

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

J. J. JAMES, Editor.

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

G. HEREDITH & Co., Proprietors

VOLUME XX. NO. 7.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1855

{ WHOLE NO. 1230

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

A Religious and Literary Paper:

Published weekly at Raleigh, N. C., at \$2 00 per annum, payable in advance.

All letters on business should be directed to G. MERRITH & Co., Raleigh, N. C.

All letters containing communications, or in any way relating to the editorial department, should be addressed to Rev. J. J. JAMES, or "Editor of the Biblical Recorder."

All communications, to insure attention, must be directed to Raleigh, N. C. — post-paid.

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For the Recorder.

A Call to the Unconverted.

Stop but for a moment, fellow mortal, and let us reason together. You are now on the stream of time—gentle breezes, it may be, are wafting you smoothly onward, whilst ever and anon you pass beautiful flowers and shady groves that grow upon the banks. Sometimes you are delighted with the sweet songs of birds, and with the aromatic fragrance of flowers wafted by gentle zephyrs. And above, the sun shines so beautiful, and far in the distance—new scenes of enchanting beauty loom up before you; and onward you glide with a buoyant heart and a cheerful countenance. Oh how beautiful are these things! How charming to the sense! What a fair prospect for a long and prosperous voyage!

But let me tell you these things are transitory. Dark clouds may suddenly arise; fierce winds howl and shriek around you; the storm lashed—waves run high; the deep-toned thunders roll; and the vivid lightning leap and blaze and play around your head! The angry waves may threaten to engulf you; the gaping whirlpool open to swallow you up; and the mighty rocks stand ready to strand your bark! What will you do when these calamities overtake you? Have you an unerring chart on board, by which to direct your course in these dark and stormy times. Have you a faithful pilot, who can seize the helm and direct your foundering bark into some haven of rest, where in safety you can outride the storm? If you have not let me persuade you to procure them. Would you have the best of charts? Then take the Bible. Would you have the best of pilots? Then take Jesus Christ.

Now whilst you have "a convenient season," whilst reason holds her place in your mind; whilst you are possessed of health and strength; and before the troubles and storms of life overtake you, let me earnestly and affectionately pray and beseech you to "remember your Creator."

Consider how kind God has been to you. He has placed you here, in a sphere exactly suited to your residence. The earth is spread out before you. For you it is diversified with mountain, hill and dale; for you the mountains raise their towering peaks amidst the clouds; for you the rivers flow through fertile plains; for you the ocean rolls its waters from "clime to clime; for you the trees put on their livery of green; for you the flowers bloom and shed their fragrances on the morning air; for you the dews distill at night and sparkle in the morning sun; for you the gentle showers descend and cause the earth to bring forth herb, tree and flower; for you the golden harvest bends its head to the sickle! Oh what kindness! Will you not remember such a beneficent Creator as this? Will you not let the "goodness of God lead you to repentance?" Oh seek God "while he may be found;" and "call ye upon him while he is near."

But God has done still more than this for you. Your soul, without redemption, must forever perish. Man was lost and ruined in sin. "There was no eye to pity, and no arm to save." It would have been but just to have left him in this deplorable condition; but God, who is rich in mercy, and whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, provided a way for his redemption. Oh what a mighty sacrifice it cost to redeem poor, sinful man! Oh what love moved the maker of heaven and earth to give his only son to die for sinners! What news to a sinful world—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish; but have everlasting life." Think how much God loved this sinful world—think how much Jesus suffered, to save your soul, O man, if you will but receive salvation at his hands!

Consider how much Jesus suffered for you, "before you drew your breath." See the Maker of heaven and earth—the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, cradled in a manger; see him "dispised and rejected of men; a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief;" see him in the garden of Gethsemane, prostrate upon the cold, damp earth, writhing in agony, whilst He sweat it was great drops of blood—"see him before his false accusers, and behold him, though innocent, condemned to die; see the crown of thorns, the purple robe, and the knee of derision bowed in mockery before him; see him led away to Calvary bearing his own cross; see that cross taken from his shoulders, laid upon the ground and the sufferer laid upon it; see His hands and feet extended, and the nails driven, one by one through them; see the cross raised on high; see the Saviour of sinners hanging upon the tree, whilst above the smiles of His Father's face are hid, and all around is a concourse of cruel enemies, save a few faithful disciples standing "afar off;" hear Him in deep anguish of soul exclaim, "my God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Once more hear him cry—"It is finished;" and then see Him bow his head and give up the ghost! His body is now taken down and laid in the sepulchre, and a Roman guard placed around it. Morning and evening their banished spears glisten in the sun; but when the third day rolls round,

and the angels of the Lord comes down, they are like so many dead men. Jesus bursts the bands of death, leads captivity captive and rises from the dead. For forty days he comforts his disconsolate disciples, and then from Mount Olivet ascends to heaven, there to intercede for us.

Oh, how much Jesus suffered, that poor wretched and unworthy sinner, just such, O man, as you and I, might be saved! O! will you seek such a Saviour as this? Will you have a crucified, risen and ascended, Saviour to be your believer? Methinks it is not in your heart to refuse. Even now, methinks, your eye is moistened with the rising tear; even now your heart begins to feel—even now you begin to fall out with yourself for not seeking this Jesus sooner. Oh, do not suppress the rising emotions of your heart; dry not the moistened eyes; nor restrain the heaving sigh. "His Jesus calls: Well you hear his kind voice? 'Son, daughter give me thy heart!' O what tender calls! 'Never man spoke like this man.' O can't you yield now? Don't your heart prompt you to pray?—'O Jesus, have mercy upon a poor sinner!' O begin to pray now. To-morrow may be too late.

Consider the many calls you have had. How many they have been! Where shall we begin to reckon them up? All day long, through all your life, to the present moment, God has been stretching out His hands to you. He has sent His Holy Spirit into the world, and time after time it has knocked at the door of your heart.

Have you forgotten that night when sleep fled from you? In vain you tried to compose yourself to slumber. Your thoughts in spite of all your endeavors run upon eternity and the judgment to come. You thought of the solemn hour of death, when weeping friends and kindred must bid the last, long farewell, and your soul stand before the Judge of all the earth. You thought of all the sins you had ever committed. Oh what a miserable night! That night you resolved to seek the Lord—that night you attend a prayer to heaven. It was the Holy Spirit calling you to repentance. But alas! with returning day—you forget all your promises and resolves, and still you are not saved.

And then the providences of God have so often called you to repentance. Do you remember that time when sickness laid its hand upon you? You were laid low upon the couch of affliction. Almost you stood face to face with death. How cold and dark and dreary did the grave look then! Have you forgotten the promises you made to God in that hour of anguish? You promised if He would but raise you up to life again that you would serve Him. Your life was spared. But alas! with returning health you forgot all your promises. And now, God is not in all your thoughts.

Have you forgotten the time when that loved one was taken from you? Have you forgotten the day when you stood around the open grave? The coffin was brought—the last farewell look at the now cold face was taken—the coffin was lowered to its final resting place—the cold sods of the valley were thrown in! Oh the cold, chilling, shuddering sound as they fell upon the hollow wood! O don't it still ring in your ears? It was a call to you from the very bosom of the earth; Have you forgotten the rising sigh, the heaving bosom, and the warm tears that fell from your eyes on that grave? All these were calls to you, to seek the Lord. And still you are not saved.

The people of God have called you from time to time to repentance. How affectionately they have wept over you! How earnestly they have wrestled in prayer for you! Their prayers and sighs and heart yearnings for you have gone up to heaven time after time, and there registered against you. And if you die unconverted, will sink you deeper in hell!

And then the Minister of Jesus have come to you time after time and earnestly called you to repentance. They have bid adieu to the honors and wealth of earth; severed the tender ties that bound them to home and friends and kindred and gone forth amidst gain-sayings and persecutions, to labor for your salvation.

Oh how earnestly have they warned you to flee from the wrath to come! Almost, if I may so speak, they have drawn aside the veil and introduced you to the miseries of the damned. Almost you have seen the writhings of the lost amidst the flames of Jehovah's wrath—almost you have seen the lurid lightnings playing amidst the awful thundering of eternal ruin—almost you have heard the clankings of the chains with which the damned spirits are bound—almost you have heard the deep-toned "wo is me," wo is me, echo and re-echo through the dreary caverns of the dark damnation! And still you are not saved.

On the other hand, how earnestly and affectionately have they persuaded you to come to Christ. Almost they have taken aside the curtain, and introduced you to the joys of heaven. Almost you have seen the regions of eternal bliss and joy; almost you have seen the spirits of the just made perfect; almost you have seen the robes of spotless white they wear; almost you have seen the palms of victory they bear; almost you have seen the crowns of glory with which they are crowned; almost you have seen the river of life in which they bathe; almost you have seen the tree of life, and almost you have heard the loud "hallelujah to the lamb forever and ever!" And still you are not saved. Once more consider the fearful condition in which you this moment stand. The Bible says "he that believeth not is condemned already." Already damned! Snare but the brittle thread of life, and your soul must make the awful plunge. Down, down, striking from rock to rock, until it lands in the fiery gulph below; whilst the cry of "I'm lost, I'm lost" will echo from rock to rock, and from precipice to precipice, but not in mercy's ear! There is that awful lake to burn for millions and millions of ages; whilst the smoke of your torment will rise up forever and ever, and on each black curl-methinks will be written, in letters of flaming fire, "forever damned!" And now I add one more call to all you who have had. Ob, let me earnestly pray you to turn now and seek the Lord. Don't wait for to-morrow's sun, if the Lord. Don't wait for to-morrow's sun, if the Lord. Don't wait for to-morrow's sun, if the Lord. Don't wait for to-morrow's sun, if the Lord. Don't wait for to-morrow's sun, if the Lord.

Now the Father calls; now Jesus says come; now the Holy Spirit woo; now, the people of God are ready to receive you; now angels are waiting to say, "Behold, he prayeth;" now devils are trembling lest you heed mercy's call! O can't you begin now? Can't you let go the earth now? Can't you pray now? O for God's sake begin now; for your Redeemer's sake begin now! By all you hold sacred in time or eternity, let me pray you to begin now! Cast yourself upon the mercy of God, go to Him in Jesus' name, resolve never to give up! O may the God of heaven and earth, for Jesus' sake help you to come! May He draw you by the influence of His Holy Spirit! And O, may you and I at last meet in heaven, in my humble prayer.
THOS. LANSDALE.
Scuppernon, Jan., 1855.

For the Recorder.

WALK FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.,
Euclidian Hall, Feb. 3d, 1855.

WHEREAS, In the inscrutable dispensations of a Wise Providence, it has seemed good in His sight to close the earthly career of one who was knit to us by all the ties of membership: whose active loyalty and amiable character ranked him among the Society's best and noblest sons, whose kindly ways and genial heart won for him, whether soever he went, friends, whose love was passing that of the world.

Therefore Resolved, That in the death of Dr. W. T. M. Outlaw, we have sustained a loss which fills us with sorrow, and that with his afflicted relatives and friends, we most unreservedly sympathize.

Resolved, That, as one of the founders of our Society, whose youthful energies were consecrated to advancement, whose after life has been marked by an affectionate interest in our welfare, and whose character and attainments shed a lustre upon our body, his name is invested with a peculiar interest to us and that we cherish his memory with brotherly devotion.

Resolved, That, as a man, he walked blameless—a gentleman and a christian, seeking no man's hurt, living for eternity.

Resolved, That we enter upon our records a testimonial of our grief.

Resolved, That we send these Resolutions to the Biblical Recorder, and request the Spirit of the Age, Raleigh Register and Tennessee Baptist to copy.

A. J. EMERSON,
J. D. BUSHALL, } Com.
R. C. BROTHER,

The Law of Forgiveness.

Our Saviour has taught us to pray—"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;" and he added this significant comment, "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Math. 6: 12, 14, 15. There is not a precept in the Bible which runs more strongly against the depraved disposition of men, than this; and therefore there can be no clearer evidence of piety, than the cheerful readiness to forgive injuries. This subject is one of the greatest practical importance, not only because of its intimate connection with the peace and the growth of the church, but because an unforgiving disposition excludes us from a throne of grace; and if there be piety in the heart where it is tolerated, it withers at its touch.

There are two classes of cases to which the law of forgiveness extends. 1. There are cases in which persons designedly injure others, and when remonstrated with, make no acknowledgements, profess no repentance, but perhaps add injury to injury. We are not required to place the same confidence in such persons as in others, nor to feel the same complacency towards them; for to do so would be impossible and even wrong. But we are forbidden to entertain towards them vindictive feelings, or to indulge a disposition to do them injury, by word or deed. Nay more—we are required to cherish towards them feelings of benevolence, and, as opportunity offers, to do them good. "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven." Such is the teaching of our Saviour; and when hanging on the cross he gave a most affecting illustration of it.

"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." The same heaven born spirit, was manifested by Stephen, as the enraged Jews were stoning him to death; "And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Paul inculcates the same spirit—"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written—Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." He who undertakes to avenge himself, impiously steps into the place of God, and forfeits the Divine protection. Watch your spirit and your language, Christian, with regard to those who have injured you, and who refuse to make any reparation. Do not inflict on yourself a greater injury, because they have wronged you.—Forgive; return good for evil.

2. There are cases in which persons injure others; but on calm reflection, or when reasoned with, confess their sin, and profess repentance. In such cases, the gospel requires a hearty forgiveness, and that the offender be henceforth treated as a friend, and if he be a Christian, as a brother. When God forgives a penitent sinner, he receives him into favor; and the apostle Paul says—"Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." Even though a brother may have offended repeatedly, still on his profession of his repentance, he must be forgiven. On a certain occasion, Peter asked Jesus, "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? seven times?" Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven. And then he spake a parable most strongly enforcing the duty of forgiveness; if we expect forgiveness of God. Read it in Matt. 18: 21-34. We sometimes hear persons say,—"I can forgive, but I cannot forget." Doubtless they desire themselves. If such language means anything, it means—that while professing to forgive, they retain unkind feelings towards the offending brother. They really do not forgive at all.

The law of forgiveness requires us to go still further. If a brother has injured us, we are required to go to him alone, and tell him of his fault, and try to bring him to repentance. "Moreover if thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established." If at any stage of this process, the brother professes repentance, we must cordially forgive him. It is not until the three means here prescribed have failed, that we can treat him otherwise than as a brother. And even then he must be forgiven in the sense just explained. That is we are to cherish towards him feelings of benevolence, and, as opportunity offers, do him good. Christian reader, the honor of religion, the peace and prosperity of the church, as well as your own spiritual interests, require that these directions of our Saviour be sacredly observed. If professing Christians were accustomed to regard them, nine out of every ten cases of difficulty between members of the church would be privately and kindly settled; and many churches that are withering and dying under the curse of such difficulties, would prosper. The gospel law is humbling to the proud heart; but those who will not submit to it cheerfully, ought not to call themselves Christians.—Presbyterian of the West.

Final Perseverance.

The difficulties which beset the doctrine which denies the Perseverance of Saints, are certainly of the most formidable character. As one has well observed. Let us try to conceive that a man should be a child of God to-day, and a child of hell to-morrow. That his name should be written in the book of life this week, and blotted out the next; then re-written, and again expunged, till the scarr'd page, it may be, is blurred from top to bottom, looks in the highest degree improbable. That a man should by faith be incorporated into the body of Christ as a living member, and then be wholly and incurably cut off, exceeds all bounds of reasonable belief.—Christ, the Head, will not suffer his own limbs to be torn from him, and his mystical body to be maimed, mangled, and curtailed of its fair proportions, to all eternity. That the Devil should be able to pluck one of Christ's own sheep out of his hands, and thus insult, and rob, and triumph over the Great Shepherd, is an abhorrent thought. That angels should rejoice over a penitent, who shall yet deeply disappoint and mortify them by his apostasy, is to paint them in a very precarious haven.

Such suppositions are inadmissible.—While we know that a sincere child of God may be surprised and overcome by temptation, and fall far and foully from grace received, we cannot believe that he may cut himself and woe; yet a professor of the highest character, and most saint-like seeming were to become an open opostate, it could not prove that he had fallen from grace, but only that he had never had any true grace to fall from. No matter how loud and positive his assertions and professions may have been, it is comparably more reasonable, to believe that he was utterly deceived as to his spiritual estate, than to suffer his example to make us think meanly of God's work of grace in the soul, or lower our estimate of the sufficiency of the promises and faithfulness of the Most High.—Christian Advocate.

The Title Pilate Wrote.

There hangs the bleeding, dying Saviour! According to custom, a title, or an inscription is to hang up over the sufferer, to announce the crime for which he suffers. And Pilate is to write it.

He was in a fit state of mind to write something. He never seized the pen more promptly and earnestly than now. The malicious and impetuous Jews had urged him on to a crime at which his own sense of justice revolted. He had been overborne by their clamor, and gave up Jesus to die, and he was now smarting under a sense of the wrong he had done; and this self-reproach was mingled with the deepest contempt of, and hatred towards, those who had urged him to do the deed.

Yes, he will drive the pen; but it shall be dipped in the gall of his own hate for the Jews. He'll write a Title. His turn, has come. In letters of fire shall they find it; fire to inflame them with indignation and fill them with shame.

He takes the pen. Who knows what he will write? And, if he follows the now bitter excitement of his mind, what will he write?

The pen moves, and the words appear,—"Jesus of Nazareth." Thus far, no objection. The Jew has nothing to say. But the pen moves on. The heart, stung with self-reproach, will now sting its seducers. Pilate will finish that sentence. He will give a poisoned point to the before harmless arrow. The smitten is now the smiter; and the pen moves:—"The King of the Jews." Never gleamed there on Jewish eyes words to awaken such burning scorn and indignation. The writer, Pilate, meant the arrow should not miss its mark. And it did not. It was as if Pilate had said, "Yes, there is your King—that poor, forsaken, bleeding, dying malefactor—he is your King—worthy King for such a contemptible people."

That he has not failed of his purpose to make the inscription an occasion of contempt to the Jews, is seen in the fact, that at once the Chief Priests of the Jews raised their voices against such an inscription, saying to the writer, "Write not, the King of the Jews, but that he said, I am King of the Jews." But not a word will be altered.—Now a letter. Vacillation is over with Pilate.—Now his will is iron. Exulting, beyond question, that he could thus avenge himself, he will not touch a word. It is just the thing to pour contempt upon the hated nation. "What I have written I have written," is a response that shows the adamantine purpose of the Roman Governor.

To Pilate there was no truth in the inscription he wrote. It was the last of his thoughts, that there hung the King of the Jews. Yet never leaped there from human pen a more precious and glorious truth. He wrote in bitter and malicious irony and sarcasm; yet gave forth a doctrine in which all heaven rejoices, and in which all earth shall yet harmonize with heaven. Pilate writes—never moved a human pen more freely. Just what the Roman Governor

chose, he wrote. But was he not the panman of infinite wisdom? In executing his own spite and contempt for the Jews, did he not execute the purpose of God's external providence? Let him write! Write it in three languages, scribe of thine own wicked heart, yet scribe of the Infinite! but in the wisdom of the Most High shalt thou write it. Set it high upon the Cross; and God himself shall lift it higher. For all the world shall read it; and all the world shall thus be taught that the invisible Being moves, at his will, the complicated web of human affairs, and never fails to make the wrath of man to praise him.—Puritan Recorder.

From the American Messenger.

The First Prayer in the Family.

On the banks of H— resided an interesting family consisting of father and mother, two sons, and three daughters. It was a beautiful spot; the mansion was spacious and elegant; the grounds around it were ample and tastefully laid out. Every thing without was enchanting, every thing within was pleasant.

The church in that place was visited with an extensive work of grace, in the progress of which there is reason to believe that not less than two hundred were added to the Lord.—After the work had commenced, the two eldest daughters, who had been hopefully converted at a boarding-school a few years before, were much exercised in mind about their parents, especially their father. He was a sedate man, had given his whole heart to the world. Being in easy circumstances, he had leisure for reflection. His daughters were affected to think that there was no family altar in that house.—They conversed and prayed together on the subject.

One evening, as the family were gathered around a cheerful fire, they expressed their feelings, and proposed to their father to set up family prayer. He was taken by surprise, but gave his consent. One of them immediately opened the large Bible and read a chapter, the other led in prayer; it was a solemn time.—This was the first prayer offered in the family. The effect was great. There was but little sleep in that house that night. The father was powerfully awakened; for several days he was borne down with a sense of his sins; he was at length brought to the feet of Jesus. Salvation came to that house. Several of the family were hopefully brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Great results were connected with that first prayer in the family. How interesting when children become instruments of good to their parents. Here is encouragement for all to be faithful. We are told that "he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

Wieliff—the Bible.

Fuller, in his Church History of Britain, tells how the bones of Wieliff were burnt to ashes, and then cast "into the Swift, a neighboring brook, running hard by. Thus speaks, (that voice which walks upon the wind, though seldom heard by busy human kind), "As thou these ashes, little brook, will bear, into the Avon, Avon to the tide Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas, Into the main ocean they, that deed accurst An emblem yields to friends and enemies How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed."

In allusion to the above extract from Fuller, one remarks: "I will not call it conceit: it is one of the grandest conceptions I ever met with. One feels the ashes of Wieliff gliding away out of the reach of Summers, commissaries, officials, proctors, doctors, and all the pudering rout of the executors of the impotent rage of the baffled council—into the main ocean, where they became an emblem of the doctrine dispersed all the world over."

Let thy Word prevail, O! let thy Word prevail to take away The sting of human nature. Spread the law As it is written in thy Holy Book. Throughout all land; let every nation hear The high behest, and every heart obey. WORDSWORTH.

From the Mothers Assistant.

"Now or Never."

"BY REV. WM. M. THAYER."
"Now or never!" exclaimed an old divine as he was discoursing with a mother about her fractious boy. There was a weight of meaning in the words. His keen glance saw the spirit of the unconquered youth, and he trembled for his welfare. He felt that his stubborn will must be subdued without the delay of a single moment. The crisis in history had come. The turning point of character was reached. Another day—and his destiny might be sealed. Unsubdued to day—and his haughty spirit might defy all restraint in future. Surely the sage adviser was correct—there was no time to lose—it was "now or never."

An excellent writer says, "You may bend the sappling, but you cannot bend the oak.—You may mould the clay, but you cannot mould the pottery. Your seed will germinate if cast into the genial lap of Spring, but it will get no sustenance from the ruddy bosom of Winter." If there be a crisis-period in the growth of the sappling, a favorable state of pliancy in the moistened clay, and a season specially adapted to the sowing of seed, then there is a time more auspicious than all others for moulding and deciding the character. At the present moment we may have reached it. The scales may be about to turn. The weight of a feather may send up the beam. A single correction, one word of authority, one thoughtfully executed command, may set the seal of unsullied virtue

upon the soil. The saving act must be performed, "now or never."

Parents profess to believe this truth, and yet it is difficult fully to appreciate it. Let us endeavour to revolve it as a matter of great practical importance.

The Little Travelers.

Do you ever think, children, how great a blessing it is to live in a civilized land, among Christian people? When you look out upon the fine road which passes your door, have you ever thought what it would be to live far away in a Western forest, with nothing but an Indian trail through the dense woods?

I have been reading several letters from missionaries among the North-western Indians, and have thought you would be interested in hearing something of the children of one of their families. I have seen some of the older children, about whom I am going to tell you, and have for many years been acquainted with their parents.

When these people first went among the Indians to instruct them in the arts of civilization, and to preach to them salvation through Christ, it required three months to go from Cleveland, Ohio, to their forest home. They experienced many hardships on their journey. Sometimes they traveled in one way, sometimes in another. Often they were obliged to walk, and at times when the ground was so marshy that they sunk up to their boot-tops. The ladies, particularly, found it exceedingly wearisome to pursue their way through all these difficulties, for they had been unaccustomed to such hardships. But they were willing to endure it all, that they might teach the heathen about Jesus. The woods through which they journeyed were infested with mosquitoes, which added greatly to their sufferings. I heard a gentleman who had traveled over this route, say that he was so troubled by them, that one day he hid himself under a canoe to escape from them, but even there they found him and made him very uncomfortable. Little Susan was carried in the arms of her friends much of the way. She was protected by a close sun-bonnet and veil; but these annoying insects, notwithstanding all that could be done to keep them off, so stung her that her hair was clogged with blood.

About a year ago Susan's mother died. She was from home, at a British settlement, where she had been taken to consult a physician.—When it was found she could live only a short time, a friend was sent for the children, as their mother was exceedingly anxious to see them once more before she died. But the journey was so long that she did not live till they arrived.

So soon as their mother had died, their father went to meet them. His heart overflowed with grief, and when he saw them he could not refrain from tears. They felt also that they should never again hear their mother's voice, or see her face looking in love upon them.—They too wept. Their father's first words to them were, "Your dear mother is in heaven." Soon they inquired, "If we are good children, and love God, shall we go to heaven and see mama?" It was a great consolation to them to be assured that, if they were good, they would be separated from her only for a short time, and would then live with her forever. The poor children had almost perished with cold in crossing "the plains," before their father met them. The ground was covered with snow, and the weather was severe.

The children remained among their new friends at the settlement till spring, and then their father started with them to some of the States. For a few days they were able to travel with a horse and sled. Then they changed their mode of conveyance, and for several days the children and the baggage were drawn by dogs. Dogs are much used in that part of the country in the winter. They are harnessed like horses, three on one sled or train, one before another. A dog train is an oak board, three eights of an inch thick, twelve or fifteen inches wide, and ten or twelve feet long. It is bent up in front, so as to run easily over logs and rough places. On these, whatever is drawn is secured by being firmly lashed. The children were fastened on in this way. They found it very fatiguing to be confined in one position; besides, the path being rough, the trains often turned over, and they were drawn in the snow. Their father traveled on foot, and was kept constantly busy, running from one train to another to see that they were right side up, and to place them so when they were not. They often suffered with cold while crossing those large plains where the winds have so free and wide a sweep, and frequently were obliged to continue their journey in the night, in order to find wood with which to kindle a fire.

After our travelers dispensed with the dog train, they embarked in a bark canoe. From that they changed to a row-boat, such as many of you have often seen; then a wagon; afterward to a steamboat; and last of all, to railroad. They were about three months making the journey, owing to various detentions from sickness. At one time they were obliged to wait for the opening of navigation; at another, some of the family were too ill to proceed on their way.

I have often thought of these children, and the privations to which they have been subjected, because of the devotion of their parents to a missionary life. I trust God will bless them, and prepare them for His service on earth, and a happy eternity in heaven. All Christians are not required to be missionaries, but there is enough for every one to do who has a heart to do good. "Sometimes people think they would like to go to the heathen, when they feel little inclination to benefit those about them. The poor, as our Saviour said, we have with us always, and whosoever we will, we may do them good. We can do much for the comfort and happiness of those immediately about us, and it should ever afford us pleasure to do so.

When we hear of the hardships to which even children are exposed in uncivilized countries, it should make us more grateful for the common blessings of life which we enjoy.—They are many of them no common, that we forget to thank God for them, unless, by being deprived of them for a time, we are taught their true value. In a season of drought, we learn to appreciate the blessing of rain. So,