

# CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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## Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
A Visit to Washington.

On Wednesday night of the 3d, after the labor of our past session, we took the cars for Wilson. We arrived there in good time, and in a few minutes our company were all enjoying a profound sleep. In the morning we awoke, and found ourselves in a very neat, thriving village. Every thing looked new, and we were greatly pleased with the appearance of the place. We had no time, however, to become acquainted with the citizens of Wilson; but indulging the hope of seeing them again at some future day, we left at an early hour in the stage for Greenville. Our company consisted of four gentlemen and five young ladies. In all my travels, it has never been my lot to have so pleasant a party. The conversation was cheerful; sometimes we were entertained with an interesting anecdote; sometimes the sight of a beautiful farm called forth instructive remarks on agriculture; and occasionally we were edified by thoughts of a religious character. One of our company was a Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. S., whom I found to be a very intelligent and amiable gentleman.

We arrived in Greenville in time for dinner. I do not remember the name of the gentleman who keeps the hotel; but one thing I do remember, and that is, that he gave us an excellent dinner. It was that a specimen of their usual fare, then the regular boarders must have a fine time of it.

Greenville is a pleasant little town situated on Tar river. I noticed two good looking churches; one of them I supposed to be an Episcopal Church, from the style of construction; I was informed that the other was a Methodist Church, and one more had been quite a revival there recently.

On inquiry we learned that both the Steam-boats from Greenville to Washington had just been taken off, for the purpose of being repaired. This was quite a disappointment to us all, as it laid us under the necessity of taking the land route to Washington. What was worse, the little two-horse hack was not sufficient to accommodate the company. At length, we procured an additional buggy; the young ladies all got in the hack, Mr. M. and myself took passage in the buggy, and the other two gentlemen stopped at Greenville. We were obliged to leave most of our baggage behind, to be brought by the first opportunity. About 1 o'clock, we started for Washington. We passed several very fine plantations, and we were pleased to see such a spirit of improvement manifested by the farmers of that region. Some years ago, every body in that section was engaged in the turpentine business, and agriculture was almost entirely neglected. In 1848, I was stationed in Washington, and had occasion to pass this same road frequently in the stage. It was then a dreary, desolate country, and except the turpentine boxes, there was nothing worthy of notice. Now I was highly gratified at the change. The pines have nearly all been killed, or become exhausted, so that the people have been obliged to turn their attention to something else. The result is, that the country is improving rapidly in appearance; fine farms and beautiful dwellings are becoming numerous. One residence in particular, attracted my attention. It was, if I remember correctly, at a small village called Patactus, and was owned by Mr. Perkins. Everything was in the very best style, and at once evinced good taste and a high degree of refinement. If a person cannot be happy in such a mansion, and if he cannot live comfortably on such a farm, he need never seek a better situation.

A little before night we arrived in Washington. We were very much fatigued, for we had traveled about sixty miles that day. I had hardly time to brush off the dust, before the bell rang for church. I felt much more like going to bed than going to church. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my mind refused to act. But the people were collecting and I had to go and do the best I could. The church was crowded. As I looked over the congregation, and saw so many familiar faces, no language could describe my emotions. A lady and a half had passed away, since I had parted with them at the close of my second year in 1850. Here I had spent some of the happiest days of my life. When I saw so many old friends, and missed some others who had gone to heaven, I felt mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. After preaching, I grasped many warm hands, and was greeted by many dear old friends.

The next day I took a walk, to view the town. I was glad to find that it had improved considerably, since I left it six years ago. Several very elegant residences had been erected; and several old and dilapidated buildings had been torn down, and their places were now filled by new and handsome edifices. I rejoiced to meet so many whom I had known and loved in years gone by. But my stay among them was necessarily brief, for I was obliged to leave on Friday morning for Hyde.

Next week I will say something about my trip down the river, and also something in regard to this land of plenty—this Goshen of North Carolina.

S. M. FROST.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
Education—College for the Middle Classes and the Poor.

BRO. HEFLIN: Having discussed the necessity and practicability of educating the masses through primary schools, located in every community, for boys and girls both, I now present a plan to secure the same classes a complete education on equally as accommodating terms. I have more than intimated, in a former article, that a large majority of the young ladies of our State are absolutely excluded from our colleges, by the heaviness of the charges; nor am I so inexperienced in the matter of charge, organized as they now are, is a necessity laid upon them, to laws of which they must submit or become insolvent. But the very fact that these colleges have been built by the Church of Christ, with, ostensibly, a benevolent end in view, and yet the masses have not been reached—the very class to whom the gospel was more especially to be proclaimed—ought, at least, to create suspicion that there is a defect, either in the organization of the school, or else they are derelict in duty, in wilfully failing to accomplish that which they profess to propose as the end of their existence. I am unwilling to believe, much less to say, that there is a spirit of exclusiveness, in the originators and managers of our schools, that of design provides only for the education of the wealthy; and equally indisposed am I, to charge such a spirit upon the patrons of these colleges; a spirit that shuts the poor, because they are poor, and propagates a system of education, that of necessity must keep them as ignorant as poor. Charity, then, lays the ineffectiveness of the colleges now existing, in educating the middle classes and the poor, at the door of their organization; and the charge is true, and can be sustained. I affirm that a college can be organized that will furnish board and all the facilities of thorough and complete female education, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, in the beginning, and ultimately for \$100 or 75 per annum, including everything. To do this, there must be accommodations for two hundred pupils, and that number must be in attendance. Assuming for the present, that the accommodations and pupils can be had, I proceed with the calculation: I suppose the accommodations will cost \$30,000; the interest on which at 10 per cent., would be \$3,000. 200 pupils at \$125 per annum, would be \$25,000. Deducting the interest 3,000

Leaves the balance of 22,000 To be applied to the expenses of the institution. Now after a rent of ten per cent. is allowed, and two hundred are thrown together, which would materially lessen the rate of expense, no doubt can be had as to the safety of boarding them at \$7 per month; that would make the board \$14,000, leaving \$8,000 to employ a faculty; which would employ a President at \$1500, two Professors at \$1200 each, a Professor of Music and Painting, each 800, making \$5,500; leaving \$2,500 which would employ 8 Female Teachers, at a salary of a fraction over \$300 each. This would give a faculty of five gentlemen and eight ladies, thirteen in all, and at salaries that would secure the best talent in the State. But can the pupils be had? I say that they can, and for the following reasons: There are now, in the schools in this State, at the present prices, varying from two to four hundred dollars, near sixteen hundred pupils. Now, I ask, if, at these oppressive charges, there are 1600 going to school, could there not be two hundred at \$125 per annum? There is, there can be no doubt, though not one now going to school should go to a school of this character, that there is a sufficient number in the State, excluded from the colleges now existing, to make twice that number; and when it is known that the cheapness of this school does not depend upon its *neediness*, but is equal in character and ability to any in or out of the State, there will be no lack of patronage; and instead of 200 pupils, in less than two years, there would be 500 pupils; and instead of educating them at \$125, \$100 would pay all expenses.

BRO. HEFLIN: I discover that I shall have to trespass upon your forbearance with another article, or else make this too long; and preferring the former, I close the present.

JAMES H. BRENT.  
Roxboro', June 13, 1857.

For the N. C. C. Advocate.  
Olin High School.

BRO. HEFLIN: The general interest that has been felt in North Carolina on the subject of education, within the past few years has secured the establishment of many useful schools, both male and female; this is right. We look upon it as one of the best indications for the social, and intellectual

prospects of the State, and country—especially when we remember that most, if not all these schools, are under the control of those, who care for the moral condition of society. We can but feel grateful, and this feeling is accompanied with an earnest desire that they may be successful. Among the number thus established and controlled, is Olin High School, located in the county of Iredell, Western N. Carolina, thirty-two miles North West from Salisbury, and fourteen North of Statesville. This school has been in successful operation for several years, as the New Institute. The last Legislature upon application changed its name, and enlarged its privileges. It has accomplished much good for this and other sections of the country. During the past year, the examination of the session was satisfactory. The number of students respectable; though not as large as desired, in view of the facilities for imparting knowledge and the expense incurred in the erection of buildings. On the occasion, the Rev. R. G. Barrett, of Salisbury, delivered an address that instructed and pleased the audience in attendance.

The next session will commence on the 4th Wednesday in July. The Trustees have secured the services of Rev. Baxter Clegg as Principal, and A. H. Merritt, assistant, to take charge of the school, for the future. Of Rev. Mr. Clegg, it is unnecessary to speak; with a deserved reputation, ripe scholarship, experience of a number of years, and ability for imparting instruction, he is every way qualified for the position he has consented to occupy. A number of his former pupils, now fill, with credit, positions of character in church and State. Of Mr. Merritt, he is a graduate, with honor of the University of the State, has experience as a teacher, and brings testimonials of a most satisfactory character from President Swain, Prof. Shipp, and other members of the Faculty at Chapel Hill, besides other distinguished gentlemen. A commodious brick building has been erected, the community is moral, the country is healthy, and board can be secured on reasonable terms.

We can safely recommend parents to send their sons to Olin High School. We have written this communication without solicitation on the part of any one, but living here, and desiring to see the Institution prosper, because deserving, and having facilities to judge. We commend the school to the patronage of the public, with confidence.

W. BARRINGER.  
Olin, June 24, 1857.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
A Thought.

The cloud, not larger than a man's hand, that floats on a summer's sky at noon, may prove at eventide, to have been the cradle in which the infant whirlwind was sleeping. And so, one solitary vice, cradled in the bosom in the morning of life, may grow until in the evening of our existence, it will become the tornado that shall lay both soul and body in ruins.

WILLIE.

Serious.  
Profane Swearing.

We remember to have been very deeply impressed, years ago, by several instances, setting in a clear light the fact that the imprecations of men often seem to determine the form in which the wrath of God overtakes their wickedness. The reader may rely on their authenticity. They occurred in our State; and we give them upon the authority of gentlemen whose testimony stands above suspicion. A person, in humble life, when stirred by anger used, as his favorite oath, the phrase, "I wish I may be burned alive!" He fell into a hoghead of heated water, and was so badly scalded as to die.

Another, under excitement was wont to say, "I'll cut my throat from ear to ear!" He committed suicide, in that very manner.

A third habitually gave vent to his malignant passions, in these words, "I'll be hanged!" And hanged he was.—These passions led him to murder; and brought him to the gallows.

Every one that swears shall be cut off; is the explicit threatening of Jehovah. Let sinners remember that he has an ear to hear their profane oaths, and a hand to avenge them. Let them tremble lest in his righteous displeasure, the calamities which they invoke upon their own heads, should be made 'the portion of their cup,' even before the eyes of men, that others may 'stand in awe and sin not.' Or, if they escape in the present life, let them know that they are reserved to 'suffer the vengeance of eternal fire,' unless they forego the evil, and hide themselves from it in Christ, by repentance and faith. It is a fearful thing to trifle with divine justice.

Religious Herald.

## Bishop George and his Horse.

On a certain occasion Bishop George was to assist Rev. Robert Barnes, of the Baltimore Conference, at a two-days' meeting, at a country appointment, on a circuit in the lower part of said Conference. Bro. Barnes was a bachelor, and like the most of that class, was somewhat crabbed in his temper. Bishop George had a favorite horse, which was permitted, frequently, in his journeyings, to stop and browse by the wayside; and sometimes, when leisure afforded, was permitted to stop in streams of water, in the deeper parts of the forests. "To cool off," or "take the fever out of his legs," as a humane master would assign to the indulgence. From long usage this habit learned to distinguish him, and, though always tractable when rode by his master, he was as a rule, a good brother, directly on the road the bishop was to pass on his way to the meeting in the morning, a d. Bro. Barnes was early and anxiously on the lookout for the bishop. The good brother at whose house Bro. Barnes was stopping had early got his carriage in readiness to convey himself and family to the meeting.—Soon the good old bishop made his appearance, and was cordially welcomed by Bro. Barnes and his host at the gate.

Seeing the carriage, the bishop eagerly asked, "Bro. Barnes, who is going to ride in that carriage?" "Why," replied Bro. Barnes, "our good brother here, and his wife, and myself." "O," said the bishop, "Bro. Barnes, I am so tired, let me ride in the carriage, and you ride my horse." "Certainly," replied Bro. Barnes, "and as I have some preliminaries to settle for the love feast, I will go on, and you can come presently." Bro. B. mounted the horse and started for the meeting, leaving the bishop to rest awhile, and follow the stream. There was a formidable stream to cross, quite deep, and wide.—Bro. Barnes, acquainted with the habits of the horse, rode in, and giving him the rein to let him drink, he, with his head down, sauntered leisurely along till he got a little below the usual landing-place, on the opposite side, and then came to a dead halt. Bro. Barnes vigorously applied his heels and the reins; but the horse stood doggedly still, or would occasionally turn his head and eyed a determination to use his own pleasure as to his egress from the water. Several persons passed, and, seeing the intractability of the bachelor preacher, enjoyed the joke, and passed on. Bro. Barnes was much chagrined at his unenviable plight. Presently the carriage drove up, and the old bishop, discovering the situation of the rider, exclaimed, "Lo, me! I forgot to tell Bro. Barnes how to manage my horse in crossing the stream." After announcing himself for a while with the strenuous efforts of Bro. Barnes, with hand and heels, to extricate himself from his dilemma, the Bishop thrust his head out of the window of the carriage, and exclaimed, "Bro. Barnes, sing to him!" "Yes," cried Bro. Barnes, in tones that did not bespeak a very placid state of feeling—still vigorously jerking the reins, and plying the heels.—"Yes! 'Sing to him! sing to him!' I wonder what I'll sing?" "Sing, 'I don't want to stay forever here!'" cried the bishop, much to the amusement of the good brother and his wife, but to the increased discomfiture of poor Bro. Barnes.

Suffice it to say, Bro. Barnes was relieved from his perplexed situation by the good offices of an equestrian passing, who led the horse out; and a good love feast and an excellent sermon from the venerable bishop soon assuaged the wrath of poor Bro. Barnes at the perverseness of the bishop's horse.—Western Christian Advocate.

W. BARRINGER.  
Olin, June 24, 1857.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
A Thought.

The cloud, not larger than a man's hand, that floats on a summer's sky at noon, may prove at eventide, to have been the cradle in which the infant whirlwind was sleeping. And so, one solitary vice, cradled in the bosom in the morning of life, may grow until in the evening of our existence, it will become the tornado that shall lay both soul and body in ruins.

WILLIE.

Don't be Hindered.

Two men started from the same place on a bright morning to take a journey, occupying a lay. They soon separated. The one reached his destination while the sun was yet visible in the West. He leisurely stabled his horse, took his evening meal, and made himself comfortable at the inn. His only trouble was concern for his laggard companion. He thought 'some evil must have befallen him.' Long after dark his fellow traveler arrived. Being asked the cause of his delay he said: "I was obliged to stop at every other house to whip off the dogs that barked at me. Did they not bark at you, also?"

'Yes,' replied the other, 'but I did not stop to whip them. I told them they were unwelcome curs, and drove on.'

Hebrew a Living Language.

A political newspaper written and printed in the Hebrew language, may be classed among the 'curiosities of literature.' Such a paper is now appearing at Johannesburg, in the Baltic provinces of Prussia. It is edited by Rabbi S. Sillerman, of Syck, under the title *Ha Magid*—i. e., 'The Informer,' and is published weekly at a very low price. Hebrew printing offices existed in Russia and Poland before this, but were closed by Czar Nicholas, as promoting, by the introduction of a Hebrew literature, the national isolation of the Jews, and thus hindering their Russification. This measure has been abolished by the present Emperor, and *Ha Magid* is therefore imported from Prussia without any difficulty, and finds a large circulation among the Russian and Polish Hebrews.

## 'Never Since I was a Child.'

These words affected me deeply says Mr.—. They came to me through the grate of a prison-door, from a young man about twenty-five years of age, of good form and intelligent countenance, but quivering and trembling from the effects of intemperance.

'When were you brought in here?' 'Yesterday.'

'On what charge?' 'Drunkenness and disorderly conduct.'

'Where are you from?' 'Philadelphia.'

'What was your occupation there?' 'Some years ago I had a very good piece in a draper's store; but I fell into bad habits, and lost my place. Then I had the grace of God, and I was brought here by my parents; but I had religious instruction in the Sunday-school.'

'Then you have attended Sunday-school.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What were your first steps astray?' 'Going about in the evening, and taking walks into the country on Sunday.'

'Did you drink when on these excursions?'

'Sometimes we did; sometimes we didn't.'

'Have you been in the habit of praying to God?'

'Never since I was a child.'

There is, then, a way which leads from the Sunday-school to the jail.—Street-walking, Sunday excursions, the companionship of careless and wicked men, the neglect of prayer, and of the house of God—these will soon lead from the Sunday-school to the jail.

'Never since I was a child.' What a dreary waste did the retrospect of those years present! Prayer first occasionally omitted, then deliberately neglected and at last utterly abandoned and forgotten! Place, character, business-habits, health, peace of mind, all lost, and the habits of a vagrant, and the burning thirst of a drunkard, incurred. Mark the gradual sinking down in his position! The merchants clerk becomes a pedlar; the pedlar degenerates into a disturber of the public peace, and presently finds himself the tenant of a jail. The progress of sin is downward, down even to the abode of endless sorrow and lamentation, 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

Hear! Hear! Hear!—Education.

Lord John Russell said: "He did not think that any system of education could be established in this city (London) that could be useful to the people, unless it was based on religion, (cheers) because if they did not admit religious instruction, they must take one of two courses. Either they must exclude all moral instruction, whatever, and they thereby merely cultivate the child's intellect, quite forgetting his heart, his duty and his obligation; or they must take another course—they must teach morals according to approved works, but not deriving authority in any way from Scripture. If they did this they apparently got over the difficulty, but they fell into another difficulty, which appeared to him much more serious, namely, that they professed to teach morals without admitting that those morals derived their sanction from an immortal Being, which had been revealed to us, as well as derived from natural religion. He held, therefore, that (though nothing appeared so plausible as the argument of a great many intellectual men that as Christians differed so widely from one another there was no resource but to have secular education) the education must be religious, and if the worst came to the worst, so that there was a total separation of sects, he held that that evil was less than the adoption of a mere secular education."

A "Short Method" with an Infidel.

The Christian Index gives an incident of travel which illustrates the value of Christian consistency in particular, and on all occasions. The writer of the anecdote was one of several gentlemen, among them a lawyer and an editor of some note, who were quartered for a night in the same room, at a country tavern. Before retiring to rest, the editor introduced a dispute on the subject of religion, by avowing his disbelief in and contempt for its doctrines. He indulged in a lengthened display of his bitterness and folly, with but an occasional reply from the lawyer, until the latter commenced preparation for rest, by withdrawing quietly to his bedside and kneeling in prayer. An instant hush fell on the scene. An audibly rebuke from heaven could scarcely be seen, have interrupted the current of blasphemy with more surprise. You shouldn't try to frighten people. I knowed it wasn't Paul.

It seemed as if a whole basket full of sun shine had been upset in that room; it was so pleasant all the rest of that evening!

Path Finder.

## A Woman's Belief in 'Women's Rights.'

The following condensed opinion of 'woman's rights' will remain true and in full force long after the feminine misanthropists of the day shall have been forgotten:

I believe in woman as the equal of man, in that she equally with him was created in the image of our Creator.—And I believe that the dignity and worth of human nature consist in this likeness to God, so essentially and only, that after this all other distinctions fade and are lost.

I believe that woman is inferior in position to man, in that she was created after him, and dependant upon him.

I believe that man possesses a strength and comprehensiveness of intellect that woman can only comprehend after they are once unraveled.

I believe that woman possesses a delicacy and acuteness of perception, which enables her to feel her way directly to many important and practical truths, which man reaches by a longer and more laborious process.

I believe that many women surpass men in intellect.

I believe that many men surpass women in feeling.

I believe that neither the vigor of man's intellect, nor the accuracy of woman's tact, can avail to preserve them from error if the will be not bowed before the decrees of God.

I believe in woman's right to careful development and cultivation of her natural powers and capabilities, so as to render her in the highest degree intelligent and happy in the sphere which God has assigned to her.

I believe in woman's right to keep silence in public assemblies, and to leave the task of public instruction to those better fitted by nature and circumstances to fulfill that important duty.

I believe that most women, if they listen reverently for the voice of God and suture in their own souls, will find themselves drawn rather to acts of love and mercy in private and domestic life, than to grand public schemes for ameliorating the condition of the race.

I believe that woman's natural and appropriate position is that of companion and assistant to man.

I believe in woman's right to submit unreservedly to her husband in everything, save in matters of conscience between God and her own soul.

I believe in man's right to love his wife, even as himself, to regard her interest and welfare before his own, to cherish and protect her as the apple of his eye.

I believe in the right of each to labor, to suffer—if need be, to shed their heart's blood for the other.

I believe that the beauty and joy of life is love, and that woman can love and does love as deeply and devotedly as man.

Those Knockings.

And do you believe in the spiritual knockings? asked Mrs. Partington, as she leaned forward over the table and bent her eyes upon the individual who had narrated some queer things he had learned in Springfield. O, I would like so to have Paul come back!

A gentle rap upon an old chest in the corner attracted their attention, and the party immediately surrounded it.

If it is Paul's apprehension, said Mrs. P., I know he'll answer me. Paul, is that you?

Knock.

Just like him, said she smiling, when he was living, he used to be always tapping whenever he had anything in the house to tap, didn't you, Paul?

Knock.

Can't you speak?

Knock.

Does that mean yes or no?

Knock.

What does it mean?

Knock.

Some one of the party suggested that the alphabet should be called, which was done.

Are you in want of anything?

Knock.

What is it? and the anxious spectators through the medium of the alphabet spelled 'Sider.'

It is Paul! exclaimed Mrs. Partington, that is the way he always spelled it. Do you want me to come to you Paul?

The answer came back, No, I'm in better company.

The old lady turned away mournfully—there was a sorrow in the way locks of gray that straggled beneath her cap border—there was a quiver of grief in the tone that inquired for the scissors—there was a misty vapor upon the spec glasses like the dew upon the leaves after a rain—the cap border, like a flag at half mast, trailed in woe over the ruin of disappointed affection. At that instant the cover of the chest opened, and the head of like protruding, disclosed the secret of the knockings. Ah, you rogue, cried she, a smile dispelling all evidence of disorder, ah, you rogue, was it you? You'll never be a good spirit, I'm afraid, as long as you live, if you go on so. You shouldn't try to frighten people. I knowed it wasn't Paul.

It seemed as if a whole basket full of sun shine had been upset in that room; it was so pleasant all the rest of that evening!

Path Finder.

## \$1 50 a Year, in Advance.

From the Methodist Protestant.  
The First Prayer in the Family.

B— was a member of the church, and had been for several years, but had never gathered his family around the altar of prayer. Attending the appointment of the circuit preacher, he heard a sermon on the duty of family worship, and in the course of the sermon the preacher remarked, 'I hope that there is not one christian here who is at the head of a family that does not pray with that family.'

Said B—, 'I felt ashamed and guilty, and could not help saying in my heart, here is one. But if God spares me I will pray this night with my family.' Night came and with it some company of irreligious young men and women, the wife of B—, offered the first prayer in the family had not the fear of God's anger against him for breaking his solemn promise, deterred him. He waited the retiring of his company, but they staid—a strong conflict agitated his mind, and the question recurred again and again, 'Shall I pray? and was as often answered in the affirmative. Thought he, if this company would leave I would pray! The night wore tediously away to him, he had no pleasure in his company, and finally said: 'I feel the need of prayer if you all don't,' and turning to his wife requested her to read the Scripture, for he could not read himself, after which he sang 'A charge to keep I have,' &c., and then knelt down and prayed.

Said he, when relating the incident afterward, 'It was a great night to me, I had not prayed long, when I forgave everything, and when I came to myself I was rolling on the floor and shouting as loud as I could, and the young women and my wife were crying, and the young man looked as if he wished he was somewhere else.'

What a cross this was to take up, but what a joy succeeded the discharge of duty. Many happy seasons have I had around the family altar of B—, as I gathered there with all the family, white and black, and as the sigh, the sob, the prayer, the song, and the shout would go up from hearts irrespective of position or color. No doubt some in the future world will date the place of their resting impressions at the family altar of B—.

NORFOLK.

Courtship of a Bashful Clergyman.

The Rev. Jno. Brown, the well-known author of the self-interpreting Bible, was a man of singular bashfulness. In token of the truth of this statement, we need only state that his courtship lasted seven years. Six years and a half passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no further forward than he had been the first six days. This state of things became intolerable; a step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. 'Janet,' said he, as they sat one night in solemn silence, 'we've been acquainted now for six years and nair, and I have ne'er gotten a kiss yet—do ye think I might take one, ma bonnie girl?'

'Just as you like, John, only be becoming and witt.'

'Surely, Janet, we'll ask a blessing.'

The blessing was asked—the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed: 'O woman! But it is *guid*—we'll return thanks.'

Six months made the pious couple man and wife, and, added his descendant, who humerously tells the story, a happier couple never spent a long and useful life together.

Dr. Olin on Christian Perfection.

"I had," he remarked in substance, "difficulties respecting our own theoretical views of the doctrine, [perfect love.] I even joined the Conference with exceptions to it, and stated my objections when a candidate before the whole body. But I was admitted, the Conference expressing the hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God to lead me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned, I lost my children, wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone, with scarcely anything remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centered in Him. My will became absorbed in His. I sunk as it were, into the blessing of perfect love, and found in my own consciousness THE REALITY of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted."—Life and Letters, vol. 2, pp. 207, 208.

Law.—In a chancery suit, one of the counsel, describing the boundaries of his client's land, said, in showing the plan of it: "We lie on this side, my lord."

The opposite counsel then said: "And we lie on that side."

The chancellor, with a good-natured grin, observed: "If you lie on both sides, whom will you ave me believe?"