

## Sunday Reading.

"GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT." A young man of our acquaintance has recently "gone the way of all the earth," and his mortal remains lie in the graveyard. But where is that spirit which returned to God who gave it, to receive its award of glory or of shame, of bliss or of torment?

There was a period in his history when his attention was directly and earnestly turned to the subject of religion. He had such correct views of himself as a sinner, and so great a solicitude for the salvation of his soul, that he went forward in the house of God with those who were inquiring the way to life and asking in their behalf the prayers of Christians. He was deeply agitated, his whole frame shook, his tears fell, and his sobbing could not be suppressed.

On leaving the cemetery that evening in this critical state of mind, numbers of his old associates met him at the door, gathered around him, and rallied him on what had just done. Their influence was more than he could resist; he fell before the attack, and flushed their rapturously ridiculous by falsely saying, that "what he had done, he had done only in sport, to make the estate think he was serious."

From that hour his convictions were stifled; and never for three years after, and during a protracted and distressing sickness, even until the day of his death, did he have any unusual anxiety respecting the future. His succeeding conduct was worse than it had been before, and he died as he had lived. How big with interest, how fearful in its results, was that moment when he recovered his angelic companion! Seeing his heaven and hell then revealed in the balance. Had he honestly met those deprecious consequences, admitted that he was a sinner fit for hell, and availed them to extend to his soul also, he might as all human eyes have been saved, and have been for the honor of man in the hand of the Spirit, of awakening and converting them; but owing to these fears, and trifling with his convictions, implicitly denying the existence of the kingdom of any alarm, he grinded the Spirit, and it took its flight; it was lost, alas, forever!

Who shall say that this unhappy youth did not then and there seal himself up in the gall of bitterness, and unto perdition? "For ever not the Spirit"—American Missionary.

**THE BIBLE MAKES MEN HONEST.** A Mr. Duncan, formerly of Princeton, Kentucky, has recently received a letter from me thus:—"Some eighteen years ago, during the time that the temple was being constructed from Princeton to Lexington, I sent you with an order, pertaining to be from a Mr. Hunter, who had some furniture from Princeton, on the Columbia river, and was at that time a man on the steamer. Upon this order I put some few articles—I believe a pair of chairs, some boxes for a summer coat, and perhaps other little articles. The amount was small. I do not remember exactly how much. This order was forged. I did it without knowledge of its great importance. I have become anxious of its evil, and have resolved on reparation, if reparation can now be made, to the injured ones I am trying to live a Christian life and believe that Christianity requires this at my hands, and as the hands of all, as far as is possible for them to make it. Indeed no right dollar, which I touch will enter the principal and interest to this time. If Hunter will pay the money damages to his estate. You will please dispose of it accordingly. I make no argument to the right about it, in view of the judgment to do this. I would not pay you the money in years. If ever you will show I tried. If you could determine to whom it belongs, I will pay it to the recovery costs, or some other enterprise. If you know that there is more than due debt and interest amounts to give the overplus the same direction. The love of Christ constraineth us."

Mr. Duncan has no recollection of the sale, and could find nothing on his books bearing upon the subject. He consulted with Mr. Hunter, and he could give him no information in regard to the transaction. He therefore, regarding the Bible as the record of this man's reparation, determined to give the money to the American Home Missionary Society.

GIVE GOD HIS DAY.

God must not be a rooster. He that makes birds has eight commandments. Among them is this: Sunday God's property. Give God his day.

Look out for you poor soul's sake, and protect the Sabbath, lest perchance it may not lay you low or else your day be overlayed. Let me give you an example of all around you, of those things more you to depart from thy制订 rule, that God's day is to be given to God.

The Sabbath is one of the greatest blessings that God has given to men. Do not make bad use of this blessing. Be that tongue good that abides, be it for here or Heaven. Heaven is an eternal Sunday. Oh, while you live, give God his day.

These go over easily for the Sabbath, and in the end you will give more easily for general. The steps which lead to the general cause are easy and regular. Begin with not breaking God's day, and you will come near to break God's house, near to break God's name, and you will soon come to break the people's hearts to break God's house, and by and by you will give up the house of God.

Sabbath, and I am never surprised if he finishes with the top stone of no God. It is a remarkable saying of Judge Hale, "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes upon the bench I found only a few who would not confess, on inquiry that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath." —*Iow. J. C. Dyer.*

## Agricultural.



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**SORE THROAT.**

Following is an extract from a letter recently received from Mrs. Brown, who had been affected for several years with Sore Throat, Diaper, &c., and recently with an affection of the Throat and Chest.

Bethesda, Va., Dec. 13, 1851.

Mrs. C. F. & D. S. —  
Dear Friends—

Using your Sarsaparilla, my sufferings were almost past; however, my throat was completely ulcerated, and a dreadfulough there were frequently, works together that I could not speak, as a whisper, and besides, the inflammation of my throat extended to my head, so that my hearing was very much impaired.

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George W. Brown.

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