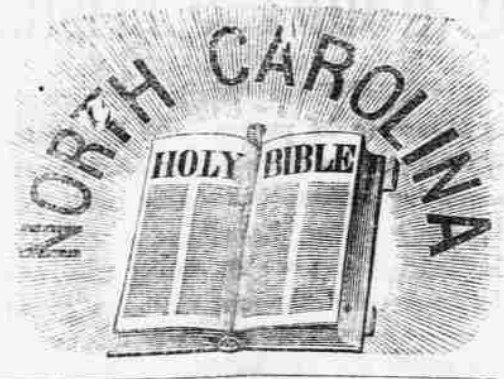


CHRISTIAN



ADVOCATE.

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ORIGINAL.

A Pastoral Letter.

To the Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, within the bounds of the Wilmington District.

DEAR BRETHREN.—My opportunities for seeing you are comparatively so few, because of the extent of the District,—and when we meet the topics upon which I wish to address you are so many, that I have concluded to speak to you occasionally through the "Advocate," upon subjects in which the whole membership of the church is interested.

Next Saturday I shall complete my first round. Every where I have found the pastors at their posts, prayerful, laboring, and hopeful. Everywhere I have seen indications upon the part of church-members of an earnest desire to elevate all the interests of the church. Everywhere I have had such most hearty welcome as has made my heart happy. Everywhere I have seen that I owed much to the labors of my excellent predecessor.

And now, dearly beloved, if you have done well in the past, it is our earnest desire that you do better in the future, that every year the church shall increase in number, in spirituality, and in moral power; that every year more shall be done for the little children in Sunday Schools, more for our older children in securing them an intellectual and moral training under proper influences, more for the diffusing of Methodist literature by the hearty support of our "Advocate" and the sale of books of our Publishing House, more for the erection of "plain and decent" houses of worship, more for parsonages, and more for foreign and domestic missions. Every year there is an increase in the material wealth of the members of our church, and now that I have taken observation of your condition, notwithstanding many of the Lord's poor are among us, I am delighted at the amount of alms that are on the District to do good in a large and liberal manner.

The only subject to which I wish to draw your attention now is, "Debt." This College belongs to your church, and is secured to that church by an ample and well-considered charter from the last Legislature. It can not be made anything you say. It can be a mere country school for boys, or it can take its place beside the most largely useful and honorable institutions of the land. It may be continued along the course heretofore pursued, or any other channel may be dug for your benevolence which you may select. The College is in the hands of gentlemen whose intelligence and integrity you honor. These Trustees wish, I know, to carry forward the desires of the Church. The President of the College has repeatedly assured me that that was his earnest intent.

Ought we to make it a great College? Those who know the influence of a high and honored institution of learning upon the character of a State, or of a church, cannot hesitate in answering this question. The other Conferences have wisely desired liberal things for their Colleges. You are surrounded by Virginia's "Randolph Macon," (built in large part by your money,) by Holston's "Emory and Henry," and by South Carolina's "Wofford;" shall not "Trinity" equal these, in its capabilities of usefulness? There can be only an affirmative answer to this question.

To place the College on its full career of usefulness, there are needed buildings, apparatus, (including libraries) and an endowment. It is not the work of a day to build a College,—and yet with the united, rigorous and persevering efforts of thirty thousand Christians, it ought to be most thoroughly and handsomely accomplished. There are two agents in the field; but the pressure of demand, for the full furnishing of the College with all it needs, is so great, it becomes us all to add to their labors our individual efforts to crown the enterprise with complete success.

And now dear brethren, I have a proposition which I wish most earnestly and respectfully to present to your attention.—The object is to secure from the Wilmington District, our proportion of a fund for the endowment of the College. Let the results of the labors of the agent be appropriated to buildings, apparatus, and endowment. If what is now proposed shall meet with favor, let it be *res tri* led to endowment.

At each Quarterly Meeting of my second round, I desire to find ten men or women who will bind themselves, severally, to the college, to pay \$25 a year for four years. Have I not ten personal friends at each appointment who are able and willing to do this much? Let all who read this consider how small an item in a year's business transactions this \$25 would be. In addition to all else done for the church, there are multitudes who are able to bestow a little over \$2 a month for four years, in order to build up an institution which shall last forever! This is an important consideration. It is not to make some

temporary arrangement. It is a great principle. It is putting our funds where we know they will be beneficial hundreds of years after all who now live have passed to the realities of eternity. Let us do it! By placing these donations as endowment we secure this end. In buildings and apparatus they would run the risk of consumption which attend all material property, but as an endowment they would annually produce a fund forever to perpetuate the labors of gifted and learned men in training successive generations of our youth in science, literature and religion.

It is becoming that religion of self-denial which we profess to do something great for the cause of God. It is becoming the earnest church to which we belong to do a great thing when we do anything. It is becoming the State in which we live, so remarkable for its institutions of learning, that we keep pace with its great advancement. Let us do it!

And now, brethren, if I shall be so fortunate as to succeed in this, think what we shall have done. We shall have contributed, on the Wilmington District, eleven thousand dollars (\$11,000) to the College endowment. And this independently of what the Agent shall be able to accomplish.

Allow me to say that I make this proposition without the knowledge of the agents and the authorities, and most certainly with no desire to interfere with their operations. Let the Agent feel that he has a hearty welcome to all our District. Let him endeavor to induce Bro. —, who is amply able to give \$20,000 for the endowment of a Professorship. Let him manage the thousands and the hundreds, and then beside that, let us make up this neat little sum, as a District endowment. And then, if each District shall do the same, we shall have an endowment of \$77,000, which would forever support three professors and a tutor. What prodigious results!—and only \$25 per annum!

And now, I hope to commence my second visitation in the fullness of the blessings of the Gospel of peace. Let us desire liberal things. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shall ye dwell in the land, and verily ye shall be fed."

Affectionately and faithfully your brother,
CHARLES F. DEEMS.
Fifth Street, Wilmington, N. C., March 14, 1859.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Old English Authors.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent "K." in his article contained in your paper of the 3rd inst., under the caption of "Selections from Old English Authors," presents your readers with some very striking quotations from the quaint (as some think) but highly valued Quares. The readers of Dr. Adam Clarke's commentaries will remember how often this ancient author is quoted and commended by the great Methodist Commentator.

Quares is said to have been author of several works, the chief being Emblems; Argals and Parthenia. But the occasion of the present writing is an old book by the author in question—neither of the books above mentioned,—about which I crave space to say a few words. The title of the book is "Barnabas, or, The Compassionate Samaritan, pouring oil into wounded spirits." The book is dated, "London, Printed for K. Royston, at the angel in Ivy-Lane, 1657." I need not say that the book, in its exterior, bears the marks of great antiquity. I often take it up, not so much to read as to ponder upon the rolling years, two hundred and two in number, which had passed into eternity, since the book came from the hands of the binder. Think of the wars, commotions, plagues, earthquakes, and other important events which have taken place meanwhile, together with the millions of the dead which "shall return no more, nor see their native country." Imagination must supply a sort of history of this book. It was printed when the art of printing was younger than it is now, but the greater care was bestowed in the type setting, as not a single typographical error appears. Perhaps the importance of the subject matter induced care in the mechanical execution. Still following the imagination, we conclude that for the first hundred years the book sustained no other injury from the effects of usage than the parting of the backs and sides. Then these were sewed together by some careful pious matron of those days. For fifty years thereafter the faithful stitches held the parts together, and then, the back having come entirely off, another matron, perhaps a daughter, or grand daughter of the first named, sewed on the book, a stout piece of old time cloth, and now, though the stitches are nearly all holding fast, the cloth is going from the corruption of moths, and the once firm leather sides are shrivelled and wrinkled like the face of the oldest father in Israel whose footsteps are halting feebly towards the tomb.

When and how this book crossed the wide deep sea, and where it made its landing, I know not. Was its existence never

impaired by the ravages, did it never occupy houses that were sacked; was it never hid for safety by its owner; did it not witness the terrible struggles of the Revolution; and did it not, as a "good Samaritan," the name it bears, "pour oil into wounded spirits?"

But, lest the opportunity of presenting some extracts from this antique book should not again offer, I will conclude by transcribing the contents on one page.

A SOLILOQUY.

How sweet a feast is till the reckoning come. A fair day ends often in a cold night, and the road that's pleasant ends in hell. If worldly pleasures had the promise of continuance, prosperity were some comfort; but in the necessary vicissitude of good and evil, the prolonging of adversity sharpens it. It is no common thing, my soul, to enjoy two heavens. Dives found it in the present, Lazarus in the future. Hath thy increase met with no damage? thy reputation with no scandal? thy pleasure with no cross? thy prosperity with no adversity? Presume not. God's cheeks are symptoms of His mercy; but His silence is the harbinger of a judgement. Be circumspect and provident, my soul. Hast thou a fair Summer? provide for a hard winter. The world's river ebbs alone; it flows not; he that goes merrily with the stream must bale up. Platter thyself therefore no longer in thy prosperous sin, O my deluded soul, but be truly sensible of thy own presumption. Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thyself with true contrition.—If thou procure sour herbs, God will provide His Passover.

J. L. MICHEAUX.

Enfield, N. C., March, 1859.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Shall we have a Depository.

BROTHER HEFLIN.—I think the ministers and members of the M. E. Church South within the bounds of the N. C. Conference must be fully convinced that the good of Methodism requires that Methodist literature be extensively circulated among our people.

If so, then it becomes an important question, how this can be done with the least expense to the church? Can there be a better system of colportage established than that recommended by the Discipline?

The system, therein recommended, makes every preacher a bookseller—an active colporteur.

It makes it the duty of every preacher having charge of a Circuit, Station, or Mission, "To see that all the people within the bounds of his charge be duly supplied with our books and periodicals." Dis. page 68.

It also advises the preachers to "be diligent to spread the books, and you will have the use of them." Dis. page 91. As long as these things are required by our Discipline every conscientious preacher must feel it to be his duty to attend to this matter, even if a score of other colporteurs were sent within the bounds of his charge.

He will not only feel it a duty, but he will find it to be to his advantage. What could be done more for the advantage of a preacher whose income will not justify the purchase of a very extensive library, but who should read our publications, than to make him an agent to sell them? This does not conflict with the preacher's work as a Pastor, but is one of the most powerful means of doing good.

No time is lost in selling books. This is done at his regular appointments and in his pastoral visits. No money is required from the benevolent to pay a salary to colporteurs on fields of labor where a moderate commission on sales would not pay him.

All that is allowed as commissions goes into the hands of men who are apt to need more money than they get for their services on their work.

This system ensures the universal spread of our books throughout our work. Let every preacher engage in selling books, and every one who attends our ministry will have an opportunity of buying our publications.

This system of colportage will, also, ensure a perpetual distribution of Methodist literature.

And as the masses are moved to read our works, the demand for them will steadily increase. It is much easier to sell books to a man who has books and is in the habit of reading, than it is to sell them to one who has none, and never reads.

Moreover, who is so likely to sell a good book as a preacher? Whose recommendation is so likely to be appreciated as the honest and earnest recommendation of a preacher? Why then do our preachers do so little in this good work? Methodist preachers in North Carolina sell but few books at the present time compared with former years. Have they become too proud to be seen selling books? Or have they become irresponsible in their duty in this matter? Who

can believe that either of these is so! Why then do we not sell books?

Because we cannot get them without incurring so much risk and expense as to deter us from the work. If we order a small box of books from Nashville, Charleston, or Richmond to almost any point in North Carolina, unless by Express, they are quite sure to be delayed so long that the preacher is waited for time to sell them before he has to move.

If they are ordered by Express, the freight so nearly consumes the profits that the preacher has to be a close salesman to avoid losing, instead of making money.

By establishing a Depository at Raleigh these difficulties will be removed.

The books will then be in our midst. There will then be but little risk, and but little delay in getting books to any part of our Conference.

Perhaps a majority of the preachers could at some time in the year either in going to, or returning from Conference, visit the bookstore in person and make such selections as would suit better than they could order.

But little risk will be incurred in making remittances, and no discount would be made on North Carolina money.

The plan adopted by the Conference for a Depository is to create a Joint Stock Company, \$50 000 being a share.

Will all the preachers take hold with the agent and create this company?

Will it pay? It will be a very poor business if it will not pay the preachers.

If the company could do no more than pay expenses the preachers would be able to get books on so much better terms than they now can that they could make enough on the sale of books to compensate them for their trouble, and pay them well for their investment in stock.

But should it not pay? With the advantageous terms on which we can get the books from our Publishing House, and with the number of colporteurs we can put into the work, and with the multitudes of customers, how can it possibly fail, if managed with any degree of business skill, to be a money making and money saving business.

I have no doubt but that there are hundreds of business men to-day who would be willing to take the whole business with the advantages the company will have.

But money making is the very least consideration with the church in this matter. Consider the good, the great good to be achieved. The Methodist Episcopal Church South, in North Carolina, is to be made more efficient in her soul-saving work. Let us have the Depository.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

The Veil Withdrawn.

OR GLIMPSES AT FINEST ART LIFE.

Soon after the adjournment of Conference Abner Albright set his face toward his appointed field of labor for the year, and after six days of travel his eye fell for the first time upon the town of Salem. On his approach, from an eminence some half a mile distant, he enjoyed a fine view of his future abode. He paused for a few moments and surveyed the scene. He is about to enter the town, as a stranger, as the pastor of the people. His first field of labor, young and inexperienced; he knows not what awaits him there! His feelings may be imagined but not described. Three hundred miles from home, where no kind heart beats in harmony with his own, where, in no countenance will he recognize the face of a friend, he feels that he is "a stranger in a strange land."

And yet he feels the deepest interest in their welfare. Casting his eyes over the groves and the dwellings of the people, several steeples pointed to the skies from the base of which, hallowed incense ascends to the God of heaven. "In which of those temples am I to minister at the altar, and break the Bread of Life and feed the flock of Israel?" As he moved along and mused upon these things, he was joined by a stranger, who, upon a short conversation, was found to be one of the members of his charge. He gave him the information he desired, pointed out to him the Methodist Church, and conducted him to the residence of James Holley, Esq., which was to be his temporary home. The family received him with great kindness, and the attentions of Mrs. Holley, which anticipated every little want, and the merry prattle of "sweet little Lizzie," an interesting girl of about twelve summers, made him soon feel that he was at home.

He arrived in town about eleven o'clock in the morning, and at one o'clock he was called upon to preach the funeral sermon of Mrs. Sarah J. Randal, one of the female members of the church. This call greatly embarrassed the young minister. He had never preached a funeral sermon, nor officiated on such an occasion. He could not decline. At two o'clock he was shown to his room, and one hour was left to adjust his toilet and prepare his first sermon. The deceased having died very suddenly, he selected for his text, "Ye are also ready, for in such an hour as ye

think not the Son of Man cometh." The church was crowded—the whole town, it seemed, had turned out to the funeral, partly in respect to the dead, but mainly to see and hear the new preacher. Happily for him, the day was exceedingly cold, and as the church had not been warmed, he made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and offered the inclemency of the weather as an excuse for the shortness of the services.

At night, the residence of Mr. Holley swarmed with visitors. The stewards, class leaders, and prominent members had turned out to welcome the pastor to their midst, to their homes and hearts. This cordial greeting greatly encouraged the young preacher's heart, and he entered with some degree of hopefulness upon the duties of his station.

A few days after his arrival brother Geo. Sourmind called upon him, as he said, "in order to give him an account of the church." He represented the church as in a deplorable condition. A general coldness prevailed, class meetings were neglected, the Sunday School was going down, most of the members were backslidden, and discipline had not been properly executed.—This was a damper; and all that the young pastor could say was, "I'll do the best I can."

This representation of the spiritual condition of the church by one who had been a steward and class leader for many years, discouraged him, and he scarcely knew what to do. Like all prudent men, however, he waited patiently till he could inspect the piety of his members, before he administered discipline. Nor was he long in perceiving that those who had been represented as "dead branches," were the best members of his charge, while brother Sourmind turned out to be one of the most troublesome and inconsistent members of his whole flock.

For months Mr. Albright labored in and out of the pulpit without seeing any indications of good. At length he saw clearly that the blessing of God was upon his labors. Now and then the dews of heaven came down upon the congregation "like rain upon the mown grass." Several persons were enquiring the way of salvation. When the invitation was given, several persons approached the altar of prayer, and within three weeks about sixty souls professed to find "the pearl of great price." None but those who have experienced the same can imagine the feelings of the young preacher on seeing the work of the "Lord prospering in his hands." It was the Divine seal upon his commission to preach the gospel. It silenced the adversary in his temptations to make the preacher believe that he had run before he was sent. Nor was this all; his piety was deepened, and he consecrated himself renewedly and forever to the service of God. The state of piety in the church also, was greatly improved, and the whole community was brought under religious influence. The wheat and the tares are growing together, and the day of separation draws nigh. The Lord of the harvest will then divide the chaff from the wheat. The wheat He will gather into His garner; "but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire."

ALFONZA.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
Selection from Old English Authors.—No. 2.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.
Where wards are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees what speech could not amend:
Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

In Haman's pomp poor Mordechaus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lascar plaid will faves' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go:
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet Grass is green when flowers fade away.

Robert Southwell.
No change of Fortune's calm
Can ease my comforts down:
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain, I found, to let her come—
Less loss to let her go.

Southwell.
(The following beautiful excerpt is based upon the supposition that the "woman that was a sinner," recorded in Luke, was Mary Magdalene, of the truth of which there is but little, if any proof.)

THE TEARS OF MARY MAGDALENE.
But fair not, blessed Mary, for thy tears
Will but offend an angry foe,
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain, I found, to let her come—
Less loss to let her go.

mand. They tie the tongues of all accusers, and soften the rigor of their severest judgment. Yea, they win the invincible and bind the omnipotent. When they seem the most pitiful they have the greatest power, and being most forsaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the collars of angels, and penitent tears their sweet wines which the savor of life perfumeeth, the taste of grace sweeteneth, and the purest color of retaining innocency highly beautifieth.

This dew of devotion never faileth, but the sun of justice draweth it up, and upon what face soever it droppeth, it maketh it available in God's eyes. For this water hath thy heart been long a henbeck, sometimes distilling it out of the weeds of thy own offences with the fire of true contrition; sometimes of the flowers of spiritual comforts with the flames of contemplation; and now out of the bitter herbs of thy master's miseries with the heat of a tender compassion. This water had better greece thy looks than the former alluring glances. It hath settled worthier beauties in thy face than all the artificial paintings. Yea, this only water hath quenched God's anger, qualified his justice, recorded his mercy, merited his love, purchased his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy favor. Till death dam up the springs, thy tears shall never cease running; and then shall thy soul be ferried in them to the harbor of life, that, as by them it was first passed from sin to grace, so, in them it may be wafted from grace to glory.

Southwell.
There is in this world continual interchange of pleasing and greeting accident, still keeping their succession of times and overtaking each other in their several courses; no picture can be all drawn of the brightest colors, nor a harmony consorted only of trebles; shadows are needful in expressing of proportions, and the bass is a principal part in public music; the condition here alloweth no unmeddled joy; our whole life is temperate between sweet and sour, and we must all look for a mixture of both; the wise so wish: better that they still think of worse, accepting the one if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being so much masters of each other's misfortunes, that neither shall work them to excess. The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man loseth not his height in the lowest valley; and as a base mind, though most at ease, will be dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distress is the most impregnable.—Southwell.

(This author was peculiarly unfortunate. He was a Roman Catholic, and accused wrongfully of conspiring against Queen Elizabeth of England, was condemned and executed by the order of "Her Majesty." It is generally believed to have been an infamous proceeding. When asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed against him, he replied, "Nothing; but from my heart I forgive all who have been any way accessible to my death." He was in the 33rd year of his age. His writings abound in moral truths, and his style is simple and pleasing.)

MAN'S LIFE.
Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the first spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the food,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past and man forgot.

Francis Beaumont.
(The above is really an exquisite gem. There is scarcely any thing better to be found in the writings of this prolific author, nor in those works written in conjunction with his devoted friend, John Fletcher.—Beaumont was a great genius, but his writings are not generally calculated to benefit mankind or to advance christianity.—He was only thirty years of age when death terminated his career.)

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
What do you Think?

A short time ago, in the county of H., there was an old fashioned ball held in an Academy owned entirely by Methodists, some of whom are official members of the church. This too, in N. C., yes, in "eastern N. C." Well, well, how surprising! Who would have thought it? A place once noted for its church-building spirit; its devotion to Methodism; and a people noted for their liberality, and their aversion to everything which conflicts with the spirit of the Bible, and the established law of their church, now lending its powers to the support of a ball-room. We had thought better things of that people. But all we would not implicate—some, yea many, remain up to the true stamp. We have thought that the Devil must have smiled with an air of triumph, as he saw in that giddy whirl, the sons and the daughters of pious and sainted parents, who lived and died, trying to teach them better things. We will not attempt to describe the scenes

of that ball. But we think that if it was painted out on canvass, so that young men and ladies could have an ocular view of their feasts and attitudes, it would make them utterly ashamed. We say nothing more. And hope for better things in the future.

W.
Cross Roads, March, 1859.

SELECTIONS.

Protracted Meetings.

And now a few words upon another subject. What did that brother mean who said in our office the other day. "Our minister is going to begin a protracted meeting." Did he mean that the minister was to hold it? So it seems. And so it often is. The minister "is expected to preach like an angel, to exhort like some strong-lunged Boanerges, and to sing like a seraph. He must lead each prayer-meeting, pitch the tunes, talk with the seekers, visit during the day, and preach again at night. All this he is expected to do for several weeks in succession. Now, if he has nerves of whalebone, and lungs of gong-metal, he may do so, otherwise he will come out of such a campaign the worse for the wear.

We believe in protracted meetings. God has signally blessed them—at the same time, some things we don't believe in—e. g. 1. We don't believe in the necessity of spending two or three weeks in "getting the church ready." In that work, much time is lost, in our opinion. It is not once needed, and we think it is not now.

2. We don't believe the minister should do all the singing. It is a severe tax, and though he may not feel it now, he will by-and-by. Division of labor is as sound in religious as political economy.

3. We don't believe in the minister being required to perform all the visitation. Serious persons should be visited at their home by experienced members of the church, especially its officers, and instructed or encouraged. The church members should set apart some portion of each day to call upon their neighbors and invite them to the house of God, and to give them such instruction as they need.

4. We don't believe in breaking down a minister at each protracted meeting, when, if the church will do the work it can, do, and ought to do, to enjoy the meeting and go, he can pass through its labors, do all the preaching and exhortation he should, and come out of it in better health than at its commencement.

5. We don't believe in relying upon any agency in exclusion of "Power from on high."—Northwestern Advocate.

The Conferences in Texas.

The Texas Almanac reports 114 counties, of which 52 are in the Texas, 42 in the East Texas, and 22 in the Rio Grande Conference. The counties are reckoned in the Conferences in which their county seats are located.

"H. S. T." makes up from this almanac, for the Texas Christian Advocate, these comparative statistics of the three Annual Conferences embraced in that great State: Of the eight largest towns, four are in the Texas Conference 100 effective travelling preachers, (not including supernumerary preachers, or professors in colleges, or agents;) in the East Texas Conference, 78 in the Rio Grande Conference, 28; making a total of 206. In the Rio Grande Conference there is one effective travelling Methodist preacher to 1385 of the population. In the Texas Conference, one to 1129 people; and in the East Texas Conference, one to 2493; making an average of one effective Methodist pastor to every 2160 of the population of Texas. These figures are truly startling, and encouraging; and we question if there is another State in the world, if there is a community in the world, so well supplied with Methodist preachers as Texas. Add to this 200 pastors, 500 local preachers, two newspapers, and a dozen literary institutions, with their boards of instruction, and who can estimate the amount of moral and religious power we ought to wield in this great State?

Maxims for Young Men.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Better be alone than in bad company. Constant occupation prevents temptation. Dependence is a poor trade to follow. Ease and honor are seldom bed-fellows. False friends are worse than open enemies. Great designs require great consideration. Hasty resolutions seldom speed well. If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it. Of all studies, study your present condition. Pay as you go and keep from small scores. Quit not certainty for hope. Latently promises by performances. Sell not virtue to purchase wealth. Undertake no more than you can perform. Value a good conscience more than praise. Weigh right, if you sell dear. Xerxes was mighty, yet he died. Youth and wine are fire upon fire. Zeal, of all virtues, made his choice of silence.