

Biblical Recorder.

J. D. HUFHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to Religion, Morality, Literature and General Intelligence.

TERMS: \$3 per year in Advance.

VOLUME XXVIII, NO. 18.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1868.

WHOLE NO. 1395

BIBLICAL RECORDER,
A Religious and Literary Paper,
published weekly at Raleigh, N. C., at \$3 per
annum, payable in Advance.

For the Recorder.

Letters to a Young Minister.
No. XI.

BY A NORTH CAROLINA PASTOR.

The more the people are convinced that the heart of the preacher is in his sermon, the more readily will they be impressed by the important truths proclaimed. Words of affectionate warning should not be spoken in a lifeless manner. Many discourses are so cold and chilling that they smack of the atmosphere of arctic climes. Men have sought the sanctuary to enjoy the enlivening warmth of divine truth but have gone away almost frozen by contact with icebergs in the shape of prosy sermons. No subject demands greater earnestness. Souls are perishing. Eternity is just at hand. The opportunities of today will soon be numbered with the past. Many of our hearers with immortal souls beating within them will soon enter the portals of the tomb, and the opportunity and privilege of urging them to be reconciled to God, will be gone forever. Sound aloud the Gospel trumpet. He, who speaks of life and death in dull and careless tones, surely is not himself impressed with their solemn realities. Physical exertion is not earnestness. The one may be present where the other is wanting. Men think often that they preach well when they exert their lungs violently, deal bountifully in gesture and even in theatrical display, declaim pompously and deafen the ears of the people with their stentorian appeals. External agitations without deep tenderness of feeling will never arrest the interest of the hearer or benefit his heart. When the Lord appeared to Elijah on mount Horeb, he was not in the strong wind nor in the earthquake nor in the fire but in the still small voice, which, when Elijah heard, he covered his face in his mantle and listened to Jehovah's words.—That man preaches in earnest when he feels what he says. He may have action combined with earnestness, but action alone is not earnestness. When the preacher preaches he will not fail to preach eloquently. The people see how he values the doctrines he proclaims and his sincerity and earnest zeal persuade them to believe. The true earnest preacher has a heart burning with love to Christ and immortal souls. An earnest delivery will make truth more attractive.—Garrick the celebrated actor was once asked by a minister "how is it, that you who deal in nothing but fiction can so affect your audience as to throw them into tears; while we who deliver the most awful and interesting truths, can scarcely produce any effect whatever?" His reply was, "here lies the secret: you deliver your truths as if they were fictions; but we deliver our fictions as if they were truths." While much depends on an interesting and earnest delivery in the presentation of truth, there is however a melting pathos and a holy unction that can only be secured by communion with the Holy Spirit. The preacher who announces his text with a tear in his eye, has just come from the mercy seat. Heaven is in his soul, salvation his theme and the glory of God his aim. When you consider, my brother, the object of preaching, you will at once see the importance of simplicity and earnestness in the delivery of Gospel truth. Its object is the salvation of souls. The word is the sword of the Spirit and is the appointed channel through which spiritual blessings are conveyed. By it, through the influence of the Spirit, saints are to be edified and sinners converted. Our object should not be to prepare entertainments for intelligent audiences, to build up a reputation as learned and great preachers or to secure a pastorate in a wealthy and fashionable congregation, but to save perishing souls by preaching a crucified Saviour. We are sent into this work as the Apostle states, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry and for the edifying of the body of Christ."—Eph. iv. 12. And again "warning every man, and teaching every man, in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Col. 1: 28.

Paul tells us that it was "his heart's desire and prayer to God that Israel might be saved." Do not prostitute the pulpit to the carnal purpose of showing to advantage your superior education and vast stores of

knowledge. Let your people see that the great object of your life is to do good, and to labor for souls. Never fail in every sermon to invite sinners to the Saviour.—Never preach a sermon, the general scope of which shall produce regret in a dying hour. Wherever you may go, be it before kings and princes, the fashionable and the gay, never compromise the truth, but boldly oppose iniquity and warn men to flee the wrath to come. By such preaching Felix was made to tremble and Agrippa, though clothed in the robes of royalty, was almost persuaded to be a Christian.

For the Recorder.

Careless Wives.

BY QUELQU'UNE.

In some book I recollect having found this remark. "It is the duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can." There are few single ladies who do not feel this responsibility, and to their utmost strive to beautify themselves. This anxiety continues until a year or two after their marriage, when, if they do not chance to reside in a fashionable community that keeps them up to their old habit, they gradually become less addicted to "priming" and finally quit it altogether. The change made by a few years is often almost startling, and causes the remark, "Poor thing! how she has faded! she used to be beautiful!" It is not always the woman to whom this remark applies, but her personal appearance, or in other words—her dress.

Formerly she wore her hair in shining braids, or glossy ringlets, and trained each tress in some peculiar and charming manner; now, her cares are so numerous that she imagines she has no time to devote to her head gear—and then, there is no one to see her "but-home folks," and she does not deem it worth pains-taking to adorn herself for them: so she just backs her hair all together and twists it up into a horn shaped protuberance on the back of her head;—all—but a few stray hairs that feeling themselves neglected, wander about at the will of the winds.

There neat, nicely fitting dresses used to be adopted to the caprices of fashion as well as the changes of the weather. Her collars were the admiration of all her female friends, and the good taste of her friends unexceptionable. Alas! since she has "nobody but" her husband to see her or to be flattered by her dress, she is not quite so particular. Her dress often appears slatternly in its fitting and bears marks of her visits to the kitchen and smoke-house. Sometimes she neglects a collar altogether, and if she wears one, it is as likely fastened awry with a brass-headed pin—"because her breast-pin is broken, and she doesn't care for jewelry as she used to, and so she has neglected to have it mended."

When visitors come she is always 'caught' in a great rumper—everything out of order for which innumerable apologies have to be made. Indeed, visitors have a wonderful knack of happening in at the very worst of times, and doubtless often suffer compensations of conscience for having ventured themselves where their coming is evidently an intrusion.

All these things are very wrong. My good woman, what sort of a person did you husband marry? You think he married yourself only, of course, and that outward circumstances do not increase or lessen your value, but you are mistaken. Men seldom stay in love if they have been so, unless they continue to believe the woman of their choice is, in reality, all she seems to be. Did you not, by the arts of dress, language and manners, charm him? If you lay aside these fascinations, and make no effort to retain his continued admiration, do you not fear that the charm may dissolve, and leave no sentiment in his heart but the study he owes you as a wife? Indeed, you may be! Many a slatternly wife has lost the love she won as a nice and tidy young girl. It is a poor complaint to a man's affection as well as tastes, if you treat him as he does, and he must feel it so. What if "he does so too." I am not talking about men's conduct now, but that of married women.—No matter how he does, your duty is the same, and if you perform it faithfully, he will be ashamed to grow old first, and will keep himself in practice in the arts and niceties of his bachelor style of "fix-ups." It will repay any woman to try the effect of careful attention to her person and dress, for men are said to be poor fickle things who

speedily weary of one object of admiration. If this be their character, how carefully should she be that nothing in her appearance or conduct may weaken her hold upon her husband's fancy or regard. Until her latest years, she should endeavor to look as charming as possible, for with all her attempts it will prove a rare and difficult matter to "grow old gracefully" and pleasantly.

There are other faults of which married ladies often need a reminder. Their prevalence is no excuse for their toleration, but calls more loudly for a remedy. Business with many occupies every moment, and leaves no leisure for the cultivation of any of pleasures or elegancies of life. After a brief honeymoon, the wife settles down by the home fire-side, and sews. Day after day, month after month, year after year, she is sewing still—till Hood's "Song of the Shirt" becomes almost her own history. The more she does, the more there is to do, and soon, she has no time for anything else.—The piano is silent in the parlor, and the songs she used to sing are old, and now forgotten. She has sewed till her fingers are too weary to practice, and besides she has too much work on hand to think of attempting it. How glad her husband would be oftentimes if when he returned from his day's labor or business, she would sing some of those dear little songs that so thrilled him when he was courting! He comes home humming one, and thinks he'll ask her to sing it after supper—but she looks so tired out, and besides is so anxiously busy with her work, and looks so little like a bird that had ever sung so tender a note, that he gives up the idea, and sighs to himself and thinks "it has been a long time since he was a bachelor."

For reading, she has now as little time as for the exercise of accomplishments: she is hardly able to keep up with the times—unless it may be such war times as these—that excite every one. As for sitting down deliberately to read a book, it is quite impossible. There is the garden, or the poultry, or the spinning and weaving, or the smoke-house, or the dairy to attend to, and always clothes to cut and make for children and servants. It is a great deal for one poor woman to have on her hands, but if she is rich enough to have all these cares, she is able to employ some one to assist her, and take much of this drudgery off from her hands, so as to allow her some time for improvement as well as recreation.

She once considered it imperative that she should keep "read up" on all topics of general interest so as to have material for conversation in society, and 'tis a pity that with the fine mind she was said to have when a school girl, she should settle down before she has reached middle age, to chat of nothing but chickens and ducks, gardening and gossip. 'Tis a pity that the beautiful piano her father gave her, should stand there idle, ruining for want of use, and destined to be old and out of fashion before her daughters are able to use it. All these old melodies she used to know, busied in the past—'tho' lost to ear "to memory dear."

The wife, and mother has no need of all her gifts, whatever of nature or cultivation, than ever when single. She displays to greater advantage if able to talk well, and makes people around her more easy and comfortable. An example of intelligent conversation set before a child in all its early years, has untold effect in forming its tastes and character. They revere as well as love a parent who is supposed to "know all about every thing." A woman who cultivates and constantly improves herself occupies a very commanding position. She will be looked up to by friends and neighbors and becomes the pride of her husband by her intellectual endowments as well as by the manner she entertains his guests by her culinary skill.

I would therefore add to the remark I quoted at first. "Let every woman make herself as agreeable and companionable as possible." This is the more necessary because the amiable gentleness of youth, does not always survive the wear and tear of married life and household vexations.—Wives become cross and petulant oftentimes (I do not say whose fault it may often be, for I am still speaking of women only. And while 'en parenthese' I may as well remark that I am not trying by my picture drawing to discourage young men and bachelors from taking wives:—widowers, I could not discourage, for they'll have wives or die!) If the temper is not kept in subjection, there is more need than ever, that other things

should be more needed. For a wife to change from an amiable, intelligent, neat and pretty woman, to a peevish, one-sided slatternly gossip, is quite enough to drive a man to the verge of despair, and make him repeat with mother goose, in her nursery oracles,

"Needles and pins,
Needles and pins;
When a man marries
His trouble begins."

The Wild Karen Boy.

Many years ago, a lady was seated, reading, in the veranda of her Burmese house, when suddenly she was startled by seeing a little, wild-looking boy standing before her, and asking, with great eagerness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" He appeared about twelve years old. His coarse, black hair, matted with dirt, bristled up in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine; and the only covering about his person was a ragged cloth of cotton.

"Does a Jesus Christ live here?" he again asked, as he crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady.

"I want to see him; I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing, that you want to confess to him?"

"Doing?" repeated the boy; "what have I been doing? Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything that is bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to seek Jesus Christ, for I heard say he can save me from hell. Does he live here? O, tell me, where can I find Jesus Christ?"

"But, my poor boy," said the lady, "Jesus Christ does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."

"But I want to stop, answered the boy. "I want to stop doing wickedly; but I can't stop. I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come out of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing," said the lady, "but you can not see Jesus Christ now." Here she was interrupted by a sharp cry of distress from the poor boy. "But," she continued, "I am his humble follower and servant, and I can teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful look of the wild Karen boy was beyond all description, as he exclaimed, "Tell me! O, tell me! Only ask your master, the Lord Jesus Christ to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry. Do not send me away. I want to be saved,—saved from hell!"

The lady, you may believe, was not angry, and the next day she took him to the little bamboo school house; and never was there a scholar, in any school or country, more anxious to learn "the truth as it is in Jesus." After some time, he was baptized; and then he went on daily improving in the knowledge of those things which belong to our salvation. Years passed away, and the gentle lady had gone to that happy home where sin and sorrow are known no more. The wild Karen boy had also changed from boyhood to youth, from youth to strong manhood, and then the hand of death was laid upon him. But while the strong man lay bowed down with sickness,—while he tossed wildly to and fro upon his fevered couch,—even then his heart was filled with precious memories of Jesus, and his lips uttered fragments of hymns and texts which he had learned in days of health.

At last the parting hour arrived, when without a sigh or struggle, his happy spirit passed away, to be forever with that Saviour whom he had sought with such eagerness.

A Disciple in a Blaze!

I knew that the cruel Nero wrapped many a Christian in a garment of pitch and then set him on fire. But I fell in lately myself with a disciple in a blaze. Sure enough, he was all on fire! There was little or no smoke. It was too hot for that. I looked about for some Nero who had done this, but I did not see any.

It was a very sad sight. I do not know how long the fire had been burning, when I saw him; but I was afraid it had been some time, or else it had burned with great fierceness, for there was never more decreasing and painful marks of fire, on a human being. He had been very handsomely dressed up to the time he took fire. But when I saw him the beautiful robe charity, was burnt to a cinder. It had been the "bond of perfectness," but was all ashes when I saw it. A very valuable girl called faith was shockingly scorched. And you can judge of the severity of the heat, when I affirm that a breast plate of righteousness, which he had worn, was melted down, and had totally disappeared. He had before been "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace," and capital shoes they are which are made of that article, but these were all crisped by the fire. You would not suppose anything like peace had ever had anything to do with them. And I could not but notice, too that the shield of faith I had often seen him have, was pretty much reduced to a nonentity. It had been given "to quench the fiery darts of the wicked," which made it the more painful to see it perish in the flames. And the "helmet of salvation," had grown brighter in the heat, and was shivered; and the "sword of the Spirit" shared the same fate. In

short, there was next to nothing left of that in which, as "a strong man armed," he was wont to move in the various scenes of the community. The fire had made such havoc of a man about him; certainly very little likeness to a Christian man. I did think, on close inspection, that there were some faint outlines of such a likeness. I did not quite like to give up that there were none.

The active of an engine famous for putting out fires of this kind, called the "lively orocles," soon subdued the flames.—The disciple had not suffered much up to this point, for the heat had very much blunted his sensibilities; but as he now began to look about him, and especially upon himself, and began to see in what a blaze he had been, and what little there was left of his goodly armor, then did sensibility return, and it was clear that some of the finest nerves of his moral nature had felt the violence of the fire; and he wept bitterly.

Inquiring about the matter, I learned that he had sometime carried a large quantity of an explosive powder about him called passion, but he had not obeyed the Great Captain's orders to pitch the whole of it overboard; so there was enough for a stray spark to fall on and do mischief. Such a spark came in this way, hence the blaze above described.

Give God his Day.

Reader, do not be a robber. He that steals, breaks God's eighth commandment. Above all, do not rob God. Sunday is God's property. Give God his day.

I do entreat you, for your soul's sake, not to profane the Sabbath, but to keep it holy. Do not buy, sell, or idle your time on Sunday. Let it not be the example all around you, let it be an invitation of companions, let none of these things move you to depart from this rule, that God's day should be given to God.

The Sabbath is one of the greatest blessings which God has given man. Do not make a bad use of this blessing. He that can not give God his day is unfit for heaven. Heaven is an eternal Sabbath. O, while you live, give God his day.

Once give over caring for the Sabbath, and in the steps which lead to this conclusion, you will give over caring for your soul, for the steps which lead to this conclusion are easy and regular. Begin with not buying God's day, and you will soon not honor God's house; you will soon cease to honor God's book; and by-and-by you will give God no honor at all. Let a man lay a foundation of having no Sabbath, and I am not surprised if he finishes with the topstone of no God.

It is a remarkable saying of Judge Hale, "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found only a few who would not confess upon inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the Sabbath."

Reader, solve, by God's help that you will remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Honor it by a regular attendance at some place where the gospel is preached.—Settle down under a faithful ministry, and once settled, let your place in church never be empty. Give God his day.

Father's Prayer.

"For my own part," says the excellent Mr. Flavel, "I must profess before the world that I do, from the bottom of my heart, bless the Lord, who gave me a religious and pious father, who often poured his soul to God for me. The prayers and blessings of my father before the Lord, I esteem above the fairest inheritance on earth. Oh, it is a small mercy to have thousands of irreligious fathers lying before the Lord in heaven for us."

"And that we would be faithful to this duty, surely our love, especially to our relatives, should not grow cold. Oh, that we would remember this duty in our hearts, and if God gives us opportunity and ability, discharge it fully when we die. We adore, as Christ did, that we shall be more, but they are in the midst of a defiling, troublesome world,—what may we do for them we do not know.—Surely, as we are bound to remember our relatives every day, and to lay up prayers for them, so we should remember our relatives in our hearts, so it becomes us to imitate Christ in our earnestness with our relatives when we die.—Thoroughly love, our prayers do not die with us; they live on, and those we leave behind us in this world may reap the benefit of them when we are turned to dust."

Our View of Eternity.

Eternity is another thing than we ordinarily take it to be in a heathen state. Ordinarily we think of it as a boundless, oh, how fixed and unalterable, oh, how of what infinite importance it is that we be prepared for eternity! I have been just saying, now for more than a week, and all a man should have thought me so. I have had my views of eternity; have seen the blessedness of the godly, in some measure, and have longed to share their godly state, as well as been comfortably satisfied that, though I shall do so: but oh, what an eternity is raised in my mind for those who are mistaken, and who bring their false hopes to the grave! The sight was so different, that I could by no means bear it. I said under a more affecting

sense than ever before, "Who can dwell with everlasting burnings!" Oh! I thought, could I now see my friends, that I might warn them to see to it that they lay their foundation for eternity sure.—*Brainerd.*

Come as You Are.

It is said that a poor heathen woman when entreated by a missionary to come to the Saviour, replied that she would do so as soon as her heart became good enough.—"Ah," returned the missionary, that is like saying you will go to the fire after you get warm, or that you will seek for food as soon as your hunger is assuaged." It would be a great mistake to suppose that such an error is confined to the heathen. It springs from the self-righteousness natural to the human breast; and is to be found in all lands and not rarely among those who, from their youth up, have enjoyed the most careful and discriminating instructions. Indeed, nothing ever overcomes this deep-rooted propensity but the effectual teaching of the blessed Spirit. It seems very easy to understand the doctrine of a gratuitous salvation, but experience shows that it is very hard.

Nearness to Christ.

Dear reader, rest not contented with anything short of nearness to Christ. A great deal is said in the present day about sacraments, and books, and ministers—and they ought to be rightly estimated and duly prized; but there is danger, lest we should rest upon these means of grace, instead of regarding them as a medium of communion between ourselves and the Saviour, which are intended to bring us into closer and closer approximation to Himself. Try everything by this simple test, "Does it draw me more towards Christ? Does it make Him increasingly precious to me, and deepen my resemblance to Him?" For what is heaven, itself but nearness to Christ? "To be with Thee where Thou art," said a departing saint to the Saviour, "that is heaven." Then to sit under Christ's shadow now, is the preparation for heaven, or rather, the commencement of it; for glory is but grace perfected.

A Black Cloud.

A black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace and think of his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealthily away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun and many times troubles do conceal my comforts: for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.

God's Child.

"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath school scholar. "I do not know," he answered; "I only know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not see him. Now he is near and I love to do things, and love not to do things for his sake, like as I do for my father's or my mother's sake." Here indeed was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.

A sure Foundation.

The bridge which the gospel lays over the gulf of God's wrath for sinners to pass from their sins into the favour of God here, and the kingdom of God hereafter, is supported by no other pillars than the wisdom, power, mercy, and faithfulness of God so that the believing soul need not fear till it sees these bow or break. It is called the everlasting gospel; when heaven and earth go to wreck, not the least jot or tittle of any promise of the gospel shall be buried in their ruins.—*Gurnall.*

The Great End of Life.

There is but one thing that deserves our highest care and most ardent desires, and that is that we may answer the great end for which we were made, viz: to glorify that God who has given us our being, and to do all the good we possibly can to our fellow-men.

The Chief Learning.

The excellent Richard Baxter said if his own heart were obedient to his commands he would lay upon it, among others, the following injunction: "I charge thee to make the study of Christ, and the great work of man's redemption by him, thy chiefest learning, and most serious and constant work; and in that wonderful glass to see the face of divine love, and to heat what is said of it by the son from heaven add to come boldly as reconciled to God by him."

Gambling.

What harm is there," says the young man, "in playing a game or so for amusement?" Not much—only it is attended by loss of time, loss of health, and loss of reputation. It leads to the formation of bad habits—gambling, drinking, sweating; and is then attended by loss of peace, loss of fortune, and loss of both soul and body. That's all.