

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

G. W. Johnson

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, EDITOR.

VOL. 1.—NO. 5.

RALEIGH, N. C. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1856.

\$1 50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
The Evening Star.
The brilliant evening star to-night,
Gleams thro' the dusky air
As though some search in flight,
Thro' the unclouded "realms of light"
Had paused an instant there—
Had paused and silently surveyed,
The dreaming world below,
Then down away to Eden's shade
Where living waters flow
Methinks some bright, unearthly gem
Fell from his flashing diadem,
For when he winged his flight afar
Through the enchanted air,
A light remained—The Evening Star
Shone forth serenely there
"Tis thus the good—the good depart
And leave a beacon blaze,
To cheer the faint, desponding heart
The fallen one to raise;
Hence we revere the sage—the seer
Of every age and clime,
Whose golden gems still glitter here
Among the sands of time.
Jan. 22nd. RALEIGH.

A Voice of the Departed.
Toll not that bell of death for me,
When I am dead;
Strew not the flowery wreath o'er me,
On my gold bed,
Let friendship's sacred tear
On my fresh grave appear,
Greeting with pearls my bier,
When I am dead.
No dazzling, proud array
Of vantage display,
My fate to spread.
Let not the busy crowd be near,
When I am dead;
Fanning with unfeeling sighs my bier—
Sigh quickly sped,
Let deep unbroken rest
On some fond, faithful breast:
Then were my memory blest,
When I am dead.
Let not the day be writ—
Love will remember
Unfold, unsold!

Diivinity.

A DISCOURSE
On Predestination and Election.

BY WILBUR FISK, D. D.

(Continued.)

2. Especially will it assist in explaining those passages which speak of election as depending solely on the sovereignty of God. The strongest of these are in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. This portion of revelation is the stronghold, as it is supposed, of Calvinism. Whereas, we humbly conceive that there is not one word in the whole chapter, of unconditional and personal election to eternal life. It is only necessary to read that epistle carefully, to see that the apostle is combating that exclusive and Pharisaic doctrine of the Jews, already alluded to, and is proving in a forcible strain of argumentation, from reason and Scripture, that the foundation of the plan of salvation for sinners was the goodness and unmerited love of God—that all, both Jews and Gentiles, were sinners, and therefore stood in the same relation to God—all equally eligible to salvation, and must, if saved at all, be saved on the same terms. To prove this, he argues strenuously that God's favor to the Jews, as a nation, was not of any goodness in them, but of his own sovereign will and pleasure, so that his covenant of favor with the Hebrews, and his covenant of grace which embraced the Gentiles, was "not of works, lest any man should boast," "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." The apostle shows them, too, that the covenant made with Abraham was not for circumcision, nor for the works of the law, so far as it affected him or his posterity, because it was made while Abraham was in unbelief, and on the condition of faith. He argues further, that this election of the Jews to the enjoyment of these national and ecclesiastical privileges was not because they were children of Abraham, for Ishmael was a child of Abraham, and yet he and his posterity were rejected; nor yet because they were the children of Abraham through Isaac, because Esau and his posterity were reprobated from the national privileges, while Jacob and his posterity were the chosen seed—not chosen to eternal life, because many of them perished in sin and unbelief, but to the peculiar privileges of God's covenant people. And all this because it was the good pleasure of his will. And as a sovereign, he had the same right to elect the Gentiles to the enjoyment of the covenant of mercy, and upon the same conditions of faith. The apostle concludes this reasoning by an argument which cuts off entirely the idea of unconditional personal election and reprobation. He informs us that the reason why the unbelieving Jews did not attain to personal righteousness was "because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law;" and the Gentiles attained to personal righteousness, because they sought it by faith. Hence, those that were not his people became his people, and those that were not beloved became beloved—and these, "not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles." Whereas, if the doctrine we oppose be true, the elect were always his people, and always beloved, and that because he pleased to have it so. That portion of Scripture, therefore, on which Cal-

vinism leans for its greatest support, not only affords it no aid, but actually teaches a different doctrine. There is indeed something of mystery hanging over the providence of God, in bestowing peculiar advantages on some, and withholding them from others.—But on this subject much light is cast from various considerations which we have not time to enlarge upon; but especially from that wholesome and consistent Scripture doctrine, that "it is required of a man according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not." This removes at once all complaint of Jew and Gentile, and authorizes the reply, so often misapplied, "Who art thou that repliest against God?" As a sovereign, God has a right to make his creatures differ in these things, so long as he require only as he gives. But this differs as widely from the Calvinistic idea of sovereignty, as justice from injustice, as equity from iniquity. In fact, God nowhere in the Scriptures places the election of individuals to eternal life solely on the ground of their complying with the condition of the covenant of grace. Hence his people are a peculiar people—his sheep hear his voice and follow him—they are chosen out of the world—they are in Christ, not by an eternal decree of election, but by faith—for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature"—and, of course, he is not in him until he is a "new creature"—then, and not before, they become his, and he seals them as such—"In whom, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." But if they were elected from eternity, they would be his when they did not hear his voice, and were not new creatures.

3. From what has been said, we can easily answer a third class of scriptures which the Calvinists dwell upon to support their system, viz., those which declare salvation to be of grace and not of works. Of these there is evidently a large catalogue of very express and unequivocal passages. Take two or three for an example of the whole:—"Even so then, at the present time, there is a remnant, according to the election of grace; and if it be by grace, then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace; but if it be of works, then it is no more grace, otherwise work is no work." "By grace we are saved." "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." "Now we profess to believe these scriptures as unqualifiedly and as cordially as the Calvinists; and we think them perfectly in accordance with our views of election. For we believe, as already stated, that God's plan for saving sinners originated entirely in his love to his unmerited creatures. There was nothing in all the character and circumstances of the fallen family, except their sin and deserved misery, that could claim the interposition of God's saving power. The way of executing his gracious plan, and rendering it available in any case, he chose, as a sovereign, reserved to himself. And if he saw that a conditional election was best suited to the principles of his government, and the responsibility of man, shall it be said, this cannot be, for it destroys the idea of grace? Cannot a conditional election be of grace? Let the intelligent and candid answer. Even many of the Calvinists acknowledged that salvation is conditional, and yet it is of grace; for "by grace ye are saved." Now if salvation is conditional, and yet of grace, why not election? Let Calvinists answer this question.

But that our doctrine of election is of grace, will appear evident, I think, from the following considerations. 1. It was pure, unmerited love that moved God to provide salvation for our world. 2. The gospel plan, therefore, was an expression of his love, and a condition of grace. Not a step in that whole system but rests in grace, is presented by grace, and is executed through grace. 3. Even the power of the will to choose life, and the conditions of life, is a gracious power. A fallen man, without belief, could no more choose to submit to God than a fallen angel. Herein we differ widely from the Calvinists.—They tell us man has a natural power to choose life. He has power to get to heaven without grace! We say, on the contrary, that man is utterly unable to choose the way to heaven, or to pursue it when chosen, without the grace of God. It is grace that enlightens and convinces the sinner, and strengthens him to seek after and obtain salvation, for "without Christ we can do nothing." Let the candid judge between us, then, and decide which system most robs our gracious Redeemer of his glory, that which gives man a native and inherent power to get to heaven of himself, or that which attributes all to grace. 4. Finally, when the sinner repents and believes, there is no merit in these acts to procure forgiveness and regeneration, and therefore, though he is now, and on these conditions, elected and made an heir of salvation, yet it is for Christ's sake, and "not for works of righteousness

which he has done." Thus we "bring forth the topstone with shouting, crying Grace, grace, unto it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous Articles.

From the Episcopal Recorder.
"Be Short"

It is said of Cotton Mather, the celebrated New-England divine, that he had conspicuously placed upon the walls of his study the admonition "be short." He was not indifferent to his friends, but while he valued their visits much, he valued time more. He could not consent to spend his precious hours for study in any unnecessary conversation and therefore he would have his visitors to be short. Time has lost none of its value since Cotton Mather lived, but it would seem so. How few are the divines now who are as anxious to improve their hours. All readily admit the preciousness of time, and realize the obligation to improve it, but still much runs to waste, and leaves them the sad consciousness of having sustained an irreparable loss. There are a variety of ways in which time can be lost, but we do not now design to enumerate them; there is one way, however, which is often noticed but not duly considered. Attention has often been called to it in our religious periodicals, but apparently without effect. It is, Mr. Editor, the habit which many of our brethren have acquired to be long—yes, sir, to be long. It is not always by long sermons, long speeches, long exhortations and prayers that time is improved; indeed, sir, I know of no more effectual way to kill time than to be long. Who that is accustomed to attend public worship, and the religious anniversaries of societies has not been wearied by the excessive length of their exercises? Not long since, a speaker at one of the anniversaries in your city, actually occupied fifty-five minutes in a single speech, and this too at night, when three other speakers sat on the stage ready to follow him. Truly, sir, I thought before he finished, of Mather's admonition, "be short." Why it is that men can so far forget themselves and their auditors, I know not, except they speak under the impression that the whole success of the cause which they advocate is suspended upon their single effort. It is seldom that we hear the complaint that sermons are too short, but how often that they are too long!

The sagacious John Wesley said, that after a man has preached thirty minutes, he is in much danger of preaching nonsense, if he continue; yet, sir, a Wesleyan Methodist in our town, uniformly preaches, as I have been told, more than an hour. He needs to be admonished, "be short," lest he more than exhaust his subject. There is an estimable clergyman of our own Church, against whom no other charge can be preferred, than he is too long, and from the contortions of the countenances of those who complain, you would get the impression that they consider it a serious charge. There is another estimable brother, who seldom reaches his peroration until the patience of his auditors is quite exhausted.

Many who dread his appearance in their pulpits, have made the remark that he would be an acceptable preacher, did he not preach too long. There is still another brother, who has fallen into the same habit, whether from his devoted zeal, or his love to the sound of his own voice, I cannot tell, but sure it is that he "spins out" his discourse until "sides and benches fail."

When about to preach for my people on a communion day, knowing his infirmity, I ventured to whisper in his ear, "be short." He remarked, he had selected a short sermon for the occasion. When he had closed, after having preached fifty minutes, thought I if that brother's short discourses are fifty minutes long, how long are his long ones? But why complain of long sermons, for if they teach nothing else, they do always teach an important Christian virtue, patience? We do not complain but patiently admonish our long "winded" brethren, "be short." An experienced and successful minister once said to his younger brethren, "If you wish to succeed in your ministry, 'be short.'" Let your sermons be short, your speeches short, your reports short, your prayers short; "be short," then you will be acceptable. S.

Test of Abolitionism.

All is not gold that shines, and the loudest mouthed philanthropists and reformers sometimes cave in when put to a severe practical test like the following:—"I had a brother-in-law," said Moses Parkins, "who was one of the ravenest, maddest, reddest-hottest Abolitionists you ever see. I liked the pesky critter well enough, and should have been very glad to see him cum to spend a day, fetchin' my sister to see me and my wife, if he had n't loved his tongue to run on so 'bout niggers and slavery, and the equality of the races, and the duty of overthrowing the Constitution of the United States, and a lot of other things, some of which made me mad,

and the best part of 'em right sick. I puzzled my brains a good deal to think how I could make him shut up his noisy head 'bout abolition."

"Wall, one time when brother-in-law come over to stay, an idea struck me. I hired a nigger to help me haying time. He was the biggest, strongest, greatest nigger you ever see. Black! he was blacker than a stack of black cats, and just as shiny as a new beaver hat. I spoke to him: 'Jake, sez I, 'when you hear the breakfast bell ring, dont you say a word, but you come into the parlor and sit right down among the folks and eat your breakfast.' The nigger's eyes stuck out of his head about a foot. 'You're jokin', mass', sez he. 'Jokin', sez I. 'I'm sober as a deacon.' 'But, sez he, 'I shan't have time to wash my face and change my shirt.' 'So much the better,' sez I. Wall, breakfast come, so did Jake, and he sat down 'longside my brother-in-law. He started, but he didn't say a word. There wa'n't no mistake about it. Shut your eyes and you'd know it—for he was loud, I tell you. There was a fustrate chance to talk Abolitionism, but brother-in-law never opened his head.

"Jake, sez I, 'you be on hand at dinner time,' and he was. He had been workin' in the madder all the forenoon—it was hot and licky and blin' pitch—and I but I leave the rest to your imagination.

"Wall, in the afternoon, brother-in-law come up to me, madder than a short-tailed bull in hornet time.

"'Mass', sez he, 'I want to speak to you.'"

"'Sing it out,' sez I.

"'I hain't but few words to say,' sez he, 'but if that 'ere confounded nigger comes to the table while I am stoppin', here I'll clear out.'"

"'Jake ate his supper that night in the kitchen, but from that day to this I never heard my brother-in-law open his head about abolitionism. When the fugitive slave bill was passed, I thought he'd let out some, but he didn't, for he know'd that Jake was still workin' on the farm.—*Bos. Olive Branch.*

A BRITISH COMMONER UPON THE U. STATES.—At a public meeting of the Marsden Mechanics' Institution, at Manchester, (England), on the 14th December, Mr. Bright, M. P., in the course of a speech deprecating the war, said:

"Many of you have relatives or friends in America. That young nation has a population about equal to ours in these Islands. It has a great internal and external commerce. It has more tonnage in shipping than we have. It has more newspapers than we have. It has institutions more free than we have, the slavery of the South accepted; and which is no fruit of its institutions, but a unhappy legacy of the past. It has also a great manufacturing interest in different branches. That is the young giant whose shadow ever grows, and there is the rival of this country. How do we stand or start in the race? The United States Government, including all the Governments of all the sovereign States, raises in taxes probably from £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 sterling in the year.—England this year will raise in taxes and loans and all the money swept away by the tax-gatherer and in the vain scheme of saving Europe from imaginary dangers? Can poverty be lessened among us, can education spread, can the brutality of so many of our population be uprooted, can all or any thing that good men look for come to us, while the fruits of our industry, the foundation of all social and moral good, are squandered in this manner? Pursue the phantom of military glory for ten years and expend in that sense a sum equal to all the visible property of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and then compare yourself with the United States of America, and where will you be? Pauperism, crime, and political anarchy are the legacies we are preparing for our children, and there is no escape for us unless we change our course, and resolve to disconnect ourselves from the policy which tends incessantly to embroil us with the nations of the continent of Europe."

LONG PRAYERS.—Speaking against long prayers Elder Knapp says:—"When Peter was endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to some of our modern prayers, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under water."

SALARIES OF THEOLOGICAL PROFESSORS.—The Synod of South Carolina proposes to the Synod of Georgia to raise the salaries of the professors in the Seminary at Columbia, and to endow the Rev. Dr. Thornwell's professorship. \$45,000 of the \$60,000 have already been raised.

"OUR BECKY DOES!"—A young damsel who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariner's Church. During the sermon, the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness, of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking the following: "Is there any one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpaulin hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trousers made of duck? In short, is there one who cares aught for the poor sailors?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "Yes, sir, our Becky does."

To a Bottle.
'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot puff,
For you are full when I am dry
And dry when I am full.

From the Arator.

Root Crops for Stock.
On visiting B. F. Moore, Esq., of this city, some time last month, and passing through his garden, we were more than ever impressed with the importance and facility of raising root crops, by our farmers, for stock. Mr. Moore, it is known, being one of our most eminent lawyers, is burdened with the business of his profession; yet he finds time to give his personal attention to his garden of some one and a half or two acres, which is nicely and skilfully cultivated, according to the most approved methods of book farming; and it handsomely repays the labor by the bountiful crops by which it delights the eye and satisfies the appetite of both man and beast. The product of this garden, we do not, would, with rigid economy, furnish a yearly support to a small family; demonstrating, by the way, how easily the poor, who are hanging around the skirts of our towns and villages, hiring themselves out by the day, living in miserable rented huts, and half the time without fuel, without food, and without comfortable clothing, might, by retiring into the country, getting a few acres of land of their own, making rich and thoroughly cultivating the soil, place themselves and families above want, live comfortably, and be respectable. Why will they not do it? Mr. Moore raised at the rate of some six or seven hundred bushels of beets to the acre; and the large pile of *whalers*, taken from a small space, was really a sight worth beholding—many of them weighing from 10 to 16 lbs. Nothing is better, chopped and mixed with meal or other dry food, (raw or cooked, but better cooked), for milch cows, or hogs, or other stock, than beets. Let our farmers each have a patch for the purpose.

Sketch of Gen. Walker.

The following sketch of this remarkable filibuster is furnished by a correspondent to the Washington Star:—"William Walker was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and is now about thirty-three years old. His father is James Walker, Esq., a citizen of Nashville, of Scottish birth, and very much respected. His mother was a Miss Norvell, an estimable lady from Kentucky. Walker, after quitting school in his native State—which he did with much credit and honor—commenced the study of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated. He then went to Europe, entered the medical schools of Paris as a student, received a diploma there, and, after some time spent in travel, returned to this country, went to Nashville, and commenced the study and practice of the law. Walker is thus both lawyer and physician.

From Nashville, he went to New Orleans, and was for some time editor of the *Crescent*. In June, 1850, he went to San Francisco, and became one of the editors of the *Herald*. While in this position an article appeared in the *Herald* animadverting upon the judiciary, to which exception was taken by Judge Parsons, of the District Court, who forthwith summoned him before his Court, and inflicted on the editor a fine of \$500. This Walker refused to pay, and was accordingly imprisoned, but was subsequently discharged on a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued from the Superior Court, which action was sustained by the Legislature at its next session. The next enterprise to which Walker was engaged was the famous expedition to Sonora, with the disastrous result of which your readers are as familiar as they are with his more recent history. He is, besides, a man of indomitable courage and perseverance. When a student in Philadelphia, strange as it may seem, he was remarkable for his diffident and ever taciturn manner and gentle disposition. In person, he is rather under than above the medium height, and was formerly of fair complexion, somewhat freckled face, with light hair, grey eyes, and high cheek bones.

THE LATE DIFFICULTY AT BETHANY COLLEGE, VA.—We have published an account of the recent difficulty at Bethany College, Va. The following is an account by Mr. Philip Burns, the free soil gentleman, who was the cause of it.

"The question of slavery had often been publicly debated by Northern and Southern students previous to Sunday, Nov. 11, without causing ill-feeling on either side, but on that day, at the President's request, Mr. Philip Burns chose for the subject of a sermon 'The Great Principle of Liberty,' and alluded to West India emancipation. The excitement became intense and a tremendous stamping and hissing it is alleged, was made to silence him. Then about one-third of the audience rushed out with loud cries and imprecations. Stones were hurled against the house, and it was proposed to conduct Mr. Burns to Buffalo creek, hard by, and baptize him in the name of the 'peculiar institution.' The mob, however, were frustrated in their purpose through the vigilance of Mr. Burns' friends. The next day about twenty Northern students held a meeting and resolved to leave the College, unless those connected with the mob were publicly reprimanded or expelled. On the following day one of the Professors told them that if they did not return to their classes the Faculty had determined to expel them and publish their expulsion in all the leading papers of the Union. Ten of the twenty students remained firm to the resolution they had passed, and, falling to obtain any redress, they quitted Bethany College.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. DR. PLUMMER.

The Pittsburg Herald tells the following anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Plummer, late of this city:—"During a visit to the Hot Springs, on a certain occasion, he was invited by the company gathered there to preach for them on the Sabbath. He consented. The ball room of the hotel was prepared for religious worship, and the audience assembled. The speaker announced his text, and began his discourse; but was mortified to find that by some of the younger and more frivolous of his hearers, of both sexes, the whole performance was looked on as a good joke, and to be treated accordingly. Some were smiling, some were whispering and an unseemly levity prevailed throughout the congregation.—For a few minutes he endeavored to withstand it by a simple presentation of the truth; but to no purpose. Stopping short in his discourse, he at once arrested their attention by the question: 'My friends, do you know how these Hot Springs are said to have been discovered? I will tell you. Many years since, an old Dutchman and his son were passing along down the valley, where the road now runs that you see out there'—pointing to it through the window—'when, observing the Spring, they stopped their team to water the horses. The old man took up the bucket, went to the spring, and dipped it in, when some of the water dashed up on his hand and scalded him. Instantly dropping the bucket, he started for the season, running, and calling to his son, in the greatest consternation, 'Drive on, Hans; drive on; Hellish hot far from dish place!' At this, his audience burst out laughing—when, immediately assuming a look of deepest solemnity and dropping his voice to the low tones that in him are like muttered thunders, he made the application: 'I tell you, my friends, Hell is not far from this place.' There were no more smiles in that congregation that day. Some who heard it, said it seemed to them as if the terrors of the Day of Judgment had come."

For the Children.

Little Caleb and his Grandmama.

Caleb's countenance was pale; and he was slender in form, and delicate in appearance. He had been sick, and even now he was not quite well. His little taper fingers rested upon the window sill, while his grandmother opened her little Bible and began to read—Caleb sat still in her lap, with a serious and attentive expression of countenance. "Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican."

"What is a Pharisee and a publican?" asked Caleb.

"You will hear presently. And the Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee I am not as other men are—extortioners, unjust, adulterers."

"What are all these, grandmother?" asked Caleb.

"O different kinds of crimes and sins. The Pharisee thanked God that he had not committed any of them."

"Was he a good man, grandmother?"

"Very likely, he had not committed any of these great crimes."

"Or even as this publican." A publican, you must know, was a tax-gatherer. He used to collect the taxes from the people. They did not like to pay their taxes, and so they did not like the tax-gatherers, and despised them. And thus he thanked God that he was

not like the publican. 'I fast twice in the week. I pay tithes of all that I possess.'

"Tithes?" said Caleb.

"Yes; that was money which God had commanded them to pay. They were to pay in proportion to the property they had. But some dishonest men used to conceal some of their property, so as not to have to pay so much; but this Pharisee said he paid tithes of all that he possessed."

"That was right, grandmother," said Caleb.

"Yes," said his grandmother, "that was very well."

"If he really did it," continued Caleb doubtfully, "Do you think he did, grandmother?"

"I think it very probable. I presume he was a very good man, besides."

"What do you mean by that, grandmother?"

"Why, his heart might have been bad, but he was probably pretty careful about all his actions which could be seen of men. But we will go on."

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner! I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

"Which man?" said Caleb.

"The publican."

"The publican was justified," said Caleb; "what does justified mean?"

"Forgiven and approved. God was pleased with the publican, because he confessed his sins, honestly; but he was displeased with the Pharisee, because he came boasting of his good deeds."

Here there was a pause. Caleb sat still and seemed thoughtful. His grandmother did not interrupt him, but waited to hear what he would say.

"Yes; but, grandmother, if the Pharisee really was a good man, was it not right for him to thank God for it?"

"It reminds me of Thomas' account," said Madam Rachel.

"Thomas' account?" said Caleb; "tell me about them, grandmother."

"Why, Thomas and his brother George were sent to school. They stopped to play by the way, until it was so late that they did not dare to go home. They were playing about the fields till it was time to go home. They felt very bad, and out of humor, and at last they separated and went home in different ways. In going home, Thomas found an oak-tree with acorns under it. 'Ah!' said he, 'I will carry mother some acorns.' He had observed that his mother was pleased whenever he brought her things; and he had an idea of soothing his own feeling of guilt, and securing his mother's favor, by the good deed of carrying her home some acorns. So, when he came into the house, he took his hat off carefully, with a smiling face and look of great self-satisfaction, and said, 'Here, mother, I have got you some acorns.'"

"And what did his mother say?" asked Caleb.

"She shook her head sorrowfully, and told him to go and put the acorns away."

"Then presently George came in. He put away his cap, walked in softly, and put his face down in his mother's lap, and said, with tears and sobs, 'Mother, I have been doing something very wrong.' Now, which of these do you think came to his mother right?"

"Why, George," said he, "certainly."

"Yes, and that was the way the publican came; but the Pharisee covered up his sins, being pleased and satisfied with himself; and taking that God would be pleased and satisfied with his acorns."

Here madam Rachel paused, and Caleb sat still thinking of what he had heard.

Madam Rachel then closed her eyes, and in a low, gentle voice, she spoke a few words of prayer; and then she told Caleb that he must always remember, in all his prayers to confess his sins fully and freely, and never cover them up and conceal them, with an idea that his good deeds made him worthy. Then she put Caleb down, and he ran down stairs to play.—ABBOTT.

The Home beyond the Skies.

There is a home—a bright, pure home—
A home beyond the sky,
Where living waters gladly gush
Forever to the eye.

A spot where angels congregate,
A path by angels trod,
A promised land where those shall meet
Who love and worship God.

'Tis placed above the burning stars,
The far spread fields of heaven;
O! what a glorious heritage
To the pure hearted given.

The sick heart turneth from the earth;
The yearning eager soul
Stretches afar in anxious thought
To the eternal goal.

Yes; like a weary lark it comes,
The playing of the wave,
Trusting its hopes to that One arm,
That but alone can save.

There is a home—a bright, pure home,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Where the worn, weary, rest in peace—
The home beyond the sky!