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Poetic Recs

From the New England Weekly Review.

STANZAS, ON SEEING A GROUP OF GIRLS KNEELING IN SILENT PRAYER TO GOD.

Look!—they are kneeling—and each brow is covered
With the white hands that press them—and an awe
Reeds on their souls, as if above them hovered
The Holy Spirit, visibly, to draw
The young affections of their guileless bosoms,
The ardent hopes that burn within each breast,
From earthly treasures, to those fadeless blossoms
That wreath the bowers of everlasting rest!

Still—still—as if each spirit held communion
In silence with its God!—or else had flown
Away from earth, to seek a closer union
With Him that sits upon that dazzling Throne
Before which angels and archangels bend,
In perpetual worship!—while abroad,
Through Heaven's bright regions, harps with voices
Blending.

How loud, how near, to the Living God!
A holy breeze, with fragrance richly laden,
Comes, as from Heaven, to greet those kneeling girls,
As if so softly passes by, each maiden
Presents air-fingers dallying with her curls—
The breeze is not, unless, perchance, her spirit
Beams it a whisper from another world,
Which she pure-hearted shall alone inherit,
When earth to utter nothing shall be laid!

Ye may not beautiful!—nor noise, nor motion,
Is there—and yet those silent worshippers
Feel their hearts burning with pure devotion
As e'er was uttered—and the love that stirs
Each humble spirit, is a flame from Heaven,
Lit on the altar of the human heart.
O! bright will be the hope that shall be given
To those pure girls—and theirs the "better part!"

Do they—the guileless, guileless—whose existence
Hath been a summer-morning—cloudless, bright—
Do they, while gazing in the forward distance
On future scenes of joyance and delight,
Feel they have sins which need to be forgiven!
That in God's mercy they alone can trust?
If they need grace to fit their souls for Heaven,
Be my proud spirit humbled in the dust!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Washington's Lectures on General Literature.

THE STARS.

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!"
This is one of those rapturous apostrophes of the
author of Childe Harold, which occasionally burst
in fine phrensy from the impassioned poet, like
oracles from the lips of the Pythones; unconsciously
uttered, and seeming, from their very boldness
and obscurity, to convey more meaning than
intelligible words could express. Had the noble
bard been asked what he himself intended by this
extraordinary phrase, to make it clear might have
cost him more labor in vain than he was wont to
expend; who seldom did labor in vain, (though he
often did worse,) for he generally achieved what he
attempted, whether it were good or evil. Without
inquiring what prompted the idea to that wayward
mind, which in the context is about consulting them
as the rulers of human destinies, there is a sense
in which I think "the stars" may truly and intelli-
gibly be styled "the poetry of heaven." How?
Not, certainly, on account of their visible splendor;
for the gas lamps of a single street in this metro-
polis out-shine the whole hemisphere on the clearest
winter evening—not on account of their beauti-
ful configurations; for the devices chalked on the
floor of a fashionable ballroom, to the mere animal
eye, would be more captivating. It is from causes
having affinity to mind, not matter—to truth, not
semblance—that the stars may indeed be called the
poetry of heaven. Among these may be mention-
ed the time of their appearance, in the solitude,
silence, and darkness of night; their motion, with
one consent, from east to west, each kept in its
place; so slow as not to be perceptible, except by
comparison at intervals, yet accomplishing an an-
nual revolution of the heavens, by points actually
gained on their apparent nocturnal journeys; again,
by our knowledge that they have had existence
from the foundation of the world, when "the morn-
ing stars sang together, and all the sons of God
shouted for joy;" by their use in the firmament—
being placed there "for signs, and for seasons, and
for days, and for years;"—to run—"knowest thou
the firmament of Heaven?"—said the Lord, speak-
ing out of the whirlwind to Job, "Canst thou bind
the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands
of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazaroth in his
season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his
sons?" Here shine out, indeed, "the poetry of
heaven;" and here we may hearken to the true
"music of the spheres:"

"For though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

But in a peculiar, and, to myself at least, an in-
tensely interesting view, the stars are "the poetry
of heaven." In common with the sun and moon,
they are the only unchanging and actual objects
which all eyes that were ever opened to the light,
and lifted to the sky, have seen precisely as we see
them, and precisely as they shall be seen by poster-
ity till the end of time. Rivers stray from their
channels; mountains are shattered by earthquakes,
undermined by waters, or worn by the stress of
elements; forests disappear, and cities rise upon
their places; cities, again, are tumbled into ruins;
all the works of man perish like their framer; and
on those of Nature herself, throughout the habit-
able globe, is written mutability. The entire aspect
of the earth, whether waste or cultivated, peopled
or solitary, is perpetually undergoing transforma-
tion. Shakespeare says, "No man ever bathed

twice in the same river." It may as truly be said,
though the process is slower, that no two genera-
tions, dwelling successively on one spot, however
marked its general features might be, ever beheld
the same local objects, in the same color, shape,
and character. The heavenly bodies alone appear
to us the same identical luminaries, in size, lustre,
movement, and relative position, which they ap-
peared to Adam and Eve in Paradise, when,

"—at their shady lodge arrived, both stood;
Both turned, and under sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven:
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe
And starry pole."—Paradise Lost, Book 4.

They appear to us the same they did to Noah
and his family, when they descended from the ark
into the silence of an unpeopled world; and as they
did to the builders of Babel, when the latter pro-
jected a tower whose top should reach to Heaven.
They appear to us in the same battle array as they
were seen by Deborah and Barak, when "the stars
in their courses fought against Sisera;" in the same
sparkling constellations as they were seen by the
Psalmist, compelling him to exclaim, "when I con-
sider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the
moon and the stars, which thou has ordained, Lord!
what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the
son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Once more,
and oh! how touching is the thought! the stars,
the unchanging stars, appear to us with the same
placid magnificence as they were seen by the Res-
cuer of the world, when, "having sent the multi-
tude away, he went up into a mountain apart to
pray; and when evening was come he was there
alone," and "continued all night in prayer to God."
—Matt. xiv. 23. Luke vi. 12.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflict and his victory too."—Watts.

The stars, then, have been the points where all
that ever lived have met; the great, the small, the
evil, and the good; the prince, the warrior, states-
man, sage; the high, the low, the rich, the poor,
the bond and the free; Jew, Greek, Scythian, and
Barbarian. Every man that has looked up from
the earth to the firmament has met every other
man among the stars, for all have seen them alike,
which can be said of no other images in the
visible universe! Hence, by a sympathy neither af-
fected nor overstrained, we can at pleasure bring
our spirits into nearer contact with any being that
has existed, illustrious or obscure, in any age or
country, by fixing our eyes, to name no other, on
the evening or the morning star, which that indi-
vidual must have beheld a hundred times,

"In that same place of heaven where now it shines;"
and with the very aspect which the beautiful planet
wears to us, and with which it will continue to
smile over the couch of the dying or the cradle of
reviving day.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

[An Ancient Legend—Translated from the German.]

There was once a poor man who had twelve
children, and he was obliged to labor day and
night that he might earn food for them. When at
length, as it so happened, a thirteenth came into
the world, the poor man did not know how to help
himself, so ran out into the highway, determined
to ask the first person he met to be godfather to
the boy. Then there came stalking up to him
Death, who said, "Take me for a godfather."
"Who are you?" said the man. "I am Death,
who make all equal." "Then said the man, 'You
are one of the right sort—you seize on rich and
poor without distinction; you shall be the child's
godfather.' Death answered, 'I will make the
boy rich and renowned throughout the world; for
he who has me for a friend can want for nothing.'
Said the man, 'Next Sunday he will be christened;
mind and come at the right time.' Death accord-
ingly appeared as he promised, and stood godfather
for the child. When the boy at length grew up,
his godfather came to him one day, took him with
him into a wood, and when they were quite alone
said—'Now shall you have your godfather's pre-
sent—I will make you a famous physician of you;
for whenever you are called to a sick person, I will
take care and show myself to you. If I stand at
the foot of the bed, say boldly, I will soon restore
you to health; and give the patient some of a lit-
tle herb which I will point out to you, and he will
soon be well. If, however, I stand at the head of
the sick person, he is mine—then say, 'All help is
useless, he must soon die.' Then Death showed
him the little herb, and said—'Take heed that you
never use it in opposition to my will.' It was not
long before our hero was the most celebrated phy-
sician in the whole world. The moment he sees
a person, said every one, he knows whether or not
he'll recover. Accordingly, he was in great re-
quest—people came from far and near to consult
him; they gave him as much money as he desired,
so that he very soon had made an immense for-
tune. Now it so happened that the king was taken
ill, and the physician was called upon to say
whether he must die. As he went up to the bed,
he saw Death standing at the sick man's head, so
that there was no chance of his recovery. The
physician thought, perhaps, if he outwitted Death,
he would not be much offended, seeing that he was
his godfather; so he caught hold of the king, and
turned him round, so that by that means, Death
was standing at his feet; then he gave him some
of the herb, and the king recovered and was once
more well. But Death came to the physician with
a very angry and gloomy countenance, and said,
'I will forgive you this time, what you have done,
because I am your godfather; but if you ever ven-
ture to betray me again, you must take the conse-
quences.' Shortly after this, the King's daughter
fell sick, and nobody could cure her. The old
king wept day and night, until his eyes were blind-
ed; and at last he proclaimed, that whosoever re-
scued her from death should be rewarded by marry-
ing her, and inheriting his throne. The physi-
cian came, but Death was standing at the head of

the Princess. Yet, when the physician beheld
the beauty of the king's daughter, and thought of
the promises which the king had made, he forgot
all the warnings which he had received; and al-
though Death frowned angrily all the while, he
turned the patient so that Death stood at her feet,
and gave her some of the healing herb; so that he
once more put life in her veins. But when Death
saw that he was a second time cheated out of his
property, he stepped up to the physician, and said—
'Now follow me'—laid hold of him with his icy-
cold hand, and led him into a subterranean cave,
in which there were thousands and thousands of
burning candles, ranged in innumerable rows.
Some were whole, some half-burnt out, some nearly
consumed; every instant some went out, and
fresh ones were lighted, so that the little flames
seemed perpetually hopping about. 'Behold,' said
Death, 'the life-candles of mankind! The large
ones belong to children, those half consumed, to
middle-aged people, the little ones to aged. Yet
children and young people have often times but a
little candle, and when that is burnt out, then life is
at an end, and they are mine.' And the physician
said: 'Show me now my candle!' Then Death
pointed out a very little candle end, which was
glimmering in the socket, and said, 'Behold!'
'Then the physician was afraid, and said—'O!
dearest godfather, light me up a new one, that I
may first enjoy my life—he king, and husband of
the beautiful princess.' 'I cannot do so,' said
Death; 'one must burn out before I can light up
another.'—Place the old one upon a new one then,
that that may burn on when this is at an end,' said
the physician. Then Death, pretending as if he
would comply with this wish, reached a large new
candle; but, to revenge himself, purposely failed in
putting it up, and the little piece fell and was ex-
tinguished. Then the physician sunk with it, and
he himself fell into the hands of Death.

[An Extract from Bulwer.]

Behold, throughout the universe, all things at
war with one another—the lion with the lamb, the
serpent with the bird; and even the gentlest bird
itself, with the moth of the air, or the worm of the
humble earth. What then to men, and to the
spirits transcending men, is so lovely and so sacred
as a being that burneth none, and what so beauti-
ful as Innocence? what so mournful as its untimely
tomb! And shall not that tomb be sacred? Shall
it not be our peculiar care! May we not mourn
over it as at the passing away of some fair miracle
in nature; too tender to endure, too rare to be for-
gotten!

The prose of the heart enlightens, touches, rous-
es, far more than poetry. Your most philosophical
poets would be common place if turned into
prose. Childe Harold, seemingly so profound,
loses its profundity to its style; in reality it contains
nothing that is new, except the mechanism of its
diction. Verse cannot contain the refining subtle
thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the
rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with
the common problems of human nature which are
now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philoso-
phic considerations which may be drawn from them.
Thus, though it would seem a paradox, common-
place is more the element of poetry than of prose.
And sensible of this, even Schiller wrote the deep-
est of modern tragedies, his Fiesco, in prose.

It is perhaps for others, rather than ourselves,
that the fond heart requires an Herald. The
tranquil rest, the shadow and the silence, the mere
passing of the wheel of life, have no terror for the
wise, who know the due value of the world—

"After the billows of a stormy sea,
Sweet is at last the haven of repose!"

But not so when that stillness is to divide us
eternally from others; when those who have loved
with all the passion, the devotion, the watchful
sanctity, of the weak human heart, are to exist to
us no more. When, after long years of desertion
and widowhood on earth, there is to be no hope of
re-union in that *luculent* beyond the stars; when
the torch not of life only, but of love, is to be
quenched in the Dark Fountain; and the grave,
that we should firm hope is the great restorer of
broken ties, is but the dumb seal of hopeless—utter-
ly—inevitable separation! And it is this thought—
this sentiment—which makes religion out of wo, and
teacheth belief to the mourning heart, that in the
gladness of united affections felt not the necessity of
a heaven. To how many is the death of the be-
loved the parent of faith!

Life has always action; it is our own fault if it
ever be dull; youth has its enterprise, manhood its
schemes, and even if infirmity creeps upon age, the
mind, the mind still triumphs over the mortal clay,
and in the quiet hermitage, among books, and from
thoughts, keeps the great wheel within everlasting
in motion. No, the better class of spirits have
always an antidote to the insipidity of a common
career; they have ever energy at will.

For action is that *Lotus* in which we alone for-
get our former dreams; and the mind that, too
stern to wrestle with its emotions, seeks to conquer
regret, must leave itself no leisure to look behind.
Who knows what benefits to the world may have
sprung from the sorrows of the benefactor? As
the harvest that gladdens mankind in suns of au-
tumn, was called forth by the rains of spring, so
the griefs of youth may make the sun of maturity.
There was a certain vastness of mind, in the
adoption of utter solitude in which the first enthu-
siasms of our religion indulged. The remote desert,
the solitary rock, the rude dwelling hollowed from
the cave, the eternal communion with their own
hearts; with nature, and their dreams of God, all
made a picture of severe and preterhuman grand-
eur. Say what we will of the necessity and charm
of social life, there is a greatness about man when
he dispenses with mankind.

There is something in travel which constantly,
even amid the most retired spots, impresses us with
the exuberance of life. We come to these quiet
nooks, and find a race whose existence we never
dreamed of. In their humble path they know the
same passions and tread the same career as our-

selves. The mountains shut them out from the
great world, but their village is a world in itself.
And they know and need no more of the turbulent
scenes of remote cities, than our own planet rocks
of the inhabitants of the distant stars.

HIGHLAND MARY.

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray."
The episode in the life of Burns, which has for
its beginning, its middle, and its end, the attach-
ment between himself and Mary Campbell, is ex-
ceedingly affecting. From a recent Scottish work
we learn that this young female, who was invest-
ed by the imaginative powers of the bard, with a
thousand charms, was a dairy-maid at Collieston—
a good looking blue-eyed girl, with a very pretty
foot. After a long courtship, in which they found
the "current of their true love" far from running
"smoothly," they fixed a day on which to take
leave, temporarily, of each other, while making
the final arrangement for their marriage. In a
lovely and romantic spot upon the banks of Ayr,
they passed a day together. On separating, they
stood upon the opposite banks of a brook. They
dipped their hands in its water, in testimony of
the purity of their intention, and then placing
them upon a bible together, they looked up to Heav-
en and mutually pledged their truth and constan-
cy. Mary embarked for the West Highlands to
visit her friends, but she returned no more. She
was taken sick and died on her way to Greenock,
after a short illness; Burns never forgot the object
of his affections. Even after he married Jane
Arncliffe, he continued to mourn her fate, and some
years afterwards, upon the birth-day of his last
Mary, he was found by his wife in a cold bright
evening, sitting out in the open air upon a wisp of
straw, gazing upon a bright star with the utmost
intenseness. He was prevailed on, after much
persuasion, to enter the house, and there sat down
and wrote, almost without a pause, those matchless
lines which have immortalized his passion.

THE FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

Dispute of the Cats about a cheese.
Two Cats once on a cheese did light
That which both had an equal right;
But quarrels, such as oft arise,
Fell out in sharing of the prize.
Fair play, say one, you eat too fat:
At this rate how long would it last!
Come let us part it, else ere long
The cheese will every scrap be gone.
But how, said they, shall we divide!
Being parties both, who shall preside!
So with consent, away they trudge,
And choose a Monkey for a judge.
A judge he seemed, well skilled in laws,
And had decided many a cause.
Now umpire chosen for division,
Both swear to stand by his decision.
With looks demure, he eyes the cheese,
And with a knife cuts out a piece.
With much gravity he did cut,
To see if it was good and sweet;
Then for the scales away he starts,
And cuts the cheese in equal parts—
Which to do justice cannot fail.
Said he, We'll truly weigh the case,
And strictest justice shall have place;
Then lifting up the scales, he found
One end up, the other down;
So cut he takes the heavier loaf,
And quickly gnawed it portion off.
Now weighed again it proved too light,
Friend cats! said he, we'll do ye right.
Then from the other half he gnaws,
And nibbles with his teeth and paws;
Till tried again, it lightest proved;
The judge, who this worst process loved,
Still weighed the case and still set on;
Till both the cats were weary grown;
And finding how the matter went,
Grief, come sir, we are both content.
Ye fools, quoth he, and justice too
Must be content as well as you.
Thus grumbled they—thus he went on;
Till both the halves were neatly gone.
Poor pussies now the folly saw:
Of setting trials by the law—
And begged the judge that he would please,
To give them the remaining cheese;
To which his worship grave replied,
The dues of court must first be paid;
'Twill take what cheese is left or more,
To pay the cost and clear the score;
That's our decree—go home and sleep,
And thank us you got off so cheap!

TOO BAD.

There is a little newspaper published in Penn-
sylvania called the "Bethania Palladium," and
though it is not of the mammoth class, being but
about as large as the cover of Peter Parley's prim-
ers, it is, in every other respect, great. No pa-
per comes to this office that we read with so much
 gusto. It certainly is not because of its shipping
 qualities—its wit or its wisdom, for the honest
 Quaker who manufactures it, is an unpretending
 man, and is as far removed from either of those
 qualities as any fellow citizen of ours in the United
 States. Nor does our liking come from any thing
 intrinsically interesting in the local incidents of
 that quiet community; for we do not recollect any
 event recorded in the Palladium, since we have
 been so happy as to look into its pages, more im-
 portant than the Editor's campaign made some
 time since against his neighbors' hens who had in-
 vaded his "Out-patch." It is not from any of
 these considerations that we are so partial to the
 Palladium—still like it we do—we like it because
—in short, we like it because—we can't help it!
 This paper is divided into "departments," and each
 subject appropriately classed. For instance, un-
 der the "Farmer's department" we notice a treatise
 on "Burdock's" for hogs; and under the "Historic
 department" a wedding which took place lately at
 Peconock, and a Kitten at Mr. Keating's, with
 two heads. The "Didactic department" contains
 a criticism upon the cruelty of tying barn-door
 fowls to a stake to be shot at. But under the head
 of the "Gambler's department" we think the Ed-
 itor too severe, and we have a trial with him for
 it. He begins it, "Andrew Jackson—a horse-
 jockey," and then proceeds to say, upon the author-

ity of Poulson's Advertiser, that Gen. Jackson's
horses took the purse at the Jockey Club Races at
Washington a few days since—they being entered
in the name of Mr. Donelson. This is uncharita-
ble in the Editor; he ought to have put this in the
"didactic department," among the hens.—New
York Courier and Enquirer.

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

The tenth anniversary of the American Sunday
School Union, was celebrated by religious services
in the church on Washington Square, on Tuesday,
the 20th instant—the venerable President, ALEX-
ANDER HENRY, Esq., in the chair.

In the absence of our esteemed fellow citizen,
PAUL BECK, JR. Esq., who has been for several
years Treasurer of the institution, and greatly devo-
ted to its interests—the report of receipts and ex-
penditures was read by Mr. FOWLER, one of the
Secretaries.

The annual report of the Board of Managers
was presented and read by Mr. PACKARD, one of
the Secretaries.

Several resolutions were then introduced, and
supported with much eloquence and spirit. Among
the speakers were Rev. Dr. Sharpe, of the Baptist
Church, from Boston; Rev. Dr. Tyng, of the
Episcopal Church, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. McCaus-
ley, of the Presbyterian Church, New York; Rev.
Mr. Winslow, Missionary from Ceylon; Rev. Mr.
Maltressor, of Durham, England; Rev. Mr. Breck-
enridge, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Reed, of
London. We were particularly impressed with
the remarks of Mr. Breckenridge upon the impor-
tance of a more extensive circulation of the valu-
able publications of the society. He illustrated the
process of education by a beautiful allusion to our
water works at Fair Mount—where the inventive
genius of man has succeeded in making a river
raise itself, and send its pure and refreshing waters
abroad through our city—So society must be made
to raise itself. Moral sentiment must be made
strong enough to elevate society by self-applied
power.

Mr. Reed's speech was exceedingly appropriate.
—It was after a session of nearly three hours, that
he rose to address the assembly, but there was so
much pleasantness in his introduction, and so much
kindness in his whole manner, that the appropriate
and elevated and devout remarks which followed,
were received with the most evident and gratifying
emotions.

It appears, from the report of the Board, that
the business of the society is prosperous—that the
amount of sales during the year has been between
\$50,000 and \$60,000—that the debts due (exclu-
sive of those from depositors) amount to about
\$15,000, and that the prospect of increased useful-
ness is flattering.

\$1,000 has been appropriated to the publication
of books, &c. for circulation in France, and it was
resolved to raise \$12,000, to be appropriated to
the use of Christian missions in foreign lands.

PATRIOTISM.

Many Christians seem to overlook the extent of
religious obligations. They are disposed to satisfy
themselves with attending to what are strictly reli-
gious duties. To know little and to care less about
the civil political relations of society, is with such,
a mark of piety. As the infidel holds that it mat-
ters not what a man's religious opinions are, so
such Christians maintain that it matters not what
our political sentiments are. Whatever views
others may have of religion, however much they may
be disposed to denounce patriotism, we pronounce
that religion false which does not make a man de-
sireous of knowing and performing his duties in all
the relations in which he stands—whether to his
God, his country, his neighbors, his friends, or
family connections. Ignorance, especially wilful
of any duty, whether denominated religious, politi-
cal, civil, or social, will be no excuse for neglect at
the bar of God. The Christian is bound in all his
conduct to promote the glory of God and the hap-
piness of man. Government wields an incalculable
influence over the happiness or misery of man.
To some extent its influence extends to his immor-
tal destinies. Let him, then, who is regardless of
human happiness, be indifferent to the civil and
political affairs of his country. But for the honor of
religion, let him renounce Christianity.—Christian
Herald.

Political hypocrisy hath made the laudable name
of patriotism almost suspicious. But he that is
sincere in the best things, and walks as in the sight
of God, will, of all men, be faithful in lower matters,
and carry a sterling integrity from religion into
every duty of social life. On the other hand, he
that regards not God, nor yet other men but as
they are convenient to himself, may very justly be
suspected respecting his fidelity to his country.—
Profit and vain glory, indeed, will carry some men
very far, as they have done; but strip a wordly
man of these, and where are his motives for pro-
moting the national welfare?

The Christian is not a mere showy patriot, for
lucre or for fame; but he is, what none but a
Christian can be, a patriot in spirit and in truth,
pouring out his secret and earnest prayers before
God for the true prosperity of the land. The
world, indeed, hath a low opinion of this arbitrary
of heaven; but One, who is wiser than the world,
hath told us, that the "effectual fervent prayer of a
righteous man availeth much."—And if one such
person, like an Elias, can be instrumental in draw-
ing down public blessings; what may not be hoped
for from the prayers of legions of Christians thro'-
out the nation? We may read what the prayers
of such men have done, in Heb. xi. 33, 34.

The Christian patriot will rejoice in all the good
done to his country, though other hands, rather
than his, have been employed in the doing it.—
That man deserves not the name of a patriot, to
whom the peace, honor, and prosperity of his coun-
try are valuable only as they may contribute to
his own.

As the Christian's patriotism is founded upon the