

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

J. J. JAMES, Editor.

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

J. J. JAMES & Co., Proprietors.

VOLUME XX. NO. 42.

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

{WHOLE NO. 1182

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER,

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

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All communications, to insure attention, must be directed to Raleigh, N. C.—post paid. For further particulars see last page.

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From the Tennessee Baptist.

A Good Reason for Declining.

The Committee of the North Carolina Publication Society called upon Prof. C. F. Deems of N. C., to expose the falsehoods in the Great Iron Wheel, if it contained one. He was addressed not because he had attacked the work, or had assailed the author, but because he was a prominent man and a scholar, and able to find and expose the misrepresentations of the book charged upon it by Leroy Lea.

He returned this laconic, courteous, and dignified answer!!!
Rev. Messrs. McDaniel, McDowell, and John Good.

GENTLEMEN:—The Biblical Recorder of July 12 has just been placed in my hands, and I have read with astonishment the degrading proposition you make me. I profoundly regret any act of my life which may have led you to believe that you could induce me to become your scavenger.

Yours, &c.,
CHAS. F. DEEMS.

GREENSBORO, N. C., July 31, 1855.
Prof. Deems intended this to mean something, but if it bears his meaning upon its face, it lets us know that Methodism has features which he is not to be used as its scavenger.

To sustain this construction we refer our readers to an extract from the Prof.'s writing to be found in the Iron Wheel, page 325:
"If we may apply the figure to Methodism, we can very readily see that a government suited to the snoty colliers of England, servants, and the uncultivated, who had grown up amid all the peculiarities of an aristocratic country, might hardly be fit for a church among whose members are presidents, and professors in colleges, judges of supreme courts, senators, and men liberalized by professional learning and the social associations. The fact is, John Wesley found his society: ours is a church. John Wesley did not make government a special study; but being a strong man and a violent toy, and finding a sect gathering around him to be governed, he seized the reins—he became autocrat; and through his helpers, he governed most ably. It was very natural that when our church was formed—it should be built somewhat after the model of the 'societies' of Wesley— is it not too exact a copy, and may it not be deemed? Even if Wesley had made government a study, and was by nature superior to the mass he controlled, there are laymen in our church in this day, as great natives as Wesley, who have paid much more attention to the science of government. This is said with great deference and much veneration for many things in the character of John Wesley. He was before his times; ours before him."

Prof. D. would make a poor argument to prove that the peculiar polity of Methodism is scriptural—taught and enjoined by Jesus Christ—after having admitted that John Wesley was the author of it! He would make a lame effort to prove that Methodism was republican, having declared that John Wesley was a violent toy, and that he seized upon the reins of Methodism and became autocrat. It was admitted in the pleas in the property case, that the identical powers exercised by Wesley were transferred and now exercised by the travelling preachers and bishops—that they—not the people—were the *facto* Republicanism intended!!!

Prof. Deems hardly thinks the government of the Methodist church suited to American gentlemen or citizens. We agree with him, and more, we think it unsuited to a Christian, and more, we think the religious rights which Christ made it his solemn and imperative duty to exercise. Prof. Deems verily had good reasons for declining to defend Methodism.

From the Tennessee Baptist.

POLITICS AND THIS PAPER.

Here in the midst of the most exciting gubernatorial canvasses, and upon the eve of a Presidential election, we wish to define distinctly the position we occupy, and where we expect to be found.

We have been charged by some few political partisans with favoring Know-Nothingism, because we have ceased not to oppose the papacy. We affirm that we stand to-day where we stood eight years ago, before Know-Nothingism was conceived. We have never affiliated with it as a party. We never took an oath to any political party, and while we have reason never to expect to do so. We reiterate the idea of a secret political party in this Union, composed of whomsoever it may be, as we did at an early day the secrecy of this new party. We have had no connection with secret organizations, or plots, benevolence, morality, christianity, or politics, and never expect to have. We deny that we have interfered, and disclaim any intention to interfere, with party politics. We have opposed Catholicism, we confess, but only as we have done since our first connection with the paper and the press. We have not changed our ground. We have opposed the Papacy as

anti-christian and a system of oppression hostile to the civil and religious freedom of any people; and a system that ought to be exposed and resisted; by all proper means, by every christian, every patriot, every philanthropist, by every respecter of the claims of God or advocate of the rights of man. As a minister and christian, we confine our opposition to the pulpit and the press so long as Papists go no further; but whenever the priests and servants of a foreign potentate resort to the ballot box or to arms to gain political power, then, as a patriot and a citizen, we meet them at the ballot box or on the battle field.

Nor would we do this sooner to resist the political encroachments of the Catholics, than we would those of Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Baptists. These ever have been, are now, and ever will be, our abiding sentiments; nor shall we yield our sword to politicians. If our position was right and commendable touching Catholicism three, and six, and eight years ago, before Know-Nothingism was born or thought of—as the entire denunciation declared it was—then it is a correct position to-day. Political parties may and do change—principles never. If we have Baptist patrons—professed christians—so void of the spirit of christianity, and so imbued with the feeling of mere party, to whom our position is objectionable, we hope they will withdraw their names from our list, for the paper would be dishonored by their continued patronage. Let not such a man, actuated by such a spirit, have the honor to say, "I am a patron of the Tennessee Baptist."

Baptists in every age, since the rise of papacy, have been characterized by violent, unfinching opposition to it, as the usurper of man's civil and religious rights, and the enemy of Christ, and the curse of the world, and shall we, in this our day, fear to protest against it? We say, with the editor of the South Western Baptist: "We would be as far as any living man from favoring the least restriction upon the Catholic religion by law in this country. Let them enjoy their religious privileges. We do not wish them to interfere with ours. But to cease exposing this 'Mystery of Iniquity,' never! never! if we lose every subscriber on our list."

From the Child's Paper.

Good for Evil.

"Mother, please to give me the candy aunt Lucy sent me," said little Fanny, as she was lying on her bonnet for school. "Not all of it, my child, you must not eat it all at once, and besides, I should think you would wish to give your little brother some of it." Yes, mother, all of it; I will not eat any of it myself, but I want to give Pat Dorian the whole of it." "What for, Fanny?" "Because, mother, he is always teasing me; he is so much bigger than I am, that he can push and pull me, and then he snatches off my bonnet and runs away with it, or tumbles my books into the dirt; and when I see him coming, I always run as fast as I can to get out of his way; but to-day I want to try a new way. Last Sabbath our Sabbath-school teacher said that if others injured or troubled us, we must not injure them, but be kind to them, and that would be 'heaping coals of fire on their heads.' I never understood just what that verse in the Bible meant before, and now I want to try it with Pat, and see if it will make any difference."

"Well, that is a good thought, my child; but do you wish to give him all of it? I should think a part would do." Yes, mother, please let me; I had rather than to eat it myself.—Fanny's mother gave her the candy, and she went off to school.

When she came home at night her little face was glowing with excitement, as she said: "Mother, I did it, I gave it all to him. He was waiting at the corner, just as he always is, and as soon as he saw me, he called out, 'Come on, Fan, I want to borrow your bonnet again; and he was just going to snatch it, when I said, 'Wait, Pat, I have got something for you.' He did not believe me at first, till I held out my hands full of candy; then he thought I was going to cheat him, and only making believe give it to him, as the boys at school do; and he was going to help himself, when I gave it all to him. He began eating it as fast as he could, and then, when he saw I had not kept any, asked, 'Don't you want some of it, Fan?' No, I said, 'I brought it on purpose for you, and I had rather you would have it all; and then I ran on to school.'

He is not in the same room with me, so I did not see him until to-night, when I had almost reached the corner; and there he stood, and I thought he was going to be as bad as ever; but he waited till I came up, and then said, 'Fanny, who told you to give me that candy?' 'Nobody; I did it because I wanted to be kind to you, and I thought you would like it.' In a minute he said, 'I am sorry I have teased you so much, Fanny, and I won't any more;' and then he ran away as fast as he could, and I don't believe he will trouble me again."

From the American Messenger.

"Nothing but Unbelief."

It was a time of the outpouring of the Spirit in the seminary. From day to day, and week to week, young voices were learning the first notes of that new song, which evermore ascends from the whole family of the redeemed. There were others, too, whose consciences betrayed the anguish of heart around to some of God's claims, and yet unrecruited to him. Among the latter class, was one whose case had excited special interest. She was soon to leave the seminary, and with her talents and energy, must exert a powerful influence over those among whom her lot should be cast. Would it be for good or evil? She was now deeply convinced of her guilt and danger; but there were some who remembered with sorrow that in earlier years she had seemed not less powerfully awakened, and yet remained out of Christ.

Week after week went by, but Ellen found no peace. She was outwardly calm, but it seemed like the calmness of despair. Whether in the recreation room, at table, or in the unstrained freedom of social converse, a single glance at her countenance revealed to the most casual observer the settled gloom of the soul. Many a heart ached in view of her anguish,

and many a prayer was sent up to Heaven in her behalf. One after another, her teachers and school-mates sought opportunitites of conversation with her on the great subject which engrossed her thoughts. While she was frank and unreserved in communicating her feelings, and listened attentively to those who tried to explain to her the way of salvation, there still a difficulty which none could remove.

"It is of no use," she would say. "All this has been explained to me over and over, as clearly as it could be. But there is something in the way; I cannot come to the Saviour, and I fear I never shall."

"Ah, we cannot help her!" sighed her friends, as some of them reviewed together their fruitless efforts. "We can only commend her to God. Let us pray for her."

At length there was a change; as we trust, to great change by which sinners are reborn. Peace was now visible in Ellen's countenance as distress had been before. "Oh, what a wonderful way of salvation!" was the utterance of her heart. "How simple, how beautiful, how glorious! Why did I not come to Christ before? That mysterious hindrance which seemed to be in my way was NOTHING BUT UNBELIEF."

Truly it was "nothing but unbelief." And now, "being justified by faith," Ellen had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is "nothing but unbelief," anxious reader, which keeps you from Christ to-day. It is that same unbelief which, if not abandoned, will finally shut you out of Heaven. Ah, unbelief is a fearful thing—a wall between your soul and Christ—a weight to sink you in the burning lake for ever. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

From the American Messenger.

Family Prayer.

In my parish is a lovely family, consisting of the parents and two children. The parents are members of my church. Last winter the son was seized with a complaint that brought him to the borders of the grave. He lay there for weeks, attended by physicians and surgeons, the ablest in the State; but they felt they could do nothing for him. As pastor I spent several days with them, feeling that he was just balancing between life and death.

I suspected that family prayer was not regularly attended, and plainly inquired, and found my suspicions fully confirmed. I led the family in prayer several times, and presented our united request that the life of the only son might be spared. The prayers were heard, and life was given. I also obtained a promise that henceforth the family altar should stand, and should be daily surrounded. The duty was taken up and maintained for weeks.

When the busy season of reaping the gifts of God came, and others than the regular family were present, it was felt, to be too great a task to bow the knee and pray before them. The morning and evening sacrifice were omitted. And as they thus forsook God, he left them, and in four weeks that same son, whose life had been given in answer to their prayers, secretly absconded, forsook his native place, and thus inflicted a severer blow upon his parents than if he had been taken away in his sickness. And such were the circumstances of his leaving, that it is quite evident that he would not have left, had not family prayer been omitted.

How easy to omit duty, but how God connects its discharge with our daily mercies.—Why should we doubt that he is still a prayer hearing God? The daily events of a Christian's life are but continuations of the history of the Bible. In that we read of just such cases, they are confirmed in our daily experience, and how shall we not believe that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Samuel, and Solomon, still lives and rules just as He did with and over them. W.

From the American Messenger.

Family Worship.

What can be more beautifully appropriate than the worship of God in families? Here is a little company of human beings, joined together in the most intimate connection—dwelling under one roof, fed at one table, supplied with the necessities of life from sources of income that are common to them all, feeling themselves to have altogether common interests, common wants, and common exposures. It is granted that they all ought to worship God; is it not appropriate that they should worship him together? Each of them ought to thank God for his daily food, and daily to ask God for the needed supply. But the family take their food together. It is supplied from a common store, and spread upon a common table, and the daily gatherings around that table are the recognized symbol of their close intimacy.

Is there any other scene which ought to be sanctified with prayer, if not where a family most frequently look in each other's faces—where the responsible providers distribute the liberal provision—where parental love lavishes itself upon its tender objects—and where the children not only have their bodies nurtured, but their minds and manners cultivated? A prayerless family meal is a most unchristian, a most ungodly thing, and seldom does that graceless spirit, whose plain name is *fashion*, show her impetuosity more plainly than when, at a social entertainment, she whispers that, as the family table would be too narrow for so numerous a company, so the family costume of giving thanks at table is too homely for so splendid an occasion; just as if the larger and costlier provision did not need the divine blessing, and did not call for thanks, as much as the ordinary meal; and just as if an unblest meal, partaken by a numerous company scattered through the ample spaces of a parlor, were any more Christian than the same thing at an ordinary table.

Nor is it only at table that families should worship. Sheltered by one roof, the family have laid them down to peace and slept, and awoke in safety, because the Lord hath sustained them. Coming from their several chambers, they meet and exchange their affectionate salutations, glad to feel, "We are all here." It is a common protection they have shared.—They have together been kept from the assassin, from the fire, from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Should not they kneel together, and give thanks to their heavenly

Guardian? They are going forth too to duties, and to dangers, and they need a common guidance; shall they not ask for it together? And at the close of the day, have they not equal reasons for united prayer and thanksgiving? They have all been led and kept by one Providence, and they all need to commit themselves to one divine Guardian. On both occasions it is appropriate, besides the prayer, to read the divine word together, and to unite, if they are able, in sacred song.

There will of course be mornings when all have not come from their chambers in the glow and the joy of health; there will be evenings when the family will sadly gather, returning from a new grave. Thenceforth, at the table and at the bedside, there will be "one vacant chair." All families must have these days of sorrow. What shall they do with this sorrow? To whom shall they tell it? On whose friendly strength shall they lay it? There is no such other place for a bereaved family to soothe and comfort themselves as their family altar.—Is it the father that is gone? Nowhere else will they find such comfort as kneeling, in their tears, at the family altar, and pouring out their prayers from their broken hearts, through the channel perhaps of a feebler and softer voice than that to whose manly tones they were accustomed.

Or has one of the little ones been taken? The table must henceforth lack the light of his happy face—the house will no more ring to his merry laugh; but there is no sadder memory when you see the white hands laid together on the still breast, than that you had seen them folded on the edge of the table at the giving of thanks, or on the chair by your side at the daily worship.

In joy and sorrow, amid all the varieties of domestic experience, they who live together may most appropriately and beneficially worship together. H. A. N.

From the American Messenger.

The Risen Saviour.

Imagine yourself seated in that secret chamber, with that timid and sorrowful group of disciples, on the evening after the resurrection of Jesus. Imagine yourself to be one of the number, and that you are permitted to look on the Saviour's person as he enters, and mildly utters the kias salutation, "Peace be unto you."

Behold him as he stretches forth his hands, showing the fresh prints of the nails, and drawing aside his robe exhibits to you the yet unclosed wound in his side.

You know that he was dead, for you saw him taken down from the cross, and laid in the tomb; and now you see him evidently alive.—The miracle strikes you with amazement.—You are awed by the present exhibition of divine power, whereby one from the dead is presented alive before you. But the Saviour's look and voice soon bring composure to your mind, and you are able calmly to consider the meaning of the wondrous spectacle. You remember that he many times told you he should be put to death, in just so cruel a manner as now he has been, and that after three days he would rise again. His prophetic word is fulfilled in your sight. You saw him the other day bound, scourged, condemned. His enemies triumphed over him, and mocked him completely in their power. They ridiculed his kingly pretensions, putting a purple robe on him, and a crown of thorns, and they bowed the knee before him, saying in bitter mockery, "Hail, king of the Jews!" Tired of their cruel sport, they at length led him away to execute in earnest the sentence pronounced upon him by the unprincipled judge, who had himself declared him innocent. They crucified him between two thieves.

Truly it seemed that he was utterly defeated. His high claims, his magnificent prophecies, his celestial kingdom, these are now the by-words of his enemies; for they have killed him. He is helpless, and dying upon the cross. He is dead, and shut up in the tomb. So it appeared on the day of his crucifixion; but now you see the murdered one alive, and instead of those appearances of defeat and subjection, he now wears the look of a conqueror. He has triumphed—not over the puny creatures that dared to murder him, but over death itself.—He went down into the grave, a captive to the grim monster; but he has come back, "leading captivity captive."

You remember now that he said, "My kingdom is not of this world;" that he restrained his disciples from fighting in his defence, sublimely affirming that at his prayer to the Father, legions of angels would fly to his rescue; that he assured his enemies that he had power to lay down his life, and to take it again. Is not his word made good? Is not he the conqueror? Is not his title to the heavenly kingdom established?

You have other, more tender recollections. He told you the purpose for which he was to die. He assured you that the prophecies could not be fulfilled, unless he should be put to death, and that his death was to be for the sins of mankind.—He was the Lamb of God, bearing the sins of the world—the Lamb that should be led dumb to the slaughter.—His blood was to be shed for the remission of sins.

And now you look upon the wounds, out of which that sacred blood flowed forth, a healing flood, a sufficient atonement for the sins of the world.—It *was* sufficient. All that Jesus claimed was true—for God hath set his seal to it, in that He hath raised him from the dead. His words were not the words of a cunning impostor, nor of a crazed enthusiast. They are all fully, and wonderfully verified.—They were the words of a prophet, and more than a prophet. He is the Son of God, the Saviour of men.—"My Lord, and my God!" you devoutly exclaim, and your whole heart heneforth trusts him as your all-sufficient Saviour. H. A. N.

From the American Messenger.

Rules for Study.

1. Learn one thing at a time.
2. Learn that thing well.
3. Learn its connection, so far as possible, with other things.
4. Believe that to know every thing of something is better than to know something of every thing.

"Christ is All."

Not something, but "all." Some men make gods of their own; some make Christs of their own, and some make half-Christs.—They make Christs, half-Christs, which is still more common, of their repentances, and good doings, and good characters, and good tempers, and the like. As they lie on death-beds, they look back, not completely satisfied with self, but scraping together all they can, and then bring in their "blessed Saviour," as they call him to do the rest. Oh that men, living men and dying men, would learn that when a man trusts in any measure to self, he falls from grace and from Christ. Work is work, merit is merit, grace is grace. You cannot mix them. All the merit is Christ's! The robe of salvation is not patchwork. Oh, sinner, look to Christ for all!

Salvation is a large word; it stands for a large blessing. Not for pardon only, nor for a regenerate heart only, but for the whole work, from the writing of his name in "the Lamb's book of life," throughout all his conflicts and wanderings, and fears and sorrows, till he gets safe into his Saviour's presence. And throughout all, "Christ is ALL." He is your propitiation; he is your righteousness; he is your sanctification; he is your strength; he is your wisdom; he is your comfort; he is your peace; he is your joy; he is your glory; he is your heaven. The blood which washes is Christ's blood, and it washes clean without our rubbings or our tears. The Spirit who regenerates is Christ's Spirit. We are to use grace given, to work with the Spirit, to obey him, to walk in him, but we cannot help him to recreate a soul. The righteousness is Christ's—Christ is our righteousness, and his work wants no eking out.

Is Christ all to you? Not something, but ALL. Not a mere life-boat on board, but your ark. You will soon want him. The moment is fast coming—it is at the door—when none but Christ can help you. To have Christ with you then—to have Christ in you—to be in Christ, will be of more worth "in the hour of death and in the day of judgment," than the wealth of India or California. End your footing; let it not be sand, but the Rock of Ages. Take your stand beneath the cross. Then are you safe indeed. Was Noah safe in his ark, while the waters overwhelmed the world? Was Lot safe in Zoar, while the fire consumed the cities of the plain? Was the Israelite safe, with the paschal blood upon his lintel? Was he whose footsteps the avenger of blood tracked, safe within the city of refuge? Were the men on whom was the Lord's mark safe, in the day of Jerusalem? How safe are you, a sinner, beneath the cross of the sinner's Saviour? Safe, living, safe, dying. Come death, safe! Come eternity, safe!—Miller of Birmingham.

From the American Messenger.

Gems from a Pastor's Scrap Book.

THE SCRIPTURES.

"I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this Volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, purer morality, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other Books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."—Sir William Jones.

PASSING AWAY!

How different the general appearance society presents now, from that which it exhibited a century ago! Fields are cultivated by new laborers; names are commanded by other Admirals, and Armies obey the voice of other Generals. Sceptres are grasped by other hands, and Councils and Senates filled by other patriots. Pulpits are occupied by other Ministers, and Deacons are seen at the table of the Lord, administering the holy elements; and other members constitute the visible Churches of Christ. We ourselves are passing away. As the waters we fall, and as the cloud we vanish. The decree of Heaven concerning each individual is, "dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." Oh! let us welcome and improve the admonition, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, in the grave, whither thou goest."—Dr. Staughton.

THE GOSPEL OF SALVATION.

Oh, catch its high import ye winds as ye blow; Oh, bear it ye waves as ye roll From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow, To the utmost extremities of the pole. Equal laws, equal rights, to the nations around, Peace and friendship, its precepts impart, And wherever the footsteps of man can be found, May he kind the decree to his heart!

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

The death of Jesus Christ extols his triumph; and he is infinitely more admirable from triumphing over death itself, after dying than if he had been exempted from suffering it; as he cured blindness by a thing suited to augment it, namely, with clay; so he converted to himself all the world, by the Cross, which in itself was likely rather to keep them at a distance, and to cause him scandal. The Evangelists, by recording in their writings the means of the Apostles, their timidity, and their defects, have furnished a great proof of the truth of the evangelical history. If Sostratus and the other sages of the world, were unable to effect the establishment of their doctrines among men, but even lost their lives for having introduced novelties, we cannot be enough astonished that simple fishermen should have subdued to their, not only the Greeks, but even the most barbarous nations.—Coryndon.

"I was mistaken."

A lively writer has said: "I was mistaken" are the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language." Yet it seems but acknowledging that we are wiser than we were before to see our error, and humbler than we were before to own it. But so it is; and Goldsmith observes, that Frederick the Great did himself more honor by his letter to the Senate, stating that he had just lost a great battle by his own fault, than by all the victories he had won. Perhaps our greatest perfection here is not to escape imperfections, but to see and acknowledge, and lament and correct them.—Jay.

The enumeration of the inhabitants of New York City is now progressing, and it is the opinion of the marshals that the increase of the population since 1850 has been such that the aggregate number will reach about 825,000.

Parallel Between Deism and Christianity.

1. I have never met a man, woman or child who had been made better by embracing deistical sentiments.

I have met hundreds of persons who had been benefited by having embraced the principles of christianity.

2. I have seen those who, after having abandoned the faith of their fathers, (through the sophistry of the infidel,) have delivered themselves up to the most fearful deviations from the path of rectitude. And I judge of Deism by its fruits.

I have seen deists who, after having abandoned their maxims of integrity, (through the preaching of the word,) have applied themselves to the practice of the most distinguished virtues. And I judge christianity by its fruits.

3. I do not remember to have met with a deist who could assure me that his belief rendered him peaceful and happy.

I remember to have seen a great number of christians who have assured me that they owed to their religious sentiments a peace and happiness that passed all understanding.

4. I have nowhere found a deist whose actions were really directed by a belief in rewards and punishments beyond the grave. The deist says he believes in a life to come, yet acts as though he did not.

I have nowhere found a true christian whose actions were not governed by a belief in rewards and punishments hereafter. The christian that not only, but also evinces by his actions that he believes in the life of the world to come.

5. I have seen many deists at the hour of death with a horrible despair, accusing themselves with having completely forgotten the commandments of God. Hell beseeched their dying couch with all its horrors.

I have seen many christians rejoicing at the hour of death with ineffable joy, and blessing that Lord who had brought them to the knowledge of his mercies and commandments. Heaven brightened their dying bed with all its glory.

And I said—deism is an incomplete religion an error of men—christianity is a perfect religion, a revelation of God.—La Senour.

The Rum-tracker's Sign-board.

Selected from the Memoir of Dr. Justin Edwards, just issued.

Suppose a man, when about to commence the traffic in ardent spirit, should write in GREAT CAPITALS ON HIS SIGN-BOARD, to be seen and read of all men, what he will do; that so many of the inhabitants of this town or city, he will, for the sake of getting their money, make paupers, and send them to the almshouse, and thus oblige the whole community to support them and their families; that so many others he will excite to the commission of crimes, and thus increase the expense and endanger the peace and welfare of the community; that so many he will send to the jail, and so many more to the state prison, and so many to the gallows; that so many he will visit with sore and distressing diseases, and, in so many cases, diseases which would have been comparatively harmless, he will by his poison render fatal; that in so many cases he will deprive persons of reason, and in so many cases will cause sudden death; that so many wives he will make widows, and so many children he will make orphans, and that in so many cases will cause the children to grow up ignorant, vice, and crime, and after being nuisances on earth, will bring them to a premature grave; that in so many cases he will prevent the efficacy of the gospel, grieve away the Holy Ghost, and ruin for eternity the souls of men. And suppose he could, and should give some faint conception of what it is to lose the soul, and of the overwhelming guilt and coming wretchedness of him who is knowingly instrumental in producing this ruin; and suppose he should put at the bottom of the sign this question: "What you may ask, can be my object in noting so much like a devil incarnate, and bringing such accumulated wretchedness upon a comparatively happy people; and under it should put the true answer, MONEY, and go on to say, I have a family to support; I want money to support it; this is my business, I was brought up to it; and if I should not follow it, I must change my business, or I could not support my family. And as all faces begin to gather blackness at the approaching ruin, and all hearts to boil with indignation at its authority, suppose he should add, for their consolation, "If I do not bring this destruction upon you, somebody else will." What would they think of him? what would all the world think of him? what ought they to think of him? And is it any worse for a man to tell the people beforehand, honestly, what he will do, if they buy and use his poison, than it is to go on and do it? And what if they are not aware of the mischief which he is doing them, and he can accomplish it through their own perverted and voluntary agency; is it not equally abominable, if he knows it, and does not cease from producing it?

Translated from the German.

The Precious Little Plant.

Two maidens, Bridget and Bertha, went to the city, and each bore upon her head a heavy basket of fruit.

Bridget murmured and sighed constantly, but Bertha only laughed and sported.

Bridget said, "How canst thou laugh so?" "Thy basket is as heavy as mine, and thou art no stronger than I."

Bertha replied, "I have placed a certain little plant on my burden, and so I scarcely feel it. Why don't you do so too?"

"Ay," cried Bridget, "that must be a precious little plant. I would gladly lighten my burden with it. Tell me at once what it is named."

Bertha answered, "The precious little plant that makes all burdens lighter, is called—patience. For—"

"When thy burden's very weighty, Patience 'neath it makes it easy."

If a man sports with others' infirmities, you will observe that he is totally blind to his own.