

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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From the Christian Chronicle.

Letter from Georgia.
Georgia Baptist Convention—Education in Georgia and other Southern States—Organization of the Bible Board for Georgia—Northern and Southern Baptists—State of the Churches—New Version.

Messrs. Editors:—Our Baptist Convention for this State has just concluded its annual session at Columbus. The numerous interests confided to this body, the large number of intelligent and influential members of the denomination which it brings together, the interesting debates and the more interesting preaching which usually occur in connection with its meetings, make this the most important convocation of Baptists in our State. Could you look in upon one of our annual assemblies, I am sure you would not be ashamed of the appearance of Georgia Baptists. As is not unfrequently the case, the brother who had been elected to preach the introductory sermon, was not present. His place, however, was well supplied by the Rev. S. G. Hillier, who suggested some considerations which should lead professors of religion to exemplify the life of Christ.

The Convention was organized by re-electing Wm. Thomas Stokes, Moderator. In your section of country, I believe, it is the almost universal practice to choose ministers as the presiding officers of your ecclesiastical assemblies. This is, as a general rule, undoubtedly proper. But when we have laymen whose age and experience qualify them for such a position, we do not object to putting them in the chair. Judge Stokes was for some twenty years President of the Senate of Georgia; and this was not a mean preparation for his present post. The organization completed, we had the usual reports of the Committees and Boards deputed by the Convention to take the general superintendence of the various enterprises patronized by the denomination. The report of the Executive Committee informed us that ten young men of hopeful piety, who have the ministry in view, had been sustained as beneficiaries, whilst prosecuting their studies. From the same source we learned that several missionaries had been employed, who devoted their whole time to preaching the Gospel to the destitute of the State. The Christian Index, which is the property of the Convention, was reported to be in a flourishing condition. The most important report, perhaps, was that of the Board of Trustees of Mercer University. This is the Institution of which the Rev. Dr. Dagg, once pastor of the Sanson Street Baptist Church, in your city, is President. His friends in Philadelphia will be glad to know that he continues to fill with distinguished ability this useful position. With one at its head so gifted, so prudent, so universally beloved, so Christ-like, the College must prosper. The Catalogue of the present year exhibits 136 in all the departments. The Baptists of Georgia have done nobly in the cause of Education. You in Pennsylvania have done a great work. The same thing is true of New York. But we are not apprehensive of suffering in comparison with your zeal and liberality. We have for literary and theological purposes, a fund of \$175,000 invested in the best securities of the land, and yielding an annual interest of about \$12,000. In addition to this, there are several female Colleges, under our patronage and with respectable faculties, which have several hundred pupils. One of our orators, speaking of Georgia, observes: "She is the ninth State in the Union in respect to population; the sixth in the area of her square miles; the third in the number and length of her railroads; almost equal to any in her manufacturing enterprise; the first, foremost, best, ahead of all her sisters, in the character and number of her seminaries of learning." Some of these statements you may be disposed to regard as mere flourishes of rhetoric, but for the most part they are strictly true. There are in Georgia thirteen chartered female Colleges, each provided with an efficient corps of instructors, and all the appliances necessary to secure an accomplished education. They have in the aggregate about thirteen hundred students. There are four male Colleges, having from four to five hundred pupils. In proportion to her population this is doing remarkably well—though I would not say better than any other State in the Union. In South Carolina our brethren have just raised \$70,000 for the endowment of

Furman University. This added to \$40,000 before invested for theological purposes, makes \$110,000, controlled by our denomination in this State. In North Carolina we have a flourishing Institution at Wake Forest. In Alabama, Howard College at Marion, is doing a good work. Thus you will perceive that our people at the South are awake to the importance of good education.

Our Convention agreed to organize a Bible Board auxiliary to the Board which was organized last year by the Southern Baptist Convention at Nashville. Rev. William C. Buck, formerly of Kentucky, was present, and made a glowing speech in favor of the measure. He is the Corresponding Secretary of our Southern Bible Society. Thus you perceive that one after another have been separated from our Northern brethren until now we operate independently in all our benevolent enterprises. Missions, (Domestic and Foreign) Publication, Bible, are all now under our own management. This is a wiser arrangement than to continue a union, in which improper feelings were so frequently roused. Our divisions has not, I think, produced any alienation of feeling—at least no increase of any alienation which may heretofore have existed. Acting independently, Northern and Southern Baptists will entertain better sentiments towards each other than when arrayed against each other at their various anniversaries on that "vexed question." We may denounce each other sometimes, and call hard names, and cherish hard thoughts; but when you remember that we have the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism, that we are toiling for the promotion of the same great objects, that our opponents in Christendom and in the world are numerous and formidable, we cannot but feel some attraction and sympathy. We are indebted to the North for some of our best men. When we receive from you such men as Mallory, Tustin and Binney, now pastors in Georgia, and when we send you such spirits as Kempton and Lathrop, these specimens must excite a favorable opinion of their brethren with those among whom they toil.

I am not able to report anything of special interest in our churches. There is a delightful work of grace in progress in the First Baptist Church in Charleston, under the charge of Rev. J. R. Kendrick. We are approaching the season of special effort; (Oh! that it could be always such a season with us) and better times are hoped for in our own State.

I believe that the projected translation of the Scriptures by the Bible Union is received with but little favor in this meridian. We are satisfied with the version of James II. We are not blind to its defects. We believe, however, it would be difficult to make a better; and even its "inaccuracies" and "vulgarity" have become associated with so much that is good that they do not offend us.

Yours, &c., SOUTHERNER.

The Atheist Rebuked.

A Correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer relates the following scene, which occurred in Kentucky last summer. It was the close of the Sabbath, and there had been no public worship in the village where the writer tarried.

After the darkness had come on, and the crowds began gradually to desert the streets, I bent my steps towards the woods, for the forest is to me always the fittest temple of thought. I had rambled for some time, when, from between the dark trunks of the trees, a light burst upon my vision, and presently I heard the accents of a voice apparently engaged in vehement exclamation. Hoping that I had at last found some in that place who worshipped God, I pressed forward through the underbrush, and stood within the woodland meeting-house. It was a wild, yet lovely scene; a grand old hall, roofed with heaven's arch, carpeted with green grass, and columned with massive oaks. A pulpit made by felling trees, and forming a breast-work with their trunks, with a rough board for a desk, was lighted up by two large flickering torches. Rude seats had been ranged in rows before this singular rostrum, and upon them were seated between one and two hundred dimly seen forms.

But my eye very soon yielded to the horror which my ears took in. A young man was haranguing the assembly in a flippant style, in defence of infidelity, and in the exhibition of apparent inconsistencies in the Scriptures; and though he only rehearsed the stale and sophistical objections of all free-thinkers, and reminded me of a child levelling his little arrows at the Alps, most of his auditors seemed pleased, and the rest quite unconcerned. He had almost concluded when I arrived, and I had not been there many minutes before the silly wretch, vain of the applause elicited, took his seat in a conspicuous place upon the platform, and looked around him with an air of perfect triumph.

I was hesitating whether to leave the spot, or to endeavor, in my feeble way, to counteract the effects of his words, when a form arose in an obscure corner of the camp-ground, and asked to be heard for one moment. It was an old, gray-haired man, who leaned upon a staff. He spoke much as follows. I recollect his very words.—The simple eloquence of his manner, and the attendant circumstances, have ineffaceably stamped them upon my memory.

"My dear neighbors, I have lived a great many years in your midst. My form has gradually bowed, and my locks have been bleaching before the effects of seventy winters; and you will, I know, hear me.

"Out in that copse, which is now lighted up by the pale moonbeams, I buried two hardy, noble sons, and yet that spot is to me the pleasantest place upon this blessed, beautiful earth; for thence went up two sainted spirits to the abodes of everlasting joy—yes, to that heaven which you scoffers affect to deride. But though his wicked soul cannot realize such a place as heaven, I will show you that there is a world which he not only conceives of, but which in his secret soul he believes and fears.

"You all know the cataract, which is even now sending its sullen whisper through these leafy woods. I stood but a few days ago upon the brink of the swiftly flowing river, just above where it casts itself headlong from the precipice. I noticed suddenly a skiff, containing a single man, shoot out from the opposite shore and prepare to cross. Just as he had attained the middle of the stream, one of his oars broke, and the other was jerked from his grasp. I shall never forget the look of agony which convulsed his face when he saw that all his supports were gone, and that the boat was rushing down towards the fatal cataract. At first, loud calls for help awoke the mountain echoes for miles around. He did not see me. Think you that he recked then of the foam merely, which would be mangled by the foaming rocks beneath him? No; conscience which lives the most when nearest death, had been quickened. The river flowed swifter and swifter, and the whirling eddies caught him and tossed his light bark in silence from one to the other, but onward and onward.

"Soon the cries of agony were over, and he fell upon his knees within the boat, and there he prayed. O, what burning words, what ravings of terror, what promises for the future, what reproaches for the past were shrieked to heaven!

"Just then I succeeded in obtaining help and attracting his attention; and he who had been within one short moment of eternity, stood safe again upon the shore.

"That man sits there. Yes, he who had prayed when God's strong hand was burying him on to eternity, is here cursing and denying the very Being whom he then acknowledged, and who saved his vile life."

Every eye was turned towards the first speaker; and that countenance will haunt me while I live. Pale as the moonbeams in whose lustre he sat, his eyes turned in a fearful gaze to the sky, his hands clenched, he had risen to his feet, and stood for one moment, then breaking through the throng, he disappeared in the forest. A thrill of fear and a cry of horror ran through the assembly, as they sat an instant chained to the spot. Then dispersing, the old man and myself were left alone. I clasped his venerable hand, and our tears and thanksgivings flowed out in unison.

From the N. Y. Baptist Register.

That "Novel Scene."

I too, was present, and saw it as described in the Register of March 11, first page.

A small Presbyterian church had struggled for existence about twenty-five years, and had been sustained by the Presbyterian Mission Society, and was just at the point of receiving a legacy of \$1,000 from a deceased member. And now, to increase numbers so as to counteract the Baptists, if possible, (as the language of leaders declared,) they had employed a Christian minister for a long time, and thus gathered to themselves Christian strength.

The scene consisted of such a church assembled with people of four or five other denominations to be amalgamated by a Christian minister into one church according to the Christian way and principles of gathering churches, in a Presbyterian house of worship, the Presbyterian church emptying more than half its numbers into that amalgamation,—the quondam Presbyterian minister, who had from year to year there been sustained by that Missionary Society, sitting in the pulpit with that Christian minister, and urging the thing along, assuring the people that he should become a member himself as soon as he could get his dismission from the Presbytery, and that the remnant of the Presbyterian church would become members as soon as they could obtain their legacy,—the intention thus openly implied, of carrying that legacy into that new concern, contrary to the design of the testator, he having given it for Presbyterian, Trinitarian and orthodox purposes,—the wife of that Presbyterian minister standing up as a member of the amalgamation, and all receiving the right hand of fellowship by that Christian minister, each one severally welcomed by him into the church; a covenant being read, but such an one as no orthodox church would adopt,—the Christian minister calling it a "Union Congregational church" but that Presbyterian minister saying in his speech, "We go for no denomination."

A part of the covenant was in these words: "Any child of God shall be received without regard to uniformity of sentiment or doctrines, concerning which Christians may differ; and we will never adopt any articles of faith or rules of action that would exclude any child of God from fellowship and church privileges." No creed, of course, and this is a pledge against any. All this occurred near the southwest corner of the county of Monroe.

It is perfectly manifest then, that it is a Christian church. The fact that the Presbyterian members were deceived by the word "Congregational" does not alter the truth in the least. It is no new thing for Trinitarians to be cajoled into a Christian church under the pretenses of "a

union, no creed, believe what you choose," and the like. The shrewd ones who contrived this concern were mostly Christians—a Christian minister is the preacher, and organizes the church. The principles of church building are precisely such as prevail in Christian churches. No orthodox minister could possibly carry out those wicked aims as a pastor. It requires a Christian minister to carry them out. It is palpably, therefore, a Christian church. The opinion of some deceitful members does not—can not alter the fact.—What they honestly supposed and meant, is one thing; what is actually done may be an entirely different thing, as in all cases of duplicity and deception.

Eliaz Smith, the founder of the sect of Christians, was for awhile an illiterate Baptist minister. He then became a Universalist, and preached as such for several years. He then started the Christian sect, pronouncing the word Christian after Christ. The denomination by others were also called "Smithites" and "Annihilators." The creed was, that all the wicked are annihilated at death, they having nothing by nature that is immortal. They held that in regeneration, a part of God was implanted in men they called an "emanation from God." This "emanation," and the influence of God, they held, was all that was ever meant in the Bible, where Holy Ghost and Holy Spirit occurs.—Jesus Christ, they held, in soul and body, was only a created being, but greater than any angels. They were Unitarians in full. How much any of them may have changed as individuals, we know not. But we do know that many of the preachers now, are very anxious to conceal their Unitarianism, probably because it is unpopular, and it now requires great efforts to draw from them their real views.

Their principles of church-building from the first have been, "union of all denominations," "exclude no child of God for his creed," "on creed," and "all believe as you please." I too, have been extensively, minutely and long acquainted with them, and familiar with all their movements in a great many places.

ELIAZUR.

The Cloven Foot.

More than twenty years ago, the Rev. Mr. M. commenced his labors as a Baptist minister in one of the parishes of Ireland. Being a clear-headed, warm-hearted, and forcible preacher, great crowds were attracted to his meetings. On a certain evening the congregation was immense. The preacher warmed as he advanced in his subject, and his hearers hung upon his words with such an absorbing interest, that it was plain he was stealing into their hearts, and drawing them to the cross. All were convinced by his reasoning, melted by his emotion, persuaded by his earnestness, and as he closed his deeply affecting and solemn sermon, responded a hearty amen. As the preacher raised his hand to pronounce the benediction, a tall, well formed, noble appearing man, dressed in the ordinary habit of the Episcopalian clergy, stood up and asked the privilege of speaking. He was the rector of the parish. The fame of the preacher had attracted him to the meeting, and several of his own members were there. "If you have anything to say speak on," replied Mr. M.

"I am sorry," said the rector, turning to the congregation, "I am sorry to see so many of my people here to night. What we have heard is the solemn truth. It is the marrow and fitness of the Gospel. I assent to every word of it.—But I am sorry, my people, to see you here. It is in this way that this man is stealing into your hearts. But by-and-by he will show the Cloven Foot." By this time Mr. M. was standing at the side of the rector, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Will you please tell us what the cloven foot is?" "I do not wish to be interrupted," replied the rector. "But you must tell us, or I shall not allow you to proceed. I cannot permit my character and principle to be traduced thus. You must tell the people here what you mean." "Well then, if I must tell you," said the clergyman, "It is Baptism." "Only hear that," answered Mr. M., addressing the congregation, who, by this time, were on the tip-toe of excitement—"your minister calls baptism the cloven foot. And he says that I will by-and-by preach about it. And so I will. If that is the cloven foot you shall see it." Taking in his hand the Prayer Book of the Church of England, he turned to where the formula of baptism is given, in which the minister is required to dip or immerse the candidate in water. And reading from the Rubric to the people, he said, "Your minister here, has solemnly sworn to preach and do according to this book, and yet he calls immersion the cloven foot. Is he not a perjured man? I call upon him to justify himself—to defend himself from inconsistency, I ask him to tell you why he breaks his consecration vows, and disregards the Rubric, and sprinkles instead of dipping the candidates for baptism, as his Prayer Book requires."

The poor rector had "waked up the wrong man," and finding himself so hardly pressed, was backing out of the house. "Stop, stop," said Mr. M., "stop I say, and defend yourself; stand to your colors. Don't run off in this manner. Your own people will be ashamed of you. It will be all over the country that the Rev. Mr. D., rector of this parish, has seen the cloven foot, and was nearly frightened out of his wits.—Stop and defend yourself." The rector reached the door, and was starting off on a run, as if the old fellow was after him, to the infinite amusement of the people, and Mr. M. put the finishing stroke to the scene, by calling upon the frightened rector, and urging him, if he could not stand this glimpse at the cloven foot, to send his Bishop.

The above facts were related to me by the son of the triumphant Baptist minister. He was an eye-witness to the scene. His father still preaches in Ireland. The poor rector is still living.—The son is in our own country preaching the gospel, and sometimes himself shows the cloven foot. He is a worthy son of a noble sire.—New York Chronicle.

ment of the people, and Mr. M. put the finishing stroke to the scene, by calling upon the frightened rector, and urging him, if he could not stand this glimpse at the cloven foot, to send his Bishop.

There should be no spot on the whole earth so beautiful, so happy as home. No where in the world should the heart turn with so much longing, with such deep fulness of love, as to that blessed sanctuary. The fondest associations, the dearest recollections, from infancy to manhood, should cluster and cling around it, and the memory of its joys should brighten the days of age.—Every home was intended to be such an Eden in the world's wilderness. Alas! how few such there really are. In how many homes selfishness, selfishness, disregard of each other's feelings and affection, make all other places seem more attractive than this. But to set aside all positive unkindness, rudeness or ill temper, all willful wrong doings of parents or children, how many homes are cold and chill as winter from the absence of all manifestations of love. The father wrapt in a mantle of reserve, never carelessly draws his children to his heart, and lets them feel that it beats warmly for them. Satisfied if he gives them shelter and food and raiment, provides for their bodily and intellectual wants, and teaches them their religious duties, he deems it quite superfluous to train up their affections, that yet demand so much culture. The mother, if we may conceive it possible of a mother, seldom or never clasps her child to her breast, and bestows the kiss that childhood covets more than the miser does the most glittering treasure.

All the little outward tokens and manifestations of love, as essential to domestic enjoyment as the sunshine, the flowers, the sweet songs of birds are to the enjoyment of nature, are withheld from those longing hearts to whom they are as life itself, and cold, pulseless, measured duty leads the steady, unflinching march along that rugged way, which ought to be bright and beautiful with the thousand blossoms of affection. The heart of a child is very tender. It is full of strong impulses; its affections seek a boundless requital, boundless as their bestowal would be. And to whom should a child look but to its parents, its brothers, its sisters to meet this sacred and beautiful demand of its nature. The sweet smile of affection, the kindly word, the gentle, beaming glance, the tones of sympathy in sorrow and trial, the soothing and tender attention in illness, those blessed little self-sacrifices, and unpretending kindness, that sweet patience, and meek forbearance, those delightful caressing ways and affectionate manners that make a few homes almost heaven, should make all homes so. In them "out of the heart the mouth speaketh" and speech and act are alike holy and beautiful. Winning, attractive, lovely are such homes! Manhood turns from them to the world's duties with a sigh, comes back with a glad smile. Sorrow falls not so heavily on them; their inmates bear one another's burdens; deep peace is theirs even in the midst of afflictions. Words and deeds of love! Well has it been said, "Oh let us unite the two,—and however dark and troubled our earthly course, a light will shine within our homes which no sorrow, no care, nor even death will have power to darken or remove. God is love—the spirit of His World is love; and would we indeed walk according to His dictates, Love proved alive in word and deed, must be the Guardian Angel of our Home."

China and the United States.

When a Chinese junk visited our shores a few years ago, the crew, with their oblique eyes and long tails, were almost as much of a curiosity as the queer-looking bulk in which they had come to our shores. The idea of a Chinese emigration to our shores was as far from our thoughts as that of the Grand Lama of Tibet.

But God's ways are not as our ways. The discovery of gold in the West is to be the cause of the first effectual inroad upon the crystallized civilization of the Chinese.

We firmly believe that the emigration now going on from China to California, will have the effect to make an entire revolution in the habits of the Chinese living upon the coasts of the empire. By a strange movement of God's providence, we are thronged by the Irish and Germans on the one side of the continent, and the Chinese on the other. The duty of the Christian in view of these facts is obvious. In a few years the countless thousands to whom we send missionaries of the cross will be at our own doors, a part of our body politic, contributing their share to our moral and intellectual life. The following letter from the Presbyterian gives new facts on this subject, in addition to those with which all are familiar.

A recent letter from San Francisco brings the following additional intelligence:—"The clipper ship Challenge is said to be on the way from China with one thousand passengers, I have before me a letter from Hong-Kong, dated

15th of January last, in which the writer states that we may look to China for an emigration of fifty thousand souls to our population within the next five years. An intelligent sea-captain, just arrived from there, informs me that thousands are saving up their earnings in order to collect \$35 passage-money to bring them to California. To this is to be added the expense of a little dried fish and rice, and a sip of tea, and in about forty or fifty days they are safely landed on our shores. In the letter from China referred to, the writer says: "I now know of more than six hundred Chinamen booked for California, for whom shipping cannot now be had, although there are now in our harbor some half a dozen large ships bound for San Francisco, and they will all take from two to three hundred Chinamen each."

Ministers Wanted in California.

Brother Dagg, I offer no apology for addressing you without personal acquaintance. I had intended being at your Convention at Columbus, where I expected to make the acquaintance of many of the Georgia brethren; but I was disappointed by indisposition. This I regret very much, as I am engaged in an important work, and the time is short. The work, as you are perhaps aware is, to obtain ministerial aid for California. I have seen the statistics of our denomination in your State, and from the number of ministers, I have been led to hope we might obtain the consent of several, to go to the shores of the Pacific, to preach the gospel to the destitute thousands of California. The cause of God is suffering there for want of ministers.—There are but few Baptist ministers there that feel at all identified with the country; not exceeding five or six.

The field is an important and desirable one. The climate is delightful, the atmosphere pure, the resources of the country unparalleled! And notwithstanding, there are difficulties and privations to be overcome, yet the prospects for good will overbalance all the evils, to the lover of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have been strengthened by the extracts from sister Goss's letter, and hope her father will talk for her and try to stir up the minds of Georgia ministers, to go to California. Are there not some of the young brethren at Mercer University who will volunteer for this service? Are there not men who have had some experience in the ministry, who will be willing to go? We need a host; the field is large and affords an opening for every diversity of gifts. I have spent more than two years there, and should be happy to give to any brother who may have the subject of going on his mind, all the information he may desire, if in my power, both in relation to the country and the best method of getting there. I have tried the routes both by land and sea.

I refer brethren to the circular. It is published in the South-Western Baptist, Vol. 3, No. 52, with the request that all Baptist papers will please copy. Brethren Editors, please publish the circular; let all the Baptists see it.

Brother Dagg, please give this a place in your paper, and oblige your brother in Christ, JOSEPH MORRIS.

P. S. As I expect to be all the time travelling, if brethren wish to inquire in relation to California, the best way is to do it through the public prints. I shall probably be in Mississippi for a month or so. I wish to visit Georgia some time during the summer, if the Lord will. The columns of the South-Western Baptist are open upon this subject. I hope all other Baptist papers will also publish. W. H. W. J. M.

The Christian's Crown.

That ye may close with Christ, remember there is a six-fold crown which shall be put upon your head. Would ye have long life? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have a crown of eternal life. Would ye have glory? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have a crown of glory. Would ye have knowledge of the mysteries of God? Then come to Christ, and he shall crown you with knowledge. Would ye have eternal felicity and an uninterrupted happiness? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have an immortal crown. Would ye have holiness and sanctification? Then come to Christ, and ye shall have a crown of righteousness; yea, he shall put a royal crown upon your head, a crown of pure gold. Oh, what a day, think ye, it will be, when Christ shall hold your crowns in his hand, and shall put them upon those heads, never to be removed again. ANDREW GRAV.

A GUINEA LARGER THAN GOD.—Robert Hall once wrote the word God on a small slip of paper, showed it to a friend, and asked whether he could see it. He replied, "Yes." He then covered the word with a guinea, and again asked "can you see it?" and was answered "No." He did this to show his friend how easy it was for the world to shut out of the mind a sight and sense of God. A very small object placed immediately before the eye will prevent it from seeing the sun. This object thus placed, does not extinguish its light, nor destroy its existence; it is still in the heavens, diffusing its light thro' the whole solar system; though the eye of this solitary individual does not see it. He may imagine that the object near his eye is larger than the sun, but still it is a very small particle of matter. The love of gold may so fill the mind, that there is no place left in it for the great God of the universe. In the view of such a mind, a guinea is larger than God. This fact furnishes the following queries. Does the word of God hold the highest place in our hearts? Which is the largest, a guinea or God?—Paritan Recorder.