

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

THOMAS W. TOBEY, Editor.

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negligence or fraud.

[From the Western Literary Messenger.]
Miura, the Converted Islander.
BY RICHARD S. JAMES.

The early dawn cast a flood of light over the
fringed waves, as the brig *Hopeful* weighed
anchor in a bay on the east side of Onoatow, an
island of the Pacific. The cheerful song of the
sailors chimed sweetly with the notes of the
thousands of warblers, that, from the forests skirt-
ing the bay, poured forth their rich melodies in
welcome to the sun. The sails bent gracefully to
the perfumed breeze, and bore the gallant ves-
sel swiftly on her course. All seemed life and
joy. Yet there was one over whom the gar-
lands of sadness were thrown. Leaning on the
taffrail, a young man of saintly mien gazed
towards the shore. He was a missionary of the
Cross. Three years before that same brig had
brought him and his companion to that island.
They toiled for the souls of its inhabitants, and
not entirely without effect. More than fifty
heathen homes to dwell with the missionary. But
their countrymen, urged on by a malicious priest,
at a night when the missionary family, then in-
habited by a lovely babe, was away, attacked the
Christian settlement, and massacred the occu-
pants. One only escaped—Tamaa, the nurse
of the infant. For nine months the teacher
and his family remained concealed in the north-
east part of the island, supplied with food by the
actions of Tamaa. At the expiration of that
time the mother and babe died; and soon after,
the *Hopeful*, sent annually by the Society in
England to supply its missionary stations with
necessaries, appeared in the offing. Tamaa
stram off to it at night, and acquainted the cap-
tain with the circumstances of the missionary.
A boat with an armed crew was sent ashore, and
brought him off in safety. Such were the cir-
cumstances under which he was now leaving the
island.

When the brig had cleared the bay, she head-
ed northward between the shore and the coral
reefs, that enclose nearly all the Pacific islands,
and in an hour was off the north-east point, look-
ing for a passage through the reefs. The mis-
sionary, who was still at the taffrail, noticed a
native in the water, swimming toward the ves-
sel. In a few minutes, Tamaa climbed nimbly
up the side. She had come on board to bid him
farewell.
"Tamaa," said he, "I do not wish to leave
you without a christian companion among your
cruel countrymen. Come with us."
"No teacher," she replied; "I have a child
among the heathen; for her sake I must stay.
Perhaps God may cast her into my hands, and
then I can teach her the truths you have taught
me."
"But your kinsman will slay you, as they did
our other converts."
"I shall not live with them. My home must
be in that glen where we took refuge after that
fatal night; there I can dwell in safety, and
pray over the graves of the female teacher and
the babe."
At the mention of the graves, the bereaved
missionary wept.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "make me more
assigned to thy will. Grant that the wounds
which cover those that didst give and take away,
may be the means of convincing the cruel sar-
gave who may see them, of the sincerity of our
motives, and the truth of our doctrines."
Then turning to Tamaa, he continued—"If
you must remain, I pray God to keep you in
the faith, and make you instrumental in con-
verting your idolatrous countrymen. Here is a
Testament. You have been taught to read it.
May its truths comfort you in exile; and
should the martyr's lot be yours, sustain your
new-born faith."
Tamaa seized his hand, bathed it with tears,
and said—"And I pray God, teacher, that he
may keep you from harm, and lead you to other
islanders more willing to receive the blessed
gospel than ours have been."
Then tying the Testament and some other things
which the captain gave her, in a bundle on her
head, she lowered herself into the sea, and with
the skill common to the inhabitants of the South
Sea islands, swam boldly to the shore. The
missionary watched her progress with a tele-
scope, until he saw her rise out of the water and
disappear into the woods.

In a few hours the island was far below the
horizon, and the brig rapidly pursuing her
course to Tahiti.
Let us return to Tamaa. After walking about
half a mile up the west bank of a small stream,
skirted by beautiful chestnut trees, she came
to a secluded glen. As she emerged into the
opening, she saw two little mounds on her right
hand. They were the graves of the teacher's
wife and child. Hastening to them, she knelt
down, and prayed fervently for him who had
brought her the knowledge of prayer, and also
for her child and idolatrous countrymen. This
place had been selected as most suitable for the
burial of the missionary's family, because it
was separated from the other parts of the island
by a rather lofty ridge of rocks, and was not fre-
quented by the islanders, who considered it an
enchanted valley. For these reasons, Tamaa

also selected it for her residence; and, accord-
ingly, occupied herself the rest of the day in
building a hut near the graves, of sticks and
palm leaves. Two more days were spent in lay-
ing out a garden, and in other matters con-
nected with her residence there.
At the close of the third day from the teach-
er's departure, after commending herself and
her object to the care of God, Tamaa left the
glen, and following up the stream about a mile,
came to an opening in the rocks, through which
she passed into the main district of the island.
Her object was to recover the child that had
been taken from her by heathen relatives, when
she first began to live in the missionary family.
In the dead of night, Miura, the daughter,
was dreaming of her mother. Though but sev-
en years old when taken away, she remembered
her mother with affection and often begged her
heathen relatives to take her back. A few days
before, she had been told that her mother had
left the island in company with the missionary.
This information, though it silenced her entreaties,
did not prevent her lamenting her loss. On
this night the poor child cried herself to sleep;
while her bereaved mind was holding sweet con-
verse in the realms of fancy with the object of
its affection. A slight noise awoke her. She
found that her dream was not all a dream, for
there was her mother stealing softly toward her
with her finger on her lips, as a sign of silence.
Miura rose from her mat, and followed her moth-
er out of the hut and village, and before dawn
both were at Tamaa's new home.

The flight of Miura caused some considerable
agitation in the village; but after an ineffectual
search of several days, the inhabitants concluded
their gods had carried her off in retribution for
her mother's apostasy from their worship. In
the mean time, mother and daughter dwelt hap-
pily in their concealed home. The almost spon-
taneous growth of the yam and taro, with the
bread fruit and banana, supplied them with
food. Tamaa spent many hours at the graves,
teaching Miura to read the New Testament, and
instructing her in the truths of the Christian re-
ligion, which she exemplified by the history of
the peaceful dead beneath their feet. The good
seed was readily received in the mind of her pupil,
and nourished by the warm sympathies of child-
hood, taking deeper root grew into the firm con-
viction of the christian.

In this manner five times twelve months passed
as a dream to the young convert, bringing
her to her sixteenth year. And now she was
called upon to endure her first affliction since she
became a Christian. Death demanded Tamaa.
It was a sad thing for that mother to leave her
child so young, so artless, so inexperienced, alone
in the world. It was still sadder to think that
she would be the only christian on the island; and
should her cruel kinsmen find her, she
would be put to a trial of faith such as she had
never yet experienced. But that mother had a
Christian's trust in God. Calling her sorrow-
ing daughter to her side, she handed her the tes-
tament the missionary had given her, and said—
"Miura, my child, God is calling me away, and
you will be left alone, but yet not entirely alone.
He is the God of the fatherless, and never for-
sakes those who put their trust in him. You
will have much to endure. Remain here where
you can worship God in peace, rather than seek
your relatives who will persecute and even slay
you for being a christian. Read much in this
book. It will be a lamp to your feet. Never
forget him that died for you. Remember that
through him alone we can meet in heaven above."
And now my child farewell!

Thus did this converted heathen exhort and
comfort her bereaved child. Her lips ceased to
move—the eyes closed—the blood ran back to
its fountain, and the spirit to the source whence
it came. Miura threw herself in a paroxysm of
sorrow upon the dead form of her mother. Her
grief, however, was softened by the promises of
the gospel, which, like holy oil, soothes its sur-
ges. She knelt by the dead to implore aid and
protection from on high, and consecrate herself
afresh to the service of God. According to
Tamaa's request, she buried her remains by the
side of the missionary family, and thus had a
new altar at which to offer her morning and evening
sacrifice. As Miura became accustomed to the
loneliness of her situation, she found a pleasure
in repairing to the graves, to think over the
virtuous example of the departed, and study the
precepts of her only companion—the Testament.
For three months, her solitude remained undis-
turbed.

One day, while walking on the sea shore, she
descried a canoe filled with people, coming
through the surf, and steering for the spot where
she was. Fearful that they might be some of
her idolatrous countrymen, she fled up the
stream to her home. But the people had seen
her, and on landing, followed her. She hid her-
self in the bushes as they approached, and as
they came nearer, perceiving, by their dress that
they were not inhabitants of the island, she ven-
tured forth.

They expressed much pleasure at seeing her;
and in a dialect not so different from hers, but
she understood them, stated that they were na-
tives of an island one hundred miles off, and that
they had been driven by a storm of their course
while seeking an island neighboring to theirs.
They were much exhausted with exposure and
hunger. Miura supplied them with food, and
while they ate, informed them that she was an
exile from her countrymen on account of her re-
ligion. Her auditors listened attentively to her
relation, and an aged man, who seemed their
chief, and whose name was Nekia, replied—
"Your narration fills us with surprise, espe-
cially as it is an unusual thing for women to
have any religious notions at all, still more so
for them to differ from their countrymen. But
as you have kindly supplied our wants, we can-
not regard you in any other light than of grati-
tude and respect. Tell us, therefore, what this
religion is that separates you from your country-
men."

"Listen, then," said Miura, "and I will.—
You sit upon your midday throne, the flower
snapt by the evening breeze, the chestnuts that
defy the hurricanes, the bird nesting upon its
bough—all things around teach us that there is
a God—a Creator; and the beautiful and wise
arrangement of all things prove him to be as holy
as he is mighty. But where are we? Sinful
beings, doing that which is not right even in
our own eyes. We are mortal, too. What, then,
becomes of us after death? This question, na-
ture cannot answer, though it tells us we de-
serve punishment for our sins. This little book
explains all. It is a message from the God of

nature. It confirms all we know of his exist-
ence; of our own selfishness; of our liability to
punishment, and besides, points out the way of
escape. It says that God, taking pity on dying
sinners, gave his only begotten Son to suffer their
punishment; and that whosoever believes in him
and obeys his commands shall not perish, but
have eternal life after the death of the body.—
This is the religion for which I am an exile."
"How came you by that book?" asked Nekia,
and how can it explain these things? Has it a
voice, a tongue and mouth?"
"A white man with his wife came from a far
country, and called with us. He taught my
mother these things, and she taught me."
Miura then related the history of the mission-
ary's coming, the death of his family, and his de-
parture, and then explained how the book could
teach.

"All this is very wonderful," said the chief,
but how do you know that this religion is any
more true than ours?"
Miura placed one hand upon the missionary's
grave, and the other upon her heart, and with
the eloquence of nature said—
"I know it by the devotedness of her who
gave her life that we might know this religion;
I know it by the joyful feeling I have here when-
ever I think of God and his dear son; and I
know it must be true, because it suits our lost
condition!"

The islanders were struck with her earnestness,
and said they would hear again about these things.
In the meantime, as it was late they arranged
themselves under the trees for the night, while
Miura retired to her hut to pray for them.
She felt like a new creature. Her step was
more womanly; her feeling more elevated. And
yet she was humble. The exercise of teaching
others inspired her, though unconscious of it,
with more self-respect; while the very doctrines
she taught convinced her more than ever of her
utterly lost condition without a Saviour. But
little slumber visited her eye-lids that night.—
Her soul had become interested in the conver-
sion of those whom Providence seemed to have
thrown in her way, and she would rather pray
for divine aid than to sleep.

In the morning, after the strangers had par-
taken of an early meal, they gathered around
Miura, and asked to hear more of this new reli-
gion. She repeated her address of the night
before, speaking more particularly of Jesus
Christ, and reading his history to them from her
book.
"But," said Nekia, "our gods have hitherto
been sufficient for us, and our father. Why then
should we change?"
"Have they been sufficient for us, indeed?"
replied Miura. "They have eyes indeed, but do
they see? They have ears but do they hear?
They have mouths, but do they speak? How
can they ever be sufficient for us? They are
but dumb senseless blocks of wood, sufficient
indeed to keep us warm and cook our food, as
the tree from which they are cut is sufficient.—
But my God is a living God. He gives us life.
He sustains that life. He protects from danger.
He heals our diseases, and he saves our souls
from eternal punishment. Look at the white man;
how superior in his condition to ours!
He owes it all to his religion!"

"You speak the truth," said Nekia, "the
white man is indeed far superior to us. We
must be all miserable creatures, and ignorant of
everything. Pray to your God that he will be
our God also." The other strangers united with
their chief in this request. Miura wept with
joy, and immediately kneeling down, offered the
requested prayer.

After the prayer the party separated, and
Nekia collected his followers, who numbered
about twenty, for consideration as to their future
course. As there was a sufficient number of
bread fruit trees and other tropical vegetables
growing around to afford them sustenance, it was
determined, should Miura not object, to settle
for the present at least in this secluded spot.—
Here they might live, enjoying the instructions
of Miura, until some opportunity offered of re-
turning to their native island, should they wish
to embrace it. Miura was rejoiced at the pros-
pect of company in her exile, as well as at the
opportunity of continuing her efforts for their
conversion. Nekia then set the men to work
building their cabins, and the women of whom
there were but six, to gathering supplies of bread-
fruit, yams and the taro root. Two days thus
labored intermitting their toil by listening to
Miura's instructions and reading.

A few days after the dwellings were com-
pleted, Nekia asked Miura to teach them to read
the book. She promised to try, and soon de-
vised a substitute for a spelling book. This was
a large piece of bark, on which she stained with
berry juice the letters of the alphabet. Suspen-
ding it against the tree, and calling her school
around, she began the delightful task. As an
occasion required, she also prepared other pieces
of bark with small words stained upon them,
and, as the pupils progressed, some with larger
words and short sentences. With these imple-
ments she taught them in company, exercising
them also individually in pointing out words and
letters in her Testament. So eager were they
to learn, that in less than three months all could
read some, and several very fluently. Miura
also had the pleasure of seeing Nekia and others
give evidence of an interest in holy things, more
genuine than that of mere curiosity.

One day, in company with some of the females,
Miura wandered up the stream to the pass that
leads into the main part of the island. Climbing
up to the highest point of the hill they gazed
toward the south, where Miura's countrymen
dwelt.
"Oh!" exclaimed she, "if those cruel kin-
men of mine but knew the joys I felt, they too
would cast away their idols, and worship the true
God."
"Who is this true God?" said a squeaking
voice behind them, at which they all started,
and on looking back, saw a feeble old man, worn
with disease, who had stolen unperceived among
them, and heard the last remark. Miura re-
cognized in him the old priest who had incited
the heathen to massacre the christian islanders.
She was considerably alarmed, and would have
fled, but stopped as he continued:
"Fly not, daughter, I am no more able or
willing to harm you. I perceive you are that
Miura whom we supposed the gods had carried
off some years ago. Ah! it has been a sad time
with us since then. A singular disease swept
nearly half of the inhabitants away; and some
war canoes coming from a neighboring island,
the war-club slew many whom the disease had

spared. During all this time, our gods refused
to help us, and we have now discarded their wor-
ship. But we know not whom to trust in now.
Who, then, is this true God of whom you just
spoke?"
Miura was speechless with gratitude and as-
tonishment that God, by his providences, had
prepared her countrymen for the reception of
the Gospel. At length she spoke:
"The true God, Tongo, is he who sent this
disease to bring you to himself. But come with
us to our home, and we will show you more per-
fectly of his truth."
They went, and Nekia and his companions
heard with like joy the story of Tongo. The
repenting sinner in a few days fully acknowl-
edged the power of God in his heart; and, longing
to communicate the good news to those whom
he had once contributed to deceive, hastened to
his village for that purpose. They all accom-
panied him; and under the direction of Miura,
Nekia and Tongo, spread across the island, and
told the waiting heathen what they knew of the
true God and his Christ. And now the smiling
fields, the well-built houses, the thronged chapels,
and flourishing schools attest how the Gospel,
which seemed to have been buried with the mis-
sionary's wife, germinated in that very grave,
and, springing up, spread like a fruitful vine
throughout the districts of Onoatow.

The Editor of the Southern Baptist has been tak-
ing a trip to the extreme North-West of his own
State. We copy his account.
After a delightful sojourn at Greenville, we
proceeded our journey into the more distant
North-west. A few hours riding carried us be-
yond the woody barrier of the Paris Mountain
into a vast amphitheatre, belted by the heights of
the Saluda range. To one accustomed to the
level tracts and bounded scenery of the lowlands,
the large and varied prospect presented to us as
we traversed the basin and ascended the steep
acclivity called the Glassy Mountain, beyond,
imparts something of the sense of a new and de-
lightful existence. As the road at length be-
came involved in a group of elevations, and fol-
lowed the line of valleys between them, at every
turn some scene of tranquil and secluded
beauty burst upon us—not the less charming
from the contrast we had left behind. Here it
was a level meadow, stretching away to the hills;
there a valley of nodding tree-tops, and there a
field bristling with corn, and sloping gently to a
central and babbling stream. And upon all of
these the soft, grey shadows of the neighboring
heights rested like an uninvited attraction.

The soil of this entire region is supported by
a stratum of red clay, in which debris of quartz
are scattered. The foundations of the country
are laid in granite. As we advanced, the moun-
tains changed their character from
rugged and rounded and isolated cones. Occa-
sionally upon a steep side the naked granite is
visible, but for the most part they are covered
from head to foot with a rich garment of forest
growth, consisting of the hickory, the oak, and
the short-leaved pine. The people in this re-
gion have an excellent supply of the purest wa-
ter, and rude hydrants for the convenience of
travellers are erected along the road. The corn
crops are uncommonly fine.

We arrived at Hodges's Hotel at Merrittsville
in the afternoon. It is about twenty-four miles
from Greenville, consists of a wooden building
with an addition of brick, and is admirably kept
—having ample accommodations, a profuse ta-
ble, and most desirable of all, clean and com-
fortable beds. The house is surrounded by em-
inences on all sides. From the piazza you com-
mand the view of a large field on the very top of
the mountain opposite. Before supper, we con-
cluded to scale the height at the back of the
premises, and take the bearings of this unknown
region. No exercise can compare with this, and
no one but a pedestrian whose weary feet have
measured such an ascent can experience the full
emotions of grandeur, which these amazing views
should inspire. In this clear atmosphere the
knowledge of distance is lost, and can be recov-
ered only by the estimates of other senses than
the eye. We gained a point, at last, where a
noble view expanded. A wide and fertile plain,
intersected by narrow streams and the red line
of the road, stretched away on the left to the
blue Saluda Mountains. The high bald cliff, on
which we stood, beetled over the valley, and
thousands of trees lay almost under our feet.—
The profile of a similar precipice was visible be-
yond these. To the right, a valley covered, as
it appeared to us, with primal forests, and
thrown into a deeper obscurity by the grey mists
of a descending storm, ran among the hills. It
indeed the idea is true, that the character of a
people is formed by the daily scenes around
them, that people must be capable of great
things, whose intellects and hearts are affected
by appropriate scenes; and even when
wholesome ideas are habitual, and even when
embodied in all things here, have mingled.

The "God of the valleys" is also the God of
these hills. At the distance of about a half mile
from the hotel, is a house of worship belonging
to the Baptists. Brother Runion is the pastor
of the church. A short time since a protracted
meeting of great interest was held here. On the
last day of the meeting, which was given up on
account of the complete exhaustion of the minis-
ters, the attendance was computed at about four
thousand. Of the converts forty-four were ad-
ded to the membership of the church.—
On the ensuing day our journey was arrested
by the great storm. In this sheltered spot the
wind, though changeful, was exceedingly violent.
The rain descended in torrents. The small
stream, running through Colonel Hodges's field
was changed into a broad and rapid river, and
carried everything, crops, bridges, and mills, be-
fore it. All along the line of the watercourses,
which penetrated the richest fields, the corn was
prostrated or washed away. It was singular to
observe how even the grass was beaten into the
earth, as if by the tread of heavy feet. As the
wheat crops of this region were destroyed by the
June frosts, much distress may prevail, altho'
famine is not apprehended, the flourishing crops
on the highlands being comparatively uninjured.

Before leaving Merrittsville, we visited the
Saluda Falls, which are at the distance of two
miles from the hotel, and are easily accessible.
A "neighborhood road" approaches the foot of
the falls. It is necessary to ford the river be-
fore reaching them, and although this was no small
undertaking when we rode through it, on account
of the freshet and quicksands, such difficulties

are not to be apprehended under any ordinary
circumstances. A steep and winding, and seem-
ingly, interminable path guides the ascending
traveller, until at length he stands up on the
topmost bank of the terrible gorge, through all
its length overflowing with the spray, and trem-
ulous with the thunder of the cataract. The
river, formed by the junction of two tributaries
above, divides the front of a high mountain.—
Our exhaustion was too great to permit us to
ascend to its source. The water changes in its
descent from the brightest yellow to the white-
ness of drifted snow. The bed of the stream
is of solid granite, here and there in its less pre-
cipitous parts interrupted by great rocks, which
have fallen into it from above. It is unfortu-
nately difficult to obtain a good view of the
entire scene, on account of the luxuriant growth im-
pending over the entire descent. The best is
to be taken from a rocky ledge about half way
down, and wet with a drenching spray. This,
however, does not permit the whole to be seen.
Above, a short and regular cataract presents
itself then the stream is contracted into a swift
rapid, at the bottom of which the opposing rocks
toss the waters in the form of great foam-crests
into an abyss 328 feet in depth. We had no
means of estimating the entire length of the
fall, nor have we any language adequate to the
description of the impression produced upon us
by its prodigious profusion of power. We saw
it indeed when under the influence of the great-
est freshness, which has contributed to the majesty
of its descent, for the last fifty years—but the in-
telligent tourist, if he would see the crowning
glory in the mountain scenery of our State, must
visit the great falls of the Saluda.

PREWELL.
Preaching of the Pew and the Pulpit.
There is no more effectual preacher of the
gospel than the life of a truly consistent Chris-
tian. Though he were deaf and dumb, and in-
capable of vocal utterance in testimony of the
truth, the silent, subtle influence of his charac-
ter and life would speak with a force, and argue
with a resistlessness, which the voice of the most
silver-tongued occupant of the pulpit could
scarcely surpass. The tenderness of a truly spiri-
tual mind; the persuasiveness of a countenance
beaming with benevolence; the logic of an hum-
ble, gentle, truthful, loving life, would make their
way to the heart of a beholder, when access to
his head might be choked up with doubts, suspi-
cions and evils. Men who could never be reason-
ed into faith, may be drawn thither by the
attractive light that continually radiates from
the beauty of a godly walk. This is preaching
which has no necessary intermission; the weak
day as well as the Sabbath, the road side as well
as the sanctuary; in the midst of cares and busi-
ness, the silent sermon of a godly life, enforcing its
lesson and making its impression.

Thus every professor is a preaching, ordained
and installed, and invested with a charge, to
whom he is ministering, for good or evil, at all
times. The week day sermon may be as im-
portant as the Sabbath day discourse. It is safe
to say that if its doctrine and its influence be
adverse to that heard in the sanctuary, the lat-
ter can do but little good. The preaching of
the pulpit may be confronted and argued down
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and tearfully asserts, the pew flatly denies. The
claims of God's law, of Christ's love, of the
eternal interests, are set forth in persuasive tones
on Sunday; the conflicting claims of the world,
of business, of pleasure and of gain, are preach-
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sible and temporal, and urges men to forsake all to
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clares that though the future is well enough,
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ent—that though heaven is valuable, it is not
worth the sacrifices of earth. The pulpit tries to
save the soul; the pew strives, and drives, and
labors to enrich and bless the body. The ungodly
world looks on and listens to the respective
pleadings of the two, amused at the discrepancy,
unmoved by both.

To be effectual, the gospel should be preached
both by pew and pulpit. Enforced by godly ex-
ample, and clothed with the persuasiveness which
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warnings and appeals could hardly be resisted.
There is a great waste of mortal power in the
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gion preached and religion practised. The en-
ergy and courage of the preacher are impaired,
and the force of the truth is lessened. We get
a glimpse of the power which the pulpit might
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sistent pew, in times of revival, when Christian
life and Christian doctrine are brought for a time
into harmony. What solemnity gathers upon a
congregation, when the sacred words of warning
or invitation of the preacher pass to the sinner's
heart through an electric atmosphere of prayer!
What reality does the truth of religion become,
when it beams from the moistened eye and heav-
ing heart of the Christian alive in revival! There
is a philosophy, as well as experience, in this;
and happy is the preacher who has a proof of his
words in the life, faithfulness and zeal of some
devoted hearer. He has a perpetual illustration
at hand—an argument that will make its way
where all other arguments fail.—N. Y. *Evangelist*.

are not to be apprehended under any ordinary
circumstances. A steep and winding, and seem-
ingly, interminable path guides the ascending
traveller, until at length he stands up on the
topmost bank of the terrible gorge, through all
its length overflowing with the spray, and trem-
ulous with the thunder of the cataract. The
river, formed by the junction of two tributaries
above, divides the front of a high mountain.—
Our exhaustion was too great to permit us to
ascend to its source. The water changes in its
descent from the brightest yellow to the white-
ness of drifted snow. The bed of the stream
is of solid granite, here and there in its less pre-
cipitous parts interrupted by great rocks, which
have fallen into it from above. It is unfortu-
nately difficult to obtain a good view of the
entire scene, on account of the luxuriant growth im-
pending over the entire descent. The best is
to be taken from a rocky ledge about half way
down, and wet with a drenching spray. This,
however, does not permit the whole to be seen.
Above, a short and regular cataract presents
itself then the stream is contracted into a swift
rapid, at the bottom of which the opposing rocks
toss the waters in the form of great foam-crests
into an abyss 328 feet in depth. We had no
means of estimating the entire length of the
fall, nor have we any language adequate to the
description of the impression produced upon us
by its prodigious profusion of power. We saw
it indeed when under the influence of the great-
est freshness, which has contributed to the majesty
of its descent, for the last fifty years—but the in-
telligent tourist, if he would see the crowning
glory in the mountain scenery of our State, must
visit the great falls of the Saluda.

PREWELL.
Preaching of the Pew and the Pulpit.
There is no more effectual preacher of the
gospel than the life of a truly consistent Chris-
tian. Though he were deaf and dumb, and in-
capable of vocal utterance in testimony of the
truth, the silent, subtle influence of his charac-
ter and life would speak with a force, and argue
with a resistlessness, which the voice of the most
silver-tongued occupant of the pulpit could
scarcely surpass. The tenderness of a truly spiri-
tual mind; the persuasiveness of a countenance
beaming with benevolence; the logic of an hum-
ble, gentle, truthful, loving life, would make their
way to the heart of a beholder, when access to
his head might be choked up with doubts, suspi-
cions and evils. Men who could never be reason-
ed into faith, may be drawn thither by the
attractive light that continually radiates from
the beauty of a godly walk. This is preaching
which has no necessary intermission; the weak
day as well as the Sabbath, the road side as well
as the sanctuary; in the midst of cares and busi-
ness, the silent sermon of a godly life, enforcing its
lesson and making its impression.

Thus every professor is a preaching, ordained
and installed, and invested with a charge, to
whom he is ministering, for good or evil, at all
times. The week day sermon may be as im-
portant as the Sabbath day discourse. It is safe
to say that if its doctrine and its influence be
adverse to that heard in the sanctuary, the lat-
ter can do but little good. The preaching of
the pulpit may be confronted and argued down
by the preaching of the fireside, the neighbor-
hood and the place of business. This is a spe-
cies of dialectics that is often carried on—pastor
and people occupying, unconsciously, but virtu-
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where all other arguments fail.—N. Y. *Evangelist*.

From the N. Y. Register.
Remarks on Hebrews 6: 4, 5, 6.
This passage has always been a stumbling-
block to both the Arminian and the Calvinist.
While both claim it, either would gladly com-
promise with the other, by subscribing to the
doubtfulness of its proper import. The Arminian
goes gaily along with the vivid picture of a
gracious soul, as drawn by the masterly hand of
divine inspiration, in the fourth and fifth verses.
He next finds himself in smooth water, while up-
on the possibility of the falling away of such a
soul; but his darling doctrine of renewed and
renewed backsliders meets a grievous rock of
offense, at the plainly declared impossibility of
renewing such as had fallen away.

On the other hand, the Calvinist has no other
way of escape from the seemingly implied possi-
bility of falling from grace, but by explaining

and paraphrasing away, to almost nothing, the
"being once enlightened," "tasting the heavenly
gift," "being made partaker of the Holy
Ghost," &c., &c., thus making a falling away
from an unsound conversion, a mere dead posses-
sion, tantamount to the unpardonable sin
against the Holy Ghost.

Brethren, permit me to offer a few crude ideas,
in which I shall (to avoid the dilemma,) take no
middle course.
1. I shall understand the language of verse 4
and 5, to be an unequivocal description of a
genuine believer, fully united to Christ by a living
faith. I shall admit nothing that will impair the
most obvious force of the terms, but rather (if it
were possible) glorify them, for if such expres-
sions are to be understood only in a limited sen-
se, much