

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

T. MEREDITH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. X.—No. 38.

RALEIGH, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

WHOLE No. 455

TERMS.

The Recorder is published every Saturday, and is sent to subscribers at Two Dollars per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

If payment be delayed longer than three months, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged—and if longer than six months, three dollars.

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Minutes of Associations, pamphlets, and books, of all descriptions, will be printed with neatness, and on accommodating terms.

Nor ought I to omit the efficient help which might be given by the active services of well-qualified persons in visiting the houses of the poor.—The great mass of the poor are living in the utter neglect of religion. If they hear the gospel, it must be first preached to them at their own houses. The precious treasure must be carried to them, for they are too ignorant and too indolent to go forth and seek it. Christians, there are thousands of immortal creatures perishing in sin at your doors! Souls are continually going down to the pit from the houses that are on the left and right hand of your own.

Men, women, and their families, are continually dropping into eternal burnings, almost before your eyes! And will you not go to their houses and entreat them to think of their souls' welfare? If you have not much courage to speak, you can take a religious tract, and beg them to read it; and by an exchange of it you may continually supply them with a course of religious instruction, by which they may be made wise unto salvation.

Beloved brethren, let me entreat you to consider the subject with all that deliberate attention and deep seriousness which its momentous, its infinite, its eternal importance demands. Every sign of the times, every thing in the state of the church, and every thing in the condition of the world, calls upon professing Christians to arouse from their slumbers and to look around them. Even the wise virgins are asleep, and that, too, amidst voices speaking to them from every quarter, and saying, "knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." Let these heart-stirring words enter into your souls, and call you forth to spiritual activity. Oh that I had at command "thoughts that breathe and words that burn!" I would turn them in a stream of impassioned eloquence upon your spirits, and endeavor to beat you away from that guilty selfishness which has engrossed the people of God, and impel you to a combined, and vigorous, and anxious effort for the revival of lukewarm professors, and the conversion of impenitent sinners. The subject has not yet laid hold of your imagination, your heart, and your consciences; it has come near to you, but has not come into you; it has often been the topic of conversation, but never of deep musing. Do consider the present aspect of the world. Old institutions are changing or falling around us; society is in a state of fluctuation and transformation; the dread of innovation has arisen into almost a passion for it; the authority of venerated names and systems has perished; and a grand struggle for the mastery is coming on between the spirit of infidelity and the Word of God. Already the foe is in the field; his forces are marshalled; and confident in the assurance of victory, he is preparing for the attack. Shall the church of God be supine and indolent? Shall she alone be inert? Shall there be revival and energy every where else but there? Oh no! She must arise and gird herself for the conflict, and take to herself the whole armor of God. She must occupy a position which shall enable her to take advantage of existing circumstances, and to bend to the promotion of her interests the changes and events which are continually transpiring on the great theatre of this world. She must be more united, more spiritual, more fervent in prayer, more zealous in action; and then will she appear "bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

Every thing yet devised by the wisdom of the church for the benefit of the world, languishes for want of a revival of religion. Bible and Tract Societies have poured their streams of moral influence through the remote and desolate places of our demoralized population, but they yet appear like the deserts and the marshes that are given to salt.—We have kindled, by our missionary zeal, a flame on Zion's hill, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of God's people, Israel; but how dim is its beam, how feeble its power, to illuminate the nations that sit in darkness, and the region of the shadow of death! After near half a century's labors, how little have we done to evangelize the globe. Is it not a time to inquire into the cause of this want of greater success? And would not inquiry convince us that it is the languid condition of our personal religion?

Professing Christians, you must awake, indeed you must. God is calling to you. "Turn not away from him that speaketh." "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

And now, dear brethren, may that divine spirit which, on the day of Pentecost, in answer to united prayer, descended on the infant church, baptizing it with celestial fire, and qualifying it for its high and holy vocation to evangelize the nations, by illuminating it with heavenly light, and adorning it with the beauty of holiness, as well as endowing it with miraculous powers—come soon into your minds and hearts in all the plenitude of his gifts and graces, reviving that which is dull, cleansing that which is impure, strengthening that which is weak, uniting that which is dissevered, in order that in this way you may be prepared for a more abundant participation of all the fulness of God, and closer fellowship with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, in every thing that relates to the salvation of this lost world.

From the Christian Recorder.

A HINT TO PASTORS.

Messrs. Editors:—Having seen a communication in your paper of the 31st of July from a pastor in the Land of Nod, and being an inhabitant of the same land, it suggested a few thoughts to my mind.

He complains of the lethargy that has fallen upon his people on the Sabbath, and seems at a loss to account for it; he says he is watching the symptoms and treatment necessary to eradicate the disease. I have been watching the progress of the same disease with no little interest as I have been somewhat affected by it, and have been trying to ascertain the cause. I think I have it. An anecdote told me when a boy will, I think, give you my views.

A lumber-dealer once hired a man to attend a saw mill. He gave him the old-fashioned Yankee dish of pudding and milk for breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day. The poor man grew weak for want of proper food. One morning he saw his employer coming to the mill, and he shut the gate nearly down, so that the mill just moved, and seated himself as his employer came in. He, in astonishment, enquired, "What is the matter with the mill?" "Why," said the man, "don't you hear what it says?" "No, indeed," responded the employer, "what does it say?" "Listen!" said the laborer, "it says, pud-ding—and—milk—p-u-d-i-n-g—a-n-d—m-i-l-k." The man went home and told his wife to boil some pork and squash for dinner, the laborer ate at dinner with appetite, and repaired again to the mill. He soon saw the owner coming and hoisting the gate well up, he seated himself as in the morning. "Well how does your mill go now?" "Why don't you hear what it says?" "No," said the other. "Well, it says, pork and squash, pork and squash, pork and squash." The employer concluded to furnish his men with meat and vegetables.

Now, Messrs. Editors, my opinion is, if the pastor in the Land of Nod will give his people a little pork and squash instead of continually feeding them on pudding and milk, that not only the symptoms, but the disease of which he complains, will entirely disappear. This is only my opinion; you have it for nothing.

A SUBSCRIBER OF THE REFLECTOR.

Land of Nod, Aug. 12, 1845.

The editor thinks the Land of Nod must be very extensive, for one of these communications was mailed in Rhode Island the other in New Hampshire.

From the New York Recorder.

CHARITY.

In the hour of keenest sorrow—
In the hour of deepest woe,—
Wait not for the coming morrow,
To the sad and suffering go;—
Make it thy sincerest pleasure,
To administer relief—
Freely opening thy treasure
To assuage a brother's grief.

Go, and seek the orphan sighing—
Seek the widow in her tears,
As on mercy's pinions flying,—
Go, dispel their darkest fears;
Seek the stranger, sad and weary,
Pass not on the other side,
Though the task be bad and dreary,
Heeding not the scorn of pride.

Go, with manners unassuming,
In a meek and quiet way,—
O'er the father, ne'er presuming,
Though thy brother sadly stray;—
'Tis a Saviour's kind compassion—
'Tis his righteousness alone,
All unmerited salvation
That around thy path has shone.

When thy heart is warmly glowing,
With the sacred love of prayer,
Be thy works of kindness flowing
Not as with a miser's care;—
Duty'er should be thy watchword—
Pity drop the balmy tear,
Always toward the fallen cherish
Sympathy and love sincere.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Let me give you a short account of a little blind girl. Her name was Julia. She had never in her whole life seen any thing at all. When she became old enough and strong enough to walk, she was led around by her brother Charles, who was two years older than Julia. Charles used to take notice of almost every thing which could be seen, and try to tell his blind sister about it.

One pleasant summer day, he took her by the hand, and they wandered down in the smooth, pleasant fields together. He talked to her as they went along about the green leaves, and the soft green moss, and the beautiful flowers, and the bright sunshine, and every thing he could think of to make her happy. By and by she grew weary—
"For it is hard work to walk when you cannot see—and they sat down under a large shady tree to rest a while. For a few minutes they sat quite still, and listened to the song of a bird. Julia spoke first.

"Charles said she, 'how long a time that sweet bird sings. He must be full of joy. Can you see him, and is he as beautiful as that song is sweet?'"

"Yes, dear Julia, he is a very pretty bird, and looks very happy as he swings about in the air on the very end of that long limb."

The little girl sighed, and a large tear rolled down her face as she said,

"Charley, I wish that I could see. You tell me about the flowers of all colors, the green leaves, the little birds, the blue sky, and so many beautiful things that I long to see. I know, as you and dear mother often tell me that I can hear, and feel and enjoy a great many things, but oh! it must be delightful to see. But I shall always be blind, shall I not?"

She wept then throwing her arms about his neck, whispered,

"Charley, if I could only look upon your loving face, and our dear mother's, and all my sweet friends I should not so much mind being shut up in darkness to every thing else."

Charles comforted her as well as he could; but when he looked at her pale face, he felt very sad, and loved her more and more.

Not long after this little Julia became very sick, and her mother and brother watched over her, and prayed earnestly for her, but her heavenly Father was about to take her to a better home on high. The day before she died, she lay a short time in her mother's lap. Her brother Charles stood by and held her hand in his, and looked sorrowfully upon her sweet face. She was very weak, but talked some in a low voice.

"Mother," said she, "are there any blind persons in heaven?"

"No, my child," answered her mother, "but why do you ask?"

"Oh! I have been thinking since I lay here how good God has always been to us, and what a blessed God he is—and then I thought how I should love to look at Him for ever. It makes me full of joy to think that when I get to heaven I may open my eyes and see all around me—see every thing in that bright world."

But, mother, when you and Charley get there, too, you must come to your own Julia, and tell her who you are, and show me, too, which my dear father is who is there now, for you know I never saw any of you here."

The sweet child was too weak to talk any more then but she kissed her mother and Charley, and looked very happy.

The next day God took her to himself, and for the first time opened her eyes, which never again will be closed, in a glorious and holy heaven.—There the earnest desire of her pious heart may be granted, and her song of praise to God's great name will be far sweeter than the sweetest music of earth.

Dear children, will you not remember often to thank God for the blessing of sight?

S. S. Journal.

From the New England Family Magazine.

BREVITY OF LIFE IN MEN OF GENIUS.

Newton accomplished nothing that added to his reputation after he had reached the age of forty-five; those mighty discoveries that will cause his name to be spoken wherever science and truth are known, through all posterity, were all given to the world before he reached that period of life.—Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, died in his 37th year he had been observing the satellites of Jupiter, when he was suddenly struck blind, and in a few days was carried to his long home. The inventor of the barometer, Torricelli, who was deemed well worthy of wearing the mantle of Galileo, died at the early age of thirty-nine. The name of Pascal is associated with that of Torricelli, as having first demonstrated to the world the true use and value of the Italian's invention. He shines among the brilliant minds that France raised up for the cause of literature and science. He was cut off ere he had seen his fortieth birthday. But Pascal's life, as far as regarded his relation to science, may be said to have terminated some seven or eight years earlier even than this. Influenced by certain views of religion which he imbibed when he was about thirty years of age, he strangely enough conceived that the pursuits in which he was then engaged were displeasing to his Maker, and that he was wasting his time, and perverting his talents, by continuing in such a course. He therefore resolved to abstain entirely from what had hitherto formed the chief pleasures of his life. Some allowance must be made for this morbid state of mind from the fact that his was a delicate and excitable temperament; and continued ill health, together with persevering and laborious study had, nearly exhausted his physical powers. It cannot but be regretted, that an intellect so rare as that possessed by Pascal, which was given to him by his Creator, not for his own advantage merely, but also for the benefit of his fellow men, should have been so influenced by an argument so palpably false and absurd. He unconsciously refuted his own logic during his retirement, by his celebrated "Provincial Letters," an attack upon the casuistry of the Jesuits, "which," said his biographer, "strange to say, is a work not only distinguished by all that is admirable in style and reasoning, but abounding in the exquisite wit and humor, which the splendid enthusiast intermingles with his dexterous and often elegant argumentation, apparently with as much light-heartedness, as natural an ease, as if he had been one, the flow of whose spirits had scarcely yet known what it was to be disturbed by either fear or sorrow. So false a thing often is gaiety, or rather so mighty is the power of intellectual occupation. It can make the heart forget for a time its most prevailing griefs, and change its deepest gloom to sunshine."—Sir Philip Sidney,

* Cowper was indebted to his literary efforts for almost all the relief that he experienced from depression of spirits, from causes similar to those which agitated Pascal. "The Task," and his versions of the "Iliad," and "Odyssey," checked the progress of his disease for years. "John Gilpin" must have been an oasis in the desert to his afflicted author. Cowper is an instance of how much can be done in a short time, by determination and perseverance. Though well educated in his youth, he wasted twenty-five or thirty years succeeding his departure from school, in doing comparatively nothing. His first volume of poems was published when he was fifty years old.

Poor Cowper! we love and pity him at the same time. How desolate must his heart have felt at times, and how a frequent prey to anguish, and we doubt not despair, was his mind. He shuddered when a gay thought shot across his gloomy meditations. He says, "it is as if a harlequin should intrude himself into the chamber where a corpse is deposited."

known as the poet of Arcadia, fell at the battle of Zutphen, in his thirty-second year; Beaumont, (who has not heard of Beaumont and Fletcher!) died at thirty; Otway, whose "Venice Preserved" still keeps possession of the stage, at thirty-four; Collins, whose exquisite odes were published at the age of twenty-six, at thirty-six; Burns at thirty-seven; and finally Byron at thirty-nine.

We desire to mention a few illustrious names in other departments, whose stars set in brilliancy at early ages. Among names dear to the hearts of lovers of harmony, stands pre-eminent that of Mozart. From his cradle to his grave, this gifted son of melody was a musician. Through his short life he devoted himself unceasingly to his favorite art, and his voluminous productions are proofs of his industry. Yet rapidly as he composed, all that we possess of his productions are perfect and complete; "for so delicate," says a critic, "was his sense of the beautiful, that he never was satisfied with any one of his productions, until it had received all the perfection he could give it by the most minute and elaborate correction. Ever striving after higher and higher degrees of excellence, and existing only for his art, he scarcely suffered even the visible approach of death to withdraw him a moment from his beloved studies. The Requiem of Mozart, his last musical composition, is invested with a peculiar interest from the circumstances under which it was written. Poetry and romance have seized upon the story as legitimate booty.

At the age of thirty-seven died the great painter of the Cartoons. With this event art lost one of its brightest luminaries, and although its treasury is enriched with creations scarcely to be equaled, certainly not to be surpassed, yet the world as yet has seen but one Raphael. His spirit will live in his works as long as time permits one thread of his canvass to hang upon another, and receive the homage of the worshippers of Art. Correggio, his contemporary, met with his death at forty. It was this master who exclaimed, when admiring one of the mighty efforts of Raphael, "And I also am a painter!"

PRAYER.

The solemn periods during which a man retires from the intrusion of external things, and thus places himself alone with God, must be considered as a special and most important part of that discipline of the soul from which it is to derive strength for its combat "with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in high places." Such seasons will be sought for, not as duties to be performed, but as privileges to be desired and cherished—as a great means of spiritual life—a chief source of the growth, the defence, the nourishment of the soul.

But, independently of those more special and solemn seasons, in which a man of prayer retires from external things, and seeks to find himself in the more immediate presence of God—where there is the habitual sense of the Divine presence, there will be the tendency to raise the thoughts to him even amid the ordinary engagements with objects of sense. Amid the cares, the anxieties, the distractions of life, indeed, this must often be felt to be, as it were, a resting-place, a refuge to the soul. And a consideration at once the most solemn and encouraging; it certainly is, that, amid any circumstances as to the external things, the aspiration of the heart directed to God may have all the power and all the efficacy of prayer. It is an exercise adapted to every situation in which the feeble being can be placed; for, whether distracted with anxieties respecting earthly things, or awed under more solemn apprehensions of things eternal; whether viewing complicated duties in regard to which he perceives his own weakness, or combating with spiritual enemies which are too strong for him; the man feels that he is not alone, who thus seeks to "dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of his life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in his temple."—Abercrombie.

The religion of Jesus, as delivered in the New Testament in its original purity and simplicity, will be ever able to stand its ground against all the assaults of the most subtle and malicious adversaries. It hath a dignity and excellence in it, which hath often extorted favorable acknowledgements even from those who have appeared to be strongly prejudiced against it, of which we have a remarkable instance in the late Lord Bolingbroke. And I am persuaded that the more any thinking man considereth it with a free and unprejudiced mind, the more he will admire it, and will be the more convinced of its truth and excellence, and of its divine original. You will, I doubt not, join with me in fervent prayer to God, that this holy religion may be more universally diffused, that it may be made known to those who knew it not, and that where it is known and professed, it may have more of the happy effects which it is so well fitted to produce.—Leland.

It is a noble contemplation, and highly for the honor of the sacred writings, that there we may observe one and the same glorious plan carried on by the divine wisdom and goodness from the beginning, for the recovery and salvation of lapsed man: successive revelations communicated at different times and in divers manners, and at the distance of several ages from one another, yet all subservient to the same glorious purposes, and mutually confirming and illustrating each other; the law and the prophets in their several ways conspiring to prepare the way for the revelation of Jesus Christ, and to furnish divine attestations to it. The religion carried on under the several dispensations, still for substance the same; and whatever seeming variety there may be in the parts, an admirable harmony in the whole.—H.