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For the Recorder.

Letters to a Young Minister.
No. XII.

BY A NORTH CAROLINA PASTOR.

The preacher must exercise a personal oversight of himself. He is the observed of all observers. Faults that might be overlooked in other persons will become glaring in a religious teacher. The exhortation of the Apostle is "Take heed to thyself and the doctrine." A bishop must be "blameless" and have "a good report of them that are without." Upon an irreproachable and consistent character depends his influence to a very great degree. Men will not be instructed and reproved by those in whom they have no confidence. He must constantly examine his own heart and let his life exemplify and illustrate the doctrines he proclaims. A man may by imprudence soon destroy all the effects of his sermon however earnestly delivered. His conduct during the week should be a living exemplification of his Sabbath labors. Thoughtlessness, worldly-mindedness and levity will never fail to mar the beauty of his preaching and seriously impair his usefulness. Then, my brother, look well to your character and general conduct. Preach by example as well as by precept. In vain will you expect success, even if you preach eloquently while you live carelessly. In view of your glaring inconsistencies, they will not only reject your counsel but despise your professions. They know you so well that they will not "listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." Let prudence, temperance, charity, heavenly-mindedness, and devotion mark your every-day life. If you live in sin, how can you expect others to forsake it, however earnestly you may urge them.

Levity is incompatible with the dignity of your office. This can be seen in the trifling and frivolous conversation in which many love to engage. Madame De Staël in her admirable work on Germany, very truly observes: "If we examine the course of human destiny, we shall see, that levity of disposition may lead to every thing that is bad in this world. It is only in the child that levity has a charm; it seems as if the Creator still led the child by the hand, and assisted him to tread gently over the clouds of life. But when time abandons man to himself, it is only in the seriousness of his soul that he can find thoughts, sentiments and virtues." Be serious, for you deal with serious subjects. Nothing is more serious than life, nothing more solemn than death. Be not morose and sullen, but cheerfully serious. The former will repel all advances, the latter will command respect and fortify your counsel. Be not too fond of scenes of gaiety and pleasure. Let the enjoyments of this life be subordinate to those spiritual feasts of religious delight prepared by the Good Spirit for the support of the soul.—Wherever you may be thrown, never compromise your Christian character, but let men always know that you are a man of God, and that your conversation is in heaven. Set an example of liberality to your brethren by being charitable yourself. If God has blessed you with the substance of this world, dispense your charities with a liberal hand, and your congregation will imitate your example. Wear yourself from this world. Be devoted to Christ. Engage in no profession or pursuit that will detract from your Christian profession. How many have lost their spirituality and the good opinions of men, by plunging into the whirlpool of avarice. Some ministers of the present day have been so affected with the mania of speculation that they have neglected their congregations and with the prospect of worldly gain before them, have become real worshippers at the shrine of Mammon. How can such men preach to their people, "set not your affections upon things on earth but things in heaven." If your congregation does not afford you an adequate support, there are legitimate and worthy fields in which you can labor without any injury to your Christian character. How fearful will be his condition who "standeth in the way of sinners." Be careful in all you do and say. Scrutinize well every thought, word and deed. Let no gay and fashionable company lead you to a sinful levity. Let no thirst for riches awake the

avarice of the heart. Live by example.—The eyes of the multitude are upon you. Surrounded by such a cloud of witnesses, endeavor to lead a spotless and holy life.—Says Baxter in his "Reformed Pastor," "Is that man then likely to do much good or fit to be a minister of Christ, that will speak for him an hour on the Sabbath, and by his life will preach against him all the week, yea, and give his public words the lie?"—The honor of God is entrusted to your hands. Live as becometh his ambassador. Be a burning and a shining light. Let your life be a constant practical commentary of your preaching, and you will see the power of a consistent Ministry, for the people will esteem your character and observe your piety, and when they hear you speak, will arise and follow Jesus.

The Christian's Balance Sheet.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Rom. 8: 18.

How frequently we dwell on present trials and sufferings, rather than on "the glory which shall be revealed in us." We think more of the "light affliction which is but for a moment," than of the "eternal weight of glory," which is in reserve for us. Paul was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial, perhaps no one ever endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the Divine glory. I never think of the above text but I imagine a sort of spiritual balance sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian, drawn up by one who is fully competent, under Divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer him amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the subject, if he will but calmly, prayerfully, and in faithfulness of that God who influenced the apostle to draw it up for the consolation of the children of God. Let us now take a glance at the balance sheet, in the hope that we, also, may arrive at the same conclusion as did the Apostle Paul.

Dr.
"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."
In labors more abundant.
In stripes above measure.
In prisons more frequent.
In death oft.
Five times received I forty stripes, save one.
Thrice was I beaten with rods.
Once was I stoned.
Thrice I have suffered shipwreck.
A night and day I have been in the deep.
In journeys often.
In perils of robbers.
In perils by my own countrymen.
In perils by the heathen.
In perils in the city.
In perils in the wilderness.
In perils in the sea.
In perils among false brethren.
In weariness and painfulness.
In watchfulness often.
In hunger and thirst.
In fastings often.
In cold and nakedness.
Besides these things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total. "Light afflictions, but for a moment."

Cr.
"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."
For we know that our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.
That He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy which He hath prepared unto glory.
Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.
When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.
And so shall we be ever with the Lord.

Total. "An eternal weight of glory."
The Apostle Paul, having carefully examined the foregoing account, deliberately makes the following declaration: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—The Christian Helper.

The Surer Aspects of Providence.
The light that shines from heaven never strikes and charms us more than when seen in contrasts with the darkness of men.—This, which holds true preeminently in the sphere of grace, holds true as well in the sphere of providence. God, who is the King of Glory, both in the work of eternal

salvation and in the government of this present world, is best known, perhaps, as known to all, only as He lifts His veil and suffers us to catch glimpses of His face.—Where He "withholds this manifestation of Himself, night envelopes even the loftiest mind—clouded, rayless night."
Take a case in point. Tacitus, the historian of the era from Galba to Domitian,—an era, as he represents it, "full of misfortunes, atrocious wars, discord, seditions; nay, hideous even in peace,"—says, "Never by more grievous miseries of the Roman people, or more just tokens of divine displeasure was it proved that the gods wish not our welfare, but revenge."
Such was the stern, repulsive aspect of providence to the subtle intellect of ancient Rome. An appalling scene where Divine revenge trode down all human welfare in hopelessness and agony!

But when we turn to Holy Scripture, how different the spectacle that greets and gladdens the eye! The Son of God, who is also the Saviour of mankind, has been constituted "the Head of all principality and power," that He might execute the work of salvation; and whatever is done on the earth is done to hasten the era when "there shall be great voices in Heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever." If God now "overturns, overturns, overturns," "removing the diadem, and taking off the crown," it is preparatory to the time when "He shall come whose right it is"—He into whose hand, the hand once nailed to the cross for us and therefore most worthy to wield the sceptre over us, all things have been given. If he smites the earth with the rod of His mouth, if with the breath of His lips He slays the wicked, He does it in the interest of His Son, of whom the prophecy and promise is, "With righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth."

In all this there is no divine revenge, but faithfulness rather, working out the purposes of mercy—no disregard of human welfare, but rather its only sure protection against the malice and cunning of the evil one. Even in its sternest aspects, providence is but the minister of Holy Love, making straight the path of the Son of Man to universal opinion; putting the nations under His yoke who alone "hath power upon earth to forgive sins,"—(which is but another form of saying that He alone has power truly to bless mankind.) This is the "light shining in a dark place," which Tacitus never knew. This clears away the clouds which hindered him from seeing, under the guise of public commotions and national calamities, the hand of God "stemming the torrent of a downward age," in the method most conducive to His own glory and the highest ultimate well-being of our races.
Such trains of thought are apposite to the present emergency. Surely as we have suffered, still more sorely as we may be called to suffer, let us remember that God wishes not revenge, but our welfare. Whatever may be the purpose of our enemies, or our own purpose, He designs this war for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ.—Shall we not patiently bear up, therefore, under its adversities? Shall we, with weak timidity, shrink from endurance in such a cause? As soldiers of the Cross, never—

Death of the Sensualist.

The end of Falstaff may stand as a type for the close of every such life. It was without regret and without honor. There is no life so melancholy in its close, as that of a licentious wit. The companions with whom he jested abandoned him; the hope of the visible world is gone, and in the spiritual he has no refuge. Pleasure was the bond by which he held his former associates, and by affliction that bond is broken. The gay assembly takes no thought of him, and the place therein shall know him no more.—Instead of the hilarious looks which were wont to beam around him, a crowd of ghastly images are fitting in his solitary room; instead of the blaze of many lights, there is the dimness of a single taper; and for the song of the viol, there are the moanings of death.
Sir Walter Scott tells us that Sterne's death strikingly resembled Falstaff's. Brinsley Sheridan was, like Falstaff, companion to a Prince of Wales. He was also, like Falstaff, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He lavished upon the heir of kings the bonnies of his humor; and his eloquence, and in return for such wealth, the heir of kings abandoned the donor. When the lights went out upon the banquet, the man who threw the glory over it was no more remembered. But, when the frame sickened and the soul drooped, no royalty was at hand; when the eye had no more the lustre of wit, it looked in vain for the brothers of the feast; when lips from which there once fell winged words, feebly uttered titled names, none who bore those names were present to hear. The spendthrift, both in property and talents, was left along with fate, and while eternity was waiting for his spirit, the balliffs were watching for his corpse.
So of Hook and the rest. The class is well embodied in Falstaff, in his life, also in his death. No death in Shakespeare is more sadly impressive to me than that of Falstaff. In other deaths there is the sweetness of in-

nocence, or the force of passion. Desdemona expires in her gentleness; Hamlet, with all his solemn majesty about him; Macbeth reels beneath the blow of destiny; Richard, in the tempest of his courage and his wickedness, finds a last hour conformable to his cruel soul; Lear has at once exhausted life and misery; Othello has no more for which he can exist; but the closing moments of Falstaff are gloomy, without being tragic; they are dreary and oppressive, with little to relieve the sinking of our thoughts, except it be in the presence of humanity in the person of Mrs. Quickly. When prince and courtier had forsaken their associate, this humble woman remained near him. The woman, whose property he squandered, and whose good name he did not spare; this woman, easily persuaded and easily deceived, would not quit even a worthless man in his helpless hour, nor speak severely of him when that hour was ended. Here is the greatness of Shakespeare; he never forgets our nature, and in the most unpromising circumstances, he compels us to feel its sacredness. The last hours of Falstaff he enshrouds in the dignity of death, and by a few simple and pathetic words in the mouth of his ignorant but charitable hostess, he lays bare the mysterious struggles of an expiring soul. "A parted," she says, "even just between twelve and one, 'e'en at the turning of the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.'—How now, Sir John? quoth I; what, man, be of good cheer. So 'a cried out God, God, God! three or four times, then all was cold."

Thus, as Shakespeare pictures, a man of pleasure died. Even upon him nature again exerts his sway; the primitive delights of childhood revisit his final dreaming; and he plays with flowers, and he babbles of green fields. And that voice of Eternal Power, which was lost in the din of the festival, may have utterance in the travail of mortality; and the exclamations, which falter to the verge of the tomb, "make confession of a faith which all the practice had denied."

An Exquisite Retort.

It is related of Bunyan that in the height of his usefulness as a preacher in and about London, the bishop of the metropolis had a curiosity to see him. The coachman of the bishop was a frequent hearer of Bunyan, and the bishop had told him that whenever, in riding out of town, he should chance to meet Mr. Bunyan, he wished to see and speak with him. One day, as John was driving his lordship in a portion of the suburbs sufficiently retired for the bishop to gratify his curiosity, Bunyan was seen plodding his way on foot, with his bundle under his arm, going out to preach somewhere in the outskirts. "Your Grace," said John, "here comes Mr. Bunyan." "Ah," said the bishop, "hold up the horses when you overtake him, and let me speak to him." They were soon at his side, the horses were checked, and the bishop bowed, saying, "Mr. Bunyan I believe." "Yes, your Grace," says Bunyan, courteously responding. "Mr. Bunyan," said the bishop, "I am told that you are very ingenious as an interpreter of Scripture; and I have a difficult passage in mind, about which the critics are in dispute, and of which I would be glad to have your view. It is St. Paul's message to Timothy: 'The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee; and the books, especially the parchments.'" "Well, your Grace," replied Bunyan, "it is allowed, I believe, by all, that Timothy was a Bishop of the primitive Church, and Paul, as all agree, was a traveling preacher. It occurs to me that this may have been designed in future days to teach that in primitive times the bishops were accustomed to wait upon the traveling preachers; whereas, in our day the bishops ride in their coaches, and the traveling preachers, like Paul, are 'minded to go aloof.'"

Questions for Every Evening.

1. Have I read a portion of God's Word to-day? and if I have, has it been hurriedly, and without meditation; or reverently, and with a sincere appreciation of its preciousness?
2. How have I prayed to-day. Has it been formally, without realizing thoughts of God; without sensible nearness to God; or with affection, fervor, and confident dependence on Christ's mediation?
3. Have I been sensible of any holy motion of God's Spirit in my soul? or have I encouraged or discouraged his gracious visits?
4. Have I longed after God, panted after his manifestations to my soul, and felt that in his favor and love alone could I be happy?
5. Have I studiously repressed evil thoughts and desired to be delivered from their intrusions; and have I made any successful assaults on my easily besetting sins?
6. Have I been guilty to-day of envy, jealous pride, ill speaking, or unkind feelings? Have I returned good for evil? Has sin overcome me, or have I overcome sin?
7. Have I realized my nearness to eternity, and encouraged myself to meditate on

8. Have I met crosses and disappointments, strong, or slandering, with meekness and patience?
9. Have I been covetous? or have I resisted the tendency of my heart to avarice; by the performance of benevolent and charitable deeds? Have I given anything to the poor, or purposed to do good unto all men, as I have opportunity?
10. Have my secular avocations absorbed too much of my time and attention to-day?
11. Have I lived to God's glory, or for my selfish ends to-day?
12. Is it a master of consciousness with me? religion is my chief concern, and the source of my greatest pleasure?
13. Have I been gentle and courteous toward my inferiors and dependents, kindly affable toward my equals, and respectful toward my superiors?
14. Have I spoken unadvisedly with my tongue, or rashly judged others?
15. Has the world been in any way vexed by my living to-day?
16. Have I had opportunities for doing any good for Jesus? and have they been used? Have I spoken well of him to any sinning sinner? Have I given away any religious tract, magazine, or book to any one? Have I spoken well of him to any one? Have I prayed for the prosperity of the church and the conversion of sinners, and considered all I have as given me for the redemption of the Lord's kingdom among men?
17. Have I felt with increased intensity that I am a sinner, and that my only hope is in Christ?
18. Have I avoided all appearances of evil, and set a holy example before those with whom I have come in contact, fearing not men but God.
19. In a word, have I made any advance in the Divine life to-day? Ponder this, O my soul! as in the immediate presence of the God.

A Dead Christianity.

When the overladen camel falls dying in the desert, the vultures will congregate on either side—but they sit or fit at a respectful distance. So long as the least spark of life remains in the eye, the unclean vultures do not touch him. With horrid patting they will hover for hours around the expiring body, till the stiffening limbs and glistening eyeballs telegraph them to their banquet. So it is with the piety of the church. Its inward vitality is its external power. United by quick and generous sympathies to its great Head, and exhibiting in its operations that self-denying benevolence which was the essence of his life, she can do all things through Christ that strengthen her. But dis severed from Him, she is a rootless trunk—a trunkless branch—a stemless flower—a withered, dry, and worthless thing.
Christianity makes great professions, inasmuch as it assumes to be the only truth in a world of error—to be the only safety in a world of danger—the only happiness in a world of sorrow. It is then most natural that such high professions should be questioned. Men love to pull down high things, as they will try to pull down the church. Let her then be pulled down herself—let her, of her own free will, both demonstrate and confess that she is no other and better than a mere human institution, and her indignation will fall upon every neglect on her part. The truth is, we must expect to be not only useless, but despised, if we do not faithfully labor for God. The salt which has lost its savor is good for nothing but to be cast out. It needs to be trodden under foot of men.

Poverty a Blessing.

Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by grand faith, and hope around whose steps mountain breezes blow, and from whose altitudes all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men of that in every department of life, guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin and what was their early training. Were they, as a general rule, rich and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerged from the homes of poverty, or struggling poverty, necessity sharpens their faculties and prudence and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the greatness of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having what they want; they know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a noble purpose into every act. The edge of their mind is always kept sharp. In the school of life, men like these meet softly nurtured darlings of prosperity, as iron meets a vessel of porcelain.

Adam Clarke on Dancing.

Adam Clarke, in his "Remarks on the present state of the Church of England," has some very interesting remarks on dancing. He says, "I have long resisted all solicitations of this nature, but at last allowed myself to be overcome. I grew passionately fond of it. I did not lose the spirit of subordination, nor love work, but I imbibed a spirit of idleness, and in short, drank in all the brain-foaming effluvia of pleasure. Dancing and company took the place of reading and study; the authority of my parents was feared but not respected, and few serious impressions

could prevail in a mind imbued with frivolity. Yet I entered into no disreputable assembly, and in no case kept improper company.—Nevertheless dancing was to me a perverting influence, an unmixed moral evil. I consider it a branch of that worldly education which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will, know it to be evil and only evil. "No man in his senses would dance," said Cicero, a heathen. Shame, then, on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters have been ruined.

"Daylight is going."

So said a dear little boy the other day, a few minutes before he died. The golden sunlight was in the room, but the windows of vision were darkened by the shadow curtain of death. A moment or two of gloom and the freed spirit had awakened to the glory of heaven, in the presence of the Saviour. Earth's night forever fled! Heaven's long day begun.

Teacher, let these words of a dying child recur to your memory often: "Daylight is going! Work while it lasts! Work for souls! Work for Jesus! Another year has fled, bearing away with it oh! how many who were buoyant and glad when its record began. A new year has come, bearing, folded up in its bosom, great joys for some, deep woes for others. "This year thou shalt die" may be the doom it bears for some dear child in your class, for some loved in your home circle. Who is sure of life for an hour? The child at his merry play, the mother with her children, the aged, full of years and honors, all these may have but a step between this life and the next.

Waste not one moment, teacher, lest your lips be sealed, or the ears that listen to you be closed. To bring the little ones to Jesus is your aim. Pray for them; pray with them. Rest not while one soul still wanders far from the great Shepherd's fold.

"Daylight is going!" But it is the uncertain day of earth—now clear, now clouded. Death is out a swift, cold night—a passage through a dark hall, into the King's palace—the Father's house, where there are many mansions. Cease not, then, to labor for Jesus. "Thou canst not toil in vain!" The fruit may ripen slowly, and the gardener may never see the results of his toils, but the Master will not forget, and the prayer of faith is never offered in vain.

A Lost Man.

Mr. Whitefield had a brother, who for some years appeared to be an earnest, sincere Christian. But he declined, and finally wandered from the path of duty. After hearing his brother preach one afternoon, he retired in distress of mind. At the supper table he groaned, and could neither eat nor drink, saying, "I am a lost man." The Countess of Huntingdon, who sat opposite, exclaimed, "I am glad of it, I am glad of it." "It is wicked in you to say you are glad that I am a lost man," said he. "I repent it," said she; "I am heartily glad of it." He looked at her, astonished at her barbarity. "I am glad of it," said she, "because it is written, 'the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.' With tears rolling down his cheeks, he said,—"What a precious Scripture truth is that. And how is it that it comes with such power to my mind? O, madam," said he, "bless God for that. Then he will save me; I trust my soul in his hands; he has forgiven me." He soon after went out, felt unwell, fell down and expired.

We are all lost. Happy will it be for us if we become sensible of it, and are found, before the summons of death shall come.—Let backsliders take warning, and see to it that they return to the Great Shepherd ere their feet stumble on the dark mountains of death.

Apology for Long Sermons.

Mr. Grimshaw once apologized for the length of his discourses, to this effect:—"If I were in some situations, I might not think it needful to speak so much; but many hearers, who are wicked and careless, are likewise very ignorant and very slow of apprehension. If they do not understand me, I can not hope to do them good; and when I think of the uncertainty of life, and perhaps it may be the last opportunity afforded, and that it is possible I may never see them again, till I meet them in the great day, I know not how to be explicit enough; I endeavor to set the subject in a variety of lights; I express the same thoughts in different words, and can scarcely tell how to leave off, lest I should have omitted something for the want of which my preaching and their hearing might prove in vain; and thus, though I fear I weary others, I am still unable to satisfy myself."

General Bragg and Sunday Reviews.

General Bragg has issued an order to dispense with Sunday Reviews, Inspections, &c. We trust that the noble example will be imitated generally in the army. God has so constituted man, that he needs rest, at least once a week, here and hereafter. They who violate this law, except in cases of necessity and mercy, will incur a heavy penalty here and hereafter.—Army and Navy Register.