

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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Devoted to Religion, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

M. A. MEREDITH, Publisher.

VOLUME XVII. NO. 43.

RALEIGH, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1852.

perhaps I may never see this old Raymore
WHOLE NO. 1223

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER

A Religious and Literary Paper:
Published weekly at Raleigh, N. C., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.
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Abraham and Lot.

We find in the Presbyterian quite an extract from a sermon of the Rev. Charles Wadsworth of this city, which we here transfer to our columns, as a specimen of what constitutes popular preaching at the present day. The language is strong, striking and imaginative. The cool, argumentative preaching by our great men of the last century, whether of this country or of England, is behind the times for this age of new and startling things. The subject of the sermon was ABRAHAM AND LOT, and was derived from the following text:—*Ch. Chronicle.*

Abraham dwelled in the land of Canaan, and pitched his tent in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom.
We give that portion which draws a contrast between the choice of Abraham and that of Lot.
"Come, then, let us enter in for a little to this lone tent of Abraham upon the mountains, and observe whether, after all, it be not a beautiful dwelling for an immortal soul. Consider for a moment what were the elements which constituted the happiness of that dwelling in Canaan."

First, there was that sweet solace of an approving conscience—that sense of well doing which comes like a heavenly atmosphere to the resting soul;—and there was that delightful anticipation of becoming so pre-eminently a blessing to his family and to the world. His household being trained in the pure faith; his children reared in manhood in close intercourse with God; his whole race, in the lapse of eighty generations, receiving as the result of his faithfulness, the offer of a Bible, a gospel, a Saviour, a heaven! O what was the dignity of Sodom's prince compared with that most illustrious greatness of the father of the family whose Messiah sprung! And that Abraham had an eye upon these remote results of his faith and faithfulness, who can doubt? Who does not perceive that in the touching transaction on Moriah, Abraham saw as in a vision the sacrificial atonement of the Lamb of God!

But not only in memory, and the charm of an approving conscience, and the rich anticipation of blessing a world, dwell the secret of Abraham's happiness. He enjoyed even in the present, ineffable delights. His was a daily, hourly intercourse with God. Whether Jehovah assumed, in his communion with the patriarch, a visible form; it is not for us to conjecture. We look forward with delight to hear the story of that sojourn in Canaan from Abraham's lips. Till then, we can only bid you come in and behold the unspeakable gladness and glory that breaks out in this tent on the mountain. And wonder not, O wonder not, for Jehovah, the great God whose hand hath studded your firmament with sparkling gems—even God dwelleth with Abraham.

Behold the patriarch at his tent door, as the cool shadows of evening lengthen along the plains below. See his eye is lifted from the marvellous landscapes of earth, and searching the azure vault, as if in sensible and seen realities! What looks he for? For the coming out of the first star of eventide to its place in heaven? No! Let the apostle answer—"He is looking for a city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God." His faith is "the substance of things hoped for." Who doubteth that visions, akin to those of the exile of Patmos, are granted unto him? Those hills of Canaan reach far up into heaven. Abraham's tent was pitched in view of the eternal city; visions of its glorious gates—voices from its immortal harmonies are his at times.

The patriarch did well to pitch his tent in Canaan. What have earth's vaunted cities to match with it? That rude tabernacle around the mountains—it is like the home of the whole-hearted Christian in all later time. It is filled with immortal gladness—it is the scene of more than earthly affection—it stands on heights above the scourgings of earth's storm clouds—it is the point of all the world nearest the realities of the celestial city—the inhabitant seeth shapes of glory, and heareth sounds of immortal music.
The tent of the patriarch is nobler than the palace of a king; for the name of its baptism is Bethel. It is the waiting chamber of the redeemed spirit, ere it enter the shining circles of an immortal world. It is the house of the All-mighty God—it is the gate of an eternal heaven.
And now we turn to Sodom—verily this house of Lot looks nobly—lofty in its architecture and rich in its adornments; golden vessels upon its board, voluptuous couches in all its chambers, the red light beaming mellowed through its mighty halls, and instruments of rare music in its sumptuous parlors.
At first view, it seemeth wise in Lot to have turned from Canaan's sojourn, and pitched his tent toward Sodom. But let us enter in for a moment, and perceive whether, after all, Sodom be as sweet a home as Canaan. Behold that wrinkled man, with his head upon his clenched hand, as if bowed down with the burden of might toward Sodom. Ah, it is Lot! He is not happy in Sodom. Do you ask the secret of his woe? It is that which at all times gathers over the heads of worldly minded Christians. First of all, Lot was despised even by the Sodomites.

Just as a clear-sighted world always despise a half-hearted professor, who, forgetful of his solemn vows, comes to mingle with them in worldliness. Wicked men see clearly in this master. They perceive inconsistencies of profession and practice. And just as worldly men despise a traitor, though they may have been advantaged by his treachery, so do they, while mingling in the society of worldly Christians, despise them in their heart for their worldliness. The men of Sodom said in their contempt, "This fellow came in to sojourn with us, and now he will needs be a judge," and they pressed upon him to destroy him. Lot was not at home in Sodom—he felt like a stranger. Then, again, he lost his property. Just as God will take away earthly idols—so that verily the way to grow in earthly comforts is to grow in grace. God sent against Sodom the kings of the East, and they conquered the cities of the plain, and carried away the riches of all its inhabitants, and left Lot beggared of all the flocks and herds wherewith he had descended from Canaan.

Moreover, there was constantly busy in the heart of the Patriarch the fierce stings of a reproving conscience. God will not let alone a worldly-minded disciple to rest contented in his apostasy. Says inspiration, "Lot was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked." He saw sights and heard sounds in Sodom, that stirred up the depths of bitter thoughts within him, as the hurricane stirs up the ocean.

Then, too, his dear children were forming intimacies with the four sinners of the plain; and they would not come when the fire was kindled on his household altar. They were away where, with four rites, and dance and song, there went on the beastly worship of the heathen. Tell me, ye parents, who will go amid the vanities of a false and perilous world, and think it due to the courtesies of refined life to mingle in those scenes of fashionable gaiety, where God is as little thought of as he was in Sodom; tell me, if seeing your children, as they are this day, given up to vanity, ye cannot understand the poignancy of Lot's sorrow at that awful thought. But, alas! alas! we are yet on the outskirts of the patriarch's sorrow. The winding up of that startling drama of worldliness on a Christian is alike rapid and horrible. The story is too peculiar to need repetition. Just at the time when, worn out with the bitterness of a conscience-stricken life, Lot was looking to the grave for repose; just then came the awful mission to Sodom—"Up, up; get ye out of this city, for I will destroy it." But cried the old man, "O, not so, my Lord. Behold, I am old; I cannot escape to the mountains, lest some evil befall me." Well, then, if you stay, you perish—up—up; escape for thy life; stay not in all the plain; look not behind thee, lest thou be consumed." Now, the home of Sodom begins to lose its voluptuous beauty—verily, the rose clouds that curled at sunset, are burning with the fire of the wrath of God. Behold the patriarch fleeing to his sons-in-law at midnight perhaps, in weeping anguish, as they will not come forth unto his deep entreaties. Seeing him fleeing forth in the dim night, leaving home, property, and plenty, and rushing toward the mountains for life; then wearied, all friendless and poor, in his rude dwelling above Zor.

Once more behold him upon the shore of that dark water, which covers the devastated plains of Sodom—that wild, gloomy, desolate expanse of lifeless billows—whose name is Asphaltites—the Lake of Death—upon the border of that singular festering gulch, standing an old and withered wanderer, all alone. Come near, and note him well! How that old heart is wrung with mighty anguish! and why? Because, far down amid those sluggish waters there lie, burnt into ashes by an angry God, smitten down in the vigor of beauty—his beloved dead. See how his bosom is heaving with the agony of a broken heart. Listen to his voice in its tremulous anguish! "O, my children! my children! who perished because I would not dwell in Canaan! Would God—would God, I had died for you! And see, now, he turns away from that dark water, and retreats slowly along the plain. But, what ails him? What hath met him on the way? Why, it looketh like a human form—and yet it does not. It speaks not—cold—stony—statue-like—a pillar, a monument of salt!"

How the old man trembles! how he casts himself upon the cold ground in agony! And who wonders? The wife of his bosom—the partner of his home for many a long year—the mother of his children—the beloved one whose dear voice had cheered him all along life's pathway—smitten down by divine anger, because he would not love and dwell in Canaan. Hark to his agonizing, his heart-broken cry—"O beloved one!—O lost one!—lost by my unfaithfulness;—lost for ever. Would God I had died for thee!"

Now here I want to leave you. You that, having professed Christ, are living lives of worldliness—seeking its riches and honors and pleasures, and not making it the supreme end of your lives to glorify God and save souls. Here I want to leave you—by the poor, cold, cavern bed of heart-broken and homeless Lot;—while afar in the distance, with heaven's softest sunshine on its beautiful repose, rich too in earthly goods of flock and herd, and the fragrance of its accepted sweetness ascending the sunny firmament, ye catch the matchless loveliness of the habitation where Abraham dwelled.

Here we leave you, praying that visions of the sadness and sorrow of the desolated patriarch shall so force themselves upon your spirit, that, firm in the strength of your great Deliverer, ye shall look away from all the solatations of sinfulness, assured that it is better even in this world to love God with a whole spirit, as it was well for Abraham that he dwelt in Canaan, and most sorrowful for Lot when he pitched his tent toward Sodom.

A Pulpit Curiosity.

SERMON OF FATHER HARVEY, WHEN 111 YEARS OLD.
The following report of a sermon by old Father Harvey, a Baptist minister, who died a few years ago at the extraordinary age of 113 years, was written by the editor of the N. Y. "Baptist Register," immediately after listening to the aged veteran, in the pulpit of the Berean Baptist church, in the city of Utica, N. Y. The venerable centenarian, at the time of preaching, was without doubt, the oldest minister of the Gospel living.
"Conversation with the old man at the table, before preaching, in reply to a question about his family, he remarked that 'he was not married till some what advanced in life, and there-

fore his children were not very old—but he believed the one he lived with *had got his growth*, he was in his sixty-ninth year." Many of our readers will remember the introduction of Father Harvey to the Missionary Union at Brooklyn, by Dr. Wayland, and the interest that was excited by the few remarks made by the aged veteran, and the fervent and appropriate prayer that he offered upon that occasion. Such, we doubt not, will be glad to hear more of this interesting relic of a former generation.

There are many doubtless, who, like the writer, before hearing him, are disposed to ask with some scepticism, can it be possible that a man one hundred and eleven years old, could preach a sermon with any degree of connection in the matter, or of energy in the delivery? We can only say, that with respect to the latter, the old gentleman's tone and gestures, after he had stripped off his coat in the pulpit, and had fairly gone to work, would be a caution to some of our delicate and dyspeptic students; and with respect to the former, though the thoughts were not those of a Locke or a Butler, or a Wayland or a Williams, yet the matter was sound and good, though sometimes quaint; yet there are far more of connection in the thoughts than I should have expected from a man of more than five score and ten, and if the good old man did occasionally ramble from Dan to Beersheba, he did not go out of Israel.

Upon ascending the pulpit, Father Harvey reached out his arm to the pastor to help him off with his coat, as though this was a proceeding which he was accustomed to. The act was a little strange in a city pulpit, and at first seemed to excite some amusement among the audience, but this soon subsided, or was absorbed in the general curiosity of the mass who had been drawn together to listen to the good old man. Upon rising, he remarked, "I am not come here, my revolutionary children, to preach old age, I am not come to preach myself, but I am come to preach Jesus Christ—and shall take my text from Rev. 18: 7, I believe it is, 'Let us rejoice, and give honor to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.'" "Now," said the aged preacher, "who of this congregation has reason to rejoice and give honor to Christ? It is all his servants; all who love him. No matter whether rich or poor, young or old, white or black. Now, God delights in having all his servants rejoice and be glad, for this gives honor to him. Whenever a congregation, or class, or people is called upon to give honor to him, what is it? 'The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.'"

"And what does this suppose, why, that there was a time when she was not ready—what is necessary? Why, to put off the clothes of sin and shame, with all the beggarly elements that belong to a state of nature; and it shall be granted to her to be clothed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints."

"Why," said Father Harvey, raising his voice with each succeeding word, and bringing down his fist with amazing force upon the Bible at the last word of the sentence, "a deceitful, wicked man, is not fit to save either God; man, or the Devil!" Then after a pause, "and I'll tell you why. He's not fit to save God, because he is unholly; he's not fit to save man, because he's deceitful; and he's not fit to save the Devil, because he's not content with his wages!" "Why," said he, "my revolutionary children, I once saw a rogue of a soldier for some crime he'd done, tied up, and flogged with forty lashes, well laid on, and while he was taking his wages, he made all sorts of noises, but he never once said that he liked it. No, no, my friends, the sinner is not satisfied with the wages which the devil gives, and he never will be—for the wages of sin is death. Behold, then, the Lamb of God! and where shall we behold him? Shall we behold him, when he pushed space apart, and dropped in this little system? when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Shall we behold him, when he addresses his bride and takes off her clothes of shame and sin? If you want further proof, we quote John first, ninth, I believe it is, (my memory ain't very good.) But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." The word was made flesh—O, there was life in that nature, God and man. Jesus was as much man, as if he had not been God. O, there is one Mediator, the man, Christ Jesus! That human nature he laid down as the purchase of his bride. So any one who has a human nature, has a right to plead the promises and love of God. O, the love of God and of Christ! The Son came as a volunteer. What does he say? In the volume of the book it is written of me, "I delight to do thy will, O God."

After a few more equally Scriptural remarks, the aged speaker proceeded as follows: "I can say I had no grammar-book; I had no expository-books to come to, except my Bible, and some ancient hymn books, and it was in a woodsy place, where I was all alone, and my Jesus found me and made my soul happy. I am now old, and my children tells me I am only a child, but, my dear revolutionary children, (raising his voice and striking the Bible) I ain't forgot my Jesus. No, and I ain't forgot either, that there is a *hell to avoid* and a *Heaven to win*."

"I wish I could only transfer to paper the almost superhuman energy with which the old man, (raising his voice with each succeeding word,) uttered the last sentence or two which I have emphasized. He then proceeded to exhort sinners.
"O," said he, "there's more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety, or perhaps ninety-nine that need no repentance."
"O, I ain't inviting you good people," said he, "with an accent of peculiar richness, and a look of peculiar shrewdness—"No, I ain't inviting you good people that ain't got no sin, and have had some these five or six years—No, I ain't inviting you—you ain't got no sin, and you don't want no Saviour."
But who am I inviting? Why, the poor sinner—the poor prodigal. O, return, return, to thy Father's house! And when the prodigal returned, what did he do? O, he fell upon his neck and kissed him. And what then? O, he tells his servants to bring the best robe and put it on him. Return, then, prodigal, ye shall have the best robe in the Kingdom of Heaven. O, the will of God. O, I cannot get words to express it just as I could wish, but it shall be a durable covenant."

Jesus shall say at last, "Well done, good and

faithful servants." O, what an applause that will be! O, if my soul can only hear that applause! All that have done good shall come forth to the resurrection of life, but, *dear*, they that have done evil—shall I speak the word—to the resurrection of damnation!

"O, my unconverted friends, who will reap only thorns and thistles; O my! consider your natural mouth, if you should eat a *thistle-ball* instead of a fig, how would it feel? O, then, my dear revolutionary children, behold now its a Gospel time. You can be wedded to Jesus to-night. But sow not among thorns, put away every sin, trust in Jesus and you shall be saved."

In preparing the above brief report, we have endeavored to preserve as far as possible, the spirit of Father Harvey's discourse. Of course, many expressions have been omitted, but the above are reported as uttered, and we believe literally. We will offer no apology for this attempt at a partial verbal report, rather than an analytical one, and those of our readers who are acquainted with the art of sermonizing, will need no apology. They will know that it could not be done, that no analysis could be given.

From China.

The New York Commercial Advertiser publishes the following letter, dated SHANGHAI, China, July 17, 1852.—The predictions concerning the commercial importance of this port over all others in China, are fast receiving their fulfillment. The amount of tonnage now in our harbor is greater by about five thousand tons than at any former period, and this will doubtless be greatly increased when the tea season is fairly opened. Many crops have been gathered and are now on their way to Shanghai, but have been prevented reaching this place from the scarcity of water in the canals that intersect this vast level region for a hundred miles or more, about the mouth of the Yang-Tze-Kiang.

This want of water is owing to a drought that still prevails throughout all this section of country. It has already been injurious, and it is feared will prove destructive to the rice crop. There has been a rise in the price of this staple article of food, and the people have been so apprehensive of a famine that a few days ago hundreds from different parts of this district formed themselves into a procession, carrying twenty-eight figures of dragons, with hideous heads, made of paper, painted, and with bodies of coarse cotton cloth stretched over hoops and frames of bamboo. The several lengths or points composing the serpentine body were about the size of a barrel, and some odd number—five, seven or nine. Each of these lengths is held horizontally about three feet above the head, by means of a stick, and carried in this position by a single individual. Each man so moves his stick as to communicate an undulating motion to the whole, giving the appearance of a large serpent crawling over their heads.

These dragons were designed to represent the dragons which the Chinese believe dwell in the skies, but descend into seas and oceans and carry thence water up to the clouds and spout it forth again, thus causing rain. What say your philosophers and storm-kings to this Chinese theory of rain? I venture to say it will possess to some of them a recommendation which, though questionable, is yet the only one that many other theories are found to have—that of novelty.

Carrying these twenty-eight personifications of the rain monsters, the procession went to the office of the district magistrate of Shanghai, beating gongs and eymbals, and calling vehemently for him to come and give an account for his remissness in duty, inquiring at the same time if he was not aware of the drought prevailing through the bounds of his jurisdiction. The Chinese invariably attribute drought, pestilence, famine and similar calamities, to some misconduct of the emperor, the rulers, or the people themselves, in which Heaven is angry and visits them with punishments.

The mandarin or mayor of this district, replied that he had been apprised of the fact, and had prayed to Heaven to send rain. They then informed him that they had come a distance of several miles, and were hungry, whereupon he ordered refreshments of tea and cakes for them, and then presented to them a string of 1000 "cash," for each of the twenty-eight dragons, to be distributed among the men carrying them. The crowd then dispersed, and the magistrate forthwith issued a proclamation, according to the usual custom, prohibiting the slaying of animals for food for the space of three days, during which time all the mandarins in the city were to repair to the temples, worship the idols and pray for rain—on the first day, once; on the second day, twice, and on third day, thrice. Subsequently, the time was extended indefinitely, till rain fell.

Fishermen are also forbidden to ply their avocations, during these days of abstinence and humiliation; but they are provided with rice for food, out of the public treasury. Up to the time of this drought the year has been a remarkably abundant one—the wheat, barley and rye crops having been full, and well harvested. The cotton plants, so far, continue healthy—not requiring much rain at this stage of their growth.
The American residents here are justly proud of the fine representation of the merchant navy of their country, now lying in this harbor. Here among others are the Eclipse, the Nightingale, the John Brittan, and the Oriental—noble ships—no less the admiration of foreigners from other countries, than the pride of their own. Here too are older acquaintances, the Howqua, Ariel, and Candace, whose keels well-tried and faithful, long have ploughed these Eastern seas.
The anniversary of our national independence was observed with much spirit on Monday, the 5th of July. Capt. Fisk, of the Nightingale, gave a sumptuous entertainment on board his ship, at which many British residents were present, engaging with hearty good will in the festivities of the occasion.
The American ships were gaily not to say gaudily, arrayed in all the "bunting" they could muster for the purpose, and some vessels of other nations also manifested their interest in the day, by hanging out their flags. Salutes were fired during the day. A grand dinner at the United States consulate in the evening concluded the observance of America's glorious birth-day.
The U. S. ship of war Plymouth, Com. Knapp, arrived a few days too late to participate with us and perform her share in the commemoration of the event. She will however, in a few

days for Hong Kong, to join the squadron bound to Japan.

A French war steamer and a frigate are also here. Her officers are really to be pitied. When invited to dinners and parties they apologize for the rustiness of their apparel, &c., by saying they have received no pay for the last sixteen months. About fifty of their men have deserted for the same reason. The steamer has on board Mons. Bourlillon, the French Minister to China.

To Morrow! To Morrow!

One day the minister heard that his neighbor was sick, very sick. What if he dies in his present state? thought the minister. He is an amiable man, a generous man; in many points of character, a most excellent man; but, by his own confession, he is no Christian; has never felt the power of God's converting grace upon his soul. Suppose he should die in his present condition! I must go and see him. Accordingly, taking his hat and cane, he called to see him. He knocked at the door; a servant opened it.

"How is Mr. K.?"
"Very sick, sir; please to walk in."
The minister, led by the servant, entered the chamber. The curtains were down, and the room darkened, and on the bed there lay his neighbor, scorched by a raging fever. Taking him kindly by the hand, "How do you find yourself this morning?" said the minister.

"Very sick, sir," replied the neighbor.
After a while the minister, in a subdued tone of voice, said, "Do you think, my dear sir, that you have made your peace with God? Should God so proper now to take you away, are you ready to go?"
"Oh, sir," said the sick man, interrupting him, "I am in agony! Please to excuse me. Oh, my head! my head! I cannot talk to you now. Please to call again."
"When shall I call?"
"To-morrow," said the sick man.

The faithful man of God burst into tears, and retired. The next day he called again.—The knocker was muffled—a bad sign; knocking gently at the door, the servant opened it.

"How is Mr. K.?"
"No better, sir; please to walk in."
The minister entered the chamber, and there was his neighbor, still upon a bed of sickness.

"My dear neighbor," said the minister, how do you do this morning?"
There was no response. The man was delirious now, and spoke in broken sentences, incoherently. The minister, leaning upon the top of his cane, looked at his neighbor, and the silent tear trickled down his cheek. He was about to rise up and go away, but the wife of the sick man exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear pastor, won't you pray for my husband?"
The prayer was offered, and the minister, taking the hand of his neighbor said, "My dear friend, good bye." Still there was no response. Alas! the sick man knew not that his wife was weeping at his bedside, and that his pastor had been praying for him. As the man of God was retiring, the affectionate wife followed him to the door, and, in parting, said—

"My dear pastor, I am in great affliction; will you not be so kind as to call again?"
"Madam," said he, "when do you think I had better call?" And she said
"To-morrow."
Oh, that to-morrow, that to-morrow!—The associations were more than he could bear, and the man of God went weeping all the way returning to his home. The next morning he called again. The knocker was still muffled—He tapped gently at the door. The servant opened it.

"How is Mr. K.?"
He is said to be worse, sir."
"I would like to see him."
"You can't sir. The doctor has just left, and he has given the strictest orders that nobody should enter the room but those who are waiting upon him. But here is Mrs. K."

"Madam, how is your husband?"
"Oh, my dear pastor," replied she, bursting into tears, "he is worse; I fear much worse!"
"I would like to see your husband, madam, a few moments."
"I would be glad to have you see him, too," replied the afflicted woman; "but our physician says that the crisis has come, and that the slightest excitement may prove fatal; but the doctor said that if his patient revived, he might be able to see you to-morrow."

Having received a message, about the going down of the sun, that his neighbor was still in a critical state, and too weak to be seen, the minister could scarcely sleep that night, so anxious he was about the salvation of his neighbor. The next morning, taking his hat and cane, he went early, to make at least some inquiry.—Tapping gently at the door, the servant opened it.

"How is Mr. K.?" was the anxious inquiry.
"Oh, sir," replied the servant, "he is dead!"
"DEAD!" exclaimed the minister—"DEAD?"
"Yes, sir, he died this morning at four o'clock."
"God have mercy!" the minister was about to say, but it flashed upon him—it is too late now!

Dear procrastinating sinner! it is enough: I beseech you, don't say to-morrow any more? To-morrow! it may be too late forever! To-morrow, sun may shine upon your grave. Once lost, you are lost forever! "Be wise to-day! 'Tis madness to defer."—*Hunt and Foreign Record.*

From the American Messenger.

Don't neglect Souls.
During a season of special religious interest in one of our New England colleges, the youth who had consecrated themselves to the service of Christ were roused to renewed zeal and fidelity. Groups of praying students were often assembled to give thanks for the renewing mercy of God so abundantly bestowed upon them, and to earnest that none of their unconverted associates might be passed over in this gracious visitation.

his way from the evening prayer-meeting to his room, Harry H. joined him, and raising the arm of his class-mate, abruptly addressed him:—"L—, do you believe the Bible?" "I do," was the brief decided response.

"It cannot be," said H.—"or you would have warned me of my guilt and danger; you would have labored to pluck me as a brand from the burning. For months we have met almost hourly, you a professor of religion, I an acknowledged unbeliever; yet you have never spoken a word to me on my spiritual interests. If there is any truth in the doctrines you hold, if the book which you call the inspired word of God contains any thing worthy of belief, you have grossly neglected your duty, you have sinned fearfully against my soul. I will trouble myself no more about these matters. My prospect for a long life is as good as any one's; I will enjoy it while I may, and the future, if there be a future, must care for itself. A month ago I might have been a Christian; but that is past, and now it will never be."

The last words were uttered in a low, solemn tone, and the speaker withdrew his arm, and retired to his own apartment. His ready, sarcastic wit had deterred more than one, anxious for his welfare, from speaking to him on personal piety, and now he dared the vengeance of God. Having graduated with honor, he passed through a course of professional study; all his future seemed bright; but on the very opening of a brilliant career, the heavy hand of disease was laid upon him, and in the strength and beauty of early manhood, he sunk beneath its power. His aged and pious parents sorrowed over their gifted only son as those without hope, for he had scorned the mercy proffered to his youth, and on a dying bed he had none to sustain him.

Edward L.—is now a devoted and successful preacher of the gospel; but though more than twenty years have elapsed since he parted from his class-mate, he never recalls that evening's conversation without a thrill of horror.

The Child is Dead.

It is hard to believe it: that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from his glad heart.
Child as it was, it was a pleasant child, and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye can see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead, you may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look upon them, and each of the colors that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of the face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and hard a bed, but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side; like them he will be withered.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently, it is a hard road to the grave. Every ray seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are, at the brink of the sepulchre. Oh! how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest.

Fill it up. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!—Every clod seems to fill on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying, *Go, gone, gone!* It is full now. Lay the turf gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust indeed, is there, but our child is in heaven. He is not here; he has risen.

I shall think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond all language to express the joy, in the midst of tears, I feel, that my sin in making an idol of the child has not made that something less dear to Jesus. Nay, there is even something that tells me the Savior called the darling from me that I might love the Savior more when I had one child less to love. He knoweth our frame; he knows the way to win and bind us. Dear Savior, as thou hast my lamb, give me, too, a place in thy bosom. Set me as a seal on thy heart.

And now let us go back to the house. It is strangely changed. It is silent and cheerless, gloomy even. When did I enter this door without the greeting of those lips and eyes that I shall greet no more? Can the absence of but one produce so great a change so soon? When one of the children was away on a visit, we did not feel the absence as we do now. That was for a time; this is for ever. He will not return. Hark! I thought for a moment it was the child, but it was only my own heart's yearnings for the lost.—*Rev. S. I. Prime.*

The Prompt Clerk.

I once knew a young man (said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men) that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "New to-morrow this cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."