reference to the feelings of God toward them as sinners. The first is, that God's anger is the offspring of *malevolence*: the second, that it is the offspring of *revenge*. It will be necessary, therefore, to remove these before we can proceed in the general discussion of the subject.

It may then be stated, in the first place, that the feeling of God, denominated anger, wrath, &c., is not the offspring of malevolence.

God hates not any thing he has made. It has been one of the great attempts of the devil ever since the fall, if not to *persuade* men that God was a malevolent being, at least to instill such a feeling

in their hearts—to interweave it, as it were, into the very texture of their moral being—to such an extent as would lead them to impute, almost involuntarily, many of God's dealings with them to such a source. Hence it is that we often find men murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. When God steps in between them and the accomplishment of some favorite purpose, or when he blights their hopes and prospects of some anticipated pleasure, the almost instantaneous feeling of the human heart is that he is unnecessarily severe; and sometimes it proceeds so far as to charge God with cruelty. In such circumstances, men feel that they do not deserve what they receive. They are unconscious of the moral turpitude of their own character, or the exceeding sinfulness of sin; and hence arrive at false conclusions. A single example may suffice to illustrate this position. In conversation with an elderly lady sometime since, who had been deeply afflicted in the loss of friends, she remarked that she could not see why God had dealt thus with her. She did not think she was worse than others. She had always tried to live peaceably with all the world, and do as much good and as little harm as she could; and yet God had severely afflicted her. Some of her neighbors were openly vicious; and yet they prospered in every thing to which they put their hands. If God were a benevolent and kind being, she could not see why things were thus. Now it is very evident that, although she could not bring herself to charge her Maker directly with partiality or malevolence, yet there was a sufficiency of that feeling to prevent the truth from producing its appropriate effect upon her mind. It amounted to about this: "If it be not the offspring of malevolence I do not know to what to attribute it." Such was the unexpressed feeling of the heart. This is by no means a solitary instance. We find the same thought flitting across the mind even of David and of Job when in their greatest distress. But with them it was but the shadow of a summer's cloud which, by its sudden transition, gave to the landscape a more brilliant glow than before. The doubt which momentarily had entered gave place to a confidence strengthened by a new test of the principles by which their lives were regulated. They believed God, and found in his providential dealings only a confirmation of his own declaration that he was a God of love. For if malevolence formed any part of his character, his omnipotent power would secure to him all the opportunities necessary for the most complete gratification of this feeling. But, on the contrary, they found that he crowns the year with his goodness; that his mercy endureth for ever; that, among the mighty works of his hand, man was not forgotten or neglected; and that he supplied the wants of every creature he had made.

Again: this anger is not the offspring of *revenge*. When a fellow-man in any way attempts to injure us, the immediate promptings of the human heart is retaliation. And we are continually prone to attribute like feelings to God. This was the charge which he brought in olden time: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself." But this is not the fact. He is not affected by any of the causes of disturbance which mar our happiness. He fears not the combined powers of ALL the creatures he has made; for they derive from him all their power, either for good or evil. The Psalmist has beautifully expressed the feelings of God in view of their impotent rage as directed against himself: "Why did the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel against the Lord and against his anointed. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision."

God not only fears not the combined fury of his enemies, but their machinations cannot reach him, or disturb the harmony of his plans, or, if the expression may be allowed, cannot touch his feelings. He sits upon the throne of the universe. He does his pleasure in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. To the rage and rebellion of man he saith, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." He makes even the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he restrains. Upon his most determined and exasperated enemies he looks down with serenity, mingled with pity, and asks, "Whom hast thou reproached and blasphemed; and against whom hast thou exalted thy voice, and lifted up thy eyes on high? Even against the holy One of Israel. Because thy rage against me and thy tumult is come up into my ears; therefore, I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." Their rage is perfect impotence. All they can do cannot, by any possibility, delay or accelerate the accomplishment of his purposes, or thwart any of his plans. In no way can they effect an injury except upon themselves. Their attempts to impugn his character or rebel against his government only recoil upon themselves with a double force; for were their aspersions of his character likely to produce even a temporary injury, he has it in his power, at any instant, to vindicate that character and send a world of rebels to perdition. Being so far exalted above their impotence in every respect, there is nothing upon which their actions can fasten to excite revenge. If they sin, it is against their own souls. If they oppose his purposes, it is but the mote attempting to check the chariot wheels of the sun. If they rebel against his government, it is but the potsherds striving with the potsherds of

the earth. If they take counsel to blot out his name, and destroy his institutions, as did the French Academy, it is but the pigmies of earth in solemn conclave commanding the sun not to shine, or the moon to forget her course around the earth. He cannot be tempted of any. His sovereign, independent will "moves on his undisturbed affairs."

Having thus briefly encountered the errors stated, the way is prepared for a positive exposition of the term. By anger, or wrath, when applied to God, we understand *his strong disapprobation of sin, and the course pursued by the wicked*. While their conduct cannot injure him, or disappoint any of his purposes, it is not from any want of disposition on their part that it is so, but from sheer want of ability. If they could they would hurl Deity from his throne, and usurp for themselves the government of the universe. They would carry out their selfish or ambitious schemes independent and irrespective of the rights of any in the wide universe. Of such conduct God, if he be a God of justice, cannot but disapprove. That disapprobation is clearly revealed in the Bible, and revealed under the forms and expressions cited above.

The next inquiry connected with the subject is, what has caused this anger to exist?

An answer to this question has, in part, been anticipated above. In a more full elucidation, it may be remarked that this wrath exists because God is a God of *benevolence*. To some this may appear a paradox. But a more full discussion will, I think, prove the contrary. Without stopping to argue the point, let it be admitted that God is benevolent. As the supreme ruler of the universe, he desires the happiness of all the subjects of his government. Since he has made them rational and accountable beings, this happiness can only be secured in a way consistent with one of the very elementary principles of his government—*THEIR FREEDOM*. The human mind is not like a vessel which can be filled with happiness as with a substance foreign to it. Its happiness must be its own; that is, it must arise from something personal, or from something having a direct personal relation to the being experiencing it. Happiness, in the true sense of the term, cannot exist without the consciousness of responsibility. In order, therefore, that the subjects of his government might be happy God has given them the power of becoming happy—he has bestowed upon them certain rights and privileges, in the proper exercise of which rational happiness was to be secured; and only required that, in the exercise of these rights and privileges, a just regard should be had to his rights as creator, moral governor, and benefactor, and a mutual regard and respect for the rights of one another. Thus, in all their pursuits of happiness, love to himself, and obedience to his commands, as

proceeding from love, and love to one another, was the only restriction imposed. His omniscient wisdom perceived this as the only plan to secure their highest happiness. There was nothing unjust or oppressive in the law; but, on the contrary, it was, as man was constituted, the great conducive cause of his happiness; for the consciousness of having done right, or having administered to the happiness of one another, has always proved one of the sources of the highest enjoyment. But no sooner had man begun to act than he violated this law of his being by invading the rights of his Sovereign—by throwing off all allegiance to him, and setting up a government of his own in opposition to that of his Maker. As he had cast aside the first part of the law requiring a proper respect to the rights of the Sovereign, it was not to be expected that he would pay any regard to the second, requiring respect for the rights of the subject. We therefore find him immediately attempting to deprive his fellow-subject, or rather his fellow-rebel, of every right which he can by arbitrary power gain possession of, or keep when once obtained. As this has been mutual, we find that the whole history of the world has been one continued struggle to obtain, or continue in the possession of the rights and privileges of others. This being the very opposite of what the fundamental law required, it was to be expected that unhappiness would be the result. And how fully and fearfully has this anticipation been realized! If, then, God really desired the happiness of the universe which he had made, he could not but disapprove of any and every thing which would mar or destroy that happiness among any of his creatures. Hence, when he saw one individual depriving another of the rights and the means of enjoyment which he himself had bestowed alike on both—when he heard the cry of suffering go up from the injured and the oppressed—and when he saw his own moral image, originally stamped upon the character of man, blotted out—how could he feel otherwise than indignant? What other sentiments could he entertain than those of strong disapprobation.

In addition, his own rights had been violated. His claim was founded on what he himself had done. He had made the beings who had rebelled; they were dependent upon him for every thing they possessed. He only required that of them, with the yielding of which was indissolubly connected their highest happiness—the continued enjoyment of his favor. But, instead of obedience, he found rebellion and base ingratitude. They dishonored his name. His day, which he had made for their benefit, but to the ownership of which he had never relinquished his claim, they laid sacrilegious hands upon; and instead of devoting its sacred hours to his worship, as he had commanded,

appropriated them to the gratification of their own sinful desires. His efforts for the amelioration of their condition, they opposed; those who would be benefited they ridiculed. His law, which bound all worlds together in happy harmony and harmonious happiness, they trampled under foot, and, as far as their influence and example could go, taught rebellion through the universe, and sought to overthrow the government of God. When he, in his benevolence, devised a plan for their rescue from the punishment which their own transgressions were bringing upon them, and sent his Son, to suffer and die, that he might be their Savior, they turned their backs upon him, insultingly saying, "We will not have this man to rule over us." Trampling under foot his blood, which was shed for their ransom, they persisted in urging their way down to perdition; and when God called after them by the Holy Spirit, they stopped their ears, or sought to drown his voice in the noise and confusion of transgression. When all this was true, could God do otherwise than most highly disapprove? Yes! there is wrath: wrath upon the guilty, because they have dishonored God—violated his law—set aside his claims—requited his kindness with base ingratitude—murdered his own Son, and done despite to his Spirit!



Original.

### THE DRUNKARD.

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Extract from an address on Intemperance.

THE evils of intemperance stop not here—the drunkard has a wife. Perhaps he won her in the morning of life, when the bloom of youth, health, and sobriety glowed on his cheeks, and the light of genius lit up his bewitching countenance. They went to the altar with hearts of tenderness and love. Heaven smiled upon the union. Then the happiness of her coming years lay, like an ocean of pearls and diamonds, in the embrace of the future: then hope sat, like a bird of auspicious omen, high in the green leaves of fancy, and poured into her bosom the sweet harmony of an earthly elysium. Her husband, in an unsuspecting hour, forgets his bridal pledges: the sparkling bowl of friendship steals upon the hours of domestic enjoyment—his noble nature yields to the "bright eyes of the charmer," and, alas! he becomes, step by step, a daily drunkard. What scenes follow? Night upon night finds him in the midst of his family, brimful with spirits and passion. His wife meets him with a trembling hand, an aching heart, tearful eyes—his children retreat from corner to corner, as if an evil spirit had made its appearance—and even his faithful dog skulks away, with the growl of anticipated blows. The little homestead becomes the

theatre of family broils and angry blows, and neither his wife nor his children are secure from the fury of his drunken madness. Where the sacred anthem should bear aloft the thankful music of the family, the wild song of the intemperate is chanted to the impious orgies of vice; where the grateful breath of humble prayer, like incense, should waft to heaven their wants and woes, he pours out a torrent of curses on their devoted heads; where the Holy Bible should spread its morning and evening banquet of wisdom and love, he opens the tablets of a heart, upon which is written the history of wretchedness and woe. Who does not shudder at this mournful picture of desolation and ruin? The condition of the wife is most pitiable. The cries of her half-clad, starving children ring in her ears daily, and the hectic flush of premature death dries up her briny tears, as they trickle down her cheeks. Her heart is a little city of ruins: hope, pride, happiness, fortune, all have departed. \* \* \* Even while the wife binds up his wounds, his gross ingratitude sends to her heart keenest pangs; while she sheds tears of sympathy over his wayward conduct, his cruel treatment freezes them into ice-drops before they touch his bosom; while she entwines her affections around him, as the virgin bower unfolds the oak, his swelling anger and peevish passions snap the gentle cords, and spurn her proffered tenderness. Still the doting wife grasps the hand that withers her hopes of earthly happiness, and leans on the cheek that consumes the sweetness of her youth, her beauty, and her health.

Go now with the drunkard to his death-bed, and behold his last moments. Nerves of iron would be moved, the fountains of tears broken up, and the marble-heart of selfishness softened into momentary sympathy. His past actions rise up, like so many bloody phantoms, before his startled gaze. His squandered fortune, his blighted prospects, his desolate hearth, his boggled children, his heart-broken wife—all pass before his mental vision, in hurried and ghastly succession. His physical pain cannot be mitigated, nor his mental agony removed: remorse spreads a pall over the future. Will you hear his groans and wailings on his rack of misery, disease, and death? Will you look on the contortions of his limbs and features, as the last sparks of life, like molten lead, burn and sethe through his veins? Will you follow, in fancy's wake, his rapid and fervid thoughts, as they tear away the dark mantle of the tomb, and pause, tremblingly, midway between "life's fitful fever," and his horrid destiny? Does he call for his cup? It will add fury to his despair. Does he ask for his comrades? Their bacchanalian howls and idiotic laughs will bring no quiet or peace to his fearful breast. Does he stretch forth his trembling arm, to grasp the

silver-fingered hand that poured this death-bane into his vitals? That hand could not rescue him, though the priceless worth of Aladdin's lamp were the offered ransom. Let us finish the frightful picture. He breathes his last moments in darkness and despair, with hideous cries, or in sullen, soulless stupidity.

Who will not lend his heart and hand to forward the great temperance reform, and battle down the pernicious evils of drunkenness? Will a single lover of virtue, peace, and religion, refuse to enlist in this philanthropic and Christian cause? What gray-headed father will not lend his venerable locks, his feeble steps, and his spotless name, to hallow and consecrate it? What fond mother, with a glowing heart of parental tenderness, will not inspire her sons with ardor and enthusiasm in its advocacy? What young lady, with the roseate sweetness of youth blooming on her cheeks, and her dreams of future happiness reveling in her heart of diamond purity, will not enter the ranks of its champions, with her cheering smiles and sparkling eyes? What young man will not leap with joy at this moment, to pierce, with his sword of virtue and patriotism, the bloated carcass of this national and social vice? Let no one falter in the cause, and, under the smiles of Providence, we will roll back the tide of intemperance, and cover our country with moral and physical blessings. S.

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#### COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

O! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,

How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone;  
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And even the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too!  
O who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
One peace-branch from above!  
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray:  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day. Moore



Original.

## THE RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE CHINESE.

BY DR. DIVER.

It is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding the religious opinions of the Chinese as a nation. One reason of this is, that their religious writings are in a style almost unintelligible to the common reader. The Buddhist works are full of expressions, the true meaning of which even few priests of that sect know; and the same set of phrases are chanted by the votaries over and over for ages, without a single thought being bestowed upon their import. The religion of Taon, which is a national superstition, has clothed its doctrines in mysterious laconism. Many sentences admit of several different versions, and the student finds himself puzzled by a mass of vagaries. The religious works of the literati are mere treatises on ceremony, dry and uninteresting, and only of value to the "master of rites," to exercise himself in the prescribed prostrations, genuflections, and bows. To understand "A General Account of the Gods and Genii," one ought to be intimately acquainted with the absurdities suggested by a disordered fancy, or study the deviations from common sense, and hear patiently the ravings of a diseased mind. It is a very pantheon—a labyrinth, through which, even with the clue of Ariadne, it is difficult to thread the way.

The general division of the people into the sects of Taon, Buddha, and Confucius, holds true only regarding the initiated, the priests, and their immediate adherents, whilst the mass of the people, devoid of religious instruction, combine all in one; and individuals are either entirely indifferent toward all superstitions, or each cherishes his own peculiar tenets. All religious persons are stigmatized with popular contempt, and viewed in no other light than as mountebanks and quacks, who practice their unhallowed arts in order to gain a scanty livelihood. Under such circumstances, it is extraordinary to see so many temples and shrines, some of them richly endowed. But it ought not to be forgotten that the Chinese loves show, and that he must have a public house where he may occasionally spend an idle hour, consult his destiny, burn incense, and offer sacrifices, upon which he afterward may feast. Many of these edifices were erected from other than religious motives: they are mere places of convenience, and are always viewed in that light. But there is none so poor that he fits not up a little shrine or corner, with an inscription or an idol, before which he daily burns incense. You may find these in the very sheds of beggars; and the small boats of Ganka women are never without this appendage. The majority of the

people view these images in no other light than as a child its doll, which "old custom" has taught them to have always at hand. A pagan Chinese never prays. He considers it the business of the priest to rattle off a few unmeaning sentences, and it is quite sufficient that he should just utter a few ejaculations. If you discourse with him about his religious opinions, he will always come forward with "heaven and earth," the two grand objects of his veneration. There is no work exclusively upon religion to which he may refer. If he consult the classics, he will be told that filial piety and loyalty constitute true religion; but not a hint is given him about the omnipotent Creator, to whom he owes his first and most sacred duty. It has again and again been asserted, without a shadow of truth, that the Chinese acknowledge one supreme Being; but this confession has been made by men who have come in contact with foreigners, and were anxious to avoid the ridicule which attaches to a votary of idols. The impressions of polytheism are not easily removed from the mind; and though the absurdity may be fully admitted, the son of Ham cleaves tenaciously to his ancient superstition. God alone can change this state of things, and open the understanding of the heathen to perceive the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

The object of the writer is to communicate to the readers of the Repository some information respecting the religious ideas and worship of the Chinese, in order that they may know with what superstitions the Christian missionaries have to contend in their arduous work. At a future time I shall give some account of the operations of the various missionary societies and other benevolent institutions, whose object it is to ameliorate the moral and physical condition of this numerous and interesting people, and bring them to a saving knowledge of the Gospel.

The religious system of Confucius, or rather his system of morals, is the most honored, both by the government and the learned portion of the people. The founder of this system was born B. C. 549. At the age of fifty he was employed by the sovereign of his native state as magistrate of a small district. Three or four years afterward, Confucius was raised to the rank of prime minister; but his elevated moral sense, and the jealousy and intrigue of rivals, induced him to resign his office and leave his native province. Wandering from place to place, he collected around him a number of disciples, whom he taught a system of moral principles worthy of a better age. During these peregrinations he was frequently exposed to the secret plots and open attacks of foes. He wrote and spoke against the conduct of different rulers, and made sycophants and tyrants tremble. He died in his seventy-second year, lamented by his countrymen, and eulogized

even by his enemies. It is a misnomer to call his system a religion, as it treats of ethics and politics, and has little or nothing to do with theology. Confucius deserves praise, however, for his five cardinal virtues, benevolence, righteousness, politeness, wisdom, and truth, among which filial piety stands first.\* He lays the foundation of morality in the principle of doing to others as we would that they should do unto us. He has overlooked the reverence due to the Father of our spirits; and it is lamentable that one so acute, intelligent, and independent, should have been ignorant of the being, attributes, and perfections of the living and true God.

From some expressions about "heaven," the Supreme Ruler," and the "principle of order," it might be inferred that the philosopher had some knowledge of the Ruler of the universe, were it not for his incoherent manner, and his propensity to materialism. The "state religion," of which Confucius is the founder, is entirely a bodily service, consisting not of doctrines which are to be taught, learned, and believed, but of rites and ceremonies. As practiced by the court at Peking, and by the provincial governments, it is contained in the code of laws which specify the objects of worship, the duties of the priests, the sacrifices and offerings, and the penalties for informality or defective performance of the ceremonies of the state religion. The emperor himself is the "*pontifex maximus*," the high priest, and subordinate to him are the kings, nobles, statesmen, and the crowd of civil and military officers. At the grand state worship of nature, neither priests nor women are admitted. The ceremonies of this grand worship, this "natural religion," consist in bowing, kneeling, and knocking the head against the ground. In those sacrifices in which the emperor officiates, in *propria persona*, he never knocks his head against the ground. What he requires of the greatest monarch on earth, he will not give to the greatest object of his adoration. The three kneelings and nine knockings of the head he turns into three kneelings and nine bows. There is, in his estimation, a *feeling* difference between knocking and bowing the head. If any of the common people presume to arrogate the right of worshiping heaven and announcing their affairs thereto, or of lighting lamps to the seven stars of Ursa Major, &c., they shall be punished *bona fide* with eighty blows or *amputation*. The victims sacrificed for heaven and earth are divided into four classes: 1. A heifer; 2. A bullock; 3. Oxen; 4. Sheep or pigs. They are required to be whole and sound, and to be purified

many days. The altar on which the sacrifice to heaven is made is round, to represent heaven; that on which the sacrifices to earth are laid is square, perhaps for the same reason. When the imperial high priest worships heaven, he wears robes of azure color, in allusion to the sky. When he worships the earth, his robes are yellow, to represent the clay of earth. When the sun is the object of his worship, his dress is red, and for the moon he wears a pale white. The kings, nobles, and centenary of official hierophants, wear their court dresses. There are upward of 1560 temples dedicated to Confucius; and at the spring and autumnal sacrifices there are offered to him more than 60,000 animals, and about 30,000 pieces of silk. Thus we see that the worship of the Confucianist is a mere external form of ceremonies. He knows nothing of God—he has no correct idea of the future state—he lives and dies in ignorance of what awaits him in eternity, satisfied with knowing no more than unenlightened reason can teach him.

Original.

#### WHY MOURN THE EARLY DEAD?

BY D. WELBURN.

Why mourn the early dead?  
 'Tis surely sweet to die  
 Ere age has bent the form,  
 Or sorrow dimm'd the eye.  
 Life's toilsome journey ends,  
 The spirit is at rest,  
 Ere morning's early blush  
 Fades from the glowing east.  
 The victory is gained,  
 The victor claims his crown,  
 Just as the bloody strife  
 Of battle is begun.  
 Death comes the harbinger  
 Of immortality,  
 To bless the youthful train  
 With endless youth on high.  
 Then mourn not for the dead,  
 Who leave the shores of time  
 In early life, to seek  
 A deathless, griefless clime.  
 God gave them in his love:  
 He claims them as his own,  
 And soon will gather us  
 With them around his throne.

#### THE BEING OF MAN.

HEAVEN and earth

Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me,  
 Must think for ever; that which feels must feel:  
 I am, and I can never cease to be.

\* Confucius said, "Of the three thousand crimes included under the five kinds of punishment, there is none greater than disobedience to parents."

Original.

## INDUSTRY.

My theme, *industry*, is a trite one; yet for this I am substantially glad; for it is thus proved to be a matter of universal consideration. And if it were only as well practiced as it is well thought of, my suggestions would be supererogatory and needless. If I can say nothing new upon the subject, I can at least reiterate and recommend its known uses, advantages, and influences. For myself I confess it is a subject which, in a moral point of view, claims my first respect; and in a religious one—as the most sanative and salutary power bestowed on us by Providence—my reverence and regard.

To present the thing in its proper order, let us (my reader and I) commence at the beginning. It is not important, so we possess this power, to know whether it be innate and inherent, or whether derived upon us by methods of tuition and training. Yet the latter opinion should have the preponderance, as affording incentive and encouragement to its exercise—besides that its *actual* will outweigh its ideal all to nothing.

But I am myself showing this good "creature" in the abstract—a futile act, by which I should impose on my youthful reader a shadow for a substance.

The young girl of ten or twelve years, who can already claim to be called "industrious," (a high calling for her,) was, at five years of age, excused of her dressing-maid or assistant, and every morning folded her night-cap within her night-gown, and deposited them in the little basket at the head of her bed. She washed her face and hands, combed her hair, smoothing it carefully, dressed herself with very little assistance; and tying her apron strings together, she slipped it over her head, and was ready for prayers and for breakfast. If she did not do all this, she could have done it easily; and *she* is not to blame that she did not. But the wise parent who does enjoin and require this from her child, trains her infant faculties, and gives spring and impulse, not to her activity alone, but to her moral perceptions. She perceives the right and the proper of these things with a self-cognizant satisfaction of their fitness and excellence, making her good-humored and sprightly now, and implanting within her the germ of constitution and character yet to be.

And now the little girl of five years is ready for school. It is not too early to commence, (unless she be learned her letters and syllables at home—the same thing,) because it is time that she be trained to some small degree of application; and neither is it too late; for it is desirable that her spontaneous perceptions also be developed. And here, besides learning her letters and syllables well, she is to learn the use of the needle, by considerable prac-

tice each day. As to the method, she should be taught carefully—not, certainly, for the value of the work she shall do, but because, as soon as she can do it well, it will become part of herself; and she will love it—she will love industry. Yet she should not be tasked or overdone, but sometimes indulged—when the weather is delightful—with a half day's recess and recreation. The next morning—for it has been so planned out to her—she returns to school satisfied and renovated. Her needle keeps pace with her book for two or three years, and at nine years of age she can make a shirt—even draw the threads, and cut it out, with a little instruction from her mother. Her father praises her for this; but does not *otherwise* reward her, excepting, perhaps, by a pretty work-box at Christmas. This she keeps carefully for several years, often thinking of all that was implied in the gift, and resolving never to be less worthy of it. She is now very handy in doing errands about the house for her mother. In her hours of recess she is nearly as busy as at school; but in a great variety of matters, taking little snatches of play between her performances, and being as ready for one as the other. She has found time to learn several little handicrafts, not having yet commenced the ornamental course at school; and in plain work is very expert. She hems and marks all the house linen—bears a hand when the dress-maker is present. She can darn nearly as well as her mother, and is ambitious of taking "stents" with her in the stocking basket. Because stockings are cheap, she does not despise learning to knit, and she becomes very fond of it; for it is pretty work, and she can do it of an evening when all are so merry in the parlor that she don't like closer employment. Besides in this way she can do some little charities. Her own set of drawers are nicely kept. She suits her clothes to the weather and occasion; and when she has a chance opportunity for an excursion, or a little visit, all is ready. Indeed, she is almost a "pattern" girl. But this should not be lispd to her; for the love of praise, though allowable as a reward, is inexcusable as a motive.

But her personal industry has become so absorbing, that her mother admonishes her that it is time—just the time at twelve years of age—to remit it a little in favor of closer attention to the studies of school. This arrangement, breaking in upon the habit of diversified occupation, is not altogether agreeable to her at first; and, also, such constant study seems arduous, yet she has long ago learned one piece of ratiocination, (long before she knew the meaning of the word,) that "what she has done, she can do again," and, "if by perseverance she have acquired a facility in one talent, so, by perseverance, shall she acquire facility in another talent, no more difficult to her capacity," &c.

Her attention being now turned to study, her mental developments, aided by constitutional industry, shall equal her personal activity. Amongst her studies she does not like all equally well; yet here her industry helps her out; for superior assiduity, bestowed upon the least liked, renders them equally useful as others. She desires to be educated: she knows that they are all components alike, which makes up the sum of *education*.

Meanwhile, she does not entirely give up the manual of industry, lest, from liking it too much, she come to the opposite habit of not liking it enough.

Somewhere about these years, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, along with other erudite authors, she makes, at odds and ends of time, and "between times," certain practical commentaries upon Mrs. Glass, and other ladies of culinary research. Presently she can make a variety of pies, puddings, cakes, jellies, confections—in short, can on any day concoct a dessert out of somewhat that she may happen to find in the store-room or pantry. The use of this "branch of education" is apparent enough; and if any—be their condition in life what it may—are so ultra-genteel as to sneer at it, they will probably live to see the day—and the dinner—when they would appear "more genteel" if they had not. Yet an extreme addiction to these pursuits were neither commendable nor worth while.

Our young girl is now happy and contented. Her whole time is employed about something either useful or ornamental—her acquisitions, lighter or more important, all work together, and in a manner counterbalance and qualify each other. She is satisfied in her present condition, and not impatient of a change. She is more anxious about her *preparation* for society, than she is to enter upon it. In the household, and amidst the servants, she is seen to be of use, and is respected as "somebody." There is a certain weight of character formed; and these homely capabilities come in for a handsome and proper share in the estimate.

And now the school is relinquished, and our young lady, basking in adolescence, is for a few years ushered into the play-ground of life. And this is a period which, with all its fresh delights and welcome sympathies, is yet a trial to discretion and to character. But even here *industry* shall be her best discretion, her best enjoyment, and her best discourser upon character. And now that her acquirements begin to stand her in stead, she has a deeper sense of satisfaction in possessing them. She is less dissipated and less volatile, for having certain home duties which still claim her consideration and a portion of her time. Amidst the hurry of engrossment she feels how good it is, in many things, to be able to help herself.

Neither does she think, because the technicalities

of school are mastered, that her education is perfected. She is conscious that if a lapse of mental application intervene, her *course of reading* will be rendered difficult; and now, though pressed for time, her industry stands her instead, and is unre-mitted. She wishes not, even at this season of beguilement, to be the one engrossing object of her family, the temporary idol to which all household proprieties are sacrificed; but she feels more respectable, and as well sustained, to be one amidst them, claiming only a proportionate share of attention and regard; still finding it in her power to render little services and to oblige others.

And now is a critical time of her life; for betwixt now and the coming seven years she will be called upon to decide the great question of her life, in the choice of a companion. Yet this is not as difficult to her as to those of an opposite character. With her merits of conduct she will attract only persons of suitable pretensions—of judgment and sobriety; and whilst her mental acquirements, her personal graces and accomplishments receive a fair appreciation—the power of character—the "more" of being, her piety and her worth—her household capabilities—and much that bears upon home and life—all stand warranted by her *industry*—her judiciously applied industry.

Many people know, without its having been vaunted by her family, that our young lady is a competent manager. Says a gentleman visitor, "When I am choosing my companion, all other things being equal, I will take one thus accomplished before an inefficient and ignorant one." He ponders a moment, and finishes his monologue, adding, "But with this acquired ability all other things are *not* equal. Allow that in the outset, (comparing others with her,) activity, handiness, willingness, were equal, yet we see that here has been docility, bidableness, obligingness, perseverance, and duty, which have resulted in the one form of an accomplished housewife; and may, and probably will assume in life other forms of usefulness and respectability. Upon reflection, I see that there is no longer a ground of comparison left betwixt the individual who has submitted to discipline and the one who has not." And thus our industrious young lady has probably secured to herself in marriage a man of discernment and worth—one whose well-grounded regard gives earnest of its continuance.

Nor is this a narrow or a selfish view of the subject, for much of the usefulness of life depends upon its competent conditions; for those who are comfortably and agreeably situated, can best minister to the comfort and gratification of others—the moralities are better assured under circumstances of ease than of disquiet and solicitude; and the great debt of piety is best performed by a contented heart.

In my sketch, the qualification of industry has appertained to one in competently easy condition of fortune. And if its advantages have been manifested to such a one, how much are they enhanced, and how much greater their necessity, to those in straitened circumstances, or in poverty!

In all the grades of life industry is of the first consideration; the momentum of all advancement, as well as its promoter. It rewards and honors at once. The homely toil which provides for the daily wants of the poor man's family, as a principle, is no less respectable than that which earns its thousands in halls of legislation, or, in the sage's study, perpetuates an immortality of fame. Its rewards to the poor man, though small, are more immediate and more apparent than elsewhere; it is the poor man's capital, and his first earnings are an advance upon nothing. Neither are his profits his only reward; for at every step respectability keeps pace with emolument. Health attends his exertions; and self-assurance gives accelerated force to resolution and to hope. Anxiety is displaced by ease. His table is spread, his hearth is supplied, and the household charities expand themselves in its warmth. That frugal board which aforesaid hardly sufficed his family, has now been prospered to plenty, and is graced by hospitality; and the good man presides there as independent as a prince. *Industry* has done this, and he is humble and thankful. The text which many read as a curse, he wisely interprets as its mitigation; for, though the ground give not forth spontaneously, yet was bestowed upon man the power and promise, that by toil "he should live"—the behest of humanity—and blessed are those who obey it!

The elevated and the lowly, the man of genius, or the simple hod-bearer, all are equally indebted to this power for respectability and estimation. In reading the biographies of the eminent, we commonly impute to genius alone that preferment which was at least equally due to industry. For of what avail were genius without it? It were the ore in the mine, the pearl in the oyster, the dead letter of science, the sealed book of philosophy! Genius, it is true, with its energy and aspiration, is often the spring and inciter of industry. But well does industry repay the debt. For what is attainment but the product of industry? What work of mind or of taste, what achievement in science, literature or the arts was ever effected without it? Uneducated genius is but an erratic light, which, like the meteor, flashes and is gone: its *unorganized* splendor obeys no mission of use, and knows neither "time nor season," nor order of regularity nor return.

The fine arts are probably the sphere of *industry* which is most attractive and most gratifying to its votaries. For here genius and industry go hand in

hand, in that intimate and endeared association which would almost impress the idea that they are essential with each other—the faculty becoming inspired and the genius embodied—to the perfection of their identical object. There may be perceived a homogeneous fitness in these pursuits; and amidst their pure, and elevating, and engrossing associations, *industry* finds her highest, happiest home.

How many American youth, (of both sexes,) eschewing the marts and thoroughfares of trade, the excitement of speculation, the jealousy of competition, the fever of hope, and the furor of disappointment, will shape out to themselves a new path, and resorting to the studios of *art*, abetted by *industry*, will seek and find, with

"Innocence and contemplation joined,"

a life of ease, and order, and regularity, and virtue?

Amidst the useful inventions, too, I have witnessed no less of satisfaction and contentment. It is many years ago that I visited a cotton manufacturing establishment—(I forget whether in Massachusetts or Connecticut.) A gentleman (I think the name was Brewster) was superintending and essaying some recent improvement of his own in the mechanism, which no doubt worked to "a charm;" for, as he approached and receded with the thread in his fingers, a more contented, concentrated, and happy face, I have never in all my life witnessed. It was subdued and gentle, and yet so striking in its expression, that, in all these long years, I have never forgotten it; being often recalled to my imagination as a perfect illustration of the axiom on which I write, "*Industry* the source of contentment."

Another form of industry that I well love to contemplate, is that of the thrifty, well-arranged, well-conducted, farm-establishment, where the sturdy sons, as they grow up to manhood, attending on their father, are marshaled and advanced to all the degrees and varieties of their calling. Happy, and self-assured, and supremely independent are they. Of moderate views in regard to property, the *character*, not narrowed to the absorbing sense of gain, is left free to expand itself to the capacity of its tastes, and to the scope of its elevation. Nature, in its own unhackneyed forms, breathes its own spirit into their bosoms. The feelings are sweetened, and harmonize to her control; the moralities are preserved in native purity; and the life is a progressive comment upon simplicity and order, and the excellency of *industry*.

But my picture is not complete, unless the "good wife," leading on her daughters, come in for a full share of its coloring and proportions; as she does for a full share of its duties, responsibilities, and occupations. For, though the manufacturing establishments have excused her (for which, by the way, I think she is not happier) of

the distaff and the loom, yet, with her kine and her poultry, her kitchen-garden and her neat and fragrant dairy, she and her daughters and her maidens have not a moment left for ruminations and discontent. At every change of the season, preparations and preserves are not neglected; the good things which they sow and gather must also be prepared to eat. Their hospitality is genial, liberal, not wasteful; and the young farmer who comes "suitoring" to this ruddy group, and partakes at their table, sees there no very cogent necessity for Mr. Cobbett's caution to his son,\* and chooses his partner "*sans peur et sans reproche*." Around the winter fire-side (good honest hickory on the broad hearth) they crack their nuts and their jokes, make their clothing, knit their stockings; they read the newspaper, the almanac, the Repository, and many other useful works; and so passes the time. One half day in three hundred and sixty-five suffices for their confab with the milliner—suffices in full, without the dread of being called "frights;" and certainly in their pretty straw bonnets they don't look "very frightful." Nor are the more serious duties of life forgotten by this family: they love to attend the village Church, or to welcome the weary itinerant on his mission of love; and they lay to heart his counsels, suited to the varied circumstances of their life, and piously thank the Giver for the "early and the latter rain," for the "harvest" and the "store;" and at "tithe time" they are ready to compensate those who have broken to them the bread of life—whilst oft, amidst the expanses of nature and contemplation, the Spirit will descend and bless some pious worshiper.

Farming, I say, is with me a favorite form of industry; one that I would commend to my youthful friends, as the most healthy, rational, safe, and sure method of livelihood in our country. Neither needs country life to be necessarily rustic. The tastes may be elevated, though the style be simple. It seems matter of surprise that Americans who affect many English modes and customs, have not more generally adopted their charming arrangement of country residences. And then it is a thing so entirely in the power of the very poorest. Mark our forests, fields, prairies! Know how many thousands of acres in each state are still Government lands, still in the market, to say nothing of our frontier expanses, extending from Maine to Oregon, from Canada to the Gulf!

Industry, even if it amount to toil, is still salutary—still to be preferred before the most luxurious sloth. For, if the body is overtaken, the mind—freed of the anxieties of "living"—more than compensates the evil; and labor, if persisted in, will

\* "Don't," says he, "choose for your wife one who eats sluggishly—such a one is radically indolent."

work its own redemption—no longer toil, but occupation. And how interesting is it to mark the struggle! In exorcising poverty from his habitation, the poor man conquers many evils at once. With industry for his abettor he is sure to win.

True it is that females cannot hope like men to gain emolument to their industry. Custom has shut them out from this; and if money in due proportion be withheld, yet the merit of this exercise and its proper enjoyments are still the same. If they cannot achieve fortune, they may at least hope for *independence*—the highest use of fortune. But the opportunities for profitable female industry are widening in our country, and it behooves *them* to secure the advantage when presented. "Silk" is meet for the lady's hand, and I hope she perceives it so. It is a minute and delicate process, which a man will dislike and despise. The thing is now all her own; and if she appropriate it, custom (stronger than law) will insure it to her. There are thousands of females in our "republican" country who are needy, yet unwilling to work—not by want of industry, but from pride. This is a convenient, domestic, and secluded occupation for them. Yet far be it from me to abet their idea—which a weak and improper mode of opinion has imposed upon them, to the disparagement of good sense and of industry. The popular sense is fast becoming reformed upon this subject; and the day is passing away when, as Washington Irving observed, (years ago,) "if a woman is known to *earn* a dollar, she 'loses caste' by it, forsooth! and is no longer a lady." Our females, too, are becoming industrious in literature. If they would more generally *deepen* a little what they so industriously elaborate, the advantage and the merit would both be enhanced.

What a delightful occupation is sketching, drawing, limning, (without going to Italy,) and it may be so early commenced. A good many years ago I saw in Augusta, Georgia, a little girl seven years of age, who already could draw with considerable accuracy and effect. Her father was a professional limner; and his daughter sat each day for about three hours continuously by his side practicing with her pencil. If there were any indication of carelessness in her performance, she was earnestly, if not severely schooled for it. She was well taught; and I doubt not has by this time attained to eminence—unless she have *done better*, and exchanged her professional industry for that of the domestic hearth. In either case, maiden or wife, she can "live." As for the "slop-jobbers," my heart aches for the *hardness* of theirs. The inadequate and unjust pittance, the pretense of a price, which they afford to their needle-women is a matter that should be looked into and reformed. Mr. Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt," is too, too

true. But there are philanthropic hearts amidst every society of females; and it is humbly suggested that if ladies of leisure would combine, (taking a recent institution in Rochester, New York, for their model,) they could effect a mitigation of this evil, and thus render their most efficient aid to the cause of *industry*.

Our cloth manufacturing establishments are proverbially known as affording to this principle in large amounts. In Lowell, Massachusetts, we read that a hundred girls there have in bank one hundred thousand dollars earned in this way—supporting themselves besides.

The methods of employment are various and manifold; and if there are any amidst us who "toil without hope," may God forgive those who intercept their rewards—who thus abate their ardor, and check the progress of industry! And were there a *temple* erected to *industry*, many an humble name now languishing in obscurity would stand inscribed high on its front. C. M. B.



Original.

FASHION.

How much do I admire to see the young lady well dressed—neat, nice, regular, and tasteful—whilst the color of her cheek, and the buoyancy of her step evince health and freedom from restraint, and all about her betokens propriety and enjoyment!

The "Repository," addressed principally to the ladies, contains no "Table of Fashions," holds forth no incitement, gives no invitation, either to extravagance, caprice, or to the beguilements of the youthful fancy, by the methods of dress. And yet somewhat may be said upon this subject, both with propriety and advantage. The Christian young lady may listen and learn, that besides the "adornment of a meek and quiet spirit," the most excellent of all, she may innocently indulge herself in some ideas upon the subject of her temporal vestiture, not inconsistent with this spirit.

The word "fashion," with the young, is talismanic; and its behests, once obeyed, tyrannical. And what a tyranny! To "be in the fashion" is a desideratum, before which sinks dignity, consistency, propriety, and often justice. Say, is there any consistency that a rational being should expend thought, and labor, and time, and a great portion of the means confided to her care for better use, in the purchase and the manufacture of articles, often as fantastic as they are ephemeral, and as unsuited, perhaps, to the age and condition as they are to the religious profession of the wearer. Is there any consistency, either rational, or moral, or religious, in this?

Yet it is proper and allowable to conform in modest degree to the general modes of dress, as

they may change in the progress of every succeeding two or three years; the form and fashion of a garment keeping pace with the necessary decay of the material of which it is composed: to be renewed, if you please, in a different form from the old; not, however, in extreme and revolting variety from what may be called the abiding style of the wearer. By these easy transitions, a lady, a sensible, judicious, dignified, and Christian lady, may pass unnoticed of comment: appearing neither affectedly and stiffly unique in dress, nor yet by continual changes betraying an eager and puerile adherence to *fashion*. In this way she gives it just its appropriate weight. Neither by a too rigid strictness bestowing more importance upon it than the subject demands; nor, on the other hand, by a servile compliance with its fluctuations, making it a matter of real consequence, as absorbing time and character in its service.

It may be pointed out how that the economy of dress is, in one sense, of serious importance to a young lady, and she may learn to know that all her advantage is of moderation. For her giving to it exactly its relative and subordinate position in her esteem, evinces, even to the cursory beholder, much more of character than she is aware of. Fashion in extreme appertains to those of lightest character; and such it best becomes, being at once evidence and illustration. And by not veering to every wind of fashion, she may show modesty, stability, self-dependence, discretion, prudence, taste, and finally piety. Her modesty is not involved in this vanity. Her stability demands not constant changes. Her self-dependence says, "Why must I submit my judgment to that of persons mostly inferior to me in character, or at least in practice!" Her discretion says, "The respectable will regard me more for my forbearance to comply with a *popular whim*." Her prudence says, "I am well enough without it; even can I afford it, the money it costs is better spent otherwise than so." Her good taste says, "I must not confound change with improvement. Let others do as they will; for my part, though I will go orderly, yet I will not submit to the ligatures of a 'strait jacket,' compressing my breath and preventing me of a free or a graceful movement. Neither will I, being human, affect the *hump* of a dromodary. Nor yet, loving the shade, and some retreat before the public, will I wear a tiny, affected thing of shreds and patches, covering neither head nor face, though called a bonnet. Least of all, will I gainsay my innate sense of piety, and enter the *place of worship* in this grotesque, unholy, masquerading dress!" C.



Be not a witness against thy neighbor without cause; and deceive not with thy lips.

Original.

## THE RESTORATION OF LAZARUS.

JOHN, CHAPTER XI.

BY MRS. HOWE.

'Twas balmy morn—the gentle zephyrs slept  
 Upon the sloping hills—the star-like flowers  
 Were laden with the tears that night had wept;  
 And brightly in the east came golden showers  
 Of morning sunlight, fresh as when it came  
 Forth from its Maker's hand, his goodness to pro-  
 claim.

*There*, tow'ring up against the deep blue sky,  
 The spires of proud Jerusalem—in her pride  
 Reeling on ruin's brink: her glory had pass'd by;  
 Yet still she slept secure, as if the tide  
 Of human glory could not ebb away,  
 And leave her naught instead, but ruin and decay.

Slowly the bright mist faded from the hills,  
 Revealing the tall cedars' verdant heads,  
 While bursting forth a thousand little rills  
 Leap'd up, and sparkled o'er their mossy beds:  
 Nature seemed fraught with joy, and mercy beam'd  
 In ev'ry gentle flower that thro' the green earth  
 gleam'd.

Lo! where yon white wall'd cot looks softly thro'  
 The clustering vines that climb up o'er the  
 eaves:

The flowers, all glistening with the radiant dew,  
 Have not unfolded to the light their leaves:  
 They seem to weep with those whose gentle hands  
 Have train'd them up to grow in many color'd  
 bands.

*There* Bethany's lone sisters sit and weep  
 For one departed—to return no more:  
 Stern Death hath lock'd him in a dreamless sleep!  
 They look not for him till this life is o'er—  
 Till that glad morn when they shall meet again,  
 And love for ever reunite the broken chain.

But see! the Master comes! his gentle voice  
 Breathing of hope and gladness to the soul:  
 "I am the resurrection and the life," rejoice!  
 "Tho' he be dead, yet *I* can make him whole!"  
 They stood around the grave of him who slept,  
 Commingling with his mother clay; and "Jesus  
 wept!"

In silence and in tears they roll'd away  
 The ponderous stone, and Jesus call'd aloud—  
 "Lazarus, come forth!" and lo! from foul decay  
 The dead came up, clad in his mildew'd shroud,  
 "Bound hand and foot:" aye, he stood up, and  
 gave  
 Honor and praise to him who burst the fearful  
 grave.

Around the lost one's neck the sisters cling,  
 And bathe his damp, cold cheek with love's own  
 tears;  
 Then to the Savior's feet their praises bring,  
 And pour into His ear their griefs and fears:  
 Their hearts with gratitude and love run o'er  
 To Him who on their heads in love such blessings  
 pour.

Original.

## THE GRAVE.

DARK reservoir of death! Thy fearful gloom  
 Strikes terror to the trembling soul of man.  
 Thy moldering bones, thy horrid, fœtid stench,  
 Thy hateful worms, and pale habiliments,  
 All, all combine to make thee terrible.  
 The bravest bosom quails, the manliest cheek  
 Doth blanch, and back repel the purple tide  
 To its central fount. The stoutest frame  
 Quivers, recoils from thy dark encounter,  
 And seeks in vain a refuge from thy grasp.  
 The soul may strive her guilty fears to quell,  
 To steel the heart insensible to thee,  
 In vain to close her eyes, and reckless fall  
 Into thy bosom. The unchanging doom,  
 "Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return,"  
 Sends creeping terror through the shudd'ring frame.  
 So horrible the thought that worms shall feed  
 Upon the flesh, and moldering corruption  
 Spread the abhorred and filthy bed of death.  
 But still more formidable is the gate  
 Of dread eternity. The sickening thoughts  
 Of sepulchral corruption, though the flesh  
 May shudder to anticipate, the soul  
 Would gladly bear, could she but rid herself  
 The agonizing consciousness of guilt,  
 And fearful prospect of eternal woe.  
 Yea, gladly would she hide herself in thee,  
 And commingle with thy moldering dust,  
 To 'scape the frown of outraged Deity;  
 Gladly in solitude repose, amid  
 Thy loathsome remnants of mortality,  
 Undisturbed by conscience or by fear.  
 But here thy terrors end not. Still beyond  
 Thick clouds of vengeance black the dismal scene:  
 Damnation, gloom, the never dying worm,  
 The fire unquenchable, fearful torment,  
 Banishment for ever from the presence  
 Of Jehovah, and everlasting death,  
 The dark ingredients of the bitter cup  
 Of sharers in the second death, throughout  
 The endless ages of eternity.  
 Despair, horror, fright, and dark foreboding,  
 The attendant terrors of a future hell,  
 Freeze with icy chill the poor trembling soul,  
 By grace unsaved, and unregenerate  
 In heart, corrupt in thought, estranged from God,



Whose earthly course impenitent has been,  
 And to the holy law of God opposed.  
 But from the spirit of the dying saint,  
 Whose carnal nature, purified by grace,  
 Is fitted for the purer seats above,  
 Thy terrors vanish; and thy gloomy face,  
 Sure harbinger of everlasting rest,  
 Fills with delight the happy, struggling soul.  
 Beyond thy bounds, and through thy portals seen,  
 Celestial glory beams her griefs away.  
 Society of angels, seraphs bright,  
 Cherubs lovely, and just men perfect made,  
 Communion with Jehovah, and the sight  
 Of Jesus, streams of lasting bliss, and founts  
 Of undying love, and rapture infinite,  
 Enkindle ardor in the pious breast.  
 The trembling spirit leaps to meet her God,  
 And bows to render at his dazzling throne  
 Eternal homage to the King of kings.

E. C. M.

## THE LOVE OF LATER YEARS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THEY err who deem love's brightest hour in bloom-  
 ing youth is known,  
 Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is  
 shown,  
 When passions chastened and subdued to riper years  
 are given,  
 And earth and earthly things are viewed in light  
 that breaks from heaven.  
 It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless  
 mirth,  
 We feel the tenderness and truth of love's devoted  
 worth:  
 Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in  
 sunshine bright,  
 And objects mirrored in it seem to share its spark-  
 ling light.  
 'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like  
 the ocean,  
 Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by  
 the storm's commotion;  
 When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thun-  
 derbolts astound us,  
 'Tis when we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness  
 around us.  
 O! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's  
 twinkling ray  
 Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloud-  
 less day,  
 E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in man-  
 hood's darker years,  
 The gentle light true love imparts, 'mid sorrows,  
 cares, and fears.

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Its beams on minds of joy bereft, their fresh'ning  
 brightness fling,  
 And show that life has somewhat left to which  
 their hopes may cling:  
 It steals upon the sick at heart, the desolate in  
 soul,  
 To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a  
 brighter goal.  
 If such be love's triumphant power o'er spirits  
 touched by time,  
 O! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness  
 sublime?  
 In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam which daz-  
 zles and sweeps by,  
 In after life, its splendors seem linked with eter-  
 nity!

## PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Unuttered or express;  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
 That trembles in the breast.  
 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear;  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.  
 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try;  
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
 The Majesty on high.  
 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
 The Christian's native air,  
 His watchword at the gates of death,  
 He enters heaven by prayer.  
 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
 Returning from his ways;  
 While angels in their songs rejoice,  
 And say, "Behold he prays!"  
 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
 In word, and deed, and mind,  
 When with the Father and his Son  
 Their fellowship they find.  
 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:  
 The Holy Spirit pleads;  
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.  
 O thou, by whom we come to God;  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod:  
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

## NOTICES.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S TREASURE OPENED.** *By W. Nicholson. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—A most beautiful and precious little book, describing "the privileges of the true believer, with encouragement and advice to assist him in his way to the heavenly Canaan. We have given evidence of our regard for this little volume by providing a copy for the lady we love best.

**DEMONSTRATION OF THE NECESSITY OF ABOLISHING A CONSTRAINED CLERICAL CELIBACY, &c.** *By the Right Rev. Diego Antonio Feigo, Senator, &c., Regent of the Empire of Brazil, &c. Translated from the Portuguese, with an Introduction and Appendix. By D. P. Kidder, A. M. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—This work is not so large as its long title would lead many to suppose. The writer successfully brings it to a close within a comparatively few pages. The size is a great recommendation to the work: for this busy age cannot read thick volumes unless they be novels. The demonstration, which is the object of the book, had been wrought in our mind long since; still we were glad to look through it. Brother Kidder's extensive observation in both parts of our continent, and his well known good sense, render him perfectly competent to decide upon the value of such a book; and his correct taste and scholarship, qualify him to present it in proper form. We expect useful results to flow from its circulation.

**A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, WITH NOTES OF OTHER PORTIONS OF AMERICA.** *By S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales. For the use of Schools. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*

**A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR SCHOOLS.** *By S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—We do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, these are decidedly the best works of the kind of which we have any knowledge. They are as well adapted to the family as to the school.

**AN IMPROVED GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ON THE INDUCTIVE SYSTEM.** *By Rev. Bradford Frazee.*—Perhaps the only improvement we can expect upon the excellent grammars now in use are relative to definition and arrangement. A cursory perusal of this work impresses us with the hope that in these respects the author has been happy.

The above are on sale by Swornstedt & Mitchell, Cincinnati.

**WESLEYAN METHODIST ALMANAC, for the Province of Canada, for the year of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ 1845.**—We are indebted to some kind and unknown friend for a copy of this work. It contains a great variety of useful statistical information, interesting not only to British subjects but to Americans. In glancing at the Queen's salary, we thought if we could see her we would advise her not to emigrate to this country. We could not afford to give her more than six shillings a week here.

**THE WESTERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MONTHLY REVIEW.**—We take much pleasure in greeting this new and interesting periodical, which attracts many of the ablest pens in the "west," and promises to be a brilliant star in the diadem of her "Queen." Its editors appear to bring to their task the talents, and the taste, and the "loves" necessary to make their work captivating. We believe it is destined to rank among the very best periodicals on the continent.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**MILLERISM.**—Millerism was. Its history is instructive. We enter into no argument concerning it—we triumph not over its advocates or disciples. In general, they were doubtless pious and sincere—many were intelligent and highly estimable. We do not blame them. Many causes conspired to their deception. Mr. Miller, though illiterate, is certainly a man of some thought and research, and his book is interesting and ingenious. He derived authority from several illustrious names. The doctrine of the pre-millennial advent is advocated by some very learned and pious divines. The period fixed on by Mr. Miller for Christ's second coming, was hinted at, not obscurely, by some distinguished commentators; and the data from which the Millerites reasoned were furnished by others. The delusion, perhaps, was not met in the proper manner. The ministry neglected it—the laity assailed it with ridicule and scorn. Had the pastor of each Church stood up and thrown light around him when the darkness was coming, and had the judicious laymen of every Church reasoned kindly with their erring brethren, Millerism would not have produced much agitation.

Let us not look upon Millerites as heretics. Heresy implies error relative to fundamental truth. Yea, more, hatred to the truth. Millerism, though not heresy, has produced disastrous results. It has injured Zion. Many of the leaders infused (we hope unwittingly) an uncharitable and denunciatory spirit into their disciples, and insisted on a separation from their brethren, who did not agree with them in relation to the period of Christ's coming. Schism is no small matter. He who for an opinion on a point not fundamental to Christian doctrine or subversive of Christian character, rends the already torn and bleeding Church of Christ, will have a fearful account to meet at the bar of God.

Millerism has strengthened infidelity. Our heart has bled as we have witnessed the contempt and scorn of the ungodly toward Zion, and we have wept as we have contemplated the hardening of infidel heart, and the blinding of ungodly mind, and the searing of already blunted conscience, under the consequences of the new theory concerning the end of the world.

Millerism has strengthened Papacy. A large portion of intelligent men are looking with favor toward Mother Church. The errors and fanaticism resulting from private judgment in matters of religion, are, in our day, so numerous and flagrant, and are productive of such agitation and uncharitableness, and conflicts of passion and of interest, that many are seriously debating the question whether it is not better to surrender the Bible and the conscience, and the intellect, to the keeping of his Holiness, than to endure the evils of religious liberty. We are not of that number. We know that in the Mother Church error and delusion in the worst forms are to be found; and that even in relation to the end of the world, there have been, under the management of the Pope, mistakes as flagrant, and far more mischievous than Millerism. Still, if Romanism in the United States were to import and consecrate her "relics" with more caution, and conceal her designs with more Jesuitical cunning, we should not be surprised to find her augmenting her numbers by proselytism as well as emigration and natural increase.

The effect of Millerism upon its disciples will, we fear, be woful. Many, we apprehend, will become de-

ists, if not atheists. Those who may adhere to the Bible will probably cling to many mistakes which Millerism has brought with it. For error is rarely single. We might point out many false views which Millerism has fostered, if not originated. There are some of so serious a character that we cannot pass them by.

Millerites with whom we are acquainted, think they were *supernaturally* instructed to believe their views in regard to the second advent and the period of its occurrence. It is strange and unfortunate that every religious delusion pretends to inspiration. When a man sets up such a pretense, there are no resources in logic to meet his case. Now, although we believe in intercourse between man and God, we look for no additional revelation. God's communion with man is to strengthen and comfort the soul in the Christian conflict. How are we to know whether a certain impression be from our own spirit, or from another created spirit, or from God? By these tests: Is it conformable to revelation and common sense? Does it render us more holy and useful?—increasing our love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, industry, frugality, &c. Let our Millerite friends be careful of the spirit which they have indulged toward the Church and the world. The ancient Jews believed that when Christ came they would be gathered around a temporal prince, who should lead them forth to subjugate all nations, and make them the temporal lords of the earth. In such a spirit, they could not receive the "Lamb of God." Have not our erring brethren (for brethren, and brethren beloved, we still regard them) been indulging a similar delusion and a kindred spirit? Have they not been looking for a temporal monarch, who should gather them into a palace, arm them with "two edged swords," lead them forth, not for the subjugation, but the destruction of all who differed with them and theirs, crown them with temporal dignity, and allow them to luxuriate in worldly prosperity? Is this the patient and humble spirit in which we should wait for the coming of Christ and the better inheritance? We fear, too, that Millerism, in a great measure, *loses sight of the cross*, and aims to accomplish the great purposes of the Gospel by proclaiming the *judgment*. Now, although it may be necessary in rousing attention, to proclaim the law, and to persuade by "the terrors of the Lord," yet it is the "*goodness of God*" which "leadeth" men to repentance—it is by the mercies of God that we are to beseech men to present their bodies a living sacrifice—it is by that cross which is "a stumbling block to the Jew" and "foolishness" to the Greek—which the apostle regarded as of so much consequence that he would know nothing else—that the guilty race is to be reconciled to God. Is not Millerism too presumptuous? The Bible has many pages which to us are sealed. Although the history, doctrines, and precepts of holy Scripture are written so plainly that if they were pealed in thunder they could not be better known—so clearly and fully that all that is fundamental is obvious, even to the way-faring man—yet may there not be in some portions of that word which is "settled in heaven," that truth which "reacheth into the clouds," heights and depths we wot not of? Men of profound learning, unwearied research, mighty intellect, and deep piety, have been at a loss to understand many parts of the apocalyptic and prophetic books. Commentators of distinguished abilities have given contradictory interpretations; and many hypotheses, defended with energy,

learning, and zeal, have long since been exploded by the progress of events. Fulfilled prophecy is easily understood—unfulfilled prophecy was probably not designed to be perfectly understood until its fulfillment. Does it not accomplish its purpose if it create a *general* expectation of the coming event? Would it not, in some measure, defeat its object, if all its lines could be distinctly traced beforehand, and its progress tracked as well over the pages of the future as over those of the past? Ages at a distance from the fulfillment might be unconcerned, those near might make artificial attempts at fulfillment. May we not consider prophecy as a casket of jewels which time alone can unlock? Yet many talk of the darkest portion of Scripture as flippantly as a child does of its primer. They plunge into depths where the tallest minds have drowned, and where an angel would swamp, and vainly dream that their feet are upon a rock. They talk about "images" and "horns," until they at least satisfy their hearers that "little horns" can speak great swelling words. For our own part, we have always begged to be excused from such deep waters, on the principle that, though "larger boats may venture more, little boats should keep near shore." To us the fact that Christ will come is in the sunshine; but the period and manner of his coming are in "clouds of heaven." If I can be assured that I do his will and am preparing for a mansion in his Father's house, I shall be satisfied.

What can become of the Millerites? Let them return to the bosom of the Churches from which they have strayed. Let the Churches welcome them back. Let us bear with their wandering, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted. Let us not advert to their errors or disappointment; if they force the subject upon our attention, let us argue with them moderately and calmly. There is such a thing as arguing too strongly, and making even error appear too monstrous and absurd. A man will consent to capitulate on honorable terms, although he would resist unto death if he knew that surrender would be disgrace.

THANKSGIVING.—Before the issue of our next number, we shall in several states, probably, be summoned by the respective Governors to the reasonable and agreeable duty of public thanksgiving. It is gratifying to observe that this good Puritanical custom is observed in most of the states of our Union.

Under the Mosaic dispensation, a day of national thanksgiving was appointed by Divine authority. Since the abolition of the Jewish ritual, the Almighty has not thought proper to appoint any day to be specially observed by his Church for the expression of national gratitude. Still, reason, which is no less from God than revelation, demands that such a day should be observed. From the nature of our minds, we are likely to forget the passing blessing—we need, as a nation, to pause and recognize the Divine Being, to review our mercies, and acknowledge the hand which strews them around us, in songs of thanksgiving, and prayers of faith. We trust the day is not far distant when Congress will unite the whole heart and voice of the Union in hymns of thankfulness to God, by designating an anniversary for national thanksgiving.

We have sometimes been pained to witness the neglect of this excellent custom. The Church knows not what injury she does herself when she treats the proclamation of "the powers that be" with neglect, when it calls upon the world to praise God. Let the minister

open the gates of Zion. Let him say, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise! Be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations," Psalm c. If any nation should be grateful we should. "God hath not dealt so with any nation" as he has with these United States. Should not the minister on "thanksgiving," point out our superiority in civil and religious liberties—in temporal and spiritual, and intellectual blessings?

The year past has been one of universal health, prosperity and peace. "Our sons are as plants grown up in their youth; our daughters are as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; our garners are full, affording all manner of store. \* \* \* Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." Let the world go up to the house of God with the Church to unite in praise. Let the merchant close his store, and the mechanic his shop, and the farmer his barns, for one day at least in the year, to thank the Divine Being. How many are the causes which tend to distract and disunite us! Shall we not on this day forget our religious and political differences, and blend our hearts and voices in songs like those of heaven. Moreover, should we not on this day especially demonstrate our gratitude by searching for the poor and pouring upon them overflowing bounty?

**CHRISTMAS.**—The twenty-fifth of this month, as we all know, is celebrated throughout Christendom in memory of the nativity of our Savior. According to St. Chrisostom, Christmas and Epiphany were celebrated at the same feast, which arrangement continued among the Arminians down to the thirteenth century. But the Council of Nice separated these festivals as early as A. D. 325. Distinguished writers disagree in relation to the day of the nativity; some fixing it at the Passover, others at the Feast of Tabernacles, &c. Certain it is, however, that the 25th of December has been regarded from the earliest ages, as the natal day of Christ. It is hardly to be presumed, however, that the shepherds of Judea watched their flocks by night at this season of the year.

Why was this day fixed upon, if it be not the proper one? To this question, Sir Isaac Newton has given a very ingenious answer. He supposes that the Mathematicians who made the first Christian calendars, thought it convenient to fix upon the cardinal points of the year for the great festivals, and, therefore, selected the winter solstice for Christmas; and that the Church, satisfied that a day was set apart for the festival, acquiesced in the arrangement. This season of the year was formerly celebrated by various sports which have gone into disuse. It is still a period of cordial greeting, and family parties, and mutual presents; and in many places fair hands wreath evergreens around the temple. But the wasail bowl, the yule clog, the Christmas carol breaking in upon the midnight slumber, the feast of the poor of the congregation at the expense of the rich, &c., which formerly marked this season, are no more.

Well, there is this much left. We are authorized by custom to greet our patrons; and that we do with right

good will, "wishing them a merry Christmas" and a happy "New Year." Yes, "merry" and "happy"—those are the words—we prefer them to blithesome, jocund, &c., or felicitous, gratifying, and such like, because they are Saxon, and, therefore, well understood: we wish them to be taken, however, in the better senses. So taken, the wish is consistent with the purest piety. Who in this world is best prepared to enjoy the highest rational pleasure? We answer, he who is the most holy. There is nothing like moping about true religion. Why is the New Jerusalem adorned like a bride? They who think piety consists in melancholy had better keep clear of heaven. There joy is peeled forth. Would you have a merry Christmas, O sinner, get your sins pardoned at the cross of that Savior whose nativity you hope soon to commemorate. Would you have a happy *New Year*, be sure that you have a new *birth*. But wait not for that period. The next Christmas may find you in eternity. And even now,

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though foul as he,  
Wash all my stains away."

Let the saint make Christmas a day of prayer and heavenly communion. Let the minister invite his people to the house of God, to listen to an appropriate discourse. Let families assemble, to converse together of a Savior's condescension and a Savior's dying love, and to anticipate that happy meeting, which, if faithful, they will have in the world of light. We like the practice of collecting the family on Christmas at the homestead. Man was made for society; and there is something not only endearing and humanizing, but *hallowing* in the family relation: No one can feel a Christian mother's warm kiss upon his cheek without being a better man. No Christian family can collect around the paternal hearth, and see the old Bible, and hear the tremulous voice of a kind and pious father going up to the mercy seat, and feel the warm gushings of his holy heart, as he gives again his parting counsel, without feeling a thousand emotions springing up from heavenly association, and bringing them nearer to heaven.

We should be careful not to look upon Christmas with a superstitious veneration, or celebrate it as a religious duty, lest we come under the condemnation of holy Scripture, as thus expressed: "Let no man judge you, therefore, in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holyday," &c. But we have no disposition to see a good custom abandoned, nor to neglect any opportunity which the habits of society may offer for preaching the Gospel.

**SOMETHING SOOTHING.**—Young ladies have assured us that they intend on New Year's day to solicit subscriptions to the Repository. Enough—"Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We feel very grateful to our correspondents. We have some poetical articles on hand, the examination of which we have been putting off because we dread the task. In order to decide upon the merits of poetry a man should himself be a poet. We once undertook to write a poem, and such a raking and scraping of things natural and spiritual! We hope the heavens and the earth will forgive us.













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