

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

J. J. JAMES, Editor.

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

G. HERBERT & Co., Proprietors.

VOLUME XX, NO. 3.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1855

{WHOLE NO. 1226}

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER,

A Religious and Literary Paper:

Published weekly at Raleigh, N. C., at \$2.00 per annum, payable in advance. All communications, or in any way relating to the editorial department, should be addressed to Rev. J. J. JAMES, or Editor of the Biblical Recorder.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered to consent to continue their subscription.
2. If the subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all cash charges are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bill, and order their paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

Rev. William Jay's Preaching.

At the first hearing of this preacher, the listener was charmed. His voice, as it has been truly said, can never be forgotten by one who has heard it once. Its fine barytone soothed the audience, and prepared the way for the teaching or the admonition that should follow; and while his eloquence was capable of great variety, he chiefly excelled in the expression of tenderness. His object was to produce impression, not indeed on the imagination, but on the heart; and, aiming at this, he threw aside, whenever occasion required, mere pulpit conventionalities. Curt, grave, impressive, he strove to concentrate as much as possible within the compass of his sentences; and, sometimes, breaking off the current of thought, he would catch a conception fresh as it came, letting it serve his end, even if it interrupted his argument. The first words of a discourse were often abrupt, and even foreign from the subject to be treated; but they served his purpose of winning the ear, and perhaps the heart, of some hearer at the same time. They were like an arrow just shot at a venture; a first essay of the elasticity of the bow that he was bending. And he bent that bow, and levelled those shafts, with an intensity of satisfaction that was apparent in every movement of his expressive countenance, and fully justified a saying of his own, that he would rather be a preacher of the gospel than the angel that should blow the trumpet at the last day. And the soul, and emphasis, and music of his discourse were such, that oftentimes, as we have heard an accustomed hearer, one who knew and loved the man, confess he could almost imagine, as the long-loved voice came upon his ear, that it was indeed the utterance of an angel. The sentiments of his discourses were made happily subservient to their perspicuity, and tended to fix both sermon and doctrine on the memory. A beautiful illustration of this was furnished, not long ago, by one of his congregations when on his death-bed.—It was an aged man. For the last time he heard his pastor preach from these words: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The old pilgrim returned no more to Argyle chapel, but lay at home enjoying in frequent meditation the lessons he had learned there. This last sermon dwelt much in his thoughts. "I wish," said he, "I could give you some idea of a discourse so suitable to my present circumstances; but, though my memory serves me, my speech begins to fail. But think of this:

1. My presence shall go with thee, to guide thee; and I will give thee rest from perplexity.
 2. My presence shall go with thee, to guard thee; and I will give thee rest from apprehension.
 3. My presence shall go with thee, to supply thee; and I will give thee rest from want.
 4. My presence shall go with thee, to comfort thee; and I will give thee rest from sorrow.
- Here was nothing scholastic, nothing labored; but here was the voice of a faithful shepherd, sounding in the memory and cheering the soul of one of his flock, while passing through the dark valley and shadow of death, and going home to the Chief Shepherd, where there would be no perplexity, nor apprehension, nor want, nor sorrow. "His speech," says a member of his congregation, and one who is himself no stranger to the occupation of a pulpit, "his speech is calm and steady, indicating a mind self-reliant, possessed of content with the divine majesty of his theme. As he speaks, you glide with him through a galaxy of light; and yet he seems indifferent to the graces or other arts of eloquence; never says a word too much, or a word too little; dresses not of Demosthenes, yet is a Boanerges; recks not of gaudy words, yet is
- When unadorned, a Lord's most
"How hushed is the assembly! With what power of conviction his plain, manly, devout sentences fix the soul upon his lips, the eye upon his face! Yet what he says, we almost all knew before; but who could have spoken it like him? If we fancy we can, let us try. No; it is not a pastor's robe that makes a pastor's heart; and we believe the best eloquence is born there." During the greater part of his life, he preached *extempore*, as it is called, but it would be more correct to say, without verbal preparation. Lastly, he had pitifully seen

sions, he read his sermons, perhaps conscious of less of that buoyancy of spirit which once rose freely to the height of the theme, and overcame the exigency of the moment. Even in his ordinary discourse he aided his memory by short notes; but, in private, expressed regret that he had fallen into his new habit, finding it often a hindrance rather than a help. Every one who describes his manner, mentions the emphasis he threw into his reading. The simplicity of language in which a grand-daughter of his own describes that perfection of a good reader, conveys a clearer idea of it than could be given in an elaborate description.— "I walked down at seven to hear dear grand pa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestations of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings when the venerable silver head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression with which he reads is wonderful; his words distill as the dew, so softly, and yet so effectually do they fall. His manner of emphasizing some passages gives you an entirely new view of them."

Certain it is, that whatever is odd in the address of a public speaker will be remembered when all else is forgotten, and that vulgar fame seizes on these exuberances, and hawks them about, until the object of their garrulity is known in the outer world rather by these accidental flashes, than by the steady light where-with he fills his proper circle. Mr. Jay's reputation has often been marred by this treatment; and, therefore, the writer is reluctant to gather up anecdotes that are generally garbled, and at best are deteriorated beyond remedy by separation from their contextual position in his discourses, and by the want of that incommunicable grace and influence which were attendant on his most remarkable sayings at the moment of their delivery. One fragment only of this kind shall be given here. It shows how he could venture to speak in his own place and to his own people. His object was to impress on those whom it most concerned, the truth that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and to this end he told a tale of two parrots. "Two friendly neighbors bought each a parrot. That of Mrs. A. was a bird of grave deportment, and had been taught to speak a good many *godly* words. That of Mrs. B. was an impious fellow, for his language abounded in *bad* words. Now, Mrs. B. felt quite shocked at the irrelevant talk of her parrot, and prevailed on her friend to allow the grave parrot to pay a visit to the swearer, in hope of reclaiming the rogue by good example. Well, the two birds stayed together for about a month, and a great reformation was expected in the swearing parrot, from listening to his more decent neighbor; but imagine the consternation of good Mrs. A. on the return of her more grave and decorous bird, to hear him swearing like a trooper. The fact is, that instead of teaching he had been learning; and from that sad day his language was as bad as his scape-grace associate: thus, 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'" One may imagine the effect of such a parable on a large congregation. But although the parrots would banter their memory, we may be sure that the imitatively artless art of the preacher wound up with a lesson that lay deeper, and would doubtless spring up again to memory amid the confusion of worldly intercourse. His anecdotes were memoritic, and therefore useful. But he was himself imitable, and therefore others must beware of borrowing an instrument they cannot handle. But the last words—except the benediction—that he ever delivered in Argyle chapel, were in a sermon on the morning of Sunday, July 25, 1852, that closed in a manner that might also seem prophetic. With great feeling he quoted these verses from Apocalypse: "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, or any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." He made no comment; and how could he? But he pronounced these final words: "If this be heaven, O that I were there!"—*London Biographical Magazine.*

How to Hear the Gospel.

Roland Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death who said to him, Mr. Hill, it is just sixty years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, "Supposing you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ the time in criticizing the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if any thing was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel."

Good advice, well worth remembering sixty-five years.

Kindness.—Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir, R. Dug.*

Father Gavazzi on the Inquisition.

Father Gavazzi, having been questioned by a friend in Canada as to the Inquisition at Rome and how the valorous Padre found the hellish establishment when he went in 1849, gives in reply the following interesting answer:—*N. Y. Crusader.*

MY DEAR SIR:—In answering your questions concerning the palace of the Inquisition at Rome, I should say that I can only give a few superficial and imperfect notes. So short was the time that it remained open to the public, so great the crowd of persons that pressed to catch a sight of it, and so intense the horror inspired by that accursed place, that I could not obtain a more exact and particular impression.

I found no instruments of torture; for they were destroyed at the time of the first French invasion, and because such instruments were not used afterwards by the modern Inquisition. I did, however, find, in one of the prisons of the second court, a furnace, and the remains of a woman's dress. I shall never be able to believe that that furnace was used for the living, it not being in such a place, or of such a kind, as to be of service to them. Every thing, on the contrary, combines to persuade me that it was made use of for horrible deaths, and to consume the remains of the victims of Inquisitorial executions. Another object of horror I found between the great hall of judgment, and the luxurious apartment of the Chief Jailer (*Primo Custode*), the Dominican Friar who presides over this diabolical establishment. This was a deep trap, a shaft opening into the vaults under the Inquisition. As soon as the so-called criminal had confessed his offense, the second keeper, who is always a Dominican Friar, sent him to the Father Commissary to receive a relaxation of his punishment. With hope of pardon, the confessed culprit would go toward the apartment of the Holy Inquisitor; but in the act of setting foot at its entrance, the trap opened, and the world of the living heard no more of him. I examined some of the earth in the pit below this trap: it was a compost of common earth, rottenness, ashes, and human hair, fetid to the smell, and horrible to the sight and to the thought of the beholder.

But where popular fury reached its highest pitch, was in the vaults of Saint Peter's. I am anxious that you should note well that this Pope was canonized by the Roman Church especially for his zeal against heretics. I will now describe to you the manner how, and the place where those vicars of Jesus Christ handled the living members of Jesus Christ, and show you how they proceeded for their healing. You descend into the vaults by very narrow stairs. A narrow corridor leads you to the several cells, which, for smallness and for stench, are a hundred times more horrible than the dens of lions and tigers in the Colosseum. Wandering in this labyrinth of most fearful prisons, that may be called "graves for the living." I came to a cell full of skeletons without skulls buried in lime; and the skulls, detached from the bodies, had been collected in a hamper by the first visitors. Whose were those skeletons? and why were they buried in that place, and in that manner?

I have heard some Popish Ecclesiastics, trying to defend the Inquisition from the charge of having condemned its victims to a secret death, say that the palace of the Inquisition was built on a burial-ground belonging, *anciently*, to a hospital for pilgrims, and that the skeletons found were none other than those of pilgrims who had died in that hospital. But everything contradicts this Papistical defense. Suppose that there had been a cemetery there, it could not have had subterranean galleries and cells; laid out with so great regularity; and even if there had been such,—against all probability,—the remains of bodies would have been removed on laying the foundations of the palace, to leave space free for the subterranean part of the Inquisition. Besides, it is contrary to the use of common tombs, to bury the dead by carrying them through a door at the side; for the mouth of the sepulchre is always at the top. And, again, it has never been the custom in Italy to bury the dead, singly, in quick-lime; but, in time of plague, the dead bodies have been usually laid in a grave until it was sufficiently full, and then quick-lime has been laid over them to prevent pestilential exhalations by hastening the decomposition of the infected corpses. This custom was continued, some years ago, in the cemeteries of Naples, and especially in the daily burial of the poor.

Therefore, the skeletons found in the Inquisition of Rome, could not belong to persons who had died a natural death in a hospital; nor could any one, under such a supposition, explain the mystery of all the body being buried in lime, with exception of the head. It remains then, beyond doubt, that that subterranean vault contained the victims of one of the many secret martyrdoms of the butchery Tribunal. The following is the most probable opinion, if it be not rather the history of a fact.

The condemned were immersed in a bath of slacked lime, gradually filled up to their necks. The lime, by little and little, enclosed the sufferers, or walled them up all alive. The torment was extreme, but slow. As the lime rose higher and higher, the respiration of the victims became more and more painful; be-

cause more difficult. So that what with the suffocation of the smoke, and the anguish of a compressed breathing, they died in a manner most horrible and desperate. Some time after their death, the heads would naturally separate from the bodies, and roll away into the hollows left by the shrinking of the lime. Any other explanation of the fact that may be attempted, will be found improbable and unnatural.

You may make any use of these notes of mine, in your publication, that you please, since I can warrant their truth. I wish that writers, speaking of this infamous Tribunal of the Inquisition, would derive their information from pure history, untinged with romance; for so many and so great are the historical atrocities of the Inquisition, that they would more than suffice to arouse the detestation of a thousand worlds. I know that the Popish impostor-priests go about saying that the Inquisition was never an ecclesiastical Tribunal, but a laic. But you will have shown the contrary in your work, and may also add, in order quite to unmask those lying preachers, that the palace of the Inquisition at Rome, is under the shadow of the palace of the Vatican; that the keepers of the Inquisition at Rome are, to this day, Dominican Friars; and that the Perfect of the Inquisition at Rome is the Pope in person. I have the honor to be

Your affectionate servant,

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

Sowing and Reaping.

When Enoch walked with God in the midst of a corrupt world and in a corrupt age—that was sowing. When he was translated that he should not see death, and had his testimony that he pleased God,—that was reaping. When Abraham climbed the mountain with his son, weary, sad, and completely in the dark as to God's purpose, yet trusting Him who is wiser than man,—that was sowing. When he returned from the mountain, joyful, with his son restored to his arms, and with the honorable title of "father of the faithful" and "friend of God,"—that was reaping. When the mother of Moses placed him in his ark of bulrushes and laid him among the flags of the Nile, trusting in God to be his defence,—that was sowing. When the same Moses became the leader of the Hebrews through all the wilderness, the worker of mighty miracles, and the organ of communication between God and a great nation, and his name was exalted to dignity and honor,—that was reaping. When the pious Shunammite woman prepared a chamber on the wall, that the prophet, the man of God, might turn in thither and rest, whenever he passed that way,—that was sowing. When by the agency of the same prophet, her dead child was restored to life,—that was reaping. When Hezekiah spread before the Lord the writing of the King of Assyria and his proud threats, and entreated the help of the God of armies,—that was sowing. When the angel of the Lord went forth by night and slew an hundred and fourscore and five thousand, and in the morning the Israelites found that God had so wonderfully interposed for them,—that was reaping. When the apostles waited in Jerusalem till the promise of the Father should come upon them, and were "all with one accord in one place," praying for the expected benediction,—that was sowing. When the Spirit was poured out, and three thousand converts were baptized,—that was reaping. When the young men at Williamstown, Mass., in the year 1839, spent a day, concealed behind a hay stack near the college, in fasting and prayer, and inquiring of God their duty in respect to the heathen,—that was sowing. When out of that day of devotion, connected with other means which God ordained, sprang forth the system of American missions, branching abroad through all the earth, and numbering tens of thousands of Christian converts,—that was reaping. When Boardman answered the first call of the Karens and instructed them, and, as his last work, witnessed the examination and baptism of the earliest disciples and blessed them, and was parted from them and received up into heaven,—that was sowing. Why, in succeeding years hundreds and thousands have fled to Christ, self-supporting churches have been gaid up among them, pastors ordained and home missions set on foot and sustained,—that is reaping. When a Christian parent gives up his son or daughter to labor for Christ, among the heathen, parting from them in tears and sadness, but with faith in God,—that is sowing. When they are restored again, clothed in the robes of immortality, and on their heads many crowns, and each crown a crown and an honor for Christ,—that will be reaping. When a poor Christian gives of his penny, an offering to be laid on the altar of missions, denying himself that he may share in this blessed enterprise,—that is sowing. When God accepts his offering, and it is known that it has proved the salvation of a soul,—that will be reaping. When Christians of every name, by piety of an elevated order, nursed by fasting and prayer, and the Holy Ghost, by an unwearied consecration to Christ, visible in all things, by liberal, regular and cheerful donations, and by unceasing prayer, set themselves to seek the conversion of the world,—that will be sowing. When, in the train of these efforts, the angel proclaims, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he shall reign forever, and ever,"—that will be reaping.—a glorious reaping.

The province of God indicates that reaping and the reapers "tread on the heels" of the sowers. Blessed are they, whose sowing looks forward, distinctly and purposely, to the last, great, glorious reaping,—to the last harvest of a joyful immortality.—*Macedonian.*

CATHOLICS DON'T EDUCATE.—The following fact, stated in the report of the chief school superintendent of public education for Upper Canada is very significant. The cry of the Catholic clergy is here and elsewhere, Give us a share of the school fund, that we may educate. They build school houses to better their claim, and educate gratuitously to prove their devotion to the cause of popular instruction;

where the state educates and excludes sectarianism; but in a neighboring territory where they have had the use of the school fund, what have they done? Let the report speak. The superintendent says: "For twelve years our school laws have sanctioned the establishment of separate schools for Roman Catholics. Yet the number of separate schools have never exceeded fifty; and, at the latest official returns it had sunk to twenty-five, of which four were colored, three Church of England, and nineteen Roman Catholic. The system is at war with the country, and it seems only to require a legal existence to prove its entire inability to maintain its ground. The principle is the subject of a fierce controversy. Experience shows that the bad principle does not bear much fruit, and men console themselves with the reflection that it cannot do much injury."

N. O. Crescent.

The Power of Prayer.

Blessed Jesus, it is thou who hast unlocked to thy people the gates of prayer. Without thee they must have been shut for ever. It was thy atoning merit on earth that first opened them; it is thy intercessory work in heaven that keeps them open still.

How unlimited the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." John xiv: 13. It is the pledge of all that the needy sinner requires, all that an omnipotent Saviour can bestow. As the great steward of the mysteries of grace, he seems to say to his faithful servants, "Take thy bill, and under this, my supererogation, write what you please." And then, when the blank is filled up, he further endorses each petition with the words, "I will do it."

He further encourages us to ask "in his name." In the case of an earthly petitioner, there are some pleas more influential in obtaining a boon than others. Jesus speaks of this as forming a key to the heart of God. "As David loved the helpless cripple of Paul's house 'for Jonathan's sake,' so will the Father, by virtue of our covenant relationship to the true JONATHAN—'the gift of God,'—d-light in giving us even 'exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.'"

Reader, do you know the blessedness of confiding your every want and every care, your every sorrow and every cross, into the ear of the Saviour? He is the "Wonderful, the Counsellor." With an exquisitely tender sympathy, he can enter into the innermost depths of your need. That need may be great but the availing arms are underneath it all. Think of him now at this moment, the great angel of the covenant, with the censur fall of such incense, in which are placed your feeblest aspirations; your most burdened sighs, the odor breathing loud ascending with acceptance before the Father's throne. The answer may tarry; these your supplications may seem to be kept long on the wing, hovering around the mercy-seat. A gracious God sometimes sees it meet thus to test the faith and patience of his people. He delights to hear the music of their importunate pleadings, to see them undeterred by difficulties, unrepelled by apparent forgetfulness and neglect. But he will come at last; the pent-up fountain of love and mercy will at length burst out, the soothing accent will in his own good time be heard, "Be it unto thee according to thy word."

Value of Young Men to the Church.

By Rev. Dr. Fisher.

The strength of the young men is one of the richest treasures of power the Church possesses. Her old men may be rich in Christian experience; rich in large material resources, and rich in the priceless wealth of a truly benevolent heart; but it is her young men and her sons that are reaching up to the prime of manhood, who mainly embody the enterprise and the spirit that it is to bear the Gospel of Christ through all the channels, along which flows the mighty stream of humanity, of home and abroad. That very enterprise, that youthful ardor, that courage and that power of ripe manhood, declare the nature of their mission, as truly as if Jesus was heard saying to their possessors: "Run, speak to this young man; run to proclaim the tidings of my grace far and wide; run to instruct the ignorant, to reform the vicious, to recall the wandering, to lift up the depending, and guide the anxious sinner to the cross."

The young man who imagines that he is redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and yet feels and cherishes no sense of obligation to use his powers so as to advance the cause of religion, is but a withered branch of this heavenly vine, on which no clustering foliage gathers, and no fruits of heavenly beneficence ripen for glory. If angels run to minister to men, how ought the redeemed to run on missions of mercy to their fellowmen! For what are Christian young men strong, if not to serve as missionaries of the cross and ministers of Him, who for their sakes endured the agonies of Calvary? That strength, that animation, that courage, that buoyant energy will soon decline. It is a talent given but for a season, and if you use it not for Christ within that season, the passage of time will bear it from you forever. Then, as you stand on the other side of life's meridian, the consciousness of neglected opportunities, and wasted powers will oppress your heart. Then, when at length you come to judgment, and you are challenged to account for all the strength of your early and ripened manhood,

you will carry in your heart, not the blessed fruits of the seed you have sown and reaped—not the memories of sinners saved and ignorance enlightened—not the deeds of heavenly love, which have ministered benedictions wide as heaven to the souls of the miserable—but the ashes of burnt out passions, the withered stalk of a fruitless branch, the memory of neglected opportunities, and souls lost forever.

The Wonder of Wonders.

The redemption of sinners by Jesus Christ is the greatest wonder known to angels or men. Not that there is any lack of marvels in the natural or spiritual world. For it is strange that in a world like ours, where there are so few good people, there should yet be so many who desire to be reputed so. It is missing that many now glory in what they will forever be ashamed of, and now laugh at what they will eternally weep over. It is a wonder that he, who is so holy that the heavens are not clean in his sight, and so just that he would destroy a universe rather than do an act which expressed approval of sin, should yet show such patience, and such long-suffering towards sinners. It is a wonder that after God has given us his holy word to show that under all dispensations he has required a pure, simple, spiritual service and worship, there yet should be found so many who think that he will be pleased with names and forms, and words, and pomps. It is very strange that he who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, should again even for a day seek his happiness in things that perish. It is a wonder that they who forget God when they are young and prosperous, should not be afraid that God will forget them when they shall be bowed down with age and adversity. And sinners who shall perish under the sound of the gospel, shall forever wonder how they could resist such love and mercy, such wisdom and faithfulness as are there displayed, and such calls as united authority and tenderness as sound forth from Zion. But great as these wonders are, it is far more wonderful still that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life, and gave him not only to be incarnate, but to die upon the cross. A celebrated Unitarian, speaking of the orthodox view of the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, speaks of the cross as the central galleys of the universe. Call it what you may, heap odious epithets upon it till the vocabulary of abuse shall be exhausted, the cross is still the point where the attributes of Jehovah meet, and harmonize, and issue in the sinner's salvation; so that Paul was but one of countless millions who have lived and died in the belief, not merely that the doctrine and example of Christ were good, but that the cross was the crowning glory of the gospel. Our Saviour is truly the matchless One. Himself was the wonderful. His humiliation was wonderful. Lord of all, he had not where to lay his head. King of kings, he paid tribute to Caesar. With twelve legions of angels at his command, he meekly permitted the nails to be driven into his hands and feet. He did not hide his face from spitting, yet the sun refused to behold his sorrow.

To be a Christian is to be in Christ, to walk in him, to abide in him, to look to him, and to glory in him. And eminence in Christian life consists not in much talking, much show much boasting, much dejection and despondency, or the contrary. It consists very much in clinging to the doctrine of Christ crucified, in having Christ's word dwelling in us richly in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, in setting the Lord Jesus Christ always before us, in closely following Christ's example, in doing and suffering Christ's will, in earnestly and habitually seeking Christ's glory, in joyfully denying ourselves for Christ's sake, in promptly putting Christ's claims above all others, in seeking to be ever found in Christ, in having his righteousness, not our own, in being filled with his Spirit, in earnest longings for his appearance and glory; and in being closely conformed to his image. If, as our religious feelings rise, we lose sight of Christ, his grace and his cross, we may rest assured there is something wrong. Exultation is lawful only when he glorieth, glorify in the Lord. Jesus Christ is all in all in God's plan. To make him less in our own mind is to incur God's most terrible wrath.—An eminence obtained without Christ will but make one's overthrow the more fearful. And now, dear reader, the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Medical use of Salt.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholera, and a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed—it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall, &c.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water; if sufficient sensibility remains to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense return; when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In swollen neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in food at a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used much.