

Sunday Reading.

FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.
Philanthropy.

In every country, where the arts of civilization and mental refinement are so cultivated and improved as to give tone and sentiment to the public mind, we see the statesman, the orator, the scholar and man of science, crowned with the laurels of national honor and renown. But if there is one character that deserves the voluntary and grateful respect from every class and condition of men, it is he who acts the part of a philanthropist. He is not living for himself alone, and ever saying, "who will show me any good"—enlarge my salary—augment my wages, or spread abroad the fame of my reputation? but his eye is always turned to the wants of suffering humanity. The recollection of his name brings joy to many a troubled heart, and causes the smile of hope to play on the pallid countenance, and the tear of affection to tremble in the eye. He may spend his days in obscurity, and not be able to do more than give a cup of cold water to one of Christ's afflicted disciples; yet he shall in nowise lose his reward; but the influence of his benevolence will meet the approbation of admiring multitudes, when many loud professors of religion and pretended Israélites will be numbered among the fallen sons of Amplek. And while he is thus doing good to those around him, he is deepening and widening the stream of his own enjoyment, and can say from experience, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We are all created dependent and social beings, with faculties susceptible of aiding and assisting each other. And by cherishing and cultivating the principle of benevolence, and in acting on that principle by aiding the sons and daughters of affliction, we may heighten all the pleasures of life. Man is so constituted that he cannot realize the enjoyment of anything alone. And in no way can he use the abundance of a bountiful Providence, so as to enjoy its possession better than by relieving the suffering and distressed around.

The admirable Jehovah, the uncreated source of all enjoyment, is supremely happy in his eternal self-existence. Yet the blessedness that adorns his character, does not consist in the possession of boundless resources only, but also in imparting life and vitality to all the various orders of beings, with all their diversified capacities. He is, who in the source of subsistence, to all living creatures, measuring out to each one his meat in due season. His benevolence extends to all the minutest species of the animal creation. He gives the raven food, and spares the sparrow where to die—Hence the pleasure of doing good must be very great, since benevolence constitutes the peculiar glory of him who stretched out the heavens and laid the foundation of the earth. And with out a disposition to give to him that needeth, no one can "enjoy the blessings of a bountiful Benefactor." He may be favored with the abundance and success of dabbles in the palmy days of Solomon's golden reign, and yet be more miserable than the meanest cabinet among the starving hordes of Bassus. We cannot possess the spirit of Christ, enjoy the pleasures of which is now and that which is to come, unless we are influenced by the principles we profess, to seek the well-being of those around us.

That why we all groan at things so unnatural.

As far as we feel, as morning's bright dew, While mists of darkness are profound, There is no tide of misery like this.

There is a pleasure in bestowing favors upon our fellow-men when their sufferings constitute their only claim. But how much greater is the pleasure of doing good, when the character of those whom we favor is such as meet our approbation?

We feel it to be a privilege, rather than a duty, to favor those whom we love and respect. But whatever may be the character of the position, the philanthropist will ever feel honored to the world and to his fellow-men by stronger and more enduring ties than could otherwise exist. This is evident from the fact that those who favor others have a more tender regard for the objects of their emanations than recipients can ever feel for their benefactors. Parents have love for their children, which children can never have for parents; and true love for his children, and all his devoted followers, far stronger than they can ever have for him.

Whatever may be our prospects in the future, we must cultivate a spirit of benevolence, in order to enjoy the pleasure of life in their full extent. Impatience may picture out an absurd world of pleasure, replete with boundless varieties and inexhaustible sources of enjoyment, a land where summer never fades, than say that over-blossomed palaces more magnificent and grand than any ever reared by human hands, fields waving in golden harvests, and covered with vines, and fruits, and fruits, emitting a fragrance sweeter than Arabian spices, a land where all are sporting in vigorous youth, and wandering among hills and vales, and winding streams.

—And when flowers that will wane meet An angel's feet in broad darkness!

But even in the full possession of all this, were it possible to realize such a hope, the enjoyment would be small and easily lost, compared with the feelings of pure delight and holy joy arising from a consciousness of having done an act of benevolence for a suffering and distressed neighbor.

For want of benevolence, many professing Christians, in this day of religious prosperity, shun the world that there is not a spark of brotherly love in their hearts.

They every day meet with scenes of suffering and distress, but, unlike the good Samaritan, pass by with indifference.

What advantage, therefore, is it to us, to have our neighbors call us brother or sister, and seeing us hungry, and naked, and in distress, say unto us, "Be ye warmed and filled; and give unto them the things which we send?"

It is true that we cannot leave the whole world as a mass; but we may love every one we meet, and, if not directly, yet by some agency or second cause relieve the wants of many who have no legal claim upon us.

This latter of love, though it cost us little, may add to our reward in the world beyond the grave.

And even in this present life, every act of kindness, however small, proclaims the consummation of man in any part of God's creation.

INDIAN MEAL SIMPLY CAKES.—Take 1 quart

of sweet corn, boil it, and while boiling, stir in three large table-spoonsful of grated horseradish, and three large table-spoonsful of grated bread, beat up and add three eggs, and stir in; add one table-spoonful of butter, and two table-spoonsful of sugar. The milk, lard, and bread, should be well boiled before the eggs, sugar, and butter is added. Eat cool, eaten with roast turkey, duck or fowl.

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