

CHRISTIAN



ADVOCATE.

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ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
"Be not Faithless, but Believing."
Johns 20, 27.

It is now presumable that most, if not all, the Ministers of our Conference are on their several fields of labor, and have found these several fields differing widely in respect to cultivation. Much has been done and much remains to be done. That which is crooked is to be made straight, the rough smooth, the waste places reclaimed, and the fence is to be repaired and kept in good condition in order to secure the crop against the harvest. Some of the "good seed" may be sown in a wrong direction and must be brought to the line, some have yielded to pride, and much that is superfluous should have the knife of excision applied, some have become cold, or sordid, and need to have "coals of fire" heaped upon their heads and very many sinners are to be brought into the fold of God. Are these several fields new? No. Have not repeated efforts been made to save souls and to get the church properly alive to her interest and responsibility long ago in our bounds? Certainly, but what does that argue? Not that successful ones have been made, not that it is useless to put forth more. While Christians are found wanting, and sinners want finding, and church rules to be made binding there is no great work to do. Let then the men of God, laboring for God and souls, have faith and be not faithless. Their motto should be, "Be not faithless, but believing." Here it may be the difficulty. If the heralds of the cross have not faith, little will be done, and the great adversary in going about will find much prey to devour. But brother, let not this old destroyer roam at large in thy field. Others may not have kept him out, but see to it that he is kept out. So much the more need to be vigilant, for he has been used to going where he ought not. But others may have tried and failed, but must you fail without trying? Sooner.

Let evening blush to cover a face.
But more experienced ministers have labored on your Circuit or Station, and nothing great was accomplished in building up the church and getting souls converted. Well, that may be. But do I understand that you are a young minister? So much the better, if you are; you are the man for war, so you do not fight for your own glory. Old men are for counsel in mortal combats, but we want men who will fight—not parley. Have faith in God and fight your adversary, not as "uncertainly, as one that beateth the air." Fight him at all hazards, at all times, under any and all circumstances, and on all sides, for he "goeth about." Fight him in town and country, in doors and out, week day and Sunday. Fight him away from the old, and from the young. Fight him with spiritual weapons—thou shalt give no quarter—fight him to the death.

Without faith it will be impossible to please God this year. Visit your people. Talk to them of Jesus and let sinners hear. Be diligent and have faith.

You may not know which will prosper, this or that. But plant, God will give the increase. Some Christian now, it may be, needs encouragement. Go and see him.—Some poor bac slider needs warning—see to it. Some sinner needs to be pointed to the Saviour—to the cross. Go hold him up to it, and it up to him till he sees and hears the "God of glory" die for his sins. Some dying Christian may need your prayers and instruction while still lingering on this side of Jordan. Can you forbear seeing them and bidding them "Farewell"—but not for ever. Let every preacher then do his duty. The North Carolina Conference expects it—God demands it. Now is the time to begin to work or fight. Draw your armour close about you—be ready to assault the common foe, "and be not faithless but believing" and before this year ends the shout of victory shall be heard from a thousand battle fields, and though the "slain of the Lord" be many, they will be slain to be saved.

Hillsboro' Jan 29, 1859.
For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
Poor Living.

A Good Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly instalment. He had called on his steward a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. His wants at length becoming urgent, he went to his Steward and told him that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life.—"Money?" replied the steward. "You preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls?" "Souls!" replied the minister. "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal." (De Bow's Weekly Press.)

Query: Are there any such preacher—staring, wannen—loving stewards

within the bounds of the N. C. Conference? I fear there are one, two, and even more. To all such, let the Advocate appeal.—Let suffering humanity appeal. Let the command "The laborer is worthy of his hire" appeal. Let every principle which causes, the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, to love their Savior, and to be grateful for the shedding of his precious blood that they might live, appeal. And Oh! may these appeals be not in vain.—

When the preacher turns from the alluring calls of fiery ambition and takes up the cross of his Master, he also becomes a laborer for the welfare of the people, whose spiritual interest is his care. If this be true, is it not the reasonable demand of common justice that the people (for the welfare of whom the humble preacher sacrifices worldly honors, and the comforts of this life,) should support him and his family, and educate his children? If the preacher's children are to grow up ignorant and unlearned for by the Church, great will be her loss, for these children if educated, will be valuable laborers also for the great cause of Christianity, and especially of our much loved Methodism.

It was intended when this article was commenced to direct public attention to the personal wants of our ministers, only, but, as you have doubtless noticed, I have also touched upon the importance of those great and noble moves which are now being made by the Methodist Church in the direction of Schools.

Let the lay members aid these Schools and educate the Children of Ministers; thus may they advance the cause of Methodism and of God.

PHILANTHROPIST.

SELECTIONS.

Class Meetings.

A DIVINELY INSTITUTED MEANS OF GRACE.
The institution of class-meetings, though highly esteemed and ably defended by our Church, has not been assigned that high position as a means of grace, even by its greatest admirers and strongest advocates, which, in truth, it occupies. It is regarded an excellent means of grace, from which great good has resulted, and "that it has a strictly scriptural basis for its support," but that it is not of direct "Divine appointment." In these numbers I think it will appear to the attentive reader not only that this institution occupies a scriptural basis, but that it is a divinely instituted means of grace. A divinely instituted means of grace is a means of obtaining Divine grace, which God has by express precept or plain implication prescribed in his word. Reading the Holy Scriptures, hearing the word preached, private, family, social, and public prayer, the sacraments, and public worship, are Divinely appointed means of grace, having been by express precept or plain implication prescribed in the word of God. In this sense it is assumed that the class-meeting, or an assembling together of the Church for the purpose of mutual religious conversation, exhortation, and encouragement, is a Divinely appointed means of grace. Meetings of this kind were held in the Church before the Christian dispensation. God, speaking by the prophet Malachi to the back-slidden and faithful members of the Church, says to the former, (Mal. iii. 7:) "Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them;" and of the latter, (verse 16 :) "They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another." They that feared the Lord were faithful in that from which the unfaithful "had gone away." Hence it appears:

1. That this speaking often one to another, in which "they that feared the Lord" were faithful, was one of the Divine ordinances from which the unfaithful had "gone away."

2. That the ordinance had been in force "from the days of" their "fathers," else they could not have neglected it from that time.

And, 3. That faithfulness in this—as it alone is spoken of as characteristic of the faithful—resulted from, led to, or included faithfulness in all the ordinances.

The strong language in which God expresses his approbation of these persons and this service, shows that, in speaking "often one to another," they observed his ordinance, and that this ordinance was one of great importance. He, well pleased with this mutual conversation, "hearkened and heard it," and a book of remembrance was written before him, that he might reward their faithfulness. Hence he said: "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." "Then," when I punish those who have gone away from my ordinances, and reward those who have remained, and "spoke often one to another, shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth not." From the whole it is clearly evident that the faithful in the days of Malachi frequently met for

the purpose of speaking "one to another," that they did this in obedience to a Divine ordinance which had been in force "from the days" of their fathers, and that these meetings were held in the highest estimation by Him in obedience to whose ordinance they were observed. An ordinance once established in the Church by Divine authority continues in force until it is repealed, but the ordinance observed by those "that feared the Lord" in the days of Malachi, when they "spoke often one to another," and neglected by those who from the days of their fathers had gone away from God's ordinances, has not been repealed, therefore it is still in force.

These meetings continued to be held in the Church under the apostles, as will appear clearly from their epistles:

1. Certain duties are enjoined which suppose an intimacy of acquaintance among the members of the Church, which could be obtained only in meetings of this kind. "Bear ye one another's burdens," Gal. vi. 2. "Warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak," I Thess. v. 14. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another," Rom. xii. 15, 16. "They could not bear one another's burdens," unless they knew each other's burdens.—"They could not comfort the feeble-minded," and "support the weak," without knowing who were feeble-minded and who were weak. They could not be of the same mind one toward another without being acquainted with the mind of others. This intimate knowledge of each other, extending to the state of the mind and feelings of the heart, they could only obtain by frequently meeting and speaking to each other of their personal religious experience. Christians may and often do meet in the same congregation to take part in public worship for years without becoming acquainted, and they might be members of the same church, and meet in all the social relations, and in every form of worship except the one under consideration, to the end of life, without obtaining each that intimate acquaintance with every other member of the church, which is absolutely necessary in order to a discharge of the duties here enjoined. As therefore duties were enjoined which could not be performed without this intimate knowledge—as they could not have this knowledge without regular interchanges of religious feelings, and as the whole church could not interchange religious feeling without meeting and speaking to each other, it follows conclusively that such meetings were held in the apostolic age.

2. Duties are required which could not have been performed without meeting together for the purpose. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord, in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs;" and says: "The original absolutely requires this arrangement, and is not sense without it." "Comfort one another with these words," I Thess. iv. 18. "Comfort yourselves together, and edify one another." I Thess. v. 11.—"Exhort one another daily," Heb. iii. 13; i. e., regularly, as in Acts ii. 46:—"They continued daily with one accord in the temple." "This supposes," says Dr. Clarke, "a state of close church fellowship, without which they could not have access to each other." "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." Jas. v. 16. They could not teach and admonish one another, comfort one another with certain words, comfort themselves together, and edify one another, exhort one another daily, and confess their faults one to another, without meeting for these purposes, nor could they perform these duties daily or regularly without having regular meetings.

The irresistible conclusion, therefore, is, that as in the days of Malachi, so in the apostolic Church, meetings were regularly held in which they taught, admonished, comforted, and exhorted one another, confessed their faults one to another, and prayed one for another, that they might be healed, connecting therewith "singing, with grace in their hearts, to the Lord, psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs."—W. H. Leigh.

Poetizing.

The Rev. Dr. Plumer recently delivered an address at the opening of a female seminary at Wheeling, Virginia, in which he made the subjoined among other sensible remarks. It deserves the consideration of a very considerable portion of the poetizers whose effusions are forwarded to newspaper editors, especially the closing sentences. Turning to the Principal of the seminary, Dr. Plumer said:

I hope, sir, you'll not teach poetry here. I mean what some people call the science of composing poetry. If it will come from some of these youths, let it come, but don't force it. I feel, about the writing of poetry, something like the Methodist preacher who was giving a charge at a class-meeting about some regulations. While in the midst of his charge, one old lady let slip a shout: "Now, say, brethren and sisters, since the subject of shouting has come up, I'll give you my views of the subject. Never shout from a sense of duty. If you feel that you can't hold in, why, then, shout, but not otherwise. I hope, then, that no one here will ever write poetry from a sense of duty. Poetry is despicable unless it is first class. Poor poetry is about the nucleus of all mean things. As the Latin satirist has said, "Neither gods nor men can endure it."

Observe, first, his industry. In one place he gives us a record of his habits in these words: "My present mode of conduct is as follows—no read about a hundred pages a day; usually to pray, in the open air every other day; and to lecture in prayer-meeting every evening. And if it were in my power I would do a thousand times as much for such a gracious and blessed Master. But in the midst of all my little employments, I feel myself as nothing, and Christ to me is all in all!"

In the forty-five years of his labor in America, he preached more than twenty thousand sermons, presided over more than two hundred Annual Conferences, and traveled about four hundred thousand miles, principally without a carriage, on horseback, over roads fit for the most poor, from Canada to Georgia, and from the Atlantic coast to the farthest settlements of the West.

In industry and perseverance he was fully equal to Wesley, and probably not surpassed by even the apostle Paul. Sickness and pain could not deter him from keeping his appointments and constantly making new ones, so long as he had strength to sit on his horse and to proclaim the gospel of Christ. It would be safe to estimate, that in addition to his public labors, he made at least fifty thousand pastoral visits, and every moment of his time not spent in public duties and private devotion and study, traveling and conversation, was occupied in giving advice and counsel to the ministry under his charge—a ministry, which, when he commenced his actual superintendency by being appointed assistant, numbered only ten persons, but increased during his life to seven hundred, besides, perhaps, more than two thousand local preachers. The membership when he commenced, was only one thousand, but when he died, was more than two hundred thousand. Thus while the population of the country had multiplied only about seven-fold, the membership of the church of which Asbury was superintendent, had increased two hundred-fold—an unparalleled increase, to be attributed only to the blessing of God upon the labors of a devoted man, who, with him for a leader, threaded valleys, climbed mountains and forded streams, visiting alike the palace of the great and the cottage of the poor, the thickly settled city and the scattered log house of the pioneer, and holding up Jesus Christ as the Saviour of all men that believe.—

For this they asked no wealth nor luxury—they required only food and raiment, and the largest support of their families—and Asbury was known once to sell some of his own wearing apparel, to obtain a little money to comfort one of his fellow-preachers.

How noble is this example! Idleness is wickedness—invariably and under all circumstances, a sin. God never made this curious machine, the human body, to lie still, save only at proper intervals to allow the expended energies to rally, and the exhausted momentum to accumulate. God never made that still more wonderful structure, the human soul—his own image—to slumber in idleness or to riot in dreams; but curbed and trained, under the control of divine love, to survey his works, to appreciate and admire his wisdom, in knowledge to sweep the infinite range of his dominion, and in true holiness to reflect his glory.—A thousand diverse pathways has he provided to his creatures, with a thousand diverse occupations; and each and all that are in earnest for his glory, are encouraged by his smile and shall reap their reward.

The idle man must be a fool, and is in great danger of being a knave. Who furnish the recruits for our grogshops and other places of dissipation, as the former wretched victims drop into a disgraceful grave? The ranks of the idle.

Thousands of young men are at this very hour reading a pathway that will lead them through shame on earth to misery beyond—simply because they are idle.—And if the effects of idleness are not so conspicuous in the other sex, they are equally ruinous. The idle offer them-

ves a ready prey to destruction, and the prey is seized. Another trait in the character of Asbury, which demands admiration, is humility. By humility we do not mean a constitutional diffidence which is no virtue, but may be a defect, but if overcome by determination as it may be, is nevertheless an advantage—but that just and consequently low estimation of his own character, which every truly wise and religious person will have. Mr. Wesley defined humility to be "a proper estimation of oneself."—"Haughtiness is a sure sign of littleness; modesty a constant attendant of true greatness. The truly great can afford to be modest, and are so. He held himself above the petty strifes for office and station, which disgrace many men even of excellent ability, and which is positively baneful to piety, and if general, would ruin the church.

The young particularly have much to learn on the subject of ambition, if they would be truly wise and good. An ambition to be useful and even powerful is commendable, provided that this be sought not as an end, but as a means of doing good and promoting the glory of God, and provided further, that it does not take on the specific form of desiring any particular office or any particular reputation. Those who set themselves to attain a certain desirable station generally become criminally ambitious and truly idolatrous, and are apt to become unscrupulous and selfish; but those who determine to improve all their time and ability properly, leaving it to Providence to assign them their places, are really wise and properly ambitious.—

This it is to do whatever your hands find to do with your might;—and rest assured, as you strengthen, more arduous duties will be imposed upon you. If, therefore, higher stations appear attractive, set well your present part, and you may yet attain them, but now and ever dismiss the higher stations from your mind—it will be time enough to wear their glory when you are able to bear their burden. A political way has said, "Teach not your children then to shun ambition. Nor quench the flame that must forever burn. In the days of infancy, their vision, To deeds of virtue and of glory turn."

With a proper allowance we would not object to the counsel; but it would be well to bear in mind that the noblest patriots and the holiest dignitaries of the church have been men of industry and modesty whose honors came gradually and unexpectedly upon them.—*Zion's Herald.*

Death of a Grand Daughter of Flora MacDonald.

The *Skye* correspondent of the *Iverson Courier*, dating October 30, says:—"An aged maiden lady, Miss Mary MacLeod, died yesterday at the village of Stein, Waterish. She was the daughter of the late Major Alexander MacLeod, by Anne, eldest daughter of Mrs. MacDonald, of Kingsbury, better known by her maiden name, Flora MacDonald—a name celebrated in history. Major MacLeod served some time in America, at the period of the Revolution, as an officer in the Royalists corps; and his wife showed the same spirit, in conveying intelligence to friends during that period of trouble and danger, having on one occasion narrowly escaped while carrying a message sewed up in a button on her dress. After the hostilities had ceased, Major MacLeod and his family returned to the Island of Skye.—They both died there, and their only daughter, Miss M. continued to reside inside in the house at Stein until her death. She has long been in infirm health, and had nearly reached the age of ninety. She had several brothers, three or four of whom died officers in the army, and all deceased before her. The lonely life of the old lady was relieved by her attention to the poor and distressed.

The above announcement in one of our exchange papers induced us to call upon a friend who is probably more familiar with the history of Flora MacDonald and her family than any other person in this country. He has furnished us the following particulars:—

Annie, the mother of the deceased, bore a striking resemblance to her mother Flora. Previous to the rising of the Scotch before the Battle of Moor's Creek, every precaution and artifice were resorted to in order to elude the vigilant eyes of the Whigs.—A favorite method adopted for bringing the young people together was giving Balls at various places, in Cumberland and Moore. At these gathering schemes were contrived and adopted which led to the arming of the Royalists and their defeat in North-Carolina.

In the ball room Annie reigned supreme. An eye witness has informed me that she was the most graceful dancer he ever beheld, and that he had walked thirty miles just to have her as his partner in the dance. Her beauty and accomplishments won the

heart of Alexander MacLeod, then of Glendale on McLennon's Creek in Moore county. (now the plantation of a family named Black.) He joined the Royalists in the contest, subsequently attained distinction in the European wars, and rose to the rank of Major General in the British service.—He died some years ago at Stein. The deceased, Miss Mary MacLeod having nearly attained the age of 90, must have been born at Glendale. Some of her relatives are now living in our midst, among whom may be mentioned our townsman, James B. and Henry B. Ferguson.—*Fay, Observer.*

From the New York Observer.
Eighty Years Ago.

Eighty years ago, a young girl just budding into womanhood sat on the banks of the Monongahela, some distance above Broadbeck's Fields. She committed to memory a fugitive piece of poetry called "Preacher's Dream." A short time after she was much engrossed with other things, and the lines she had committed wholly vanished from her memory. About sixty years ago, she came to her present home, when the beautiful plateau now occupied by this town was mostly covered with a dense forest. She was long subjected to the toils and privations of frontier life.—Never during the lapse of nearly fourscore years had she thought of the "Preacher's Dream," nor had she the least recollection of having committed it to memory. She has been totally blind for fourteen years. Last spring as she was thinking over the past, the words of the Preacher's Dream all came back to her mind. She retains them as food for her soul, and repeated them to me a few days since with great facility, though she is now bordering on the age of a hundred years. You could not expect the poetry to be very classic, as I presume it was a part of Western literature, about a century ago. But you will share in the gratification I felt in witnessing so aged a person, and one not a professor of religion, repeating and delighting in some of the evangelical sentiments expressed.

Asleep and slumbering as I lay,
Alone upon my bed:
My visions were like dreams,
They ran into my head.
I thought, undoubtedly,
The day of doom was come;
And Christ Himself was there,
To judge both old and young.
The trumpet sounded loud and shrill,
Saying—"All souls draw near;
Let your doom be good or ill."
Then to the place we went:
Satan, too, was there I thought,
With scroth both large and full;
All my bad life he brought,
No mercy for me there,
My sins so great had grown.
But Christ for me did intercede;
"What if his name be there,
He shall be ever best;
For if his name be writ
Within the book of life,
His soul with me shall rest."
Then Christ, Himself, did take the book,
At once to end the strife;
And Jacob's leaf he did unfold,
Till He found my name,
In letters lined with gold.
Then Satan angry was,
Because He lost me quite,
And said unto the Judge,
"Your judgment is not right."
"Oh Satan, you must know,
That I for sinners died;
And here thou on the cross,
By being crucified."
Then Satan angry was,
Because he lost his prey;
Exceeding was his wrath,
As then he vanished away.
Then waking out of sleep,
As other sinners may,
I bowed upon my knees,
And thus began to pray:
"Thou I might be prepared,
To meet the great and dreadful day."
H. G. C.
Steubenville, Ohio, Dec. 15, 1858.

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him like an atmosphere. Miserable doom! He cannot rid himself from the corruption that adheres to him. His efforts to fly from it are in vain.—

Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell!

To his mind, we say, this mass of evil must be ever present, mingling with all his feelings, polluting all his duties, and tainting at their very spring all his sympathies. How ghastly and foul must society appear to his eye! for to him all its secret wickedness is naked and open.—His fellowmen are lepers foul and loathsome, and he sniffs their horrid effluvia as he passes them. An angel could scarce discharge such an office without contamination; but it is altogether inconceivable how a man can discharge it and escape being a demon. The lake of Sodom, daily fed by the foul saline springs of the neighborhood, and giving back these contributions in the shape of black and sulphurous exhalations which seethe and desolate fresh the surrounding region, is but a faint emblem of the action and reaction of the Confessional on society."

Dream of the Drunkard's Wife.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell,
And wafted her silent soul to sweeter worlds,
Far away from her cold and solitary room,
Far away from hunger, wretchedness, and tears;
Far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above, and clipped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like sunlight waves upon a summer sea; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening hid up in sleep. On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long sought boon. Through flowery pastures, and falling waters, perfumed gardens, and star-lighted solitudes where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph songs, that mother's newborn soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known. Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty where troops of cherubim were worshipping their God; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud: "My child, my child, and my husband, where, where are they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purple blooms, and from the odoriferous sighing of the lute-toned air the voice of her child came gladly in reply.

And now a joyous troop of star light seraphs sailed towards her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clipping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart is gladdened by the return of a child who she deemed was lost; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit's home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth's grief is banished? It was her own babe, the bud of hope she nursed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladdened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirit of the mother and the babe embraced each other in the wild joy of this happy meeting, and the mother's spirit knelt before the heaven-built temple of light which arched above, and offered the incense of its prayers for him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her earthly days in bitterness; but who was yet to her the token of a youthful hope, and the living memory of a trusting love. Her earnest spirit, in the gush of its awakened affection for the child of his bosom, called upon its God to have mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors of destruction. And the prayer went upward, and the angel sung.

The Confessional.

The following well written passage by Dr. Wylie on The Papacy, is startling and effective:—

"There is no better school of wickedness on earth. History testifies that for every offender whom the Confessional has reclaimed, it has hardened thousands,—for one it may have saved it has destroyed millions. And what must have been the state of that one mind—the Confessor"—into which is daily poured the accumulated filth and vice of a neighborhood? He cannot decline the dreadful office although he were willing. He must be the depository of all the imagined and of all the acted wickedness around him. To him it all gravitates as to its center. Every purpose of lust, every deed of vengeance, every piece of villainy flows thither, forming a fresh contribution to the already fearful and fathomless mass of known wickedness within him. This black and loathly mass he carries about him—He carries within him. His bosom is a very sepulchre of rottenness and stench—a closet lock and key of villainous secrets.—Wherever he is, alone or in society, or at the altar, he is chained to a corpse. The rank effluvia of its putrescence accompanies

him like an atmosphere. Miserable doom! He cannot rid himself from the corruption that adheres to him. His efforts to fly from it are in vain.—

Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell!

To his mind, we say, this mass of evil must be ever present, mingling with all his feelings, polluting all his duties, and tainting at their very spring all his sympathies. How ghastly and foul must society appear to his eye! for to him all its secret wickedness is naked and open.—His fellowmen are lepers foul and loathsome, and he sniffs their horrid effluvia as he passes them. An angel could scarce discharge such an office without contamination; but it is altogether inconceivable how a man can discharge it and escape being a demon. The lake of Sodom, daily fed by the foul saline springs of the neighborhood, and giving back these contributions in the shape of black and sulphurous exhalations which seethe and desolate fresh the surrounding region, is but a faint emblem of the action and reaction of the Confessional on society."

Dr. E. H. Andrews, of Charlotte, has an engraving of the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, written in a space easily covered with a sixpence. The engraver is an American.

Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us. That's so.

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Dream of the Drunkard's Wife.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell,
And wafted her silent soul to sweeter worlds,
Far away from her cold and solitary room,
Far away from hunger, wretchedness, and tears;
Far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above, and clipped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like sunlight waves upon a summer sea; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening hid up in sleep. On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long sought boon. Through flowery pastures, and falling waters, perfumed gardens, and star-lighted solitudes where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph songs, that mother's newborn soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known. Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty where troops of cherubim were worshipping their God; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud: "My child, my child, and my husband, where, where are they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purple blooms, and from the odoriferous sighing of the lute-toned air the voice of her child came gladly in reply.

And now a joyous troop of star light seraphs sailed towards her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clipping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart is gladdened by the return of a child who she deemed was lost; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit's home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth's grief is banished? It was her own babe, the bud of hope she nursed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladdened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirit of the mother and the babe embraced each other in the wild joy of this happy meeting, and the mother's spirit knelt before the heaven-built temple of light which arched above, and offered the incense of its prayers for him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her earthly days in bitterness; but who was yet to her the token of a youthful hope, and the living memory of a trusting love. Her earnest spirit, in the gush of its awakened affection for the child of his bosom, called upon its God to have mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors of destruction. And the prayer went upward, and the angel sung.

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