

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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Poetry.

To Mother in Heaven.

BY J. W. WELCH.

Thou art sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
And thy soul's never waking,
Though hearts are o'er thee weeping,
And with anguish almost break;
Thy lips are sealed in silence,
And for aye is hushed thy tone;
Oh! 'tis bitter, bitter sorrow,
To feel that thou art gone.

Thou art sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
In Death's joy cold embrace;
Thou wilt sing no more unto me,
I shall see no more thy face,
In the old church-yard thou art resting,
And my heart is sad to-day,
For my weary soul is roaming
Far from my home away.

All the flowers have lost their sweetness,
I do not love them now;
And the rippling brook complaineth,
In murmurs soft and low,
When I sit me down in fancy,
Beneath the dark green tree,
The brooklet ripples sadly on,
And it seems to ask for thee.

I remember when they laid thee
In the silent grave to rest,
And the green sods of the valley
Which they heaped upon thy breast.
I have missed thee, Oh! so sadly,
Since that memorable day,
And my weary soul would gladly
Wing its flight to thee away.

When my dream of life is ended,
There will come a happier day,
Then, by angel hands attended,
May I fly from earth away,
To that better world above us,
Where the tears of grief no'er fall,
And where Jehovah's love sustains us,
And his smile is o'er us all.

From the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Yonder.

BY ELIZABETH RICHMOND.

Here the tempest rages and wrestle,
Whirlwinds toss the quivering vessel,
Night upon the ocean bare,
Comes with neither sail nor star,
But above the rocky shore
Where the billows rush and roar,
Beacon-lights gleam evermore,
Yonder.

Angel whose white pinions pillow,
On the stormy ocean billow,
Where so many a bark has tossed
Mid the foaming floods is lost,
When the hurricanes rush on,
Let thy wing be o'er my home,
Till we reach that heavenly home,
Yonder.

Miscellaneous.

From "Asbury and his Coadjutors."

Bishop Roberts and the Tavern Keeper.

BY LARRABEE.

On another occasion, travelling along
on a road with which he was not ac-
quainted, he stopped at night for en-
tertainment at a neat-looking tavern.
After supper the landlord informed him
that himself and lady were going out
to a meeting that evening, and if he
wished to retire before their return he
would find lodgings in the adjoining
room.

"What kind of a meeting is it?" said
the Bishop. "We Methodists," said the landlord,
'call it a class meeting.'
'If it would be no intrusion I would
like to go along with you.'
'No intrusion at all. We admit se-
rious persons to our class meetings a
few times.'

They proceeded to the meeting.—
The Bishop, as usual, took his seat in
one corner of the room. The meeting
was conducted in the usual manner.—
The leader was a young man of little
experience and less knowledge. After
having spoken to all others in the room
he came to the Bishop.

'Well, stranger, have you a desire
to serve the Lord, and go to heaven?'
'I have such a desire.'
'How long have you had this de-
sire?'
'A great many years.'

'Well, do you think, old gentleman,
you know any thing about religion?'
'I trust I do, but I have not been
so faithful as I should have been, and
have made less progress in religion than
I might and ought to have made, yet
have I good hope of salvation through
faith in Christ.'

After giving the old man an exhorta-
tion, as is usual on such occasions,
the leader closed the meeting, and all
went to their homes. The landlord,
being a religious man, usually had pray-
ers in the family. Soon after they ar-
rived home, therefore, the Bible and
hymn-book were placed on the table.
The landlord studied a while, then look-
ed at the Bible, then at the Bishop,
then studied again, then spit, then fell
again into deep study. Casting a few
more glances with one eye at the Bible,
and the other at the Bishop, he arose,
approached the table, then stopped,
turned about, went to the door, spit out
at the darkness, returned again to the
table, and, looking at the Bishop, said:

'Old gentleman, you seem to know
something about religion. We usually
have family worship at evening; per-
haps you would be willing to read and
pray with us.'

'I have no objection,' answered the
Bishop, 'if you wish it.'
He then read, and sang, and prayed.
Those who have ever listened to the

ferent, devout, and impressive prayer
of that apostolical old man can form
some conception of the surprise of the
landlord. He stood on his knees en-
tranced. It seemed to him he had
never heard such a prayer. Who could
the old man be? Was it some angel
in disguise? After arising from his
knees, he looked, and looked, and look-
ed again at the Bishop, and then, with-
out saying a word, took a candle and
lighted him to his room. Being about
to leave the room, he stopped at the
door, turned about and said, 'Old gen-
tleman, if it would be no offense to you,
I would like to know your name.'

'No offense at all. My name is
Roberts.'
'Any relation to Robert R. Roberts,
one of our bishops?'
'I am Robert R. Roberts.'

This was a poser. The humble tav-
ern keeper was then unconsciously the
entertainer of Robert R. Roberts, Bis-
hop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
There had fallen on his house an un-
expected honor of sufficient magnitude
to immortalize it and him. He did not
sleep much that night. In the morn-
ing he proclaimed it far and near that
Bishop Roberts was actually at his
house. He contrived to detain the
Bishop two days, and kept him preach-
ing to the people.

Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand
arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It
was the darkest hour of the French
Revolution. Pursued by the blood-
hounds of the reign of terror, stripped
of every wreck of property, Talleyrand
secured a passage to America, in a ship
about to sail. He was a beggar and a
wanderer to a strange land, to earn
his daily bread by daily labor.

'Is there any American staying at
your house?' he asked the landlord of
the hotel. 'I am bound to cross the
water, and would like a letter to a per-
son of influence in the New World.'
The landlord hesitated for a moment,
and then replied:—

'There is a gentleman up stairs either
from America or from Britain, but
whether from America or England, I
cannot tell.'

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand
—who, in his life, was bishop, prince
and minister—ascended the stairs. A
miserable suppliant stood before the
stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly light-
ed room sat a man of some fifty years,
his arms folded and his head bowed
upon his breast. From a window di-
rectly opposite, a flood of light poured
upon his forehead. His eyes looked
down from beneath the down-cast brows,
and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar
and searching expression. His face
was striking in outline, the mouth and
chin indicative of an iron will. His
form, vigorous even with the snows of
fifty, was clad in a dark but rich and
distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that
he was a fugitive—and, under the im-
pression that the gentleman before him
was an American, solicited his kind
aid and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in elo-
quent French and broken English.
'I am a wanderer—an exile. I am
forced to fly to the New World without
friend or home. You are an American.
Give me then, I beseech you, a
letter of yours, so that I may be able
to earn my bread. I am willing to toil
in any manner—a life of labor would
be a paradise to a career of luxury in
France. You will give me a letter to
one of your friends? A gentleman
like you, doubtless, has many friends.'

The strange gentleman rose. With
a look that Talleyrand never forgot,
he retreated towards the door of the
next chamber, his eyes looking still
down from beneath his darkened brow.
He spoke as he retreated backwards—
his voice was full of meaning—
'I am the only man in the New World
who can raise his hand to God and say
—I have not a friend—not one in all
America.'

Talleyrand never forgot the over-
whelming sadness of the look which ac-
companied these words.
'Who are you?' he cried, as the
strange man retreated to the next room;
'your name?'

'My name,' he replied, with a smile
that had more of mockery than joy in
its convulsive expressions, 'my name is
Benedict Arnold.'

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in
the chair, gasping the words—
'Arnold, the traitor.'

Thus, you see, he wandered over the
earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's
mark upon his brow.

Last Recollections of Mr. Wesley.

'The last time Mr. Wesley visited Man-
chester was but a short time before his
death. His affectionate manner of preach-
ing made a deep impression upon all who
heard him. When that venerable man
appeared before a congregation to whom
he had often preached, he was quite over-
come with the recollection of former days,
when he and his coadjutors were laboring
in the full energy and strength of life to
promote the glorious reformation that was
now so far advanced. He had seen the
greater part of his early friends passing
away one after another; his brother Charles
was gone. Mr. Fletcher was gone; many

of his companions, who had cheered him
in his labors and often sweetened the bit-
ter cup of life, were gone to their reward;
and now he looked around upon the seats
that had long been occupied by some of
his first and best friends in Manchester,
but alas, they were not? 'There is some-
thing very distressing,' says Mr. Edmon-
son, 'in the idea of outliving our dearest
friends, so as to become solitary in the
midst of society; and it would be com-
pletely insupportable to the aged if they
were susceptible of those ardent feelings
of friendship which they felt in their
youth. Blunted as these feelings are, this
no doubt is a source of considerable sor-
row. We often hear them praise the dead,
whom they loved, and when this is the
subject of conversation, we are pained with
their sighs and groans.' Mr. Wesley ap-
peared to feel something of this, so that
when he commenced the service, which he
did by reading that fine hymn of his brother
Charles, which begins with

'Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My companion before I am,
And I am left alone with thee.'

While repeating the two last lines his
speech began to falter, and the tears to flow
down his wrinkled cheeks. The whole
congregation became deeply affected, and
many sorrowed most of all because they
felt persuaded that they should see his face
no more.'—*Everett's Sketches.*

Are we working together for Christ?

We cannot put to ourselves a question
of greater importance than this. No duty
can be named which has any greater claims
upon us or any more sacred obligations,
than that of working together with Christ
for the promotion and accomplishment of
the great purpose for which he came into
the world. This duty may be said, indeed,
to be so comprehensive as to include all
others; nor can any Christian duty be
named which cannot, without any forced
or unnatural construction, be classed under
the head of working together with Christ.

But the question proposed in our caption
appears of more importance in our estima-
tion when we regard co-working with
Christ a *privilege*—and what privilege or
honor can be named that is more exalted
or should be more satisfying to the most
lofty ambition than that of being permit-
ted to work together with Christ in the
promotion of the grandest enterprise ever
undertaken upon this earth? Yes, most
truly, working together with Christ does
assume a magnitude and a momentousness
in our eyes, much greater when we regard
it as a high and precious privilege, than
when we look upon it as a duty, sacred and
binding and all-embracing as the duty un-
questionably is. We feel that we owe all
that we can do in the way of promoting
his cause to one who has done so much for
our race, and "given himself for us," and
that this much we ought to do; but when
we think of the honor and privilege of be-
ing invited and permitted to aid the Cap-
tain of our Salvation and the Beloved of
our Souls, in the great work of establish-
ing a kingdom of righteousness and peace,
then the work seems to possess attractions
and claims more touching and more soul-
striving than before.

If we endeavor to answer this question
truly and honestly to ourselves, and as if
in the presence of the Searcher of hearts,
it will lead us to some acquaintance with
our *real* character, and particularly to a
knowledge of the extent of our likeness to
Christ, of the degree in which we possess
his spirit and are moved by aims, purposes
and aspirations like his. To know our
true position in these respects is certainly
of the highest importance, for only so far
as we are like Christ—in harmony and co-
operation with him—only so far are we
truly his, and only so far are we fit for
joining or enjoying the glorious company
of the Christ-like in heaven.

For these and other like reasons it nearly
concerns us and our best interests that
we often put to ourselves the question, are
we aiming and endeavoring to be workers
together with Christ?

In the minds of those who put this ques-
tion, honestly and often. To know our-
selves is another question, which will often
arise demanding a clear and satisfactory
solution, and not unfrequently a reconsid-
eration for the purpose of obtaining a clear-
er, or more fixed, or more comprehensive
answer to it and prepare us for efficient
service in our ever-changing posture of
social surroundings and public affairs.—
This important—and to a scrupulous con-
science of recurring question is, for what
purpose did Christ come into the world?
What was the purpose of his mission and
his ministry? What especially is the
work which he is now carrying on in the
world, and towards the accomplishment of
which we may lend our aid and assistance.

Upon what question or subject can it be
of so much importance to acquire and en-
tertain correct ideas as upon this? Nothing
can be named which should be of more
importance to those who profess or desire
to be Christians—disciples and followers
of Jesus Christ. Their chief desire should
be to know in what way they can promote
his cause, or the great work which he is
still carrying on in the world; and their
highest ambition and delight should be
co-workers with him in carrying it forward
to its final accomplishment. Nothing can
be named which should be of greater im-
portance to a Christian minister or a Chris-
tian congregation. The one should aim
to know in what way they can promote
his cause, or the other to hear, plan and
act, so as to promote to their utmost the
great purpose of Christ and Christianity.—
A correct understanding of this purpose is
necessary to guide and direct every step
which they take—is necessary both to
preacher and people, to speaker and hear-
ers. How else can they make their medi-
tations, their words, their meetings truly
and efficiently to answer the purpose—to
subserve the object for which they ought
to meditate, to think, to speak, to plan,
to act, and for which they should assemble
and meet together? Obviously in no other
way.—*Independent.*

REASONS In Favor of the Scientific Study of the English Language.

1. The living import of a word lies
in the root, and in the modifications
which the same undergoes by internal
inflection, by affixes, suffixes, and com-
position. He who has a clear percep-
tion of the root, and of all the changes
to which it has been subjected, will have
a quicker sense of the meaning of the
word than he who embraces it merely
as a whole. Take, for example, the
words *circumnavigation*, *philanthropist*,
epitaph. One acquainted with Latin and
Greek will have a much better concep-
tion of their meaning than one who is
ignorant of those languages. The want
of some such tact has occasioned a re-
cent author to term his work, contain-
ing a description of the constellations,
the geography of the heavens.

2. Few men are complete masters
of the English language. Most people
would be surprised to find how small
a part of the whole vocabulary of the
language, the words which they spontane-
ously use, would form. Yet this is all
that can be justly expected while the
language is learned by dint of mem-
ory and usage. A more full philoso-
phical study of the language in early
youth, with a distinct notation of the
roots, and of all the changes to which
the root is liable, would greatly enlarge
one's vocabulary, and increase his pow-
er of expression.

3. Without deciding the problem
whether we can think without signs of
thought, we may safely affirm that few
men have thoughts beyond their means
of expressing them, and that the
thoughts of the most intelligent would
have but little permanency, unless ap-
ply recorded in suitable language.

The English language is to us the
medium of social intercourse and the
instrument of the most important in-
fluence which man exerts on man.—
Whatever explains the nature of this
medium fully, and produces facility in
the use of this instrument, must increase
moral power, the tendency of which is
to elevate man above brute force, and
thus give him his true rank in the scale
of being.—*Cleveland Observer.*

Jesse Lee's Grave.

A private letter from Dr. Roberts, of
Baltimore, says: "The remains of Jesse
Lee, were, many years since, disinterred,
brought to this city, and buried in the
grounds now known as 'North Baltimore
Cemetery,' and given burial for us, and
that this much we ought to do; but when
we think of the honor and privilege of be-
ing invited and permitted to aid the Cap-
tain of our Salvation and the Beloved of
our Souls, in the great work of establish-
ing a kingdom of righteousness and peace,
then the work seems to possess attractions
and claims more touching and more soul-
striving than before."

"In memory of the
Rev. Jesse Lee,
Born in Prince George's county, Va., 1758,
Entered the Itinerant Ministry of
The M. E. Church, 1783,
And departed this life August, 1816,
Aged 58 years.

A man of ardent zeal, and
Great ability as a Minister of Christ.
His labors were abundantly owned of
God; especially in the New England
States, of which he was truly the
Apostle of American Methodism."

"I have made more than one visit to the
silent resting place of this man of precious
memory; a man with whom my old father
was intimately associated in the work con-
nected with early Methodism in New Eng-
land. I again visited it yesterday after-
noon, soon after the reception of your
note, and copied the foregoing inscription
from the tablet which covers his ground."
C. Advocate & Journal.

"A Stitch in Time."

Proverbs, it has been aptly said,
are common sense condensed; and com-
mon sense has been called the wisdom
of common life. This is well illustrated
in the old adage that "a stitch in
time saves nine." The housewife, when
she finds a garment giving way, that
a little needlework might have saved,
realizes its truth; so does the farmer,
whose neglect to mend his fences has
caused his fields to be devastated by
cattle; so does the stage-driver, who
has forgotten to examine the axles be-
fore he started, and whose coach is up-
set in consequence, and himself and his
passengers injured. The merchant,
also, who has been gradually seduced
into extending his business beyond his
means, and who puts off curtailing it,
from season to season, discovers, at
last, that retrenchment is too late, that
the "stitch in time" is no longer pos-
sible, and thus bankruptcy is inevita-
ble. So the politician, who has mis-
taken the popular mind, or been led
into unjustifiable measures, and does
not hasten to retract his steps and put
himself right before his constituents,
learns, in the end, through the bitter-
ness of defeat, to regret that he had
not obeyed the honest proverb, and by
a "stitch in time" mended his reputa-
tion. In every vocation in life, in-
deed, the "stitch in time" is frequent-
ly the very thing to avert disgrace and
ruin.

It is the same in the moral world.
Thousands of ill-disciplined children
grow up to manhood, to make ship-
wreck of character and fortune, or
to reach a prosperous haven only after
the severest sufferings, whom a little
judicious control in infancy, a "stitch
in time," might have made good men
and worthy women from the start.—

Many a married couple embitter their
existence forever by not being careful
never to begin quarrelling—in other
words, by not making mutual conces-
sions, or by neglecting, as the proverb
has it, the "stitch in time." How oft-
en does a single aberration from virtue
become the cause of a long train of
foibles, vices, and even crimes, when a
check applied at the first, a "stitch in
time," might have saved the victim
from the penitentiary or gallows. It is
the neglect of the "stitch in time"
which destroys the drunkard, which
ruins the spendthrift, and which trans-
forms the vain and giddy girl, the
spoiled child perhaps of some happy
household, into the miserable outcast,
who dies degraded and unknown in
some charity hospital. The "stitch in
time," in the shape of a moment's
pause to think, has prevented many an
angry man from being a murderer, and
saved many a wronged and outraged
woman from the stain of a bloody
crime, which would have haunted her
to her dying day.

What is true of individuals is true
likewise of nations. There never lived
an empire, great or small, whose decay
and ruin might not have been averted
by a "stitch in time." Had Carthage
reformed her aristocratic constitution,
and admitted the people to an equal
enjoyment of the franchise, she would
not have been left to combat Rome,
with the mass of her inhabitants totally
indifferent to the result; and had she
not been thus left, "*delenda est Carthago*"
would have been pronounced in
vain. Had Rome retained the virtue
of the earlier days, had she not sunk
into luxury and sloth, her empire would
never have deserted her, nor the Goth
have revelled in her palaces. It was
her intestine dissensions which at last
reduced the Italian republics of the
middle ages to the condition of serfs
to despotism, and it was sectional an-
imosity and strife which prostrated the
whole peninsula under the heel of ty-
ranny, and which still holds it there.

Nations never decay at once. As it
takes successive frosts and rains to dis-
integrate rock, so kingdoms and com-
monwealths crumble only by slow de-
grees. Calm observers can always see
when the process begins, and when a
"stitch in time" may avert the ap-
proaching ruin. But the passions of
men too often shut their eyes to coming
perils of this kind; the rent, at first
hardly perceptible, widens and widens,
and it is frequently only when it is too
late to mend it, that the proverbial
lo! the end has come.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Lost Wife.

Quite a large number of Sampson
men attended Duplin Court last week.
One of our veterans on his way down
on Monday learned that there was to
be preaching that evening after candle
light in the neighborhood in which he
was to lodge, and being of a very pious
turn of mind he concluded to enjoy a
sermon, so he drove to the chapel. After
the exercises were over and the congre-
gation was dismissed, our pious brother's
mind being absorbed in the meet-
ing, forgot that his better half had ac-
companied him, and so lingered within
doors to shake hands with the brethren.
At last recollecting that "wife"
might be in waiting he stepped out of
the door and looking around saw a dress,
by the light of the stars, which he re-
cognized as the one claiming his at-
tention. So throwing his arms around
the shoulders of his beloved, he exclaim-
ed in a solemn tone of voice, "Well
my dear we had a great time of it to-
night." Just about this time a sturdy
African walked up with a torch light
and said bluntly "Come less be gone."
Our pious brother looked in the face of his
escort, and behold, it was his black as
gun-powder. Our good brother van-
ished.—*Clinton Independent.*

From the Richmond Christian Advocate.

An Impostor.

Some months ago, a man calling himself
Thomas Nicholson, came to this city, and
desired to become a member of Trinity
church; but stated, that he had lost his
certificate, except as a probationer, to which
he consented, and was accordingly received.
A short time since, he applied for, and ob-
tained a certificate. In complying with
his request, I simply certified to his being
a probationer; and that his probation ex-
pired at a certain time. He left the city
immediately under circumstances deeply
implicating his honesty, and his name was
dropped as a probationer. I have since
learned by a letter from a member of the
Alabama Conference, that he has presented
a paper certifying to his having been in
full connexion with the M. E. Church,
South—a member in good standing—
with my name attached. Now, I wish it
distinctly understood, that I gave no such
certificate. I am prompted by a sense of
duty I owe to the Church to make this
statement, as he may practice the same im-
position elsewhere.

E. P. WILSON,
Virginia Conference,
Richmond, Sept. 24th, 1856.

SAD DEATH.—The National Intelligencer
has under its marriage notices on Tuesday
morning the marriage on the 27th instant of
Dr. W. A. Williams to Miss Saranna J. Wil-
liams of Washington, and among the obitu-
ary notices of the same day the death of Mrs.
Saranna J. Williams on the 29th instant, wife
of Dr. W. A. Williams. From the bridal to
the bier in two short days.

From the American Messenger. Cain's Wife.

As two men were conversing one day,
one of them holding a little boy by the
hand, their conversation turned upon
the divine inspiration of the Scriptures.
'What a wonderful book is the Bible,'
said Robert.

'Yes, it is,' replied Charles; 'I
have always thought it so, until very
late. But I have been talking with
Tom Jones, and he has somewhat shook
my faith in it.'

'How so?' inquired Robert.
'Why, you know Tom is a reading
man, and he tells me he has been read-
ing for years to satisfy his mind with-
er the Bible is from God, but he finds
some objections he cannot get over.'

'What objections?' asked Robert.
'Why, Tom told me that there were
several, but the principal objection he
mentioned, was CAIN'S WIFE; that was
a point, he said, he could not get over.'

'How is Cain's wife an objection?'
inquired Robert.
'Why, because the history implies
a contradiction; and if the Bible con-
tradicts itself, it cannot be of God.'

'What is the contradiction?'
'Why, if as the Bible states, Adam
and Eve were the first man and woman,
where did Cain get his wife from, un-
less there was some other family besides
his own? There is no mention of Ad-
am's having daughters at this period; and
if he had any, the Bible forbids
brothers and sisters to marry, so that
such a marriage would have been crim-
inal. You see, as neighbor Jones says,
this fact places the friends of a divine
revelation upon the horns of a dilemma.
If we refuse the one, we are held fast
by the other.'

'I do not pretend to be a learned
man, like neighbor Jones,' replied Robert.
'I suppose there are difficulties
which I cannot explain; but no doubt
there are men in the Christian church
who can explain them.'

So the conversation ended; the neigh-
bors wished each other good-night, and
repaired to their homes. But their
conversation had made a deep impres-
sion upon the mind of the little boy.
He had been taught to read the Bible
as the book of God, and was astonished
to hear it thus questioned. For years
this conversation was in his memory;
he never forgot it, although he never
ventured to speak of it to others. "Sup-
pose then," said he to himself, "the
Bible is false; why should I obey it?
Why not live as other people do? Why
should I be held by its precepts, if the
truth be as they say?"

At length when a girl was brought
he was delivered from "the horns of
Tom Jones' dilemma" by arriving at
the following solution of the difficulty,
which is our answer to this objection.
1.—At that period of the world, Jehovah
had not given the tables of affinity as
a law to the human race. Therefore,
though Cain did marry his sister, he
violated no law in this particular; and
such a marriage was according to the
divine will, and carried out the divine
command, Gen. 1: 28. 2. *The absurdity
of brevity of the Scripture narratives.*
The sacred historian, in the fourth
chapter of the book of Genesis, carries
us over a period of 367 years. Al-
though at the time of Cain's marriage
many hundreds died, or might exist,
Bishop Patrick states that in 89 years,
367 children sprang from two persons
in England, and similar instances might
be found in this country. Adam was
130 years old when Seth was born, Gen.
5: 3, and probably not far from that
age at the time of his son Cain's wedding.
Where then is the difficulty? Accord-
ing to the common course of things
there might have been scores of mar-
riageable women at the period when the
sacred historian speaks of "Cain's
wife." Where then is the objection?

As the question is round in some other
places at the present time, and some oth-
ers, bigger than the little boy are some-
what entangled upon "the horns of
Tom Jones' dilemma," we have penned
this for the benefit of any who may be
troubled in the same way by the doubt-
ers.

THE DEADWANTAGE OF DEAFNESS.—
It is not often, says the Richmond Whig,
that we hear of ludicrous incidents occur-
ing in the presence of a congregation as-
sembled for divine worship, but it is nev-
ertheless a fact that the gravity of solemn
churchmen is sometimes put to a severe
test, as the following anecdote related in
our hearing the other day, will show. An
elderly clergyman in a neighboring coun-
ty, who unfortunately was afflicted with
deafness, officiated upon a certain occasion
at a prayer-meeting. The dimness of the
lights prevented him from recognizing with
certainty the features of a zealous brother,
whom he wished to "lead in prayer," but
taking it for granted that he must be pre-
sent, the request was put forth from the
pulpit that Brother A. should pray. In-
stantly a large portion of the congregation,
who, like the worthy pastor, did not know
that Brother A. was absent, assumed the
attitude of prayer. The minister had also
kneelt, and presuming that Brother A.
was invoking the blessing of Providence,
uttered at brief intervals the usual "Amen."
The ludicrous contretemps was terminated
by one of the brethren going to the deaf
minister and apprising him of the absence
of Brother A. It is needless to add that
a majority of the congregation were in no
mood for prayer after witnessing this inci-
dent. W. A. Williams. From the bridal to
the bier in two short days.

ister gave out a hymn, and commenced to
sing, while the choir did the same, but to
a different tune, and thus unintentionally
produced discord where all should have
been harmony.

RELIGION IN NICARAGUA.—The Vicar
General and Administrator of the Dis-
cuss of San Salvador, addresses a circular
to his curates, in which, after declar-
ing William Walker the enemy of the
Catholic Church, for which he intends
to substitute Protestantism, he calls up-
on the priests to be watchful against
the enemy, and to prepare a vigorous
resistance.

CHARLOTTE, S. C., Sept. 20th.—W. R. Ta-
ber, Editor of the "Messenger," was killed yes-
terday in a duel, by Edward Magrath. Mr.
Taber fell on the third fire.

For the Children.

From the Child's Paper.
A Morning or Evening Hymn.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read, and when I play,
Let me ever keep in view,
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never by my head
On my soft and easy bed,
Lift my heart in prayer,
For my Heavenly Father's care;
Thanking him for all his love,
Sent me from his home above,
Praying him to kindly make
Me his child, for Jesus sake.

From the American Messenger.
Telling Mother.

A cluster of young girls stood about
the door of the school-room one after-
noon, engaged in close conversation,
when a little girl joined them, and
asked what they were doing.