

# CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor.

VOL. IV—NO. 5.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1859.

\$1.50 a year, in advance.

## ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
**Theological Politics.**

I propose to say a few things bearing on the condition and prospects of the Methodist Church in North Carolina. I shall quote without using the marks, think without caring who differs, and state principles without asking who may approve. Every effort or enterprise, requiring the united ability and effort of any considerable number of persons, in order to succeed, must be based on a common principle, and applied, and must coincide with the conditions of the age and nation. If this leading principle is of such a character, that it cannot be applied but to one generation, the close of that generation will end the utility of the action in question. Symbolic Mythology was the central idea of the old Egyptian civilization; applied to the land of the Nile, it resulted in the pyramids, the catacombs, obelisks and popular degradation of that Empire. The same principle transported to Greece, was there applied to expressions of the beautiful; but having produced one generation of poets, orators, sculptors and philosophers, it fell and carried the people with it. All history will attest that whatever is lasting, must be capable of a development suitable to the times and the country, and if any creed, system or philosophy, when fairly construed on its own character, is incapable of these two conditions, time and country, that creed or system will be temporary.

Methodism in doctrine and discipline, is a Theological system, purporting to be a Bible interpretation of faith and practice, suitable for all classes of society in a Sovereign Southern State. Now, if this system is what it professes to be, it will, when developed, applied and obeyed, produce good citizens in every sense, good members of social life, and good Christians; and if in any of these there is a failure, there is either defect in the Methodist formula, or an incorrect development as to age and country. If it be said, the creed is all right if the people would obey it, the reply is, that when a people voluntarily embrace a constitution, political or theological, and then neglect it, such constitution however good in itself, is not adapted to that people. Order is essential to a State, but the adoption of a republican constitution by Mexico, would not produce good citizenship, unless the people are suited to that development of the political formula. It also sometimes happens that a State continues to exist under a well received political polity. The existence being really artificial and sustained only by positive force. This likewise proves a constitution deficient in adaptation. In the Methodist polity, salvation by faith, and an itinerancy, seem to be the fundamental ideas; all the other principles being necessary conditions for the application of the fundamentals, or collateral entirely concordant with the primaries. Now these leading principles in the hands of Mr. Wesley, were capable of founding quite a number of problems. He might have said, given salvation by faith, itinerancy and the British nobility, to make them Christians? Or he might have substituted "Gentlemen," or "Yeomanry," or "Poor laborers." Actually, the problem was, "faith, itinerancy, masses"; the sought was "Christians," the thing to be saved was "how shall the application be made?" This problem in the hands of the great Methodist Statesman was quickly solved; no man ever saw the essentials of a question more clearly, or applied the appropriate means more wisely. He wanted zealous preachers full of the Holy Ghost (no special necessity for learning or polite accomplishments); places appropriate to hear in the open air (stands); houses to preach in (meeting-houses); some men to pray in public, admonish, advise, in the absence of the preacher (class-leaders); men to care for the poor, look after the stands and meeting-houses, and obtain what any were willing to give the preacher (stewards). This was about the development of the formula requisite at the time; a greater would have been inapplicable; a less inefficient. Now I think the Methodist polity is capable of a development suitable to all ages and nations, (lay delegation being repugnant to the original constitution, can never come into the development,) but Mr. Wesley extended it only to suit his times; hence many of the sayings and doings of that great man, were antiquated even before their author passed away. Steam is the same everywhere, but the intensity, amount and applying machinery appropriate, will vary with the locality and intention. EPWORTH.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
**Preachers and People.**

Preaches, we hope, have all reached their appointed day of labor with hearts warm with zeal for the Church of God. Are the preachers satisfied with their

homes? We hope so. Are the people satisfied with their preacher? We hope so. If such be the case, what hinders us from having a great and glorious revival of religion, this year, throughout all the circuits and stations in the North Carolina Conference?

If hindering causes threaten, let us rise above every opposition, and labor as preachers and people for universal holiness throughout the church of God.

If the circuit is not as the preacher desires, let him labor to make it such. If the preacher is not as the people desire, let them take hold of his hands and hold them up, while he labors to preach to them the Gospel.

Thus, by striving to build up the waste places and to lead the lame, the broken in heart becomes healed and the weak is made strong; so that the Church will rise triumphant over every opposition, and make rapid steps toward the haven of eternal blessedness.

Brethren, let us go to work.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
**Exegesis.**

"And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open and none shall shut; and he shall shut and none shall open."—ISAIAH, XLII, 22.

The whole of this chapter is a prophecy against Jerusalem in general &c. v. 14, and thereafter against Sennacherib in particular, as the representative of the whole people. It is predicted that he will be cast from his place and Eliakim substituted, that upon Eliakim shall be bestowed the symbols of power, authority, and office. In the verse immediately preceding we are told that the official robe and girdle are to be bestowed upon Eliakim. In this verse, that of the key of the house is to be laid upon his shoulder. The key has been a symbol of office and authority in almost all ages and amongst almost all people.

The doors among the Hebrews were valves, suspended on wooden pivots which were inserted in sockets in the door-posts. The lock was a wooden slide, so attached to the door that by means of one or two strings passing through the door a person could well pull it into its place by the post, where it was so fastened, among the teeth or catches, as not to be drawn back. The one coming in, who wished to unlock, had a wooden key, sufficiently large, and crooked like a sickle. He thrust the key through the orifice of the door, or key-hole, lifted up the slide so as to extricate it from the catches, and taking hold of the other string drew it back, and thus entered."—John's Bib. Arch. The keys of the rich were of metal. Under the Hebrew monarchy the key was given to the steward or chamberlain, as the badge of his office. The size and weight of the earlier keys would necessarily lead to that mode of bearing them which would be easiest, and the form, that of a sickle, enabled the bearer to carry it on his shoulder. Although this was the case in earliest times it is not necessary to suppose that in the days of Eliakim, the steward of the household literally bore such a key. The figure of the key may or may not have been embroidered on the robe, across the shoulder, as symbolical. But even that is an unnecessary supposition. It is to be noticed that the word translated 'shoulder,' signifies the whole upper burden bearing part of the back.

The interpretation here seems to be that the administration of the government is represented by a burden, and that burden is a key, so that the ideas of responsibility and power are conveyed at once. In Matt. xvi, 19, Christ applies the same form of expression to Peter, implying that to the Apostles, he gave authority and upon them he laid the responsibility of administering the affairs of the Church. In Rev. iii 7, Christ is spoken of as "he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
**Memorials of Methodism.**

Bro. HEFLIN:—Near the close of the session in Newbern, something was said and done privately in regard to a Methodist Historical Society. It is presumed that the committee on Education, who promised and were expected to report on it, were so pressed for time that they could not give it attention. I have no doubt that it will be instituted at the next session. But there are few subjects on which delay is more unreasonable or may prove more unfortunate.

Several sister Conferences have seen the necessity of immediate effort and have promptly organized those societies. The importance of the matter is by no means less in our own State than in those which have set us the example. The history of the introduction and promotion of Methodism in North Carolina is full of thrilling interest. There are scenes in our mountain coves and eastern plains notable for

moral conflict and heroic endurance—with no mark of remembrance—no name in history. We, the descendants of those pioneer fathers, walk unconsciously over places hallowed by the prayers, the toils, the sacrifices and sufferings which were theirs when they sowed the harvest we are reaping.

My attention was drawn more directly to this matter by the interesting lecture of Prof. Shipp before the Historical Society of the S. C. Conference at its late session.

His investigation was confined to that portion of our State which has been or is now in the hands of the S. C. Conference. I hope it will be published, for it is a performance of great interest, merit and historic value. Similar compilations of facts, incidents, &c., covering our entire territory would be invaluable. Any one reading the simple, yet eloquent details will feel and confess their power. If we take hold of them, they electrify us. We need an acquaintance with those bold, true pilgrim fathers, to cure us of our backslidings in courage and devotion.

The misfortune of our delay will be confessed, when memory calls up the lamented dead, who could have told us what we now shall never learn on earth.

To meet as far as possible the object desired, I propose that each of the preachers interest himself to gather all the information about early Methodism that he can, from the older members and persons in his charge. Let him then keep it till Conference, or send it to the Advocate. Each one will thus do a great service and receive at the same time an abundant reward.

I would also urge upon those who know the facts of our church history in their sections and feel an interest in the subject, to write detailed sketches and hand them to their pastors or send them to the Advocate. You cannot have more entertaining and valuable contributions.

Very truly yours,  
A. W. M.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

## SELECTIONS.

From the Home Journal.

**Tale of the South.**

BY A SOUTHERN MAN.

THE MARTYR MINISTERS.

It was summer in the South. The rays of an almost vertical sun kindled the air into the torrid glow of the tropics. Long, hot days, short, sultry nights, frequent showers and castery winds, were ominous harbingers of disease and death in localities most exposed to their influence. Men of medical lore, guided by science and of practical experience, saw, in the conjunction of these causes, the sure forerunner of the most fell destroyer of southern latitudes, and predicted the advent of yellow fever, of malignant type and deadly power, in its accustomed haunts.

Speedily was the prophecy fulfilled. The black comb descended simultaneously upon several cities in the South, and raged with a fatality and fierceness almost unparalleled in the history of the disease. The living fleeing to distant places for safety, or covering with fear at home—the constant spectators of the death of friends and relations, and in hourly expectation of a fatal assault by the disease themselves; the dying, abandoned oftentimes by all save the physician and the nurse; the dead, too numerous for orderly sepulture, hurried off, uncoffined and unattended by funeral train or dirge, to hasty burial in common graves; the hearse ever on the street, accompanied by the call of the driver for patronage at the houses of the wealthy; the significant crape upon numberless doors; silence in the thoroughfares of trade, business deserted, shops and all houses of traffic closed; gloom, desertion, and dread everywhere—these concomitants of the epidemic, seen always, in some degree, where it prevails, appeared now with a frequency and universality that appalled all hearts, and made the year 1853 memorable among all the years of yellow fever visitation at the South.

Over one fair city of the South, in particular, the wing of the destroying angel brooded with the fierceness of the avenger that smote the first-born of the land of Pharaoh. There the pestilence literally wasted at noonday, and walked in darkness. Medical skill availed neither to arrest the spread of the disease, nor to cure the infected. All who could, left the city. Thousands, however, remained, through the compulsion of business or the stringency of controlling circumstances. Into the ranks of these the epidemic spread with but little discrimination between the acclimated and the unacclimated portions.—Young and old, male and female, bond and free, went down together in the wild maelstrom of the pestilence. Soon, in almost every house there were vacant seats at the hearth-stone, and wallings for the unreturning dead. In some instances whole

families perished; children wept for parents, parents mourned for children. Few were the footfalls, save those of the physician and the hearer, heard upon the streets. The sounds of jewelry and mirth were supplanted by the groan of the sick, the wail of the bereaved, and the prayer of the minister as he consoled the dying, or closed the rayless eyes, and the mute lips of the dead. The beautiful city of the Gulf stood, like Niobe, old, speechless in her woe. Her business departed, and hundreds of her sons and daughters passed away to be seen no more upon her streets or in the habitations of her people.

Mourful, indeed, and saddening almost to tears, would be the record which should attempt to chronicle even a tithe of the touching incidents and pathetic details of the pestilence. The presence of an epidemic, in dense communities, always brings out, in bold relief and in vivid contrast, the noblest and the meanest traits, the brightest and the darkest features, of humanity. In this smitten city of the South, as is the case everywhere in the midst of such a visitation, appeared ministering angels and incarnate fiends—the parsimony of hopeful avarice, and the prodigality of blank despair—the beastly revel of insensate vice, in its accustomed haunts, and the low voice of supplication and prayer in pulpit and closet; in a word, all the contrasts which human passion and human character call forth to pain or to gladden the moral vision of the beholder.

The clergy of the various religious denominations, true to their high office, remained in the city, and dispensed the ministrations and consolation of religion to all who needed or asked their aid. To the acclimated, the mission, beautiful and holy as it is, was comparatively free from peril.—They were charmed lives, but are entitled, nevertheless, to the full credit of duty nobly performed under the most appalling circumstances, inviting to its abandonment. But the unacclimated, who remained, confronted by the almost assured certainty of death—who visited the dying and performed the burial service for the dead, only to contract the infection and die themselves—deserve the meed of praise for a courage higher than that of the battlefield, and their deaths, in the general admittance the martyrs of our age.

The ministrations of both classes, however, furnish a striking illustration of the elevating and sustaining power of the religious sentiment. The courage which braves the perils of battle—delimited so often in the poet's lay and the orator's eulogium, as the highest exhibition of human bravery—sinks almost into cowardice when compared with the moral heroism inspired by religion, and exhibited by its ministers in their labors of love amid the horrors of pestilence. The soldier, fired by the contagious courage of numbers, and dulled to insensibility by the rigor of military discipline, the brutalizing effects of his profession, or the madness of real or simulated passion, encounters the dangers of war's direst spectacle with mute indifference, and little recks, in the fulness of his pride and strength, whether he survive or perish in the conflict. But he who was with pestilence, battles with an invisible foe. He has nothing but his own sense of duty, and his high trust in God, to sustain him.—The hot blood which fires the courage and inspires the deeds of the soldier, is not his to animate and sustain him, for his foe flows viewless on the wings of the air, and enters the citadel of life through the inspirations which impart health and nourishment to its vital currents. Pestilence is not a brave enemy that storms by open violence the fortress of existence, but an insidious coward that steals, silent and invisible, upon its victim. It conducts a siege in which no quarter is given, no terms offered to the vanquished, and the flag of capitulation which floats over its close is the sable pall of the hearse, or the mournful draperies of the dead. Who will say that the courage which grapples with a foe like this, is not of nobler mould than that of the heroes of battle and of song? Around are the dying and the dead—the one needing prayers, and the other sepulture. Universal pitié prevails among the living. Business has ceased. The pulpits are silent, for the worshippers dread the effect of contact in masses. On every countenance is gloom, and in every heart is sadness. The wail of the bereaved, the groans of the dying, the blasphemy of the impios and the prayers of the pious, go up in blended chorus from the smitten city below to the uplying heavens above.

In the midst of the scene of desolation and despair, the ministers of religion move and act. The living are admonished, the dying consoled, the bereaved comforted, and the burial service pronounced over the dead. With a mission and labors like these, no human vocation can befitly compare, and the courage which impels to the one, and sustains amid the perils of the other, is the noblest that man exhibits, and the highest that Heaven bestows.

Three examples of this martyr heroism inspired by religion, occurred during the memorable epidemic of 1853, in the ill-fated city of the South to which reference is intended in the preceding remarks. A brief allusion to each must close this tale. The epidemic has reached its maximum of malignity and fatality. In a room fitted up with all the appliances of a scholar's study, upon a low bed or cot, a young man lies, smitten with the prevailing fever.—He is apparently not more than twenty-two or three years of age. The person is tall and slender, the forehead ample, and the eyes, until dimmed by illness, beamed with the light of a kind, vigorous and intelligent spirit. He has passed through the last great agony of his disease, and the glazing eye and fluttering pulse tell that his end draws rapidly nigh. Beside him sits his spiritual adviser. The physician has made his last visit, saw the fatal symptom of inevitable death, and left him for more hopeful patients. The faithful nurse is with him still. The deep hush in the room, broken only by the low breathing of the invalid, betokens the chamber of approaching death. As the sublime transfiguration from mortal to immortal goes on, let us step softly into the room, and inquire who and what the meek sufferer is.

He was born beneath the bright skies and amid the balmy airs of a salubrious southern clime. Surrounded by the pleasant sights and sounds of a rural home, he grew up, in loving communion with nature and books, and congenial associates, into genial, hopeful and not very robust manhood. His heart was the home of every noble emotion, and his head a fountain of beautiful thought. He was blessed alike in his moral aptitudes and his intellectual capabilities. He was, in fact, a man of talents, and became, by assiduous culture, as learned as he was gifted and pure.

The bias of his faculties led him naturally into the pulpit. Blessed with a head and heart which qualified him for his duties, he entered upon his holy office with zeal and the promise of a lengthened career of usefulness. By the allotment of the ecclesiastical authority to which he was subject, he was stationed the first year of his ministry, in the Gulf city of the South. There he labored faithfully, successfully and most acceptably to his church, for several months. When the storm of the epidemic came down upon the devoted city, friends abroad and counselors at home advised him to quit his charge and retire, for a season, to a place of safety. He prayerfully considered, but conscientiously rejected, their advice. He was at the post of duty. Providence had environed him with peril, and could, if best for himself and others, deliver him in the very midst of the pestilence.

Thus comforted by his faith, and sustained by the consciousness that he was engaged in the performance of what he believed to be his duty, he devoted himself, night and day, to the labors and perils of his sacred calling. He preached to the well, he visited the sick, prayed for the dying, and read the burial service of his church at the grave of the dead. Universally popular, and admired by all for the heroism of his spirit and conduct, he was incessantly summoned, hither and thither, into all parts of the city. He went wherever called, and did good deeds and uttered good words wherever he went.

But in the midst of his labors and usefulness, he contracted the disease himself, and lies now in his study, rapidly succumbing to its power. He utters no complaint. Audible prayer and snatches of spiritual songs burst occasionally, in feeble accents, from his lips. He is far from kindred and early friends. No voice or presence of parent, or brother, or sister, soothes his departing spirit. And yet all is well with him. He goes down into the shadow of the dark valley, but not fearfully, or alone. The silver cord of life is gently loosened. Symphonies from choral bands, "unheard by ears of flesh, fill the chamber. A sweet smile passes over the face of the sufferer, and the first of the martyr ministers is at rest.

In the same city, and during the same epidemic, another scene invites the recording pen of the chronicler. A beautiful woman, young and sorrowful, bends over the couch of a dying man, and wipes the gathering dews of death from his brow.—He, too, is gifted in mind and noble in heart. Though small in stature, he has the marked forehead and beaming eye that belong to the sons of genius. His early advantages have been great. No opportunity which wealth could command, or the solicitude of fond parents could devise, to develop him into robust manhood of mind and heart, has been wanting. As all his aptitudes, both moral and intellectual, were favorable, the result responded fully to the exertions and care expended in his behalf. He ripened into manhood, rich in the graces of the heart, and abounding in all the accomplishments of the mind. Possessed of a brilliant imagination, a ready and graceful elocution, and a scholarship high and rare for his age, he stepped forth into the arena of life, prepar-

ed to contend for its noblest prizes, and with every prospect of abundant success. Educated at a military school, he was originally destined for the profession of arms. But a work of grace in his heart, co-operating with an overmastering conviction that it was his duty to labor for the promotion of the spiritual interests of his fellow-men, impelled him to the ministrations of the pulpit as his calling for life. He had labored assiduously and successfully in the ministry for several years, when the year of the pestilence found him stationed in the smitten city of the Gulf. Unacclimated, and so liable at any moment to contract the disease, the husband of a lovely woman, and the father of several small children, has life deemed too valuable to them and to the world to be perilled amid the epidemic, and he was importunately urged to flee from the city. But his sense of duty forbid the flight. His high courage and unwavering trust in the wisdom and goodness of Providence, resigned him even to the martyrdom of untimely death, if that, indeed, were the ordination of his lot.

He felt, it is true, as a father, and loved devotedly as a husband; but a sense of obligation higher than any that human affection can impose, bade him remain at his post, and he heeded what he deemed his divine admonition. In the midst of incessant ministrations at the bedside and at the grave, he fell sick of the pestilence himself, and lay down to die. As he had borne himself meekly in his high office, and kept his record clear, he was ready and, if such were the will of Heaven, not unwilling to depart. Surrounded by wife, children and friends, sustained by an unflinching faith, and loving in peace to the inevitable summons, he passed uncomplainingly to the dreamless rest of mortality, and the second of the martyr ministers was numbered with the dead.

One instance more, and the mournful recital ends. When the epidemic was at its height, and the gloom over the city had deepened almost to the blackness of despair, a middle-aged, middle-aged man, with kindling eye and glowing countenance, might have been seen, passing from house to house, and from street to street, bearing the messages and the consolations of religion, and the needed aid of a nursing hand, into the dreariest haunts of the pestilence. He fears not, for he knows that good angels tent round about all who tread in the path of duty. The alert and vigorous intellect, the generous heart, the high culture of letters, eloquence, exalted piety and burning zeal in all the offices of his holy vocation—all these are his, and, with deliberate choice, he lays them all as a sacrifice upon the altar of duty. On the field of his benignant labors he is smitten by the shaft of the pestilence, and goes down, amid the tears and unavailing prayers of all who knew him, to the silent embrace of the tomb.

In one of the cemeteries of the city of Mobile, there are three graves of nearly equal age. Side by side their little billows rise,—a triple brotherhood, in that multitudinous city of the dead. In these lie the mortal remains of three Methodist preachers. As in lives, labors and martyrdom, they were united, so in their sepulture they have not been divided. A chaste monument, erected by the joint contributions of the church and of the citizens of Mobile, bears, inscribed upon its marble pillars, the names of Hughes, Starr and Powell—the three martyr ministers of our tale. Life's fitful fever over, they sleep well together in the covert, where neither the breath of the pestilence nor the wail of its victims can come. Peace be to their ashes, and green evermore, in the sunny land of their birth, be the memory of their virtues, their Christian lives, and their heroic deaths. J. W. T.

**Farmer Jones and the Parson.**  
Farmer Jones was one morning standing near the wayside, in a small field connected with his farm, which, to the passer-by, had all the appearance of great barrenness, when Parson Anderson, coming up on horse back, exchanged salutations with the farmer.

"Busy, I see, with your farming operations, this bright morning," said the parson.

"Not very busy at this moment," said Mr. Jones; "I am bothered to know what to do with this patch of ground, which has never brought me a dollar."

"Yes, I see," replied Mr. Anderson, "it does not look very promising, but the good seed that has been sown there, must I suppose sooner or later, come up."

"Good seed sown there! why, no seed has been sown that I know of for five years past, and as it did not come up at the usual time, when it was sown, it would be a strange thing to expect it to appear now. We farmers do not look for crops five years after date," said Mr. Jones, laughing.

"Ah! I see," said the parson, "I am rather ignorant about these matters; but I was told that you had a field in which, you say, good seed was planted ten years ago,

and yet the neighbors say you are yet looking for the harvest, although as yet there is no appearance of blade, ear, or full corn in the ear."

"You were told? Mr. Anderson; and pray who told you that I was such a fool as that? When I plant, I expect growth the first season, and, if it fails then, I plant again. Who ever heard of good seed growing, after it had been lying ten years dead in the ground?"

"Well, I must confess," and Mr. Anderson, "what you say appears reasonable; but as good Elder Thomas told me, I thought I would mention it. He might have had some other meaning. It is, perhaps you can find it out. Good morning, sir; I must go on my way."

Farmer Jones stood pondering for a good while, when a thought flashed across his mind which he found very difficult to get rid of. The truth was, that, ten years before, Farmer Jones professed to be converted, and had joined the Church. From that time until the time of the above interview, none had been able to see in him the growth of the good seed. He had, indeed, been pretty regular in attending church, although he confessed that sitting still in his pew always made him feel drowsy, so that he did not very well know what the minister was talking about. It was observed, too, that Mr. Jones seldom had any change about his religion, and although very well to do in the world, his contribution for the minister's support was very small. He could never see the good of prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools, and missions, and such like things. He considered money spent in subscribing for a religious newspaper was so much thrown away. If he observed family worship, no one ever found it out; and, if he prayed at all, he must have done it very secretly. No one had heard him instructing his sons and daughters, or urging upon them the importance of attending to the concerns of their souls. They were accordingly growing up without the fear of God. Indeed, his was a very irreligious family, not one particle better than if their father had never joined the Church. He was, however, a very active man, and could go about anything in which he was interested, with a right good will, and a strong hand. He believed the Scriptures, at least so far as this, that he knew "that the hand of the diligent maketh rich," and he was every year becoming richer, because he worked for it. He never looked for a crop where he had not sown seed, and he was not the fool to wait ten years for a harvest! While now he stood on his barren patch, the words of Parson Anderson worried him, and one thought followed another so quickly and painfully, that he could not avoid the conclusion that his own irreligious and unproductive life was the thing alluded to by the parson. He did not sleep easy that night. He began to view things in another light, and the result was, as we hear, that good seed was then sown in his heart, which was watered by the dews of heaven, and it sprouted at once, and Farmer Jones became a new man, and his family a very different family.

## Webster's Courage.

Daniel Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when a skein of silk, which he held for her to wind, was getting into a knot. Mr. Webster assisted in unravelling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a knot, don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

## Results of the Sepoy Rebellion.

The Rev. Mr. Herron, in the *Banner of the Covenant*, enumerates the following favorable results:

1. The East India Company has been cast down, which, professing to rule on the principle of non-interference with the religion of the natives, ignored Christianity, and encouraged idolatry and caste.
  2. Mohamedanism has been humbled, the bitterest enemy of Christ.
  3. The public mind has been turned in favor of missions.
  4. The sincerity of native Christians has been severely but triumphantly proved.
- From these manifest results he infers "that the things that have happened unto us have turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel."
- MIRABEAU calls Paris a city of high life, pleasure, and amusement, where half the people die broken-hearted.