



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, ENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor.

Vol. III.....No. 16.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1858.

\$1 50 a year, in advance.

Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. The Religious Instruction of Servants.

The last Quarterly Meeting Conference on the Roanoke Circuit, passed a resolution recommending the heads of families within its bounds to adopt a system of religious instruction for their servants. The voice for the resolution was unanimous. It was also voted that the resolution should be published. I hope soon to see it thus before the public. That meeting was composed of men among the most influential and intelligent in the intelligent county of Halifax.

This is a move by the right man in the right direction. It is a good text, and if I fail to preach a good sermon, therefrom it will be my fault.

But to the professedly christian master I have a better text than this, 'But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.' This text sweeps the foundation of hope from beneath the feet of a large proportion of professors of religion. It lays prostrate all waiting in home religion, all who neglect to furnish the bread of life to those dependent upon them. It teaches that they who deny the truth of Revelation, and yet obey the law of nature in providing for their dependents, are better than those who, though they believe Christ to be a Prince and a Saviour, yet neglect his plain command to 'feed his lambs—feed his sheep.' To the guilty this a terrible blow; but blame not man for it. The thunderbolt was forged in heaven. It had better fall now than at the Judgement seat. Turn to the passage and read it. It is found in 1 Timothy, 5, 8.

You have read it, have you? 'Yes; and I find the Apostle has reference to material bread and not spiritual.' So much the worse, for if you are thus guilty because of a neglect of smaller matters, how much more guilty do you become by neglecting the 'weightier matters of the law.' If to suffer the body of a dependent to perish for want of food is a crime; then it is a higher crime to suffer the soul to perish for want of food, since it is of infinite more value than the body.

But there are other reasons that should stimulate every christian, and especially every christian master to labor in this interesting field. Brethren, there is not in the world a missionary field promising and yielding a harvest so abundant and ready as the slave plantations in the South. I would not have you withdraw one iota of assistance from foreign missions. I would we were doing more for the distant heathen. But I must here draw a contrast between the result of missionary labor among the slaves of the South, and such labors in foreign lands.

Different denominations have made a large expenditure of life and money for the conversion of China. As a result a few souls have been converted. In the territory occupied by the East India Company, much more has been done; but the result is hardly more encouraging. Of a hundred and ten missionaries sent out for the conversion of Africa, only ten (as well as I recollect) have lost the statistics were effective. The others died on the field, or returned with shattered constitutions.

On the other hand, look at the result of the missionary labors of the Southern Methodist Church, alone among the slaves, and our statistics show colored members 40,000, and nearly 18,000 children under catechetical instruction. Or if we include all the fruits of our labors among this population, the M. C. S. has in its bosom 170,150 colored members and probationers, while the names of thousands have been transferred to the church book in heaven. Can the christian world besides show so much fruit of missionary labor, even though they have been in labors and means more abundant? With such results, who that has a christian heart, will not labor!

But the fruits of the Southern missionary do not end here. They are falling and springing into life and yielding a harvest in Africa. I must here give a passage from that eloquent and faithful divine of England, Dr. Cummings: 'That country (Africa) has been thought to be utterly impregnable to christian effort. Our steamers have navigated its streams, and their crews have died in succession; the malaria or miasma on the banks of the great rivers, seemed to tell us that foreigners or Europeans never can penetrate into Africa and promote the gospel on any thing like a great and rapid scale.—But singular enough, what seemed a curse, and what had become the shame and disgrace of a powerful republic in the West—mean the slave trade—is being overruled by the mysterious arrangements of Him who reigns, for the evangelization of that land which seemed to be all but hopeless, and to defy every effort that we made to reach it. By means of christian missionaries, the slaves in America are becoming christians, and the most hard hearted slaveholders of the South cannot, and the

most enlightened do not, prevent missionaries and ministers preaching to the slaves the glad tidings of eternal life. A number of these slaves have gone to Liberia; vast numbers of them are returning every year, and it is found that they are carrying with them the glorious Gospel; and in a climate where their constitution feels perfectly at home they are becoming the successful preachers of that Gospel which we have not been honored to carry into the midst of their dark, and barbarous, and benighted land.

It is needless to dwell upon the benefits which must pour in upon master and servants by adopting the suggested course of instruction. An acquaintance with the truths of the gospel must have a salutary influence upon the servant; and if converted thereby, he will be made faithful to his master, and happy in his employ. The master will be benefited in his labors. Grace will be given him for the use of this means of grace.

I must here relate an incident which was told me in California, by Bishop Kavanaugh. He, I think, obtained it from a gentleman who heard the address to which I shall allude.

The Baptist church in Illinois sent a missionary to Southern Africa. After laboring ten years in the field designated, he returned. Landing at New Orleans he purchased a horse, and on his way home he might visit such plantations that lay in his route. On reaching home his brethren requested him to give an account of his labors, and for this purpose a meeting was appointed.

He told them that he had labored faithfully for ten years, at a sacrifice of health and much money; but had accomplished very little good. His labor with the adults was useless. Their principles of idolatry were fixed. He met with little better success in his instruction of the children. He established schools for their benefit, but when their parents found the instruction given came in conflict with their notions of idolatry, they withdrew their children, and his brightest hopes were gone. But when he landed at New Orleans, on his return, it occurred to him he would travel through the southern states on his way home, as it afforded him an opportunity of contrasting the condition of the African in his native country, with that of the same people in a state of slavery. And to his surprise he found that God by means of the slaveholder, was doing more to christianize the African and prepare him for the truths of Gospel, than all the missionary efforts expended in the country of the natives; that his slave in taking the African from his native country, had only torn him from his idols, and placed him in a school of Christianity.

Of course his abolition audience did not relish his address. But the truth forced itself upon him, and he spoke it. 'Ye that love Christ, have you not often prayed, "Thy kingdom come" Have you not often wept over the ignorance of the heathen? They have the gospel. They know not the plan of salvation. God has called all of you who are masters, all of you to whom comfort the slave administrators, to the missionary work. The heathen are at your doors, perishing for the bread of life. The Ethiopian is stretching out his hand. Look! it extends over thy table. While he supplies thy body with bread, his soul asks for the bread of life. Shall he die for want of it? Surely every christian responds 'No.' Let me close this article by suggesting a plan that has worked well elsewhere.

Let the master spend a portion of the Sabbath in reading the Bible to his servants—expounding the difficult passages—and praying publicly for them. Let the mistress—and O this is a noble work for the 'young Misses'—learn the children the catechism. Our church has published a catechism prepared by Dr. Capers, well adapted to this. The instruction is all oral; but the children learn in this way with great rapidity. The servants should not neglect the preaching of the gospel.—Churches should be constructed for their accommodation, and, where it is practicable, give them as a missionary a faithful and able minister of the New Testament.

Now, brethren and sisters, to this work at once! You may meet with discouragements, and even with ingratitude, on the part of those for whom you may faithfully labor. But if you reward faithful, God will bless, and your reward will be great. Christ, when the voice of no other can comfort and cheer thee, will say, 'I was hungry and ye gave me the bread of life; I was naked and ye clothed me with the garment of salvation; I was sick and ye visited me with balm; I was in prison and ye broke my bonds; I was a stranger and ye took me in, giving shelter from a storm of wrath. Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'

T. W. M. Roanoke Circuit, April 8th.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. "Saving a Soul from Death."

DEAR BRO. HEFLIN: Allow me to state that the article "Saving a Soul from Death," which you selected for the Advocate last week promises to result in much good to souls, and it should be carefully read and acted out by every christian. If so, an influence would be started, which would deepen and widen through all time, and thousands of souls would be brought to Jesus and saved in heaven. The facts and plan given in that article clearly show that every christian, learned and unlearned, old and young can do something that will be instrumental in "saving a soul from death"—eternal death! O what a glorious work and privilege is this! Surely every one that has Jesus formed in his or her soul the hope of glory, will be in earnest to do something for the daily christian, in example, talk, prayer, or giving a tract, which may be blessed, sooner or later, in the conversion of that dear ungodly member of the family, or that kind irreligious neighbor. This was the spirit of Christ, for "he went about doing good." And men, women and children who have Jesus in their souls, will certainly initiate him in thoughts, words, and actions, for "if we have not the spirit Christ, we are none of his."

I trust many will follow the example of one who read that article, who has laid it in his Bible to read frequently, and has determined to commit to memory, every passage of scripture it mentions, and through me, he has ordered all the tracts it suggests, which are three classes.

First, For the thoughts: "Daxter's Call; Heaven Lost; The Worth of the Soul; For Ever; The Lost Soul; The Day of Trial." Second, For the awakened: "Quench not the Spirit; The Great Alternative; Have Me Excused; Eternal Life or Death." Third, For trusting Christ: "The Door was Opened; What is it to believe on Christ; Sinner directed to the Saviour; The way to be saved; What must I do? The act of Faith; Come and welcome to Jesus Christ; Self-dedication to God."

And I will here add a fourth class to instruct the young convert, and help all Christians to rightly feel their individual responsibility and properly direct their daily influence and action in this world, where they are to be living epistles, known and read of all men: "Nevan's Practical Thoughts: Life of Harlan Page; Norman Smith; Isabel; Zachew; What shall I do for Jesus? How to do good." I hope none will feel excused from using those printed pages for doing good. I have supplies of them at S. H. Young's store of this City, which can be had by personal applying or by mail. And 1500 pages of them can be had for one dollar; those not able to pay this, the cost of them, can get them free of charge. In this way all may scatter messages of salvation, which will continue to preach Jesus long after the distributor is dead.

Some of the identical tracts published by Luther, hundreds of years ago, are now in America, preaching salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. A promising young man recently told me that a tract I gave him a year ago, was the means of his conversion, and he is now having his mind directed to the ministry. He is now scattering tracts, and he may be the instrument of saving hundreds of souls; and all from a little tract given him in an obscure place. Let us be instant in season and out of season, remembering that the one object of God in letting us live is to get good and do good. Yours truly,

WM. J. W. CROWDER. Raleigh, A. P. April 12th, 1858.

Selections. Religion in California. SAN FRANCISCO, April. The time has been when religion was a scarce article in this country. It is better now, and the moral and religious sense of the people is improving every day. The Methodists have their conferences, their circuits, their stations, their preachers and exhorters all over the country. The Presbyterians, ever vigilant and industrious, are in all the cities and towns acquiring an influence, and swaying the popular feeling to a great extent; and the Baptists are equally industrious, if not so numerous or influential. The Episcopalians flourish in the cities, where they have able ministers and the handsomest churches; and the Catholics are prosperous at the old missions in San Francisco and other places. The American population complain of lack of talent in this church among the "fathers." The emigrant need not fear being without his accustomed church privileges in this country. The great danger is that he will leave his religion behind him. There are several ways leading out of California to the "great highway" of which we read in the good book.

The Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Catholics, all have their lines which they say connect

with the "highway of holiness;" and each line is furnishing suitable cars to accommodate the "travellers to eternity" who start from California.

Do you see those plain looking cars yonder? That is the Methodist train. The little noisy, strong-looking locomotive you see there is the "John Wesley." It always starts off with a tremendous load. The road runs near during the rivers, across the prairie through the woods, by all the towns along the settlements, past every hut, and to the very tops of the mountains, and the train stops at every place for passengers. The conductors are plain, practical, and energetic men. The passengers are zealous and enthusiastic. When they start they give a loud, long shout, and you would think the "king of heaven" suffered violence, and the "violence" were about to take by storm. On their banners is the religion "in earnest," and as they pass through the woods they make the welkin ring with the song, "Bright Canaan, bright Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan."

Yonder is the Baptist depot. Their cars are stout, the seats uncushioned, the conductors exacting and circumspect, and the passengers numerous and pious. The train is drawn by the "Baptist," a Greek word to immerse. It is surprising how so small a locomotive can take so heavy a train over so rough a road. They have tunneled "mountains of sin," and bridged the hollows of "iniquity," but water has no terrors for them, and hence they go plump through the river Jordan.

"To Canaan's fair and happy land Where my possessions lie." But see there; do you notice that beautiful train of cars yonder, with handsome Gothic windows and velvet cushioned seats? Do you see the surplise, the silk gown, and the golden coach? That is the Episcopal train. That gorgeously mounted and smoothly running locomotive is "Henry the Eighth." It sweeps over the solid trail as if propelled by "Ericson's new motor." There is a large sprinkling of lawyers in that train. It is the most fashionable and genteel train that runs out of California. (The Unitarians are not fairly under way yet.) They take towards heaven a vast amount of worldly wisdom, theological learning and pious gentility. It is supposed that St. Peter, who has the keys, is of the opinion that the passengers who come in these cars are his relatives and descendants; albeit, he doesn't like the name of the locomotive; "Henry the Eighth," in his opinion having been a great sinner.

The Presbyterians, however, are doing the best business in California.—They train the mind, inculcate inflexible morals, having skillful engineers, intelligent conductors, and well arranged cars. They run through a hostile country; they come in contact with Sabbath breakers, gamblers, and drunkards, and pounce on the "hosts of sin" everywhere. They are skillful in a manoeuvre, and display superior generalship in a fight. Their roads run through all the towns; they have missionaries in all the important places; they have colporteurs or runners on the steamboats beating for passengers, and Satan himself cannot get up an enterprise without danger of having a Presbyterian after him to spy out his plans and borrow thunder.

But listen to those chimers; the Catholic train is about to start. Those old cars look as though they were made a thousand years ago—antiquated, dark, gloomy; rusty but very stout old cars. They run full, however. See the crosses and Latin inscriptions, and see those "Sisters'" bonnets. The more one looks around here the more he sees to interest him. The roads from California connects from that old line from Rome, which was started eighteen hundred years ago, and is supposed to be the most direct way to heaven.

Correspondence (Mo.) Republican. The Cross. "Take up the cross and follow me." Thus speaks the Saviour to every one who would be a disciple. Take up the cross—how?

1. If you are a father, or an elder son, by holding prayer in the family. 2. If you are a young Christian, by acknowledging your Saviour in the company of the vain and irreligious. 3. If you are a lay member of the church, by participating in the exercises of its social meetings. 4. If you are a minister, by performing the unpleasant duties of your office—such as showing the house of Israel their sins, warning the wicked, and thus arousing their opposition. Brother, sister, there is a cross for you. You may bear it until it becomes light and easy; for if you bear the cross, it will bear you; but if you would follow Jesus, you must take up the cross and you must bear it. This is the condition of discipleship. You may refuse compliance; but in doing so, you forfeit the blessing. Take up the cross.—Pacific Methodist.

Gold is universally worshipped without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

From the N. W. Ch. Advocate. Noisy Religion.

"What makes your mother pray so loud? Does she think that God is deaf or far away?" "No, I presume not, but she wants what she prays for, and means to have it. She is in earnest about it, and when she gets in earnest she always speaks loud, but never so loud as she does sometimes when praying for the salvation of souls, and I think it is all well enough, for if the Bible is true, and Christians ought to be great earnest for their salvation.—Such is the substance of a conversation which passed between myself, when a boy, and a formalist who had been very much annoyed by my mother's loud and earnest prayers. My mother was a good old-fashioned Methodist. God had blessed her with a good understanding, a powerful physical constitution, capacious and indefatigable lungs, and had baptized her with the Holy Ghost and with fire. And being free in Christ Jesus, and naturally of an ardent temperament, you can imagine how she would pray when she felt that the eternal destiny of souls was at stake.

Praise God! I can almost hear her now, lifting a voice like a trumpet.—We always prize a mother's prayers, and so I trust my partiality for hers will be excused. I would rather hear one of her loud and earnest prayers than that of any music to which I have ever been my lot to listen. I may never hear that voice again, but its tones of pleading importunity will never be forgotten.

But I had not intended writing so much of a personal character. I will proceed. It will be easily seen that my mind has not changed upon the subject of loud and earnest praying since the conversation referred to above. I think I have established the fact that God approves of the most intense earnestness in prayer. Now permit me to suggest, that the most natural expression of earnestness in many is, in general, a loud voice. That man who cries out for help when in imminent personal danger, does not whisper—he cries aloud, even though the friend from whom he expects assistance may be at hand.—Why? Because he is in earnest.

We hear two men begin to raise their voices in conversation. We say they are getting in earnest. There may be some exceptions, but as a rule, when earnestness is the soul of speech, a loud voice is the body. This is according to the constitution God has given us. I therefore believe it is right. It holds good in every thing else, and why not religion?

But I wish to be well understood here. I grant that there are noisy prayers which are not of God; and so there are whispered prayers which are not of God. I grant that there may be noisy professors of religion, who are inconsistent in their lives—who are even hypocrites; and so there are quiet and silent professors who are hypocrites.—But that proves nothing either way. I do not say that God approves noise for its own sake. There is no merit, no efficacy in the mere act of crying aloud. Either that, or whispering in our prayers without the spirit, is as worthless as the "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal." Sound and fury, signifying nothing, is no part of the true worship of God; but crying aloud in the Holy Ghost—crying in travail for souls, giving utterance to an inspired earnestness for the salvation of men, is approved of God, and is sometimes our duty.

I do not say that God does not approve and answer whispered or even unuttered prayers. There is often an earnestness of desire and a firmness of faith which claim and appropriate the promises of God—which never embody themselves in articulate speech. This, of course, I admit. There are various operations by the same Spirit; but I believe that the Spirit sometimes leads men to cry aloud, and that we may grieve the Spirit by smothering our voices. Then I say let them out! The Spirit as well as the Word of God must have free course if we would see it run and be glorified.

A Dead Weight. A beloved brother was lately enumerating in our hearing the source of discouragement in his field of labor. Prominent among these was a brother in the Church, who, failing in a great degree to do the work fairly demanded of one in his circumstances, seemed to hang as a dead weight upon their progress. "Often," said he, "in my hours of despondency I am ready to wish he was away from us. But he must live somewhere, and perhaps we can as well afford to keep him as anybody; only I have thought we needed a state almshouse (spiritual) where such could be kept. It would be cheaper than to have them quartered, as now, among the different families of Christ, where there are no suitable accommodations for them, and where they are always in the way."

How to make a short winter. Get a ninety days' note discounted in a bank. Spring and pay day will come round quite as soon as you are ready for them.

Anecdote of Mr. Clay.

The following is related by a highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky, illustrative of a very important duty. We commend it, says the German Reformed Messenger, to the careful perusal of all our "men-fearing" heads of families. He had just commenced preaching, and had for a few years been married and keeping house. He was in humble circumstances, and of a limited education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty that he could summon resolution to address a congregation. Mr. Clay, in the discharge of his duty as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant ("Clover Bottom," Woodford county,) to have surveys made of some land then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of brother B. their home. On the first night they stayed with him, our brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of holding family worship morning and evening; but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. Clay and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife, by significant gestures, suggested that the time for prayer had come. Brother B. hinted to his guests that perhaps "they would choose to go to bed." But Mr. Clay, with great politeness, said that "he did not feel at all sleepy, and that, unless it were intrusive, he would be happy to enjoy his society longer." Of course brother B. could not object.—Still, the matter of prayer could not be postponed without sending the children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of procedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Mr. Clay and his friend what was his custom, and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire, at their option. Mr. Clay promptly, and with some feeling, replied that "they would remain by all means; that the earliest recollections of life were associated with such exercises; that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institutions of religion, and none more so than that of family worship."

Brother B. then proceeded with his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassed in his life.—When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said: "Mr. B., never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cheerish any other feeling than reverence for the consecrated hour of man in audience with Deity." And what are myself and friends here, and what are your children, indebted for all that we are to the great Fountain of Good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave, and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne and the beggar in his rags are the same in the eyes of the omniscient. Think of this, Mr. B., and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. For myself, I would rather know that the prayer of a pious man, no matter how humble his position in life, were ascending in my behalf, than to have the wildest applause of listening senators."

Mr. Clay and his friend then retired for the night. Mr. B. says it was the best lesson of his life. He afterwards heard the great statesman in all the grandeur of his eloquence; but he insists that in no effort he ever heard, was he so impressive as on the occasion named.—Express

From the New York Observer. Salvation Free.

Jesus Christ is God's unspeakable gift. What God gives, I am fully warranted to take. Nay, more, when God gives, it is an infinite insult to Him to refuse His gift. My warrant for taking Jesus and His free salvation, is God's free gift of Him in the gospel to "whoever will have him." I have no other warrant. Nobody has any other. All who hear the gospel, have equally the same divine warrant for taking Jesus, and trusting in Him for salvation. A man made sensible of his sin and ruin, by the convincing Spirit of God, will prize the Saviour more than one not so thoroughly awakened to a sense of his sinfulness. But his sense of sin and ruin, and desire after salvation, altho' they make Christ more welcome, do not make him one whit more free. The offer of Christ and his salvation in the gospel, is absolutely unconditionally free. Nothing can make it more. No sense of need, no deep convictions of sin, nor any other state of mind in the sinner, can make Christ more free to that sinner, than the offer of the Gos-

pel makes Him, or give him any stronger warrant for receiving and resting upon Christ, than the free promise and offer of the Gospel gives him. Faith does not give the sinner a right to Christ and the blessings of his salvation. Faith in the sinner's receiving and resting upon Christ for salvation, is a virtue of the right which the free offer of God in the gospel gives him to do so.

Faith takes Christ and enjoys Him—lives upon Him, and makes use of Him for all the purposes for which God gives Him. It receives Him as Prophet, Priest and King. Christ becomes our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption—our all.—All our salvation, all our desire. The believer lives upon Him and rejoices in Him. He is indispensable to the believer's safety, holiness, happiness, usefulness. He is their hope, help, portion—their present, and to be their eternal joy and glory.

Reader, is He yours? A. M. "The Right Must Win." "The following beautiful lines we found in a Roman Catholic work containing all the hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal."—Inquirer. Oh, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take his part Upon this battle-field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart. He hides himself so wondrously, As though there were no God; He is least seen when all the powers of ill are most abroad. Or he deceits us at the hour The light is almost lost; And seems to leave us to ourselves Just when we need him most. Ill masters good—good seems to change To ill, with greatest ease And, worst of all, the good with good Is at cross purposes. It is not we, but so it looks; And we lose courage then; And doubts will come if God hath kept His promises to men. Ah! God is other than we think His ways are far above, Far above Reason's height, and reached Only by child-like love. The book, the fashion of God's ways Love's life-long study are; She can behold, and guess, and act, When reason would not dare. She has a prudence of her own; Her step is firm and free; Yet there is cautious science, too, In her simplicity. Workman of God! oh, lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field, Thou shalt know where to strike. Oh, blessed is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell That God is on the field, when he Is most invisible! And blessed is he who can divine Where real right doth lie, And dares to take the side which seems Wrong to man's blindfold eye. Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men! Oh, learn to love with God; For Jesus won the world through shame, And beckons thee his road. God's glory is a most wondrous thing, Most strange in all its ways, And of all things on earth, least like What men agree to praise. Muse on his justice, downmost soul! Muse and take better heart; Bask with thine angel to the field; Good luck shall crown thy part. God's justice is a bed, where we Our anxious hearts may lay, And weary with ourselves, may sleep Our discontent away. For right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin! Punch and Kansas. Mr. Sam Slick having enlightened Mr. Punch, of London, in regard to the Kansas question the conversation ended as follows: Mr. P.—Sir, I thank you for your explanation, and I hope no serious trouble will arise in the United States, for which I always entertain the warmest regard. Mr. S.—Don't worry yourself into a sort of perspiration about that, stranger. In a corrupt and debilitated old country like yours, a political difficulty might bring ruin and dismay, but where a western sun glids the proud pinnacles of American liberty, such things are but the wandering breezes that cool the wings of our glorious eagle, and help him to fly still higher towards the transcendental firmament. Societyism. It is not always an evidence of a bounding grace, but rather the reverse, that many societies are proposed. Formalism is fruitful of schemes and agencies. It expects much of them. Anything but individual personal effort.—Perhaps, says one, there is no other thing which human nature so gladly resigns to the hands of hired servants, as religious duty. There is no other service for which the world or the worldly man can afford, in view of pecuniary profit, to pay so liberally, in cash, as that of "working out salvation," whether for self or others. N. O. Ch. Advocate.