

# THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

J. J. JAMES, Editor.

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## THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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From the Christian Secretary.

### The King of Terrors.

The blush of early eve has faded away and the deeper shades of night have curtained this beautiful and beautiful earth with their sable drapery. The evening hours I've spent in the place of prayer. There is nothing so delightful on earth as prayer; it is the golden link that binds our souls to heaven, and as one devoted Christian kneeled down and breathed forth the overflowing of his heart to God, he prayed—"Oh, Father, may we be prepared when the King of Terrors may come." I have often heard the same supplication, but in imagination I pictured to myself the scene of that humble follower of Christ lying down to die. Although death would not be a King of Terrors to him, but a kind messenger to release him from earth's toils and crown his head with a diadem of everlasting glory.

And now I've left that hallowed place of prayer, and am alone, with only beautiful night for my silent companion. Now is a fit time for thought, and a voice within tells me, "Fend thy thoughts for others—live not for thyself alone, for God has assigned thee a work to do."

Neither gifted with the poet's inspiration or the author's genius, young in years and still younger in intellect, I scarce dare pen my thoughts for the public eye. But the one talent I have is consecrated to God. Lay it at His feet. He bids me work; let me obey His mandate.

From early childhood I had ever heard of death as the "King of Terrors." I had ever imagined him as the most hideous of monsters, plucking the brightest flowers of earth and transplant them to his own awful kingdom.

The dream of childhood had ended, and I stood by the bedside of a dying child. It was a beautiful boy; the warm zephyrs of but three brief summers had fanned his brow; the lingering rays of the setting sun threw a soft light over the scene, and as they departed, kissed the fevered cheek of the lovely child. I knew that soon the spirit would be gone, and I trembled at the thought of standing in the presence of death, for I felt that now if ever would be a King of Terrors; for no other would snatch such a beautiful flower from earth. The fever-dream had ceased to burn; the infant reason had again returned to whisper the glad names of Father—Mother—once again she smiled and clasped his eyes as if to sleep. All was still and silent, when methought I saw a white-robed angel enter; it clasped the boy's tiny form to its bosom as if to bear it away, but again it laid it down and seemed to say, "I am a messenger from Heaven; my Father bids me bear this precious child to him ere his pure spirit shall be tainted with the sins and sorrows of earth—his life here has been bright and happy; I will bear it to a yet happier clime. I take the precious treasure, but, Parents, I leave to you the beautiful casket that once contained it." The angel departed, fulfilling his heaven-sent mission. Again death's messenger wandered forth, and hovered over a young and lovely maiden just blooming into womanhood. Blessed with rich and noble talents, cheered by many and warm friends, Heaven seemed to have opened both hands and poured forth full showers of earthly blessings. Wealth had thrown its glimmering aureole around her, but she was not bewildered with its glitter. Ambition had at first led her to wander in the paths of knowledge, but a higher aim had taken possession of her soul; her chief aim was to lead sinners to Christ, to labor for the glory of her Redeemer. But disease had laid her low, and there came a messenger with happy tidings from a far off land—"Thy Father calls, come home." She was ready to obey the summons. Lingering sickness was not to be her lot, for the "silken cord" was gently yet quickly loosed, and the spirit was freed from earth.

My vision seemed to wander from earth's bounds, and I saw the same lovely girl wandering along a beautiful path guided by an angel hand; she roamed in Paradise. Here was the Garden of Eden, unguarded by "flaming sword," they lingered before a golden temple, and from thence issued forth a heavenly Being who greeted them with a warm welcome and bade them enter. Child, this will be thy home forevermore. I dared not look farther. Eye hath not yet scanned the scene within that holy place.

Death's mission is never ended. I saw an old man; his hoary head seemed shrouded for the tomb. Care and toil were written on each line of his open countenance. He was one of Christ's messengers to declare to the world the noble cause, and he had gathered a rich harvest of souls for the kingdom of God. Three score years and ten had long since been numbered, and now he stood hand in hand with death. His work on earth was ended, and he looked forward to Heaven with bright anticipations. He saw there the chosen companion of his youth, who ere now had laid down to rest; and now baptized he admitted to the line of separation will be broken; the church

stretch forth their arms and call, "Father, come home!"—but a higher and a mightier voice calls, and he quickly goes. He seemed to stand on the bank of a beautiful river; it was Jordan's stream. Christ did not send a messenger, but he himself came and led him safely over the waters. He was landed on a happier shore and joined the throng in Heaven. He had been blessed from the garbs of age; again youthful vigor crept over his frame, and with new zeal he joined in the eternal song of praise. Oh! "King of Terrors," where art thou? Surely thou dost not stand by the bedside of the dying Christian. I've watched that "men call to die;" when the young maiden and the old man were called home; but I only saw an angel of mercy. They all seemed ready to lie down and die, for a crown of joy awaited them in Heaven. It has never been my lot to witness the death of one unprepared to die. Methinks there death would be a "King of Terrors." Oh! Christian, pray not that thou mayest be prepared for the "King of Terrors," but rather that thou mayest be prepared when God shall call thee home. Jesus has conquered death.

COLCHESTER, Aug. 16, 1855.

### Infant Baptism and Baptismal Regeneration.

"The Romanist declares that by the adorable virtue of baptism, sin is pardoned, the actor is joined to Christ, and signed with a character which can never be blotted out."

"The Churchman says, baptism made him a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

"The Presbyterian teaches that 'baptism may be administered to infants to assure parents that their faith shall be counted and rewarded as righteousness, or if they die in infancy, that they shall be raised to eternal life.'"

"The Independent rejoices that from the early period of his infant baptism, pardon of sin, free salvation, and eternal life, with every new covenant blessing, have been sealed unto him."

"The Wesleyan maintains that infant baptism is a visible reception into the covenant of grace and the Church of Christ—a pledge of acceptance through Christ, and the bestowment of a title to all the graces of the covenant, as circumstances may require."

"The Baptist says, in the words of Andrew Fuller, 'the principal design of it appears to be a solemn and practical profession of the Christian religion. Such is the profession we have made. We have not only declared our repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, but have said the same things by our baptism.'"

If the reader has carefully weighed the foregoing passages, perhaps he is now prepared to answer the question, who "makes a ritual ceremony of greater importance than moral virtues?" or views baptism as a "darling hypothesis, and a saving ordinance?" Is it the Baptist or the Pedobaptist? If words have any meaning, there is but a difference in degree between the Romanist, the Churchman, the Presbyterian, the Independent, and Wesleyan, upon the efficacy of Infant Baptism. They differ respecting the amount of virtue which results from the ceremony, also about the precise nature of the blessings which flow from its observance, but the words used by Pedobaptists and Protestants, by churchmen and dissenters, by the Wesleyan and Evangelical clergy, are almost the same. Is this accident, or is it the result of a common error? All of its connection with spiritual blessings, while some pedobaptist writers have spoken of ungodly children in terms of pity, and one of them said, "the Baptists make Esau of their children, and put them out of the covenant in which God in his infinite mercy hath already included them." When a child is at the point of death, why is there so much haste to have it baptized? If there are no spiritual benefits resulting from the rite, and no connection between baptism and salvation, it is unnecessary; but if it conveys any blessings to the dying child, wherein does this differ from the principle of baptismal regeneration? And how can the advocates of this principle, even in its mildest form, expect to turn back the tide of Popery and paganism which now threaten our native land? At any rate they must not accuse us of making too much of believers' baptism, so long as they maintain such opinions upon infant baptism as are expressed in a former part of this paper.

It will be an auspicious day for the Church of Christ, when the light of divine truth shall dispense the cloud of darkness which has for so many centuries hid from the people of Europe the nature and design of Christian baptism, and when the ordinance of believers' baptism shall reoccupy in the house of God the place it had there in the days of the apostles.

"Had the Christian Church in all ages," said Mr. Fuller, "admitted none to baptism but those who professed to repent and believe the gospel, it is scarcely conceivable that any others should have been admitted to the Lord's supper, and if so, a stream of corruption which has actually deluged it with anti-christianism, would have been diverted at the spring-head.

The church might, indeed, have been corrupted by other causes, but these would have been merely accidental. Hypocrites and formalists might have imposed themselves upon it, as they did in some degree in the apostolic age, but they would have been intruders. Whatever of this kind might have existed, believers could not have been constitutionally yoked together with unbelievers. The carnal descendants of godly people could not have claimed a place in Christ's visible kingdom. The church could not have become national, embracing as its children all who are born in a christianized country, without any profession of personal religion.—Princes and nobles, if worthy, would have been received into communion as brethren; but not as rulers and patrons; and, if worthy, refused, even though an exposure to persecution had been the consequence. But, if persons were admitted to baptism without any profession of personal religion, or upon the profession of others on their behalf, their admission to the Lord's Supper will in most cases follow as a matter of course. And if all who are now baptized be admitted to the table of the Lord, the line of separation will be broken; the church

will be no longer a garden enclosed, but an open wilderness, where every branch of prayer can range at pleasure.—London Bap. Magazine.

### A Kind Word for Baptists.

"The Baptists and Presbyterians, in these religious exercises, co-operated heartily, until we came to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and even here, in the language of the officiating minister, we separated."

"I honestly and affectionately"—the difference in form and difference in feeling!—and what an expressive spectacle to the world, when brotherly love is thus seen to actuate the representatives of the various congregational sects. There is not enough of it in these degenerate times!"

Our Pedobaptist brethren often speak well of the Baptists, until the subject of close communion is introduced. Then they generally deal out some very severe censures upon the "bigoted sect." We are gratified; however, to find an honorable exception to this in a letter written to the Southern Presbyterian, by a correspondent traveling through Taylor County, in this State. From this letter the above extract is taken. The writer has discovered that "the difference in form and order" which distinguishes Baptists from Pedobaptists does not necessarily "produce any difference in feeling." Some champions of infant baptism seem to think that the shortest and most convenient argument for sustaining their position is this: *Baptists are liberal, close communists; therefore immersion is wrong, and infant baptism is right.* How much better would it be for the cause of truth, if they would dismiss all these appeals to popular prejudice, and meet the questions at issue between them and Baptists fairly and fully, determined to let truth triumph, whatever may be the fate of sects and parties? When Christians learn to treat one another as brethren, and confound not for victory, but for truth, the most formidable barriers to Christian unity will then have been demolished. Party spirit, and sectarian prejudices are doing much to keep the disciples of Christ from laying aside human traditions, and receiving God's Word in its simplicity and purity.

The writer above-mentioned said truly when he remarked, that there is not enough of brotherly love in these degenerate times. Let us as Baptists endeavor to set our Pedobaptist brethren a good example, by cultivating and manifesting a spirit of love for all the brethren.—We can afford to be courteous and fraternal in our treatment of opponents. Believing that truth is on our side, we have no occasion to change issues and deal in personal abuse and irrelevant questions. We gain much when we present the truth in love; we lose much when we try to make the truth powerful by bitter invectives and arrogant denunciations.—Ch. Index.

From the Index.

### Patronizing Pedobaptist Schools.

BRO. DAGG:—One of the correspondents of the Christian Index, in a communication published in its columns, June 29, 1848, makes some very pertinent remarks on the impropriety of Baptists sending their children to Pedobaptist institutions of learning, from which I beg leave to make a few extracts for the benefit of my Baptist brethren generally, and more particularly for that of brethren in South Western Georgia.

"It is a mark of irreligion for a man to be indifferent to God's word. Your religion is at a low ebb, when your tenacity for the truth is not strong.

I may be wrong; but when I see the sons or daughters of my Baptist brethren in the colleges and high schools of others, I set it down that there is something wrong in the head or heart of such brethren. I do not say they are not christians—far from it; but I do fear, exceedingly fear, that their piety is of a low order."

The same fear will arise in the minds of many. While we place our children in the way of temptation—send them where we know the position of Pedobaptism will be infused into their minds—either directly or indirectly—how can we pray that they may not be led into temptation? Do we train them up in the way they should go? Should they be enticed from the path of truth, and live and die in error, at whose hands will their blood be required? He who believes it to be a matter of little consequence, whether one is a Baptist or a Pedobaptist, should never have united with a Baptist church, if we can serve God as acceptably in a Baptist church, we have sinned, to say the least, when we unite with "the sect every-where spoken against."

In Pedobaptist churches we might have found more favor with the world around us.—Why deny ourselves of its honors if neither we are to be profited and God glorified there? Ponder the question in your hearts. And may the Lord give you clearer conceptions of the truth, and lead you to estimate it above all price. J. S. B.

### False Prophets.

At the time when the Pope decreed the immaculate Conception of the Virgin, some of the Bishops and periodicals of the sect predicted as a consequence, the speedy cessation of war, and other similar troubles, both ecclesiastical and secular. Thus far, however, there are still wars and rumors of wars in any quantity; and as to the great prosperity of Popery, things appear to be getting worse and worse, so that the Unholyness, the Pope, is greatly afflicted with his new troubles. The last arrivals bring us the following intelligence, which seems to indicate that, like Balaam in the days of Elijah, the Romish goddess, the fictitious Mary of Popery, must be "asleep, or on a journey."

The profits are as follows:

Spain, Switzerland and Piedmont have constrained Pope Pius to put forth "the apostolic severity." His Sardian Majesty and his Ministers are formally declared to have incurred "the greater excommunication, and the other ecclesiastical censures and penalties inflicted by the Sacred Canons, the Apostolic Constitutions, the General Councils, and above all, the Holy Council of Trent." The Pope is too gulfant a man to go quite so far against Queen Isabella at present, and therefore con-

tents himself with reprobating and abrogating the constitutional laws of that country, and declaring them null and of no effect; so far as they pretend to regulate ecclesiastical property, or deprive the church of its "power and liberty, to engage in active persecution of members of any other communion who exist in Spain."

As regards Switzerland, his Holiness is too much distressed at all that is going on there, to unburden himself in detail of his grief against that country; but he means to hold another allocution to the Sacred Consistory on that subject. Spain and Piedmont supply the lamentable subject matter for the two allocutions now given to the world. The reader will ask, what are they all about? Why, about the law suppressing the greater number of monastic orders in Piedmont, and that recently passed in Spain, abolishing the tenure of property in mortmain, and substituting the public funds for land as the source of ecclesiastical revenues. In short, as General Zavala, the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, tells his Holiness very plainly in answer to his present remonstrances, is about a matter of money—"The Queen's Government," writes the Minister, "cannot forbear expressing the profound concern with which, animated as it is by sincerely Catholic dispositions, it sees the Holy See engaged in a struggle in which—eventuating all its allegations—nothing is in question but material and mundane interests."

### Christian Union.

In a recent address before the American Sabbath School Union, Rev. Wm. Taylor said:

"Let us then rally round this Society upon the Union principles on which it is based; for Christianity is yet to consolidate the world into one great city of our God. A community of literature, language and currency may be among the brilliant day dreams of those who hope the best for our race. But 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' our common religion is our dear heritage. Our dialects may differ, but our language is the same, just as it is in China, where the same written characters answer for the whole empire, while perhaps, these who live in adjoining provinces cannot understand each others spoken language. Oh! Sir! the Christian, is a genuine celestial tongue. I am here reminded of an incident which occurred at one of the American missions in Syria. An American Christian and a Syrian convert were once left alone for a season, but neither of them was able to speak the language of the other. They exhausted all their means of communication by gesticulation and varied expression of the countenance, to make themselves understood. At last the American Christian thought himself of some of those words which are transferred bodily from one language to another—Christian words. 'Amen,' said he; 'Amen,' said the Syrian; 'Hallelujah,' exclaimed the American; 'HALLELUJAH,' replied the other; and then hand joined in hand, and heart banded to heart, and they knew that they were brethren. Or to bring the illustration nearer home. I was delighted the other day with an answer which was made by one whom I see here to-night, to the question, respecting a venerable missionary of this city, 'To what denomination does he belong?'—'I believe,' he replied, 'he is an Episcopalian, but he has been so long known as the good missionary that the people have forgotten what denomination he belongs to and they scarcely ever ask.'"

### Religion and Good Manners.

The meek and benevolent spirit of our religion has had a powerful influence in sweetening and refining all the comforts of human society, and conversation among the rest. That humility, gentleness, and kind affection, wherever of good breeding always assumes the outward form, Christianity establishes in the heart, as a permanent principle and indispensable obligation. That generous love of human kind which prompts the Christian to watch for the good of others, and embraces every opportunity of promoting not only their welfare but their virtue, taking care never to offend, and avoiding even the appearance of evil—would not the man of taste acknowledge to be the very perfection and heroism of good behavior? Must not the affecting view which true religion exhibits, of all mankind bearing to one another the relation of brethren, impart kindness and activity to those tender sympathies of our social nature, whose the language of good breeding is so remarkably expressive.

Christianity commands not the suppression only, but the extinction of every indelicate thought, arrogant emotion, and malevolent purpose; would conversation stand in need of any further refinement, were this law as punctually fulfilled as it is earnestly recommended? What is more efficacious than habitual good humor in rendering the intercourse of society agreeable, and in keeping at a distance all intemperate passion, and all harshness of sentiment or language?

In a word, true Christianity alone at once transforms a barbarian into a man; a brutal, selfish and melancholy savage into a kind, generous, and a cheerful associate.

CREDITABLE.—A large portion of the British exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition have closed their departments on the Sabbath, covering their articles from the view of visitors, thus making a noble stand against the lax notions and customs prevailing in Paris in regard to the Christian Sabbath.

### Teachings of the Telescope and Microscope.

BY THOMAS CHAMBERS.

When I look around on the wondrous scene that is immediately before me—and see that in every direction it is a scene of the most various and unwearied activity—and expect on all the beauties of that garniture by which it is adorned, and on all the prints of design and of benevolence which abound in it—and think that the same God who holds the universe, with its every system, in the hollow of His hand, pencils every flower, and gives nourishment to every blade of grass, and actuates the movements of every living thing, and is not disabled, by the weight of His other cares, from enriching the humble department of nature I occupy, with charms and accommodations of the most unbounded variety—then surely if a message, bearing every mark of authenticity, should profess to come to me from God, and inform me of His mighty doings, for the happiness of our species, it is not, for a tale of imposture, because astronomers have told me that He has so many other worlds and other orders of beings to attend to,—and when I think that it were a deposition of Him from His supremacy over the creatures He has formed, should a single sparrow fall to the ground without His appointment, then let science and sophistry try to cheat me of my comfort, as they may—I will not let go the anchor of my confidence in God—I will not be afraid, for I am of more value than many sparrows.

But, it is the telescope that by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put lucidity in possession of the instrument against which we are now contending. But, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene of man with a discovery which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star. The other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me, that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity. The other teaches me, that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me that beyond and above all that is visible to man there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty hand to the remotest scenes of the universe. The other suggests to me that within and beneath all that man sees, the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wondrous-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of His glory.

Now, mark how all this may be made to meet the argument of our infidel astronomers. By the telescope they have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity. But by the microscope, we have also discovered that to minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard.—Every addition to the powers of the one instrument, extends the limits of His visible dominions. But by every addition to the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before, with the wonders of His unwearied hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of his territory.—The other is as constantly filling up its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. In a word, by the one I am told that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever numbered, and in worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached. But, by the other, I am also told, that with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, he has also a mind to concentrate a close and separate attention on each and on every of its particulars; and that the same God who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of his presence, and travel in all the greatness of his unimpairer attributes, upon every one spot and corner of the universe He has formed.

They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension, in behalf of this mortal, as is ascribed to him in the New Testament, because he has had so many other worlds to attend to, think of Him as a man. They confine their views to the informations of the telescope, and forget altogether the information of the other instrument. They only find room in their minds for his one attribute of a large and general superintendency; and keep passive prop we have for his other attributes, of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations where it is He that worketh all in all.

And what I think, that as one of the instruments of philosophy has heightened our impression of the first of these attributes, another instrument has no less heightened our impression of the second of them—there, I can no longer resist the conclusion, that it would be a transgression of sound argument as well as a daring of impiety, to draw a limit around the doings of this unsearchable God—and should a professed revelation from heaven take us to a scene of condescension, in behalf of some separate world, so wonderful that angels desired to look into it, and the Eternal Son, and to move from his seat of glory to carry it into accomplishment, all I ask is the evidence of such revelation; for, let it tell me as much as it may of God letting himself down for the

benefit of one single province of His dominions, this is no more than what I see lying scattered in numberless examples, before me, and running through the whole line of my recollections, and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I can betake myself; and now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewn around me, with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for His notice; nor too humble for the visitations of His care.

It is a wonderful thing that God should be so unnumbered by the concerns of a whole universe, that He can give a constant attention to every moment of every individual in this world's population. But, wonderful as it is, you do not hesitate to admit it as true, on the evidence of your own recollections. It is a most wonderful thing, that He, whose eye is at every instant on so many worlds, should have peopled the world we inhabit with all the traces of the varied designs of benevolence which abound in it. But great as the wonder is, you do not allow so much as the shadow of improbability to darken it, for its reality is what you actually witness, and you never think of questioning the evidence of observation. It is wonderful, it is passing wonderful, that the same God, whose presence is diffused through immensity, and who spreads the ample canopy of His administration over all its dwelling places, should, with an energy as fresh and as unexpected as if he had only begun the work of creation, turn him to the neighborhood around us, and lavish on its every hand-breadth, all the exuberance of His goodness, and crowd it with the many thousand varieties of conscious existence.

### Dr. Payson's Power in Prayer.

Years ago, when Dr. Payson was the pastor of the second parish church in this city, he instituted "the quarterly church fast." This season is still observed here, by all the orthodox Congregational churches. Being in one of these meetings, not long since, I took occasion to mention the fact that the pastor of a church in western Massachusetts, where I formerly resided, often alluded to these seasons, and the manner in which they were observed by Dr. P., and that, as a consequence, his church afterwards established such a meeting, and regularly attended upon it, with no little interest and profit.

A pious lawyer who was present remarked, that he was reminded by these statements, of one striking feature in Dr. Payson's Sabbath exercises—his wonderful power in prayer.—Mr. S. was then a child; he felt no special interest about religious things. But when that man of God arose in his place, and poured out his soul in supplication, so filial and tender, so earnest and reverent, so solemn and spiritual, his young heart was completely overwhelmed with emotion. He could not describe the feelings that rushed upon him at that hour, in any better way than by comparing them to the sensation which comes over us when we receive a sudden fright; his blood started quicker in his veins, his whole frame felt a shock, and his spirit was stirred deeply within him. Dr. Payson brought down so much of the presence and power of God, by his near communion at the Throne of Grace, that it was awful to be there. That vast assembly were ready to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place! It is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven!" He said Dr. Payson owed his remarkable success in the ministry, and his amazing influence, as much to his prevalence in prayer, as to his faithfulness and pungency in preaching the Gospel.

A valuable testimony! In these days, when so much is said about great efforts, about eloquent sermons, about intellectual preaching; and so little importance is attached to a high standard of personal piety, to a deep-toned spirituality, as an element of mighty power in the pulpit—may it not be refreshing to turn back to the experience of former times? Few, if any, ministers have wielded a more widespread and healthy influence than Dr. Payson. It is felt to the third and fourth generations.—Its moulding hand is still pressing warmly upon this whole community.

I never resided in any place where the religious element seemed to be more ascendant, where conversation among professing Christians upon experimental and spiritual things, and those precious truths which cluster so closely around the cross of the Son of God, was more free and natural. This is owing, doubtless, in good measure, to the fact, that Dr. Payson would never go where he could not take his Sabbath with him. In all his visits, in all his intercourse with the people, he claimed the privilege of conversing with them about their salvation, and commending their souls to God in prayer. Such interviews they soon learned to welcome and enjoy.

I know that Dr. Payson possessed a good deal of intellectual acumen, and a peculiar talent in forcibly illustrating truth and happily adapting it to the condition of his hearers; but he remembered, that he also had power with God in prayer, and prevailed. Would that we had more of his power in prayer, this power of God, in all our churches, in all our social meetings, in all our sanctuaries, in all our pulpits! Then should we not so often mourn the absence of our Divine Comforter, and the diminished efficacy of preaching. Then would the Lord "revive us again, and turn our captivity as the streams in the South."—N. Y. Observer.

### Warning for Christians.

"In the time of the Marian persecution," says Brooks, "there was a gracious woman who, being brought before bloody Beumer, their Bishop of London, upon the trial of religion, he threatened her that he would take away her husband from her.—'Saith she, 'Christ is my husband.' 'I will take away thy child.' 'Christ's saith she, 'is better to me than ten sons.' 'I will strip thee, saith he, 'of all thy outward comforts.' 'Yea, but 'Christ is mine, saith she; and you cannot strip me of him.'—O, the assurance that Christ was here bore up her heart and quitted her spirit under all!"

Millions of the Turks are said to be disbelievers in Mohammedanism, without being believers in Christianity. There are also numbers who partly believe in Christ, but have not grace to maintain an open profession.