

The Biblical Recorder.

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THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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Persecution in the Greek Church.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Daniel Ladd, Missionary at Broosa, Asia Minor, under date of March, 1850, will give the reader a glimpse of the character of the Greek Church, and of the measures adopted by its priests to prevent the progress of truth. It is transferred to our columns from the German Reformed Messenger. It will be seen by the facts stated in this article, that the Protestant Armenians are beginning to exert a decided influence among the Greek. Mr. Ladd says—
"Among the Greeks of Broosa, I cannot say that there are any now who give evidence of true piety, though there are six or eight who are evangelical in their sentiments, and do more or less to enlighten their brethren as to the errors of their church. But at Constantinople, the truth, by means of the Protestant Armenians, has already begun to make good progress among the Greeks, and we trust the day is not very far distant, when great numbers of Greeks in this empire shall be brought under the saving influence of the gospel.—At that station, a religious service is held on the Sabbath especially for the Greeks, though the number who attended is not very large. Among them are three or four, who are regarded as hopefully pious, and there seems to be a spirit of inquiry awakened on the part of many others.
Yanco, a pious Greek, a member of the Protestant Armenian church, has recently been called to suffer persecution from the Greek church, as the Armenians suffered from theirs some years ago, and I will give you a brief statement, of some of the principal facts respecting his treatment, as he is the first of the Greeks, who has united with the Protestant Armenian church. He is a respectable man, about fifty years of age, an embroiderer on cloth by trade, and till nine months ago, a faithful son of the Greek church. About that time, by intercourse with the Protestant Armenians, he was led to embrace the truth as it is in Christ, and five months ago he was excommunicated from the Greek church, and at the same time enrolled in the Protestant community.
Thursday forenoon, January 17th, he was seized by the beadle from the Greek Patriarch, and in despite of his cries in the market that he was a Protestant, he was carried off with great violence, so as to induce Mussulmen women from their windows to ask, 'Will you murder the man?' In an hour or so, the Protestants had a petition before the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that he might be delivered from the police prison; for he had contrived in the struggle, as he was carried away, to have the city police guard seize both the beadle and himself, and both parties were for the moment imprisoned—an encouraging beginning. The Pasha having ordered his release, if he was indeed a Protestant—the fact was proved, and he was set free by the Police Pasha. Then, on Yanco's complaint of violence, and tearing his clothes, denied by the beadle, but immediately proved by the testimony of Jews, Mussulmans, and Christians, the beadle was left in prison, and condemned to pay damages.
When the Greek Patriarch that day learned Yanco's deliverance, he sent that evening his Grand Vicar to the chief Secretary of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and said that "Yanco was a worthless, injurious fellow, for whose exile they had, as he knew, already obtained a royal firman (order), and just as they had got him into their hands, he, on the pretence of being a Protestant, had secured his freedom. Shall we," said he, "be treated thus?"
The Secretary was enraged against the Protestants by his plausible representations, and went in the night to the Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, having previously sent to the police for the documents on which Yanco had been liberated. He succeeded in persuading the Pasha that the Protestants had played him a trick—and therefore the Pasha ordered that Yanco should be seized that night, and brought back to the police prison. The statement respecting the firman was a gross and wilful deception on the part of the Greeks. They had long ago publicly anathematized Yanco, and had learned by actual examination of the registers, that he was enrolled as a Protestant. But they hoped to outwit and deceive all parties; and after they had got Yanco on his way to Mount Sinai, the place of his intended exile, nobody would be able to get him back again.
But the Pasha's orders had been anticipated by a mob; for about two hours before sunset, on the same Thursday that he was first taken, some seven or eight hundred Greeks, together with the head of the quarter, a Greek, and twenty rowdies from the grog-shops, invaded Yanco's house, insulted the females, and carried off Yanco and his eldest son to the police prison.
Early on the morning of Friday, an agent of the Greek Patriarch came to the prison, and by showing the firman, as was pretended, and doubtingly giving a bribe, persuaded the chief jailer, according to all rules, to give up Yanco, that they might carry him to the Patriarchate, and send him on as the Protestant intended to do."

series of injustice, it became necessary to act promptly; and therefore, although it was Friday when the Port is shut, and the Vinters do no business at their houses—yet by waiting at the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs seven or eight hours, till he should leave the harem and the bath, and by moving the compassion of his servants, a second written petition, detailing the whole story, was put into his hands, the Chief Secretary happening to be present. The result was, that he decided that Yanco be brought back from the Patriarchate to the police prison for further examination. Thus Yanco was a third time put into the police prison, in the space of about thirty hours.
Saturday the chief jailer, frightened by the course things were taking, began to treat Yanco every kindly, and gave him one of his best rooms. The same day Yanco's wife, with four children, the fifth being left at home, sick from fright, went to the Port and petitioned the Pasha in writing, accompanied with loud cries for mercy in behalf of their father and her husband.—The Pasha promised an answer on Monday, but begged that she would not come again.
On Sunday, a larger number than usual were present at the Greek religious service, the case of Yanco having awakened their attention to the doctrines taught by the Protestants. Sunday night, the head of the quarter, a Greek, called at Yanco's house, and besought his wife to go and have an interview with the principal Greek priest, whom Yanco had abjured. She however, would not, and said that hereafter she was a Protestant, and her family also; and she refused even to open the doors.
Yanco, during his imprisonment, was offered large sums of money to set him up in business, on condition that he would return to the Greek Church; but by divine grace he remained firm in resisting all such offers. He was kept in prison all Tuesday, when, on giving pledge not to excite the Greeks by offensive language, he was set free by the Turkish authorities.
The Minister of Foreign Affairs tried in vain to get a pledge from him that he would not preach to the people; and thus ended this affair, the brief details of which, I hope, will give you some idea of the way in which such cases are managed between the Turkish government and the parties concerned, and of the state of religious liberty here, and also of the persecuting spirit existing in the Greek as well as in the Armenian church. O, may the time soon come, when Christ shall reign over and in the hearts of every sect in this country, and the rod of every oppressor shall be broken.

Death of Zwingle.

As the Zurichers who were striving to defend their city from Papal dominations, were vastly outnumbered and slain, Zwingle stooped, in the capacity of chaplain, to console a dying man, a stone hurled by a vigorous arm of a Papist struck him on the head and felled him to the ground.—Zwingle arose; again two blows in succession, on the leg, prostrated him; twice more he rises, but receives a thrust from a lance. From the effect of his many wounds, he staggers, and falls upon his knees. Once more Zwingle's head is uplifted; and gazing calmly upon the trickling blood he exclaims: "What evil is this? They can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." These were his last words. The reformer lay extended under a tree, near the road. Two soldiers came near without recognizing him. "Do you wish for a priest to confess yourself?" asked they. Zwingle without speaking, made signs in the negative. "If you cannot speak," said the soldiers, "think in thy heart of the mother of God, and call upon the saints." Zwingle again shook his head, and kept his eyes fixed on heaven. Upon this the irritated soldiers began to curse him. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of this city." One of them being curious to know who it was, stooped down and turned Zwingle's head in the direction of a fire which had been lighted near the spot. The soldier surprised and amazed, let him fall to the ground. "I think," said he, "it is Zwingle." At this moment Captain Fookinger, of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near; he had heard the last words of the soldier. "Zwingle!" exclaimed he, "that vile heretic Zwingle! that rascal! that traitor!" then raising his sword, so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, exclaiming in a violent passion, "Die, obstinate heretic!" Yielding under this last blow, the reformer gave up the ghost. At length the day dawned and a crowd gathered around the corpse of Zwingle, which still lay under the pear tree, where he had died. Said Bartholemeu Stoker, of Zug, who had loved him: "He has the look of a living, rather than dead man. Such he was when he kindled the people by his eloquence." John Schobrunner, formerly canon of Zurich, who had returned to Zug, at the epoch of the Reformation, could not restrain his tears. "Whatever may have been thy creed," said he, "I know, Zwingle, that thou hast been a loyal confederate.—May thy soul rest with God!"

But the pensioners of the fugitive, on whom Zwingle had never ceased to make war, required that the body of the heretic should be dismembered, and a portion sent to each of the five Cantons. "Peace be to the dead! and God alone be their Judge!" exclaimed the avowed heretic, and the laymenmen. Those of Zug, who were very assured their appeal and com-

elled them to retire. Immediately the drums beat to muster; the dead body was tried, and it was decreed that it should be quartered, for treason against the confederation, and then burned for heresy. The executioner of Luerne carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his; and a lawless multitude, resting upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven. His age was forty-seven.

The Kind-Hearted Boy.

"Please, my lady, buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale, emaciated woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide. "I have no pence my good woman," said the lady, looking up from a novel she was pursuing with a listless gaze; "if I had I would give them to you."
"I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending on me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?"
"I have no half-pence," reiterated the lady somewhat pettishly. "Really," she added, "the poor applicant turned wearily away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shore to prevent annoyance." They were thoughtless dictators of the head.
"Mamma," said a blue-eyed boy, who was playing on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry, and you know we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine." The heart of the lady answered the appeal of the child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproach his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hands, and in another moment he was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy. In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his features glowing with health and beauty.
"O mamma, the poor woman was so thankful, she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said, 'God bless the noble lady, and you too, my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.'"
The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her heart told her that it dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.—Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Extraordinary Narrative.

We find the following thrilling narrative in a letter received a few days since from Paris:

"The week has been marked by the death of one of the most leading characters of the empire, whose early life was one continued series of struggles against fortune, and who had ended by leading her captive, and enchaining her to his side, after she had led him through every danger, sorrow, and crime. Envy and his rapid rise had, indeed, at one time fixed upon him the murder of his own son. Many people believe his guilt even to this day, and those who like himself, have placed their whole stake upon the attainment of wealth, upon commercial honour and financial influence, are forced not only to excuse the deed, but even to defend it. During Napoleon's war with Spain, the individual in question had succeeded in obtaining the contract for the supplies of forage for the troops, upon which he had founded, with all appearance of justice, his hopes of a splendid and a speedy fortune. The deposits at the time were compelled to be immense, in order to deter needy speculators from entering into competition, but as the gains were known to be enormous likewise, speculators were always capable of producing the sum required. By dint of much effort, and using every resource in his power, M. O. had succeeded in gathering together the deposit, which was placed in the hands of a banker before the opening of the contract. His was the lowest tender, and he was accordingly pronounced the successful competitor, to his own great delight and the despair of his rivals, who judged his character sufficiently to know that if he once got his foot in the stirrups he would not be long in riding over their necks. Judge then, of his consternation upon being informed that his contract was broken by his non-fulfillment of the agreement concerning the deposit, and that not more than half the sum required by the regulations remained in the banker's hands! A draft was handed in by which the greater part of the money originally deposited had been drawn out the day before. Suspicion immediately fell upon the eldest son of the contractor, a wild, dissipated young man, who had already given him much uneasiness by his extravagance. The father immediately sent for him into his study, and accused him of forgery. 'Is this your writing?' said he, without taking his eyes from the young man, who turned pale when he beheld the signature appended to the check. 'It is,' replied he, in a low and trembling voice. 'You said this in your self?' said the father. 'I did,' was the dogged reply of the youth. 'Then take the receipts!' shouted the wretched parent, as he drew a pistol from his pocket, and shook his son dead upon the spot. The youth fell without a groan upon the carpet, and O., with the same stoic firmness which had impelled him to commit the crime, immediately ran the ball

and ordered the servant to go and fetch the guard, and take him into custody. He was conveyed to the Abbaye, and as soon as Fouche became apprized of the catastrophe, he went to seek the Emperor. Napoleon was much agitated at the news; he felt that O. was a man after his own heart, and one upon whom he could rely for the removal of difficulties. He asked the room for some moments with folded arms, biting his lips, as he strode hurriedly across the floor. 'It is a bad job,' said he at length, as he scratched his head as was his wont when embarrassed in his mind. 'Tis a bad job for O.; but we must bring it in suicide, and he must execute our contract for nothing.' As the verdict was pronounced; so it was executed. O. furnished the forage without payment, and became one of the richest men in Europe. He has died, 'tis said, possessed of seventy millions—he has died at a good old age, if eighty-four years can be called any thing good—he has died in his bed, a green satin bed with gold bullion fringe and tassels, all his kind friends and relations surrounded him, and his children's children gathered about the room. The priests were there, too, in their dresses and decorations de premiere classe, as they always are when a rich man dies; and he confessed, and obtained absolution, and breathed his last in peace; and yet, somehow, no one envies him his solitary thoughts when living, nor the memory he has left behind.—Bell's Weekly Messenger.

Girls.

Have you a father, have you a mother? Do you love them? Girls, do you know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her? Nobody loves you, nobody will love you as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love; do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving you will live and die if you do not love and honor your father and mother.
One thing, never call either "old man" or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus. This is rude, impudent and unfeeling. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, early answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty.—Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win, that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife and mother. A child's duties are much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daughter may fail to be a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first, most simple relation need hope to fill another well. Be sure, then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret; and you should never feel disappointed or out of humor, for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wish to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her.
Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things, and sit smilingly down with her mother, because she wished it. Go and kiss mother, as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child, at her side.

The Domestic Affections.

What an immense power for good is enshrined at the domestic altar. It is neither poverty nor wealth, prosperity nor adversity, renown nor obscurity, ease nor toil, that lies at the fountain of true happiness, but a reciprocity of domestic enjoyments. When parents live for the happiness and well-being of their children, and children live to gratify and honor their parents, and brothers and sisters have unity of purpose, and are each other's first confidants next to their parents; when, on the verge of adult age, home with its silken cords of restraint is preferred to the boarding house or fashionable hotel, with its latitude of opinion and license of action; when all the members of the family feel a oneness of interest, and act under the impelling motive of mutual affection; when by unanimous consent the door of the home sanctuary is closed against the unprincipled, however wealthy, and the profane, however fascinating; when the pure light of religion is radiated from each renovated heart and its holy precepts regulate every action; then it is that the angel of the covenant hovers lovingly around the domestic shrine, watches the holy fire upon the altar, and as a messenger from heaven, puts the protecting sign upon the lintels and the doorpost, so that the destroyer of happiness shall not enter there. Earnestly do we desire that in every American family shall be found this sweet and blessed atmosphere of the domestic affections.

Laws of Health.

Children should be taught to use their left hand as much as well as their right.
Corns breed in much better for children than shoes.

Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night-caps.
Children under seven years of age should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house—and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.
Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up and shoulders back, while standing, sitting, or walking.
The best beds for children are of hair, or in winter, of hair and cotton.

The Wife.—Hannah Moore, describing the character of the wife of the learned Dr. Kennicott, who "was the object, not only of his affection, but of his pride," makes the following valuable remarks:
"There are certain ladies who merely from being faithful or frugal, are reckoned excellent wives, and who indeed make a man everything but happy. They acquit themselves, perhaps, of the great points of duty, but in so ungracious a way as clearly proves that they do not find their pleasure in it. Let their account of merit should run too high, they allow themselves to be unpleasant in proportion as they are useful not considering that it was almost the worst sort of domestic immorality to be disagreeable.—This was not the case of his lady; she probably lengthened her husband's life by her attentions and certainly gladdened it by her presence, her understanding and gentleness. And it is her peculiar praise that she took the pains to acquire a certain knowledge, (the Hebrew language,) from which she could derive neither pleasure nor fame, merely to be useful to him."

We do not always understand how powerful these are; if we did we should be almost afraid to live. When some incident occurs to remind us of it, as some noticeable illustration of it is given in our experience, we are startled for a moment into surprise and awe. Our ordinary life seems wonderful and fearful; it becomes invested upon the instant with an immeasurable responsibility.

A parent lets fall a remark before a thoughtful and a sensitive child, which arrests his attention. It may have been merely the tone in which it was uttered, or the peculiar collocation of its words, or some equally insignificant circumstance connected with it, which makes him notice it, and the parent has no idea that he has noticed it. He hardly thinks of it, indeed, again, but loses it in the instant rush and press of life.—But it sticks, for some reason, in the child's thoughts, and will not out; and years after it is freshly remembered. A whole system of action and belief has sometimes been drawn out of such a remark, and the destiny has been shaped by it.

A man of cultivation and social attractiveness, especially if he held some position of influence and distinction, as a journalist, a statesman, a professional man, is often little aware—because he has strangely forgotten the days of his boyhood—how wide and permanent are the influences he leaves upon the society he passes through.—What he says may not be remembered; but what he is, will be. Many think of him with pleasure, and with a secret wish to know him and be guided by him, of whom he does not think at the time.

The sudden and melancholy death of Sir Robert Peel, England, has lost one of her most eminent and valuable statesmen, one who, during the last twenty-five years, has held a position of greater weight than any other, who has occupied public attention more than any other, and, whether in or out of office, has exerted a controlling influence over the destinies of the empire.
Sir Robert Peel was born in the year 1789, at Tamworth, of respectable but not titled parentage. His father was a distinguished cotton-spinner of Manchester, where, by his industry and good character, he accumulated a large fortune. His eldest son, Robert, was educated at Harrow school, and afterwards sent to the University of Oxford. In the year 1809 he entered the House of Commons, where he acted with the Conservatives. The next year he was made Secretary for the Colonies, and in 1812, First Secretary for Ireland. He resigned his secretaryship in 1818, having been elected to Parliament by the University of Oxford. He, for the most part, sided with the Conservatives, but on several questions legal reform, took and independent course, and voted against his party.
When the Tories triumphed over Canning in 1828, he became Home Secretary; but the Catholic question coming up about that time he again separated from his party, and made certain concessions to the spirit of reform which forced his constituents to ask him to resign. This he did, and once rid of the embarrassment, he took the most active part in favor of the claims of the Catholics. But in 1830, he was defeated on a question of Parliamentary reform, when he once more went out of office.
In 1834, when the Melbourne ministry fell, Peel was called, in connection with the Duke of Wellington, to form a new administration; but the next year he was defeated and resigned. In 1839, he was again summoned to form a new ministry, but in consequence of a misunderstanding with the Queen, he relinquished the attempt. The Whigs, who ruled in the meantime, were once more discharged in 1841, when Peel formed a new cabinet, which continued till 1846, when

Peel resigned in order that he might effect the repeal of the Corn Laws.
Scarcely then, with a party of about one hundred members, known as Peelites, he has appeared in the House of Commons as the leaders of an independent conservative force.
Though not a person of brilliant abilities, Sir Robert Peel had a high order of practical talent, was ready, prompt, decided and efficient man of business. In the management of public affairs he was seldom taken by surprise; his knowledge of details enabled him to meet any emergency; and when the worst came to the worst, he possessed a certain audacious boldness which carried him through in triumph. Indeed, we are not sure that this boldness to which we refer does not deserve a higher name; for on some occasions it approached a kind of moral sublimity. Anybody who remembers the lofty and dignified manner in which he announced his surrender of himself to the doctrine of Free Trade, will know what we mean.

With a courage and magnanimity that politicians seldom attain, in the face of his own cherished convictions, in the face of a policy he had spent years of administration in sustaining, against the prejudices of his party, and at the sacrifice of his position as a leader, he announced that the only way, the only honest, the only safe course for the Government, was to yield to the onward and victorious march of the great principle of industrial freedom. There was a universal howl of indignation raised against him by the Tory press of England; his former political friends in large numbers deserted the benches where they were accustomed to sit by his side; many of the most arrogant nobility, indeed, attempted to place him in social Coventry; but without the desired effect upon him. He maintained his attitude with a calm firmness that we say approached the sublime.
Sir Robert Peel was always nominally a Tory; he came into public life and into office as a friend of aristocratic government; there is no reason to suppose that he had changed his fundamental political theories up to the hour of his death; yet it will be his singular lot to be remembered chiefly, not as a leader in the House of Commons, not as the Premier of England, but as a Reformer.—Five of the greatest changes that have been effected in the laws of Great Britain were made through his instrumentality. At an early period of his career he took part in the movement for meliorating the criminal code, then offensive to public sentiment by its severity. He was also an active friend of Electoral reform, and labored to extend the restricted franchise of the people.—He was the author of the new Police Bill, which radically reorganized the police system of the kingdom; he was the Minister who, resisting it at first, afterwards sustained the Catholic Reform Bill, and he it was who gave the finishing blow to the system of Protection. It is true, that the last two were measures into which he was forced by the pressure of public opinion, but there is always merit in the statesman who yields gracefully and in time to the progress of society and of his age. It craves, to say the least, sagacity, moderation, firmness, and a desire for the general good.

In his private character Sir Robert Peel, we believe, was above reproach. He was affable and dignified in his manners, a popular man among his tenants, devoted to the improvement of agriculture, and a munificent patron of art. His splendid mansion at Tamworth contains many of the best pictures in the world. His loss will be severely felt in England, where his practical skill and insight were of great service; but whether his death will produce any political changes, it is impossible, at this distance from the sphere of his activity to foretell.—Eer. Post.

WANTED ABOVE.—A distinguished physician

of Chester county gave the following beautiful story in a letter to a friend:—"At the commencement of my practice I was called to see an Irishman's child, who was laboring under a severe attack of pneumonia. The poor little fellow grew worse and worse for several days, until on one of my visits I found him very low; his breathing extremely difficult, and the extremities almost cold. The family saw and felt deeply the danger. When I left the house the father followed me out of the door, and as I mounted my horse he said; 'Doctor, dear, do ye think little Johnny will come out of it?' I replied: 'The case is very doubtful, but there is some hope.' 'Share, doctor, an' I have no hope at all; none in the world, so I haven't. His mother an' me have often been speaking about him, so we have and we never expected to rare him. Such children can't be rared, I doubt, they never stay long.'—'Why?' said I. 'Ah, doctor, he's so crafty. Ye wadn't believe what takin' airs he has wid him. He's wanted above among the blessed.'"
[Allston's Philad. Gaz.]

A Good Substitute for a Slogan.

The New Orleans Piousness tells a story of an old clergyman who was in a habit as soon as he got into the pulpit, of placing his sermon in a groove under the cushion, where he left it during the singing of the accustomed psalm. One Sunday he pushed the sermon book too far into the groove, and lost it. When the psalm was concluded, he called the clerk to bring him a Bible. The clerk, somewhat astonished at this unusual request, brought him a Bible as he was desired. The clergyman opened it, and then addressed his congregation: "My brethren, I have lost my sermon; but I will read you a chapter in this word ten of it."

Dr. J. J. ...
St. John's ...