

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

J. J. JAMES, Editor.

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THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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For the Recorder.

The Importance of being conformed to the Scriptural Standard of Christian Character.

2. This is a duty we owe to ourselves.

We owe it to our religious improvement.—

Whatever standard of christian character may be adopted by an individual, it is almost certain that he will fall below it. If for instance instead of taking the Bible standard, you look to some distinguished christian for religious feeling and action as a model, there is a probability you will fall below your standard; and if the individual whom you select should be deplorably lax in his conduct, and if your selection should be made with a view to keep your conscience quiet in a conformity to the world, it is still probable that you will be more lax than your exemplar. The reason is obvious when men choose any other standard than the perfect rule of duty proposed in the Bible: it is because the latter is too strict for them; hence arises the hundred anti-christian principles which we have to contend with. If then there is this tendency rather to fall below than to exceed our standard, surely it is due to our progress in religion, that that standard should be as high as possible. Then it is due to your religious comfort that you adopt the Bible as your guide, and not the tradition of man. The Bible is the only standard which God has ordained; and that, in allowing yourself to substitute another, is to disobey God's plain command. And is there nothing in this reflection that ought and must, if your conscience is not asleep, render you unhappy? when you must know you are looking away from Christ, who has set you an example that you might walk in his footsteps. By departing from him, you are shutting your eyes against the light of the sun, and hunting up false or deceptive lights to guide you in the path to Heaven.—Can you think of this, and not feel convinced both of infatuation and ingratitude. You attempt to serve two masters, and our blessed Saviour has told us we cannot succeed in this experiment; you try to bring down the claims of religion to meet the claims of the world; to establish a union between that which is impossible in the nature of things should exist.—If you think to find comfort in Religion under these circumstances, you will be deceived,—what comfort but to see that you are a backslider? So the case stands in attempting to lower the standard of christian duty; you increase the power of a corrupt inclination on the one hand and the sting of conscience on the other.

It is due to our religious influence that we adopt the Bible standard. One grand purpose for which Christ hath redeemed us by his blood, is that we may prove ourselves a peculiar people zealous of good works. This is one grand reason why he has called you into his kingdom, and why he has required you openly to profess your faith in him,—that you may exert an influence for the salvation of souls, and the glory of his name.

If you would do the most you could for the glory of God and his church, if you would act as becomes one who feels that he has been bought with a price, and that he owes every thing to redeeming grace, you will desire no other rule of conduct than that which the Bible has prescribed for you.

We say then you cannot depart from this high standard of duty, but at the hazard of setting at naught covenant vows, and contracting the most solemn set you ever performed into a farce. We repeat, you have professed to be a follower of Christ; and a follower of Christ you must be, or your profession will testify against you.

On the day of your public and solemn dedication of yourself to God, you entered into covenant with his people that you would endeavor by every means in your power to promote the cause of Christ: this engagement, let it be remembered, was made before heaven and earth; and the hour in which it was made, you yourself, we venture to say, now look back upon as an hour of the deepest interest in your whole life. This proves, that there was something which you regarded as very solemn in the vows you then made; in the covenant into which you entered with the church, that you would be fellow laborer with them into the kingdom of heaven. And we ask you how is

this pledge to be redeemed? I answer, in no other way than by a life of constant, active, devoted obedience. If you lower the standard of christian character, you cannot redeem it; then you are verily guilty of offending Christ's little ones; and Christ himself hath declared that it were better for a man, that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he should be drowned in the depths of the sea.

Again we owe this duty of being conformed to the Scripture standard of christian character, to the spirit of the age. It is impossible to compare the present with the past, without perceiving that the professed disciples of Christ are far more than formerly "a city set on a hill that cannot be hid." Many things in professors which were tolerated once, are now tolerated no longer; and many things which have been winked at even up to the present day, are rapidly passing to the list of forbidden indulgences. To instance one case; the Temperance reform is removing many, very many evils, at the present time; and I hope will continue to remove many more. There is a feeling diffused throughout the church of Christ that it must be so; and that if the Saviour is wounded in the house of his friends, his friends must lift up their voices against it.

There is a similar feeling on the part of the world; they in fact require more of us than they once did; that is, they expect more, and if they do not find it, they mark the deficiency. They are more eagle-eyed to discern inconsistencies than they once were, and many of them are more trumpet-mouthed or tongued to proclaim them. Professed christians then, in raising up to a higher standard of religious character only meet the claims of the age; we only do what the world requires of us.

We call upon the christian community to disarm the world of this plea of nonconformity to the christian standard; for fear they may meet you at the judgment bar, and say that you were a stumbling block in their way. On the contrary, do all that you can to allure them into the path to heaven; then shall your works follow you in peace to the bar of the living God, who is to judge the secrets of our hearts, and award to every man his just due.

W. R. JOHNSON.

(To be continued.)

Address of Rev. H. H. Tucker,

At the Anniversary of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, May 12th, 1855.

The following are the resolutions, on which the address was based.

On motion of Rev. H. H. Tucker, it was

Resolved, 1. That the claims of the past, of the present and of the future, of the Baptists, demand that there should be some adequate means provided for gathering and preserving the historical archives of the denomination.

Resolved, 2. That in view of the foundation already laid by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, for a denominational library, it is especially desirable that such a library in connection with the Depository, should be so extended as to embrace the object set forth in the foregoing resolution; thus accomplishing the purposes of a Historical Society, more effectually than a separate organization could do.

The matter introduced by these Resolutions, Mr. President, being somewhat foreign to the purposes for which this meeting is assembled, I may possibly on that account, in the disappointment of the audience, forfeit some degree of their sympathy. I hope nevertheless, to gain that sympathy, and to find ready and favorable access to the attention of those present, when I state that I make this movement, by the request of the Board of Managers of the Southern Baptist Publication Society. With this high and honorable endorsement, I take a step with confidence, which would otherwise be embarrassing.

I am not sure but that the movement I now set on foot, has already received even a higher sanction, than that to which I have referred.—It has received in advance, the sanction of a general public opinion. The want of such measures as are now proposed, has long been felt, by all the intelligent members of our Denomination. That desire long felt but not expressed, silently yet potently worked upon the feelings of those who entertained it. When recently it was for the first time at the South, publicly expressed by our Bro. Jos. S. Baker of Geo., his call was instantly caught up, and echoed and re-echoed until the land was filled with its reverberations. It is in answer to this many tongued call, that I stand before you.

The resolution affirms that the claims of the past demand such measures as are now proposed. Countless deeds of moral heroism have been achieved by Baptists,—glorious deeds, which are now within the reach of history, but which in another generation, if they are not rescued from oblivion now, will be beyond the memory and beyond the reach of man. It is due to those who have gone before us, that we should preserve the memory of their illustrious deeds. Their noblest monument is in their history. If we honor the ashes of our ancestors by rearing stones over the spot where they lie, shall we not honor the nobler part of their ash, by a monument correspondingly noble—the printed page—more durable and more worthy than marble or brass. Ours it must be a coldhearted man who would rise in this assembly and say that it is out of place to talk about the dead, and a consumption of time that ought to be devoted to other purposes.—Sir, I still talk about the dead,—about the noble army of martyrs—about the heroic men who embosomed the soil of old England with their blood, who in New England led even to the protection of America from before the scorpion whips of their persecutors, who in our own Southern land saw their property confiscated and who lingered in dungeons—for no other crime than that of being what we are—Baptists.

A very small part, comparatively of our history is written down, but what we can rescue

from oblivion it is our duty to rescue. The Baptists have a history. Some one, not of us, has been kind enough to say "the Baptists have a future." Aye and we feeling know that the Baptists have a past. For ages back we have a glorious history, but alas! for the most part it is unwritten. Unwritten did I say? Nay it is written in blood.—Not a spot in all Europe that is not stained with the crimson record.—Unwritten! Nay! it is written in heaven.—The blood of thousands and myriads of slaughtered Baptists has cried from the ground; the cry has found its way to the ear of the Lord God of Sabbath; the polyglot cry from many nations has been reduced to one language the language of Heaven, and recorded on its archives. But these heavenly archives are inaccessible to us now, and those blood-stained records are long since washed away. The negligence or inadvertence, or it may be in some cases the emergency of those who have gone before, has precluded us from the inestimable benefit, which would accrue, from the possession of the records of the past. Oh! what would we give for the history of the "woman" all the time she was "in the wilderness!" Of what priceless value to us, would be the history of our spiritual ancestors for eighteen hundred years! Suppose that by a peculiar contribution, we could secure the ecclesiastical history entire, of the last 500 years, or what would be more valuable, the history of the first 500 years of the Christian Era. What a stupendous contribution could be raised in a fortnight! How gladly would I give my last dollar—though my earthly all is but a mite,—how joyfully would I strip myself of the last iota of my worldly possessions, if by so doing I could secure to the Baptists and to the world, the history of 500 years!

I said that the past demands from us a record of its deeds. It does. This demand is not on our posterity, but on us. The past, where is it? We are nearer to it, than any who come after us can be. Consequently there is much that we can reach, that they cannot.—So now is the time, and we are the people to whom the voice of the past, like the rushing of many waters, calls out as the angel did to John on Patmos, "Write!"

It is not merely for the sake of honoring the illustrious dead, that the records of the past should be collected and preserved,—much less for the sake of gratifying a mere curiosity at present. No! we propose nobler ends than these. It is not that we would honor men, but that we would promote the cause of truth.—Our object is practical, utilitarian, and demanded by the wants of the age. Facts are the weapons with which Baptists fight. We would establish an armory for the collection and preservation of these potent weapons. Facts, facts, facts! let us have a great arsenal where we can repair in time of need, to borrow their tremendous and their death-dealing lightning. Oh, if we only had all the facts of the last 500 years, of what use they would be to us in our denominational conflicts. How many an argument, this kind of artillery would silence.—How many a gun, now doing fearful execution against us, the Genius of history would silence!

Mr. President, I sometimes wish that I had the power of the painter. I covet the gifts of the artist. If I had them I would delineate on the canvas the representation of a man, chained to a stake—and of another man piling faggots around him, and kindling the fire! The man at the stake, is charged with no crime but that of being a Baptist; and the man kindling the fire is one of those who cry out "bigotry! bigotry!" whenever the name of Baptist is mentioned—that honored name, first applied to the forerunner of the Son of God. Under this picture, I would write the words, "who is the bigot?" I would then paint another picture, of a man looking through the grated window of his dungeon cell, and another on the outside, looking in. "Sir, the man inside is what you and I are; and the turkey;—oh he is one of those who piously exclaim against "bigotry." To complete my picture, I think I would make the features of him within the window, somewhat familiar. I would copy from the frontispiece of an old book familiar to us all. I would give a lofty and spacious brow, an expression majestic yet benignant, a bearing noble yet meek, the commingled qualities of the eagle and the dove; I would paint a likeness that any one would recognize, of the author of Pilgrim's Progress! And the turkey? I would make him a sleek looking gentleman, well fed and rotund, yet the embodiment of sanctimonious dignity,—duly wigged—and arranged in surplice and gown,—a ring on his finger,—and in his hand the book containing what is yeelp, *our valante*, "OUR INCOMPARABLE LITURGY!"

On his face should smirch an expression of self-righteous complacency sublimely mingled with the devout and demure. And oh! that nobler face within the window, seen only between its iron bars,—with another touch of my pencil I would fling on it an expression like that which we may suppose our Saviour wore when he said "Father forgive them!" Under this picture too I would write "who is the bigot?"

I would add to my collection, a third picture representing a street in the city of Boston, and in its midst a stake and a man with shoulders bare, chained to it, while another stands by with brazen arm and applies the lash! The tortured victim is Obadiah Holman—a Baptist, and he whose nety axhilted itself in the use of the scourge,—perhaps some of his friends are present.—I will spare them the mention of his ecclesiastical relations. Under this picture I would write "who is the bigot?"

Sir, history presents us with thousands of such pictures as these. I claim no credit for originality of the conception; it is furnished to my hand by the facts of the past. Let us keep these pictures before the people, and they will do much to silence those slanders, which ignorance and prejudice have circulated against us. They may lead some to see, that charges of illiberality against us, some with an ill grace from some at least, of those who make them.—Now that we are strong and powerful, they say to us so lovingly, "Oh! brother why will you not commune with us?" Let them but be introduced to the picture gallery, and they will be reminded, that only a few years ago, their language to us was, "Walk into the fire sir." And it might be added that almost wherever they have the power they exhibit more or less

of the same spirit to the present day. The condition of many of our Baptist brethren in Europe at this very hour, is not a mere matter of paint and canvas. Would God it were!

Perhaps such representations as I have referred to, might lead some to enquire what are the crimes for which we have been so indignantly punished. On enquiry it will be found that they are these: 1st. That baptism is the first duty of a believer of Jesus; 2nd. That the Lord's Supper should be received only by those who have been thus baptized; 3d. That the Greek word *BAPTIZO* means only to immerse; and 4th. That all men have a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences unmolested. Our consistent adherence to these things, constitutes the only charge so far as I know, or ever have heard, or read, for which we are justly held responsible. Oh! let the facts of the past be known, and our last battle will soon be fought, and that peace for which we sigh, will soon be attained.

I have said that the past and the present demand us the establishment of some great garner house, where the treasures of history may be gathered together and preserved. But the loudest call is from the future. There will never be a moment, from now till the end of time, when the facts of history will not be needed; and never a time, as already said, when they will be more easily obtained than now. Truth is always useful. Aside from that which is revealed there is no truth more valuable than historical truth. Indeed the Scriptures themselves consist to a very great extent, of this very kind of truth. What is the Pentateuch but a history? What are the books of Joshua, Judges and Ruth, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther? All history! And what are the books of Matthew and Mark and Luke and John, and above all the book of Acts? History. Our own reason and experience teach us the value of history, but even if they did not, God teaches us its value, in the fact that He has made the greater part of his Book to consist of it.

As already said, there are certain facts in the past, which we can reach and which posterity cannot. Our very position, then, is evidence that we are called in the Providence of God, to reach back after those facts, and hand them down to the generation following. If we fail to do it, we are defrauding posterity,—cheating our unborn sons of a just inheritance. Not only so, but we are depriving the cause of truth and righteousness, of all the aid which it might receive from such a source.

Besides this, facts are transpiring around us every day, which we think are of little moment, and which are so accessible to us, that we suppose them to be equally so to others. We forget that these things are ephemeral, and that without their preservation, all traces of them will in a few years be swept away. These things may be of little use to us, but who can tell of what use they may be to those who will occupy our places, a dozen or twenty, or fifty, or a hundred generations hence. In the physical world, the apparent size of an object, diminishes in proportion to its remoteness from the eye of the beholder. Sir, in history the reverse is the case. How many events, transpired immediately after the Apostolic age, which to those who witnessed them, appeared unimportant and minute, but as those events receded into the past, their importance and magnitude increased, until now at the distance of seventeen centuries they have become the great and over-arching objects, on which all our learning and researches are expended. Uncounted gold would now be given, for what might have been transmitted to us by the moving of a finger. Sir, we are not competent to say that similar events are not transpiring now. A thousand years hence, the transactions of this generation and of this day and hour, will be dug up by posterity—exhumed from the mouldy remains of the past, and made use of. I would build a catacomb, a pyramid where they may be preserved, and where posterity may find ready access to them. I would embalm them. Thousands of years hence (for we have never yet been told that the world is not in its infancy) they may come forth, not like useless mummies, but like living warriors, to do battle for the Lord. I see in the distance, the conflicts which our posterity will have. It is in my heart to rush to the rescue, and I thank God that it is in my power to do it. I rejoice that we cannot only wage war against error now, but that by means of history we can in one way or other fight the same battles after our bones have gone to dust, and to the end of Time. History is an elixir which makes God's soldiers immortal.

Mr. President, imagine to yourself the historian of future times, who after a lapse of a score of centuries, shall attempt to write the history of the present age. Imagine him to be present with you and to stand before you as I do. Oh! how eloquently he would plead for your aid. What tremendous efforts he would make, to wring from you the needed assistance. Weeping tears of blood, how would he point to the thousands of new and varied forms of error, which in the progress of the race will be developed, and which will have no antidote, but in the facts of the past. I am the representative of, and I plead for that future historian. I plead for coming generations. I plead for the cause of truth. I plead for millions of unborn Baptists. I plead for the future of the world.

This world naturally produces lies. They spring up by myriads, like mushrooms in a night, but alas! they are not like mushrooms, easy to crush. Nothing will destroy them but truth and truth is not always easily found. A thousand years hence the whole surface of this world will be covered as it is now, with lies. Let us do a better part for posterity, than our ancestors have done for us. Let us adopt some judicious plan for the collection and preservation of the records of past and transpiring events, and they will accumulate and accumulate, until they form a vast avalanche of facts, which in due time will roll down from the great mountain of the past, and roll on till the judgment day, overwhelming and crushing all the lies that may spring up in its pathway. Sir, if what I have said shall prove to be like the falling of the first flake to form this avalanche, or like the last to set it in motion, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

"Baptism a Saving Ordinance."

It has often been alleged that Baptists make

Baptism a saving ordinance. Alleviating to the

words their ordinary import they have as often denied the allegation. There is a sense, however, in which Baptists consider baptism a saving ordinance. This sense I cannot better explain than by referring to a very able discourse against Camballism delivered some years ago by the present pastor of the Baptist Church of Russellville, Ky. He showed that conclusively and triumphantly, in opposition to Mr. Campbell's views that since baptism when the soul embraces Christ by faith, the individual is saved and was never brought to light with the scriptural promise of baptism to faith. In the midst of their ordinary discourse the speaker said, "Let us suppose that I disprove the ordinance of baptism, what do you not believe it is a saving ordinance? (Every eye was intently fixed on the speaker.)" or continued: "I do not refer to sprinkling and pouring, but to immersion. Those who are intelligently immersed on profession of their faith in Christ are saved from all doubts whether they were baptized in infancy."

In this sense Baptists considered baptism a saving ordinance. When administered to believers it saves them from all doubts. They know that they have personally obeyed Jesus Christ in the ordinance which visibly draws the line of demarcation between the church and the world. When asked, "Have you been baptized?" they do not answer, "Our parents have told us so." They testify to what they know themselves.—Tenn. Rep.

The Great Mission of Baptists.

The editor of the N. Y. Recorder and Register, thus clearly and forcibly states the great mission for us as a Denomination:

Israel gained little, when to "like the nations," it would have a King, and Baptists gain as little when they lose their distinctions in the mass of even evangelical Christendom.—

We have a great mission to perform, and that mission is distinctive. A Christian church as planted by apostles—composed of believers voluntarily professing Christ in baptism—baptism, not to make them Christians, but because they are already Christ's by a personal faith, wrought in them by the Holy Ghost—Christ's freemen owing no allegiance in spiritual things but to Him only—is the true type of society, destined to be realized in the world's highest civilization. Nations that scarcely know the name of Baptists, at this very moment are working out problems, for their earlier solution of which many of our fathers were martyrs.—

The seeds which some of them scattered on the shores of the Narragansett, indeed, yielded an earlier and more perfect harvest on the fresh soil of this continent, it is equally true that the seeds they scattered long centuries ago in Great Britain and on the continent, have taken root, and are destined to ripen and grow in the advancing freedom of the old world.

How much, therefore, have we as a people to do, in nourishing vigorously our home and foreign missionary work, by which our principles are diffused, in establishing and patronizing our colleges and other institutions of learning, and in every way augmenting our denominational power and influence—that so we may glorify God by pressing a true type of regenerated society, and aiding its realization.

From the Southern Baptist.

New Orleans.

In a private letter received from Rev. W. C. Duncan, there is a short account at the close, of so much interest in reference to the thriving condition of the Coliseum Place Church, that we take the liberty of publishing it. After speaking of having baptized some candidates since his return from Montgomery, and of others soon to receive the ordinance, Mr. D. goes on to say:

Our church—the Coliseum Place Baptist Church—has now a membership of more than sixty. We commenced with nine in November last. The membership is working—some with an enthusiasm which is more than praiseworthy. The interest in Church matters, so far from flagging, has gone on increasing from the first day we worshipped in our new building. In truth, we may be said to have enjoyed a season of constant refreshing from heaven. God has blessed us continually—widening and deepening the piety of those who were already believers, and adding numbers from converts and backsliders, to our augmenting members. We are worshipping, and have been since the first of May, in the main audience room, which measures, exclusive of the chancel, 90 by 82 feet in the clear. Our congregations are large, unusually and unexpectedly so, for the time of year. The spirit of God and of Christ is among us, we feel and know. Our prayer-meetings are well attended; and so is the Sunday school.—We need \$15,000 to pay the debt on our edifice. Who will lend us a helping hand?—Charleston Association has done nobly, far more than her just proportion. Who else will give us welcome assistance? We are trying to do a great work in New-Orleans. Yours in Christ, W. C. DUNCAN.

New-Orleans, June 13, 1855.

A Word in Season, How Good it is!

Kilstein a pious German minister, once heard a laboring man use the most awful curses and imprecations in a fit of passion, without reproving him for it. This so troubled him, that he could scarcely sleep the following night. In the morning he arose early, soon saw the man coming along, and addressed him as follows:—"My friend, it is you I am waiting to see."

"You are mistaken," replied the man, "you have never seen me before." "Yes, I saw you yesterday," said Kilstein, "while returning from your work, and heard you praying."

"What I heard me pray?" said the man "I am sure now that you are mistaken; for I never prayed in my life."

"And yet," calmly but earnestly replied the minister, "if God had heard your prayer, you would not be here, but in hell; for I heard you beseeching God that he might strike you with blindness and condemn you to hell fire."

The man turned pale, and tremblingly said, "Dear Sir, do you call this prayer? yes, it is true, I did this very thing."

"Now, my friend," continued Kilstein, "as you acknowledged it, is my duty to beseech you

to seek with the same earnestness the salvation of your soul, as you have hitherto its damnation, and I will pray to God that he will have mercy upon you."

From this time the man regularly attended upon the ministry of Kilstein, and ere long was brought in humble repentance to Christ as a true believer.

"A word in season, how good it is!" Be instant in season, and out of season; rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long suffering and patience.—Gen. Rep. Mass.

First Impressions of a Deacon.

A correspondent of an exchange describes his impressions on witnessing for the first time the performance of a dancing party. What a

man of 25, he stepped at a local in Rhode Island, after a fatiguing day's ride, and put up for the night. Having seated himself at the fire, he heard a thumping sound in a distant part of the house, and his curiosity was excited to ascertain the cause. Opening the door which led into a long entry, he observed a light at the farther end, whence the noise seemed to issue. Proceeding slowly to the door, it presented a spacious apartment, in which, he says: "I noticed several elderly gentlemen, and a few matrons, but by far the largest portion were young people of both sexes. The thumping ceased just before I arrived at the door. They were all well dressed but seemed to be doing nothing in particular, and were sauntering about in clusters, in a sort of careless, undervoice conversation. As I was a stranger, and green-horn, no one seemed to notice me as an intruder, and was therefore inclined to tarry until I could learn the object of the assemblage.

At length, a young man, well-dressed, and of respectable deportment, stepped into the centre of the room and stood erect and speechless. While I was looking and momentarily expecting some dexterous feat, a young lady, beautifully costumed, walked deliberately towards him, and halted when about six feet from where he stood. They stood facing each other and exchanged significant glances for the space of about two minutes, when, suddenly, the young man sprang up some twelve or fourteen inches into the air, and while up and descending, shook his right foot violently. Scarcely had he reached the floor when the young lady, forthwith, springing up about half the distance, shook her right foot also, violently, as if stung by a hornet. He then jumped up and shook his left foot, and the lady did so too. Well, thought I, she is a match for you. They both ran backward, say about half a rod apiece, and then ran towards each other so rapidly as created anything but pleasurable sensations, as I apprehend a smash up. They stopped when about three feet from each other, and after a momentary look of reciprocal defiance, they simultaneously sprang up and shook both feet, and striking the floor together, jarred the whole house. My curiosity was now on tiptoe to learn what was next.—They next whirled clean round on the left heel and stood facing each other. I said to myself, I do not see what you have gained by all this exertion, as you stand in the same position you occupied in the outset. Just at this moment a gentleman stepped up to the door, I asked him if he could tell me what all was done for. He answered, "It is because Calo sits in the corner of the room, drawing horse-hair across catgut!"

From the American Messenger.

A Word in Season.

One who waits to do a great deal of good, will end in doing nothing. While one who seizes opportunities as they occur, and fills the passing hours with useful toil, will find the sum of influence beyond computation. A lady employed a man to put up a stove. She chose a fitting moment, and accompanied the gift of a tract with suitable words respecting his soul's eternal interests. The way was thus prepared for subsequent effort and influence. When sickness invaded his frame, she visited his family and administered to his relief and comfort. The dying man testified to the value of those humble efforts to do him good. He had lived long among the people of God, without ever having been spoken to about his soul. One kind word, one little tract opens the door of his heart, and he receives the truth as it is in Jesus, by the effectual operations of the Holy Spirit, and dies in peace, commending his bereaved wife and children to his heavenly Father. Who may not win a soul to God?—Who is so young, so feeble, so ignorant, that they cannot say, "Come with us, and we will do these good?"

"I have no wealth, or power, or skill. To broadcast all around; The world's wide field I may not till, Nor sow its fallow-ground; But little spots are here and there, Which I may weed of grief or care."

Trees.—In conversation with a friend lately, we had our own minds unusually impressed with the beauty and value of trees, as objects to the eye and pleasant features in the landscape. A large oak, when its foliage is just full and fresh, especially if its form is symmetrical and its position favorable, is one of the noblest things in nature. We know of nothing more beautiful than the undulations of its dense green leaves in a fresh wind on a summer's afternoon, when a storm is approaching. Those who wantonly destroy the finest growth of the forest, show very little taste and little regard for the pleasures of posterity.—Post.

Machine Box.—A shrewd boy in Worthington lately attached a contrivance, comprising a hammer, wire, spring, &c., to the floor underneath the school marm's desk, with which he, while seated twenty feet or more distant, by means of a cord, started the school in general, and the school marm in particular, with an exhibition of "trappings."

The wheat crops in the western part of the State are described to be unusually good. The yield will greatly exceed that of any former year, many more acres than usual having been sown, and each acre producing equal to any former year. The corn looks flourishing. The farmers are represented to be in the spirits, and business affairs in a good condition.