

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

T. MEREDITH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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A PROFITABLE SPENDING OF THE SABBATH.

In the first place.—Watch and pray, as you value your souls, against a spirit of carelessness, and indifference in religion. Remember that the life of a Christian is a life of self-denial. It is a race—a pilgrimage—a warfare! Its exercises are described by wrestling, striving, watching, and the like. And of all the drones in the world, drones in God's hive are the least deserving the approbation of the church, and the most under the frown of heaven. The Scripture probably contain no expression of displeasure more impressive than that which is addressed to the Laodiceans, on this subject—"So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Yet it is astonishing how soon we may be beguiled into such a frame of mind.

The commonness of religious exercises—the attraction of the world—and, above all, the corruption of depraved nature, have a constant influence to produce this awful indifference. And few greater evidences can be afforded of it than the neglecting the worship of God in his sanctuary, or carelessly trifling with the morning of a Lord's day.
2. Rise early.—Your enjoyment of the Sabbath, and your attendance upon the worship of God in the morning of it, greatly depend upon this. If you have much to do before you can unite with God's people in his house, the time of your rising must be arranged accordingly. A lazy, sluggish professor, who can satisfy himself with consuming the best part of the morning in bed, is but ill prepared for the service of his Maker in the course of it. And scandalous it certainly is to any one who names the name of Christ, that a man who would rise for a sixpence, at almost any hour on any other day in the week, should shut his ears on the morning of a Sabbath, when God is calling to him from Heaven, and be lulled by the devil to sleep.

The conduct of the wicked, who can rise at any time to unite in a party of pleasure; the conduct of heathens, who are waiting the rising of the sun, in order to pay the earliest adorations to him as soon as he makes his appearance; in a word, the conduct even of Satan himself, who is always on the alert, to destroy, if possible, the comforts and souls of men, is a sufficient reproof to such individuals.

3. Endeavor to enjoy a good Saturday evening. It was a custom with the Jews to have a season of preparation, previous to the duties of the Sabbath. Their Sabbath began at six in the evening; and at three in the afternoon began the preparation. God grant us that anxiety for the enjoyment of the Sabbath, which will lead to a preparation for it, as far as we are able; and a good frame of mind on a Saturday evening will seldom lull a person to sleep, or make him indifferent about the worship of God on a Sabbath morning.

4. Think of the rapid approach of death, and endeavor to realize to yourselves the views and feelings you will then have of what you have been, and what you have done, and what you have left undone, when you are just going to give in your account unto God. It is a lamentable fact, there are not a few in our churches and congregations, who are all their life long planting thorns in that pillow upon which at last they must lie down and die; and none are doing this more effectually than the careless and the slothful. "Ah," says one on a death bed, "that I had been more actively engaged in the service of God!" "O!" cries another, in the anguish of his soul, "that I could but live my time over again! What a different person would I be! O, the sins I have committed—the duties I have neglected—the Sabbaths I have murdered!" But it is in vain! He is just on the borders of eternity; and all the wealth of worlds can neither purchase him a respite from death, nor afford him an opportunity of retrieving his conduct for ever! "O, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"—*Presbyterian*.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD PASTOR.

1. Give your pastor your confidence and affection. Let him always feel that he is among friends that will guard his reputation, and be willing to cover with the mantle of charity any little deficiencies.
2. Consult him freely, and show that you respect his judgment in all important matters pertaining to all the moral and spiritual interests of the parish. Remember that he is the spiritual watchman on the walls of Zion in your place, and feels deep interest in all that pertains to the best good of the society.
3. Speak kindly to others of your pastor, and let

them see that you respect him, and value his ministrations among you in the Lord.

4. Protect the reputation and good name of your pastor. His character is his capital. Should you ever see the envenomed shafts of calumny pointed at him, let your hearts, like so many encompassing shields, receive them, and your hands extract and break them at your feet. When he is compelled to speak with plainness, and rebuke with all long-suffering, or to vindicate unpopular doctrines, or inculcate unwelcome truths, and you discover in others a disposition to repel them; then stand by him; hold him up with the strength of prayer and the energy of faith—then, instead of falling discomfited before his foes, truth shall accomplish glorious victories.

5. Never interfere with the private or family arrangements of your minister. He has the same rights and responsibilities in reference to his family that other men have. And the people that would pry into his domestic arrangements, or attempt to thwart him in any endeavours to render his situation in this respect more eligible, pleasant, or economical, show two grand defects at least: 1st, A want of good breeding; and 2dly, A narrowness of spirit, which will be apt to render uncomfortable all who have intercourse with them.

6. Be punctual with your minister, and pay him his salary without asking. If any class of men earn the scanty pittance which is generally given them it is the minister of the gospel, and the salary should be punctually paid. Some contrive to turn off upon the minister, the lame, the halt, and the blind. This discourages and paralyzes his efforts, and dishonours God.—*Westleyan Journal*.

FRATERNAL UNION BETWEEN PASTOR & PEOPLE

Pastor and people, in the most favored and protracted union, yet need much to cherish most carefully a spirit of fraternal union and a sense of their character as brethren. It is as such that our text describes the relation of the teacher and his flock. Placed under his authority they may be, but he is to put them in remembrance, as brethren. A fraternal and gentle spirit may give to the man of slender attainments, and even of little prudence and forecast, an influence over the church both intellectually and practically, that a more powerful intellect with less kindness will never acquire. Storming the citadel of the heart, he sways thence the whole garrison of the mind. A truly gentle and spiritual minister of Christ, of loving temper, and will wrestle through difficulties, and that without the sacrifice of either his conscience or his authority, where a more able, but less devout and meek man, would fail to discover any practicable outlet. "A path, that the vulture's eye hath not seen," with its keen, proud glance, may be discerned by the eye of the dove. And the remembrance of the fraternal character of the church, and the fraternal relations of its head, the great Elder brother, will render tolerable much of discomfort and anxiety, which the most beloved and prosperous pastor cannot escape. The church may do much, all unconsciously, to weary and wound him. He may see, as did an apostle, the growth of parties in a church that should have but one name, as it has but one interest. He may see meanness hiding itself under holy forms; and artifice winding its sly coils around the noblest enterprises; the spirit of the sons of Zebedee re-appearing in good men; or Judas sitting again in presumptuous obduracy at the board of his betrayed Lord. Tempted to high thoughts of himself and bitter thoughts of others, he may be inclined, under such trials, to quit all; like Elijah wonder that he alone is left to be jealous for his God; and like Jonah fret that a jealous people have been spared, whilst, perchance, the poor gourd which sheltered him, the more faithful servant, has been smitten. In such hours of growing weariness, and waning love, let the vexed pastor remember the brother and Redeemer in his demeanor at the Last Supper. The strength that others would have husbanded, for it was soon all to be needed in the garden of Gethsemane, and the halls of the High Priest and the Governor, how lavishly was it spent by that Saviour, in washing, as a menial, the feet of the frail and timorous disciples, who, as he too well knew, were so soon to sleep beside their Master in his agony, and to flee from that Master at his apprehension. Let the suffering pastor thus haunt the cross, and lay his aching head on the bosom that heaved, under the weight of his sins, with the dread and incommunicable anguish of Calvary. Then, having visited his Master upon the cross, let him follow that Master to the throne; and thence let him look back and look down upon this sin-plagued world, and this distracted church, from the day after the last judgment, and from the calm, bright heights of the New Jerusalem. After such visits to his Redeemer on the cross, and his Redeemer on the throne, he will come back to his work, a meeker and a wiser man, contented, and more patient, subdued and cheerful, expecting troubles from a race, that, in its best specimens, troubled Christ, and grateful for the mere boon of existence, and for the remotest prospects of usefulness, in a world that, with all its sorrows, is yet a world of probation, of hope, and of conversion. Intimacy with Christ becomes thus the secret of maintaining the band of brotherhood. And the words, that from Moses fell powerless on the ears of contending Hebrews, come clad with the irresistible energy of a love that melts and assimilates, when heard from the lips of Jesus; "ye are my brethren."

ON AFFLICTION AND REPENTANCE.

Nothing can render affliction so heavy as the load of sin; would ye therefore be fitted for afflictions, be sure to get the burden of your sins laid aside, and then what afflictions soever you meet with will be easy.

If thou canst bear and bear the rod of affliction which God shall lay upon thee, remember this lesson, thou art beaten that thou mayest be better.

The Lord useth his flail of tribulation to separate the chaff from the wheat.

The school of the cross is the school of light; it discovers the world's vanity, baseness and wickedness, and lets us see more of God's mind. Out of dark affliction comes a spiritual light.

Did we heartily renounce the pleasures of this world, we should be very little troubled by our afflictions; that which renders an afflicted state so insupportable to many, is because they are too much addicted to the pleasures of this life; and so cannot endure that which makes a separation between them.

The end of affliction is the discovery of sin; and of that to bring us to the Saviour; let us therefore, with the prodigal, return unto him, and we shall find ease and rest.

A returning penitent, though formerly bad as the worst of men, may by grace become as good as the best.

To be truly sensible of sin, is to sorrow for displeasing of God: to be afflicted, that he is displeased by us more than that he is displeased with us.

Your intentions of repentance, and the neglect of that soul saving duty, will rise up in judgment against you.

Repentance carries with it a divine rhetoric, and persuades Christ to forgive multitudes of sins committed against him.

Say not to thyself, to-morrow I will repent; for it is thy duty to do it daily.

The gospel of grace and salvation is above all doctrines the most dangerous, if it be received in word only to graceless men; if it be not attended with a sensible need of a Saviour, and bring them to him; for such men as have only the notion of it, are of all men most miserable; for by reason of their knowing more than heathens, this shall only be their final portion, that they shall have greater stripes.—*Bunyan's Dying Sayings*.

From the New York Recorder.

HAPPINESS.

'Tis not in pleasure or in fame
That we may seek for constant joy,
No! these are but an empty name
For happiness without alloy.

Nor is it in bright stores of wealth,
Whose glittering pieces de light the eye,
These do but purchase fleeting joy,
But happiness can never buy.

Go! ask the king, with jewelled crown,
If no sad cares his bosom press;
If all is hope and peace within,
And happiness a constant guest?

And ask the warrior, rich in spoils,
Beneath whose eye all nations quail—
He'll say each sighing wind to him
Bears widows' tears and orphan's wail.

Ambition, power, fame, no'er win
That pleasure which shall never cease;
Vain and delusive it will be
To find these with a heart at peace.

All strive to wear a merry smile,
And struggle to conceal their grief,
The brightest and the lightest robe,
May hide the saddest heart beneath.

Happy is he, who kindness shows,
To those who mourn, and are distressed—
Gives to the poor—relieves their woes—
Such actions truly make him blest.

And He has said, who never erred,
That man shall prosper, who on God
Has firm reliance to believe
He sees on earth and will reward.
Seminary, Brooklyn, March, 1846.

A. E. B.

From the Congregational Journal.

JOHN FOSTER.

Many years since, a small volume was published, under the title of "Essays in a Series of Letters," by John Foster. It was never a popular book, and it is probable that the greater part even of reading persons, have never perused its pages. It would not be called an attractive work, and probably very many who might begin to read it, would be repelled from prosecuting their undertaking. It may seem strange, after this, to say that it is one of the most exciting books which a thoughtful person can peruse. Every sentence is crowned with thoughts, evidently brought up from depths which ordinary minds do not fathom. Nothing is common-place; and on the other hand, nothing is far-fetched. Many writers fall to interest, from having written tamely upon trite subjects; while others, in their solicitude to escape from such an imputation, have sought to be original at the expense of all regard for the value and justness of their thoughts. Foster rises far above either imputation. His thoughts are no less profound and original, than just and important; and the reader who shall have made the contents of the essays in question his own, will have acquired that which he can find nowhere else, and which he will acknowledge to be eminently valuable to himself.

We have been excited to these reflections, by reading in the Boston Atlas a sketch of John Foster, drawn by the "Pen and Ink Sketcher," who writes from London for that paper. We subjoin in a condensed form all the material information to be derived from this source, respecting Mr. Foster.

He was born in September, 1770, and was baptized (he was a Baptist) at the age of seventeen. His father was a weaver, and designed him for

and entered a school kept by Dr. Fawcett, where he remained four years. He next spent a year in a Baptist College, near Bristol, upon leaving which, he went as a preacher to Newcastle upon Tyne; but he ultimately returned to Bristol, where the greater part of his life was passed. In 1808, he wrote the essays of which we have spoken, and upon which his fame as a writer chiefly rests. The "dear friend," to whom they are addressed, was the lady who afterwards became his wife. "It is said that she refused to marry him until he should have written something worthy of the powers which she knew he possessed, but which he was not inclined to exercise." We read that in the days of tilts and tournaments, the lady was wont to exact from her enamoured knight some daring proof of his devotion, but surely none ever obtained a nobler trophy of love than did Mrs. Foster. For seven long years feeble health prevented Mr. Foster from preaching, but his pen was not idle. The Eclectic Review had been started in 1805, and to this he became a constant contributor. The whole number of his articles in this periodical is about 280—among them are articles on Blair, Beattie, Paley, Grantan, Fuller, Whitefield, Chalmers, Cardinal Wolsey, Jeremy Taylor, Hume, Sidney Smith, and Fox. A selection of them has been republished in this country by the Appletons, of New York. During the years 1822—5, Mr. Foster delivered a series of lectures in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. They were unusually elaborate—the leading ideas, with occasional hints for amplification, having been committed to paper. A lady who attended the course, described them to the "Sketcher" as "magnificent." Another friend spoke of Mr. Foster's extemporaneous prayers as "Mr. Foster's essays that we stand up to." When Robert Hall consented to succeed Dr. Ryland in the pastoral charge of Broadmead Chapel, Mr. Foster steadily refused to deliver a single lecture more; and he never could be persuaded upon to enter the pulpit after it had been occupied by that great preacher.

The writer of the Sketch thus describes his personal appearance: "He was tall, and somewhat stoutly built; with a very decided stoop in the shoulders, and his chin half buried in a thin white cravat. His face was large, and the features massive; the forehead high, and somewhat tapering towards the summit. His head was covered by a very untidy, brown curly wig, which one might at a glance discover was not of the most fashionable manufacture. A huge pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, with circular glasses almost as big as penny pieces, nearly concealed, owing to their great convexity, two small dark eyes, which twinkled beneath a pair of shaggy eye-brows; the face was ploughed with deep indentations, and the forehead wrinkled all over with thoughtful furrows."

The writer heard him preach, and describes his manner: "First of all he very carefully wiped his large spectacles, then adjusted them on his face, and after a long pause, during which he looked over his glasses at the congregation, with very searching glances, he gave out his text, following up the reading of it in a mumbling, gurgling kind of voice, with some such a remark as this, (and if my memory does not deceive me, these are the precise words: "Now I dare say some of you may think that I am going to preach a very odd sermon from such an odd text," and then he proceeded, gradually eliciting the attention of his hearers, whilst he described in joyous language, the idol temples of the East, and graphically depicted with real influence of imagery the pagan ceremonies.—He then drew a picture of those temples when in ruins—the light of Christianity falling on the broken shafts and mouldering architraves; and, as may easily be supposed, his hearers in wonder and delight, as they listened to his elaborate description. I do not think that a single individual stirred hand or foot until his glowing discourse terminated. Their long suspended breathings found relief in deep-drawn suspirations, and every one looked at every one else, and looked or nodded admiration, whilst the preacher gently sat down, and gazed round as unconcernedly as if he had been giving utterance to the veriest common-place sentiments. Some remained for a time with the place where the preacher had been, as if spell-bound, and all felt, on the termination of the discourse, a relief from the pressure on the intellect which the ponderous metal heaped on it, from the magazine of the orator, had occasioned."

His death was eminently characteristic of himself: "On the morning of Saturday, the 14th of October, 1843, he complained to those about him that he felt an unusual confusedness in his head, and experienced a difficulty in breathing. It had been his custom to have some one read to him, a custom he much enjoyed; and for many years he had been in the habit of spending several hours a day in his family, listening while one of them read aloud. On this occasion, he declined his usual practice, and requested to be left quite alone during the afternoon and evening. On retiring to rest, he steadily refused to allow any one to sit up with him, particularly desiring that all would go to bed as usual. They did so; but an attendant stole quietly in once or twice to look at him.—She did so towards the dawn of the Sabbath, when he lay in a peaceful slumber. An hour afterwards she went in and found him a corpse—his hands stretched out, and his countenance so tranquil as to make it unquestionable that his spirit was dismissed with a struggle, and probably without any suffering whatever. It had been thought that his request to be alone originated in an anticipation of death, as likely to take place that night; it was evident, however, that it was not so. At the same time his friends were persuaded that his mode

deared. He had been heard to speak of such a death as enviable. There were no weeping friends beside his parting bed, to distress his sensitive spirit; no one to witness the struggle, if there was any, with death; no one noticed any lingering or shivering on the brink of immortality—he entered the dark valley alone. Whilst morning was chasing the shadows of night from his chamber—whilst the members of his family reposed—he gently slept the sleep that knows no waking; and when they rose, his spirit had already beheld the dawn of the Heavenly Sabbath.

"Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake,
Cowers down, and ceases till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-boded wings, and bears
away." S.

THE PENALTY OF DEATH.

The fear of sudden and violent death conveys more terror than any which enters the human heart.

"The weakest and most leached worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

It startles and shocks the sovereign instinct of nature; imprisonment does not. It excludes earthly hope; in the solitary cell Hope sits by the prisoner, and makes his lot a cheerful one. Pardon, revolution, a thousand incidents may open the door of the prison, but not of the grave.

Nay, why is it that punishment is opposed by a pining philanthropy? Because it is terrible. For this very reason all who would not light the torch and whet the knife of the midnight murderer—all who would not have the dark form of murder bending over the coach of innocence, and its fear mingling with every moment of the life of weakness—desire to see it retained. It is better that guilt should die than that innocence should bleed. God makes death the wages of sin; and the piety that would repeal that law is unwise, if it be not guilty.—*N. American*.

THE CHILD'S TIME TO GET GOOD.

TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THE WATCHMAN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I have a short story to tell you. It is a true one, and I hope you will read it attentively.

A few mornings ago I was reading aloud, the account of the rich man and Lazarus. You may find it in the sixteenth chapter of Luke. My little son four years old, fixed his eyes upon me with a wondering, earnest look, till I had finished, and then said—"Read that again, mother!"—I did so. Then he asked me a good many questions about it, and in answering them, I tried to impress on his young mind how very important it is that he should be prepared for heaven, where Lazarus is; and how sad it would be if he should be consigned to that dreadful place, where the rich man had not even a drop of water to cool his tongue. He looked serious and thoughtful for a moment, and then he said—"Yes, but mother don't you know, I shall have to be sick before I die, and then I'll get good."

Child n, was this a wise answer of my little boy's? How does he know but he may not die by a sudden accident, or become sick and lose his reason, so as not to know that he is about to die?—Do you think older children and older people than he, ever think thus—I shall be sick before I die, and then I will become a Christian? How must a holy God regard such thoughts and feelings?—Will you pray for my little boy, that he may become a Christian while he is in health?—Will you seek earnestly to be Christians yourselves?
Your friend,
PERSONA.

LAUGHTER.

A witty writer says in praise of laughter—"Laughter has ever dissipated disease, and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at satire by Rochetta and van Hutten, that he broke an imposthume, and recovered his health." Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue to it he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, whilst the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened he swallowed the whole but found it such a nauseous potion, that after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health."

ON MULTIPLYING PLANTS.

M. E. Delacroix writes, that his experiments last summer, on multiplying plants, were very successful. In the month of June, branches of rose trees, in full vegetation and covered with leaves, were placed in vials full of water. Outside the neck of the bottle the branch was tightly tied. The vials were then put into the ground so that the ligature was buried about ten centimetres.—A budding out (*un bourgeon*) was formed above the tie; roots proceeded from it, and in two months the cuttings increased from twenty-five to thirty centimetres. M. E. Delacroix says, that ligatures made on young wood did not answer; whilst those made on wood a year old were perfectly successful.—The experiments were conducted in common earth, and in open air.