

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

J. J. JAMES, Editor.

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Proprietors in Administering the Ordinance of Baptism.

The following article, from Dr. Fuller, we find in a late number of the *Baltimore True Union*. No American writer has given clearer or stronger arguments in favor of believers' baptism than Dr. Fuller: and it is gratifying that his christian taste is in keeping with his logic and his use of Scripture.

"Few have ever witnessed this most beautiful ordinance—no one, indeed, with an unprejudiced mind—without feeling its silent most subduing eloquence. Of how much power do churches, and ministers, deprive themselves, who substitute, for christian baptism, the unmeaning ceremony of sprinkling infants. During late revivals in this city, it is a fact, that quite as many were awakened, and brought to conviction by this visible preaching, as by the voice of the living ministry.

Nor is this surprising. Baptism represents most emphatically, and solemnly, and patently, the suffering of the Son of God. He himself calls the deep sorrow and anguish which overwhelmed him, "a baptism." "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." In this passage, he plainly refers to the plaintive exclamation in the sixty-ninth Psalm. This Psalm is expressly declared by Jesus himself, and by his apostles, to be a prophecy of the Redeemer's suffering. And, in the language above cited, he evidently is alluding to the first and second verses, "Save me, Oh God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire where there is no standing. I am come unto deep waters; where the floods overflow me." In all ages this ordinance has stood as a monument of this great fundamental gospel truth—Whenever baptism is administered, there it may be said to the people, "Jesus Christ is evidently, visibly, set forth crucified among you." And if the written pages of the Bible were lost, much might be gathered, from this ordinance, of that amazing deed of love.

In the biography of Andrew Fuller, the soundest theologian England has produced, is found this entry:

"In March, 1770, I witnessed the baptizing of two young persons, having never seen that ordinance administered before, and was considerably affected by what I saw and heard."

The solemn immersion of a person, on a profession of faith in Christ, carried such a conviction with it, that I felt like a child on the occasion. The words of the Psalmist, in Psalm iii. 10. "A good understanding have all they that do his commandments," left a deep and abiding impression on my mind. I was fully persuaded that this was the primitive way of baptizing, and that every Christian was bound to attend to this institution of our blessed Lord. About a month after this I was baptized myself."

While, however, the baptism of a believer is most solemn and affecting, it must be confessed, that the manner of its administration often greatly mars its effect, and sometimes destroys entirely its beauty and power, producing in the bosoms of spectators, feelings almost of revulsion.

Upon this point we ministers ought to reflect seriously. In the discharge of no office should we study more carefully what is proper, and becoming, and dignified. The writer of this article was once present in the country, when a crowd assembled to witness the baptism of a lady. It was on the banks of a beautiful stream. The morning was bright, the scenery most lovely, and all nature smiled in harmony with the hymn, which rose from glad hearts, and echoing through the grove, ascended to heaven. But judge of the emotion—the mortification—the chagrin, not to say indignation of those present, when the minister appeared, with his coat off, and a red bandana handkerchief tied around his head, looking more like a ruffian, than a minister of the gospel.

Such a sight would shock our refinement; but too often, in cities, and by pastors of education and good taste, in other things, there is exhibited a solemnness and indecorum most offensive and culpable.

If ever self possession and calmness are demanded, it is on these solemn occasions—Here is an emblematic burial and resurrection. What earnestness, what prayerfulness, what propriety, what holy deliberation and repose should appear in a scene so deeply affecting. Too often, now, all is awkwardness, and hurry, and precipitation. A quaint writer says, "I saw some fishermen that they might not be afraid of the water." Ministers sometimes betray a trepidation and nervousness in the entire proceeding, which resembles the restless and unsteady gait of a man who is frightened; and the candidates seem to be frightened, and

an ordinance which is most imposing, melting an entire congregation to tears, when administered with ease and tranquility, is exposed to ridicule by the agitation and hurry, and fuss, and flurry, and flutter, and violence of the whole thing."

Baptism, like the gospel, has a self-evidencing power. Volumes have been written, and it is a deplorable proof of the influence of prejudice, that truth can still be resisted by good and great men. But there is no argument for baptism so overwhelming, as that urged by the ordinance itself. How careful should we be, lest any negligence, or clumsiness or indecorous precipitation and undignified floundering impair the sacred energy of that argument.

Every church ought to have a well assorted wardrobe. The term *candidate* (*candidatus*) seems to impart that the dresses were formerly white; but nations differ as to the color of funeral habits, and black is equally appropriate. A judicious committee should take charge of the wardrobe. Early history chronicles the intrepid conduct of a deacon who waited upon some candidates, one of whom afterwards apostatized and became a bitter persecutor. Among other victims, he seized the deacon and dragged him to the stake. The servant of God approached the fire, singing the very hymn which had been sung when the renegade was baptized, and just before entering the raging flames, he drew from beneath his cloak a white gown, and turning to his foe, exclaimed—"In this robe you were arrayed when you confessed Christ. I take it with me. It will meet you at the Judgement."

The committee while assisting at the toilet of the candidate, should instruct them to be calm, to "go down into the water" slowly and deliberately, and when in the water to fold their hands, meekly upon their bosoms, and remain in prayer to that Savior with whom they are now about to be buried.

Above all let the minister be calm and collected. Let him study to be quiet, and mind his business, and do his business like one who is exercised and at home in his work. Taking with his left hand the clasped hands of the subject, and holding with his right hand a portion of the gown between the shoulders behind, the slightest depression of his wrists will cause the candidate to subside slowly and gradually into the water, and no effort will be required to raise him up in the same gentle and easy manner.

If Paul quoted the heathen writers, why may I not refer to one of our own poets. The passage is from Hamlet. It has often been given as a study for public speakers, and contains some hints for all who appear before an audience. "Use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and begot a temperance, that may give it smoothness." "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." "Now this o'erdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance's overcharge a whole theatre of others."

While in a neighboring city, lately, I was much gratified to see the love and harmony between a young pastor and his church. One of the deacons, however, a plain, but noble and judicious man—said to me, "He delights in all—only do advise him not to jump and kick about so in the pulpit." R. F.

Baptist Preacher Fired in the Ring!

Under the above heading, a writer in the South Western Baptist thus writes of a discussion with Pedobaptists:

Having been unexpectedly drawn into a controversy on Christian Baptism, by a Methodist friend, in a company of Pedoes, we discussed the subject at length to the height of our abilities.—Mean time, the best of feelings prevailed. Through the whole range of argument, the Scriptures used, seemed to stubbornly hold the truth, that immersion is the only action in Christian Baptism. Finally, my friend took a sudden, unexpected turn in the controversy to this effect:

"You believe that nothing is Christian Baptism, but immersion by a legal administrator?"

"I do," I replied. "You therefore believe that nobody is in Christ's visible Church, who has not been thus immersed?"

"I do." "Consequently, you do not invite such persons to the Lord's table, because they are not in the Lord's Church for which that table was instituted?"

"That is the true reason," I replied. "Well, now, why don't you be consistent? If you don't invite a man to the communion table, because he is not in Christ's Church, how can you invite that same man into the pulpit, and present him to the Church and the world, as a Christian teacher?"

"Sir," I replied, "my argument is conclusive and unanswerable; and I see no way to remedy the inconsistency, but to stop the practice." Movement all round; for I was "fired in the Pedo ring." I left the ring on the shortest notice, by the shortest route, and have been whizzing ever since for a cooler climate. Brethren, was I right, or was I wrong? Ought I to have "let him, and died?" I ought to, or, ought I to have run away, that I might live to fight another day?"

If a Baptist brother had stuck the torch to me in this way, I could have kind o'joked him out of it; but it was a full-blooded Pedo. Taking my faith for the premises, his reasoning looked to me like a demonstration; and I saw no alternative, but a total surrender. He furthermore, convinced me, that intelligent Pedobaptists themselves, cannot understand how a man can hold the true Baptist faith, and practice pulpits union with Pedobaptists, without making his practice positively contradict his faith. Take care, my young brethren, you who are forming your ministerial character, under the joint preaching of Baptist and Pedobaptist doctrine, and under the joint administration of Baptist and Pedobaptist church government—take care, that you do not come out, the stripes of your unfortunate brother, a "motley, wishy-washy crew," in faith, practice, and church government. Yes, and "at an hour you think not," you may be "fired in the fatal ring," and "let off" in red hot streaks. O, tempora, O, mores!

A YOUNG MINISTER.

The Soul's Birthday.

BIRTHDAYS! Who but the most thoughtful can pass these mile-stones on life's journey with indifference? Even to a child, whose griefs are like a summer shower, and most solemn impressions like words written upon the sand of the seashore, its yearly arrival is hailed as a most important day; a day which often gives rise in his young mind to reflections upon life and death unsuited to his age. As we advance more rapidly, and these mile-stones seem placed nearer, their suggestiveness increases; until from being a gala-day in childhood, a time of quiet reflection in youth, it becomes an era through which solemn memories; a moment which bids the most hardened worldly pause, and note his rapid progress to the shores of eternity.

If so much that is impressive and solemnizing hovers about the birthday of the body which is soon to perish, how should the child of God regard the birthday of the soul? To some true christians the manifestation of the change is gradual, like the morning dawn, so that they know not the day or the week in which they were born again. But to others, it is like the bursting of sunlight into a darkened room, and is an era never to be forgotten. As years pass on, and the anniversary of that momentous of all days arrives, how carefully and solemnly should its hours be spent by the child of God. What heart-searching, what thankfulness for a hope in Christ, what resolution and aspirations after higher attainments in the holy life should fill his hours.

As a birthday will sometimes startle the middle-aged man, whose light spirit and kindly nature has preserved a boy's heart unscathed by life's rude jostle, and make him exclaim with wonder—"Can I be so old?"—so should the professor of religion, who has been in the church a score of years, be startled at perceiving the selfish, worldly spirit, and the want of true christian experience, which marks his character. He should be aroused from his lukewarmness as he remembers how little his years of outward service in the cause of Christ have hallowed and subdued his inner man.—He should startle with fear for his future welfare, as he reflects, "How little am I changed in thought, word or deed, since that day when I vowed in the presence of men and angels, to devote my life to God." Yet how light this calamity compared with the dwarfing of the soul, with want of progress in the christian life, with ignorance of God's word, and feebleness of principle which distinguishes too many whose names have been enrolled a life-time among the born again.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

The Review of Life.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good."—Gen. 1: 31.

In the act of creation the mightiest attributes of the Great First Cause were conspicuously displayed. Stage after stage as the majestic work proceeded, the historian of the infant world represents the divine Architect as pausing to review the successive creations of his power, and as regarding them with approval and delight. The whole is now concluded. The six days' work had been completed; and the Deity is again represented as lingering over the young creation, and gazing upon it as a fond father gazes upon the sleep of his child. "And God saw everything that He had made and behold, it was very good." And was it not a spectacle over which the divine Artificer might well linger with delight? There, it was moving, a bright and beautiful world; where of late there was nothing but the blackness of darkness. There he saw it traveling on in the freshness of its prime, and still sparkling with the dews of its morning glory. Not a cloud had yet gone up to darken the bright azure sky; no blight or mildew had yet passed over the newborn flowers; not a leaf had fallen from the glorious trees. There also lay the infant ocean, swelling, as it were, in its cradle, with its world of bright waters, yet a stranger to a mist or a cloud.

How different was the emotions of Jehovah, while surveying the accomplished works of his hands, from those of the human artist, in looking at the products of his skill and genius.—God looked upon a creation of perfect and infinite beauty and loveliness. Hence he contemplated it with unalloyed and unmixed delight and satisfaction. But what human artist was ever fully satisfied with the execution of his designs? The sculptor finds it impossible to communicate to the marble that inexpressible air of beauty and grandeur, which, perhaps none but himself perceives to be wanting, but which he has spent his life in the vain attempt to impart. The painter is unable to give to the glowing canvass the ethereal soul which haunts his waking dreams, as the sound of gushing waters is ever in the ears of the wanderer of the desert. The musician lives and dies without having succeeded in communicating to others the melody of his own soul. Inferior minds are often vain of their performances and achievements; but it has often been the characteristic of minds of the highest order, to feel how little the best they have done corresponds with the productions of the great and divine Artificer. The most exquisite skill, and the most consummate human genius, have thus surveyed, with restricted and limited delight, the productions of their own hands. But in the passage at the head of this article, we find Jehovah looking upon the productions of his own infinite skill with delight and entire satisfaction.

But there is a most solemn application of this passage that remains to be mentioned.—There is a practical use of it to be suggested, which concerns us all. There will be a time in the history of every one when the great work of life, whatever may be its complexion, will be brought to a close; and when, as the divine Spirit pauses over the finished world, the eye of departing life will be cast back upon the past, reviewing all its checkered scenes of good and evil. At such a solemn moment, who would not wish to be able to say of the life now closing, and now being reviewed, "Behold, it is very good." Upon the emotions with which we can take that review, will depend the blessedness or the bitterness of death. Not as we now see them shall we then look upon the objects, pursuits and the vanities of the world. Anxiously will the eye of the spirit then look back, not in quest of what

has been enjoyed, but for what has been improved;—not for what has made us happy in time, but for what has been done with a wise and a solemn reference to eternity. Can any one imagine that a review of a life of wasted privileges and of despised offers of mercy, can enable us to say, "behold, it is very good?" No, the thought that life has been spent in oblivion of God and his claims, will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." We are all every day, preparing materials for our death-bed reflections. We are preparing for ourselves a pillow of down, or of thorns.

An Example for a Christian.

There is something exceedingly noble in the conduct of General Zeithen, a favorite officer of Frederick the Great when he was entertained at that monarch's table. The story is one of the "beauties of history." The King was bantering the old soldier on his religious observances.—He had been invited to the royal table on good Friday and declined, as it was his custom on that day to receive the Sacrament and occupy himself with religious meditation. "Well how did the Sacrament agree with you; have you digested well the seal body of Christ?" The merry company of Sans Souce laughed at the king's sally which the meanness of his subjects should have despised, when the venerable Zeithen rose.—"Your majesty knows," he said, "that in war I have never feared any danger; and that, whenever it was required, I have resolutely risked my life for you and for the country. This feeling still animates me; and if it is of any use, you command it, I will obediently lay my head at your feet. But there is One above us that is more than you or I—more than all men—the Savior and Redeemer of the world—who has dearly purchased salvation for us with his blood. That Holy Savior I cannot allow to be ridiculed, for in him rests my faith, my trust, and my hope in life and death. In the strength of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered; if your Majesty undermines it, you most assuredly undermine at the same time the wealth of the State. This is a true saying indeed. May it please your Majesty to excuse my freedom."

Always Adhere to Truth.

When it is once admitted that we may say what is convenient, instead of what is true, every man will have a different standard of veracity, and no one can tell any longer what to believe. In the same breath in which Dr. Johnson maintained the right of an author to disown his productions, he indignantly denounced what numbers would consider the more venial doctrine, that it was lawful to withhold from a patient a knowledge of his danger. "Of all lying," I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practiced upon myself. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth." Thus the lying which Johnson abhorred the most, was a deception which multitudes imagine to be a duty; and he was not more at variance with them than inconsistent with himself. Truth, an instant before, was to yield to consequences; the scene shifts, the consequences become disagreeable, and truth is to be paramount to every consideration. So surely does the moralist revert to the rigid rule and exact it of others, the moment the exceptions are to his own disadvantage. The evil of departing from it is shown on a large scale in the disgraceful maxims of the Jesuits which Pascal held up to odium and reproach. Casuistry has too often been employed in violating morality—in devising specious reasons for multiplying exceptions to irksome principles. Then arise a labyrinth of fine distinctions, of complicated conditions, of subtle evasions which blunt the conscience, perplex the notions right and wrong, and convert the simple laws which are understood and acknowledged by him who speaks and him who hears, into a mass of metaphysical deceit and confusion, in which no one can be sure what is permitted to himself or arrogated to his neighbor. Nor if men may break precepts to avoid presumed inconveniences, can they be forbidden the liberty where the design is to accomplish a fancied good. The whole monstrous machinery of pious fraud becomes morally defensible; the motive, where it was honest, justified the means. The wood of the true cross, which Fuller says at the time of the Reformation would have loaded a ship, was rightly multiplied by those who believed that it would encourage devotion, and the priests who furnished the false teeth of St. Apollonia, which were a reputed charm for the toothache, and filled a barrel when they were collected in the reign of Edward VI., were engaged in a commendable work "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate."—*London Quarterly Review*.

Life's Last Hours.

Life's last hours are grand testing hours.—Death tries all our principles, and lays bare all our foundation. Many have acted the hypocrite in life, who were forced to be honest in the hour of death. Missings of heart, that have been kept secret through life, have come out in death; and many who seemed all fair and right for heaven, have had to declare that they had only been self-deceived.

A gentleman of renown was on his dying bed, when a friend, near at hand, spoke of the Saviour. "As to the Bible," he replied, "it may be true; I do not know." "What then are your prospects?" he was asked. He replied in whispers, which indeed were thunders, "Very dark—very dark." "But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible?" "Perhaps not," he replied, "but it is now too late—too late."

A mother, who had laughed at religion and religious people, was seen restless and miserable on her bed of death. She desired that her children should be called; they came; in broken accents she addressed them: "My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your life; I do not find the broad road ends in destruction; I did not believe it before. O! seek to serve God, and try to find the gate to heaven, though you may never meet your mother there." Her lips were closed forever, and her spirit departed to its account, while the household looked on terror-struck. Mother! Father! would you die thus? O no! Then point to heaven, and lead the way.

What Prayer is.

It is not, as we learn from the success of Jacob's prayer, the place that gives efficiency to the prayer, but the prayer that makes the place holy. It is not the oratory, as it has been alleged by some, that makes prayer, but prayer that makes an oratory—in a cockpit, or with the Alpine herdsmen, or upon the deck of the ship tossed by the gale or on the eve of battle. The heart alone makes prayer, and prayer makes holy any place, and builds the oratory, and consecrates anywhere a church, a true Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. Bow down and beautiful words cannot make prayer; but earnest desires from a heart bowed by love, inspired by God's Holy Spirit, and thirsting for God, the living God, will do it anywhere, or in any place, at any time.—*Last of the Patriarchs*.

An Apostrophe to the Sabbath.

The Rev. Dr. Stevens closes his eloquent sermon on "THE LORD'S DAY, its obligations and blessings," with the following beautiful extract from Hamilton's *HOREA* at VINDICIA SABBATICA:

"O Sabbath! Needed for a world of innocents—without these what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, He had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit. We salute thee, as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over creation's achieved work—marked therefore existed 786 years, measured across the downward in the tract of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and of guiding flame, inter-

weaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dew and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rang of thee in Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation-day of martyrs, the feast-day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the churches of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birth-right, labor's only rest! Nothing has such a hoar of antiquity on it! Nothing contains in it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's rich patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness! The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection! The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality! The ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending on it!"

Fate of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt till he expired.

Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired. Thomas was run through the body by a lance, near Malabar, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows. Simeon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Benefit of Sorrow.

Sorrow is the atmosphere in which real excellence best thrives. To mortal short-sightedness, unable to fathom the designs of Omnipotent wisdom, it may seem strange that the weakness of an hour should sometimes incur a more fearful temporal punishment than the crimes of a whole life; but if the sufferings

"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes, set forth the honor of the Creator, improve the world, and sublimates the victim's faith, most certainly will this last bear its reward with it. The ocean is purified by turbulence; the candle burns brighter by consumption of itself; and thus the human mind is cleared from evil by the agitation of sorrow, and the martyr's faith shines most radiantly in the hour of physical dissolution!"

The Lord Jesus Christ, who was the very perfection of excellence, could not please an ungodly world—how can Christians and ministers of the gospel expect to do it? They cannot do it; and failing to do it, they should not be disappointed. On the contrary they should lay it into their account to meet with the opposition of the world, and should encounter it conscientiously and fearlessly.

SECRET PREACHING TO THE HEART.

When the reality and fearful import of God's declarations are felt, they produce emotions, which give earnestness, solemnity and power to the ministry—emotions often strongly impressed upon the conscience—which are seen in the starting tear, and the voice—which give to the preacher a command over the feelings and attention of his auditors, which nothing else could secure.—*Christian Spectator*.

Spiritual Life.

Is there within you, my brother is covenant is there within you a little feeble outgoing of your affection towards Christ—a little feeble fluttering pulsation of spiritual life? It is a work of grace—it is God's work. It is ground for hope that you have the "Son of God," that you have life. It is the first swelling of a little seed, which shall sprout, and shoot up, and grow unto perfect life. But it is small and feeble, though a precious thing; therefore watch it, guard it, cherish it, cultivate it. Go with it to the cross, to the mercy-seat day by day, that it may be nourished by fellowship with your Redeemer.

A devotional spirit is intent upon doing the will of God. The "constraining love of Christ supplies the motive force to the soul. Obstacles and difficulties vanish before the mind." "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." It hears the call of duty, and leaps to obey that call. The steadfast, active, zealous, useful Christian is furnished for his work by the "Spirit that quickeneth" and as a fire in his veins, that Spirit inflames the feeling of devotion, until the man of God is ready for every good word and work."

Mr. Ferguson says that the prettiest sewing machine he every saw was about seventeen years old, with short shaves, low necked dress and with gaiter boots on.

AN ANCIENT OAK.

One of the oldest trees in Europe, says an exchange, was struck by lightning in the month of July last. This tree is an oak, was planted in the year 1070, by the Count of Champagne. The oak which had broken over centuries, achieved work—marked therefore existed 786 years, measured across the downward in the tract of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and of guiding flame, inter-

produced acorns up to 1830.

From the American Messenger.

Cautions to the Young.

Beware of the card playing circle! Beware of the gambling table! Beware of the ball-room! Beware of the dram-shop. Beware of the billiard-saloon! Beware of the theatre! Yes, young friend, beware of such resorts.—You can find sufficient recreation elsewhere. There are amusements enough, without recourse to any of these. Be on your guard against the seductive influence of all of them. Direct your footsteps into wiser and safer paths. "Avoid them; pass not by them; turn from them, and pass away."

None of these are necessary to your respectability or happiness to your health of body or purity of mind, to the education of the intellect or the salvation of the soul, to your prosperity through time or welfare in eternity. They are positively dangerous to your peace of conscience, future, if not present; dangerous to habits of industry; and dangerous to your morals. They all peril the dearest interests of your immortal nature. In the hour of sober conviction, on the bed of death, and at the judgment of the great day, you will be ready to acknowledge it, if not before. There is no need of this risking your good name in the estimation of the best part of the community; and what is worse than all, risking the possession of an unspilled character and virtuous principles in your own and God's estimation.

Remember, that while "the way of transgressors is hard," and while sin at last "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," it is also true, for our encouragement, that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," and that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

W. C. W.

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Jude was shot to death with arrows. Simeon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Benefit of Sorrow.

Sorrow is the atmosphere in which real excellence best thrives. To mortal short-sightedness, unable to fathom the designs of Omnipotent wisdom, it may seem strange that the weakness of an hour should sometimes incur a more fearful temporal punishment than the crimes of a whole life; but if the sufferings

"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes, set forth the honor of the Creator, improve the world, and sublimates the victim's faith, most certainly will this last bear its reward with it. The ocean is purified by turbulence; the candle burns brighter by consumption of itself; and thus the human mind is cleared from evil by the agitation of sorrow, and the martyr's faith shines most radiantly in the hour of physical dissolution!"

The Lord Jesus Christ, who was the very perfection of excellence, could not please an ungodly world—how can Christians and ministers of the gospel expect to do it? They cannot do it; and failing to do it, they should not be disappointed. On the contrary they should lay it into their account to meet with the opposition of the world, and should encounter it conscientiously and fearlessly.

SECRET PREACHING TO THE HEART.

When the reality and fearful import of God's declarations are felt, they produce emotions, which give earnestness, solemnity and power to the ministry—emotions often strongly impressed upon the conscience—which are seen in the starting tear, and the voice—which give to the preacher a command over the feelings and attention of his auditors, which nothing else could secure.—*Christian Spectator*.

Spiritual Life.

Is there within you, my brother is covenant is there within you a little