

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

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For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

SOCIAL LIFE.

BY ISVALID.

"Along her cheek the deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed."

"Nor love, nor honor, wealth nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise,
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

We recently heard of the death of a young and beautiful female, under truly touching circumstances. She was the idol of her parents, was lovely, winning and attractive. Highly accomplished, a charming vocalist, and a finished pianist, her society was courted by many circles, and invitations poured in upon her from many sources. Gay, cheerful, and full of vivacity, pleased with herself and pleased with the world, she mingled with the gaily throng, enjoying and imparting pleasure, and forgetful or unmindful of the precious and priceless blessings of health. Midnight often found her absent from her place of abode—absent, because at the house of some friend or acquaintance, engaged in the giddy mazes of the dance, or pouring forth the dulcet strains of her melodious voice, for the gratification of delighted listeners. And this exciting bewildering condition of affairs continued for a year or two. Naturally feeble of constitution, a "slight cold" and an "uncomfortable cough," the results of imprudence and exposure, of late hours and crowded rooms, first arrested the attention of her parents. The fair girl laughed at their fears, said that they were unfounded, that she had been affected in like manner before. She could not imagine—would not realize any thing serious. But the cough increased, and the anxiety deepened. A few months more and the physician deemed it necessary to confine her to her room, at the same time urged every possible precaution, and intimated that the case was indeed serious—nay, one of danger. A few months longer, and the thin, pale sufferer languished and gasped upon a bed of sickness and of suffering, conscious at last of the folly of imprudence, and resigned to her approaching end. Her death scene was calm, tranquil and deeply affecting.

The dream of youth, of hope and of joy had been but a dream to her, and the bud of life which opened with such promise, was blighted and blasted, even before the blossom had fallen. Does a year go by, that late hours, crowded rooms, and improper exposure to the weather, do not make their hundreds of victims? Only a few days since the papers teemed with accounts of a brilliant wedding in the great city of New York. It was attended, said the reporters, by hundreds, and among them many of the loveliest and fairest wives and daughters of the worthiest citizens of the proud metropolis. All that wealth could obtain was provided. The music was ravishing, the rooms were illuminated in the most brilliant manner, and the tables groined with the delicacies and the luxuries of the season. Elegance, magnificence and grace were the presiding spirits. But ease and comfort were not there. They looked in for a moment, started back in affright, and hurried away to some more appropriate temple. The crowd was so great at times, that living streams of human beings encountered each other as they passed up and down the stairways, while the elegant dresses were deranged if not torn in the throng, and the dancers were so sadly incommode, as to render the scene at times, painful rather than pleasurable. All this may be attributed to one of the errors of our social life. The master spirits, the leaders of the gay and fashionable world, either misunderstand the true nature of comfort and enjoyment, or they are willing to incommode themselves or others, for the sake of empty, idle and gaudy show. They mistake the true nature of ease, elegance and refinement. They seek to dazzle rather than delight!

Can not some reform be brought about in a matter of this kind? Social gaiety and recreation are altogether right and proper, but they should be accompanied with some degree of comfort. The results of the habits and customs of fashionable society are deplorable and pernicious in many respects. With the gentler sex, "bloom is blighted," health is impaired, and life is endangered. The rose is taken from the cheek, the light from the eye, and the elasticity from the limbs. Nature revolts at these unseasonable scenes, and exacts a severe penalty. For young men, professional or otherwise, the consequences are equally sad. Their business is neglected, their habits are vitiated, and their characters are impaired. He is, indeed, a mad man, who participates night after night in social enjoyments, balls and parties, as at present conducted, and yet expects to be duly qualified to attend regularly, promptly and understandingly to his avocations during the day!

Whether a tradesman or a "professional," whether a merchant or a lawyer, an artist or a storekeeper, the ef-

fect is equally bad. The entire system is wrong. There is "a time for all things," and those who devote the hours allotted to repose, rest and recreation, to dancing and dissipation, forgetful of the ordinary requirements of duty, business, prudence and health, will sooner or later pay a fearful, nay, a fatal penalty. Mothers, think of all this, when you see your daughters preparing night after night to enter into those giddy and tempting circles! Fathers, think of it, when you see your sons languid, hollow-eyed and inactive, after they have been indulging in revel instead of repose!

Elm Cottage, Va.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

Dancing.

Mr. Editor: While sitting a few days since in my room, but in hearing of dancing, my heart was not little pained as I reflected upon the evil I have known connected with the ball-room. I remembered how a few years since while at the "Springs" I argued myself into the belief that there could be no harm to "go and see" the dancing, and how I went, and how soon after I lost that "peace" given "through our Lord Jesus Christ," and that "joy in the Holy Ghost." I remembered how once God converted the soul of a young lady, and how I rejoiced, and how glad after this she was to hear of christian privilege and christian duty, and—how after this she began to neglect the means of grace, and avoid meeting with me, lest I should tell her I thought it wrong to visit the ball-room. I remembered how a few months before I besought a young lady to give her heart to Jesus, and how she said, "O, I would were I any where else than here!"—near the ball-room. I remembered how a few days before I asked a lady why she did not attend church, and she replied, "last week I was dancing so much I did not feel like going to church." And then I remembered how a revival influence had been—but a short time before—destroyed by "dancing," and how members of the church advocated its innocency. I remembered this and other things that would prove that dancing is ruining many souls. And then I wished I were a painter, that as a warning to others, I might represent the dancer dragging his dead soul away from God, who alone can give it life, and bearing it, with a glad face, in his bosom to his grave. But I could not paint, so I wrote—wrote to represent the dance as it is, and not as it seems.

The Dance.

Hark! What music do I hear! How joyous! Are these the notes of Heaven to God's hosts, Calling them to take the crowns angels lost In foul and impure joys, but go and see. And seeing, judge the better. Now we see! Now I judge them angels; for more joyous they seem than their music. How glad that laugh! How beautiful that smile! It shines with joy! How beautiful that smile! It shines with joy! How beautiful that smile! It shines with joy! How beautiful that smile! It shines with joy! How beautiful that smile! It shines with joy!

At funeral of his friend; but there the Mother at burial of her daughter, he'er Makes joyous dance; nor on the father such At burial of his son. While beheld! In the bosom of each of these I see A corpse is borne, and so like its bearer. These stern forms and visages are of men. These who in grace the rest so far outshine Are forms of her, who first man's "helpmate" was; But here, as last in Eden, man's tempter. These male beings—each so like its bearer And in the bosom borne—are souls. Each form Bears its soul. This mantle in which the soul is wrapped, is sin—the soul's only shroud. For these souls are dead, and being born, as Time swiftly bears them to their burial. This music is the funeral dirge, to Hush their dying groans. This dance the tramp of March, to burial of man's soul. Its grave Is hell.

THEOPHILUS.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

A Bill of Charges.

PREFERRED AGAINST MY PREDECESSOR.

CHARGE I.—Indifference. My predecessor left the "Church Register" and the "Class Books" in confusion. He left no distinction between the living and the dead, the married and the single, the members and probationers. He, farther, received members on probation without leaving a single trace of their names upon record; and admitted others into full connection without entering their names upon the catalogue of members. And last, but not least, he left several classes without leaders. Is not such indifference intolerable?

CHARGE II.—Neglect of Discipline. He neglected to bring to trial, and investigate charges preferred against one of his members, whom he knew to be guilty of immorality; and by throwing his responsibility upon the hands of his successor, he involved him in difficulties not properly his own. Is not such delinquency inexcusable?

CHARGE III.—Neglect of pastoral duty. He did not visit his members promiscuously from house to house. He neglected the sick and the poor. Stationed in their midst for two years, he never entered some of their houses, and did not even form a personal acquaintance with some of the members of his flock. How will this shepherd give an account of their souls?

CHARGE IV.—Carelessness in business. To say nothing of other matters, he received payment for the Advocate, from a number of subscribers, without accounting for it to the Editor; their papers, though paid for in advance, to the agent, through his neglect have been discontinued. In this way, he has done unintentional injustice to the subscribers; and although a professed friend to the paper, he has materially injured the Advocate.

CHARGE V.—Injustice to his successor. He left the church largely in debt. Bills contracted under his administration and his approval, were left unpaid (for reasons too tedious to mention) till after Conference. Hereafter my predecessor should be paid his salary, after all other claims against the Church have been settled; then his successor would not be compelled to support him and his family, at the sacrifice of his own. Ought not this gross injustice to be corrected?

FAIR PLAY.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

The Testimony of the Spirit.

The essence of adoption is found in these two things—a filial love to God on our part, as sons; and the love of God, as father, exercised toward us. Our spirits in their consciousness naturally bear witness to the former. The Divine Spirit gives testimony to the existence of the latter. One tells us that we love God, the other, that God loves us. Of the *modus* of the Divine testimony we may not always definitely speak; but we may safely assert that it is an error to think that it will be given in any outward manner. If we do but remember what power the Eternal Mind possesses over the human, we shall not vainly suppose that forms of speech are necessary, or any evidence to the eye or ear.

Think a moment, skeptical sinner, or doubter. Does he need set phrases? Shall his power be lowered to a comparison with that of man? How narrow-minded are those that question the heavenly testimony on such grounds!

Can you not remember when, careless of Heaven, there flashed upon your mind a conviction that you were a sinner, a gross and miserable sinner? That you could not drive it away, nor endure under it, nor sleep, nor work, nor joy? Whence was that conviction? From evidence or reason? Why did you not have it before? It was from God, by his Spirit. You felt and knew, as he has declared, that God was angry with you, as he is angry with the wicked every day. You call it a Divine conviction, and so it is. But did it come literally as a voice from the skies? Was there a sound or sight? Nothing of all this. It was born in the heart, and lived in the heart, till you yielded to it, or drove it thence. And cannot the God who in that silent manner told you of his anger, in like manner tell you of his love? Yes, and it gives the conviction within you, till it becomes a part of your mental being?

Yes, brother, it is written on the heart of the genuine believer by the Spirit of God, so deeply written that reason, and logic, and argument have nothing to do with it. It lies there, we say, in the depths of the Christian heart.—"God loves me," like the rock in the ocean's depths, so deep, so firm, that no tempests playing above, nor waves surging around, can permanently move it. Planted there by the Spirit, it is there held by the Spirit as long as we cleave like children to our Father.

Are there any who stumble over this truth as a rock of offense? If we believe that those in former days possessed of evil spirits knew and felt much that others did not, when they wandered among the tombs, leaped upon and were convinced, without words, or sights, or sounds, that the evil spirits hated them, let us not deny that the Omnipotent Spirit is capable of entering the human heart and assuring it of the love of God. Deny or explain away the other if you will, say you cannot conceive how a created spirit, like Satan's can so reveal himself to man, but do not say that God, the Creator of all, cannot take possession of a human heart, and so write the truth of his love there that nothing, save sin, in all the wide world, can remove it.

G. B. D.

A child named Henry Wallace, but four years of age, was brought into the First Police station of Boston, a few days ago, in a beastly state of intoxication. This was the sixth arrest on the same charge. Morality is certainly at a low ebb in Yankessdon.

Doctrinal Preaching.

Some will call it dry. Yet, they need it; all need it. With the Spirit's unction doctrinal preaching is not dry. Doctrinal truths are the sword of the spirit—cutting, stirring, awful—when clearly, affectionately, prayerfully presented.

"There can be no deep revival work in that congregation," said one preacher to another. "All a brush-fire, at best."

"Why?" "Because the people have not been indoctrinated. They have been stimulated, tickled, pleased—but for years doctrinal preaching has been out of fashion there, and now would hardly be listened to."

It is a serious error, says Dr. Thompson, to suppose that a general interest in religion can be originated, and sustained by mere exhortation, or by what is styled practical preaching, to the exclusion of doctrinal discussion. Almost every genuine revival has its origin in the vigorous and discriminating presentation of the great doctrines of the Gospel. Witness Jonathan Edwards. He whose feeble utterance and unimpassioned manner shook the assembly at Enfield as with the trumpet of the judgment and the tempest of Almighty wrath, was not a man of mere rhetoric or feeling—no popular declaimer.—That very sermon on "Sinners in the hand of an angry God," is awful for the cumulative strength and majesty of its argument. It is a pyramid of doctrine; that with the weight of a thousand worlds presses upon the guilty soul, and sinks it down to hell. It is a battery all charged with living truth, and therefore flaming out on every side the very lightning of God's wrath. If Edwards had begun that sermon with some of the terrific figures of speech with which he applied and concluded it, if he had made such rhetoric the staple of his discourse, the minds of his hearers would have repelled it as an attempt to stir their sensibilities with imaginary terrors. But when, step by step, with the most accurate logic, was paved the inevitable way of sinners down to hell, no rhetoric could enhance that fearful warning of his text, "their feet shall slide—in due time."—N. O. Chris. Advocate.

The Final Separation.

How shall I give thee up?—HOSEA xi: 8. There is something not only sad, but terrible in the thought of an eternal separation. About a year ago I stood upon a hill, looking over a valley of brooks, which were the scene of my sports many a day in childhood. Old haunts, almost forgotten, were revisited. Trees, and stones, and hills looked just as they did twenty years ago. Many a happy hour was lived over again, and memory brought the past before me with all the freshness of the living present. Near it hand was the old school-house, in which I began to climb the hill of knowledge; here was the lawn upon which I played, the stately pine beneath which I used to rest at noon; there the garden which I early learned to cultivate, and yonder was the scene of my early manhood's toil. It was hallowed ground to me, and those halcyon days that I spent there.

But there was a tingling of sadness. The old homestead rose was ours no more. It was our last family gathering there. And well I remember the scene at our parting. I stood, now to see the spot where I stood, when, with father's hand in mine, we said farewell, for the last time, to our native soil. I have never seen him since. One sunny day last June we stood, a weeping band, in a cemetery. A coffin had been slowly brought from the tomb, and now stood beside an open grave. In it was our father—our mother's counsellor and husband. He had been eight days dead, and there we buried him. We had never known what sorrow was before. And yet we did not sorrow as those without hope. Ah, no! there was a halo of light around that grave. When we thought of him as resting in the bosom of Jesus, where we hoped ere long ourselves to be, we were comforted. This was our consolation, and we could give him up.

But O, sinner, when ye come to give the parting hand to ye, how different it will be, if you have not the love of Christ! When we separate at the river of death, with no prospect of reunion. It will be parting, with no hope that we shall ever meet again!

HEAVEN. As distant lands beyond the sea, When friends go thence, draw nigh, So Heaven, when friends have thither gone, Draws nearer to the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow, When friends are long away, So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead, Grows nearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see With the pure spirit's sight, But near, and in the very hearts Of those who see aright.

From the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Peculiarities of Methodism.

ZEALOUS PREACHING. If there is any one peculiarity of Methodism above another that has been powerful in saving sinners, it is a plain, home-like, warm-hearted manner of preaching, in opposition to a dry, scholastic manner. Sinners who stand anxiously inquiring after the future destiny of the soul, and who come to the house of God in this inquiring spirit, are not so much taken up with the descriptions of the magnitude of stars as they are with the love of the Saviour, and redemption through the blood of the Lamb.

Our people, some of them, are too much like the Scotchman. The congregation had hired a new and learned preacher, but the pulpit was out of Latin in the preacher had quoted his friend had expected, so he says to him one day, "An' if ye have the latin ye tell for, why do ye not gie us some o' latin in yer sermons?" "Why," said the minister, "you would not understand it if I did." "But that is no matter of yours. When we pay a large salary for a learned man, what is the use unless he gies us some o' the Latin?"

That is to say, unless the preacher forever preaches learnedly, he is not educated. Some people wish the preacher to be deep even if it is the depth of murkiness, and sublime even if the sublimity be mere moonshine.

Just here lies the error of certain biblical and anti-biblical school controversialists. We do not want learned displays in the pulpit says one, hence we do not want our preachers educated; just as if because a man is well informed on all things, he must obscure his varied knowledge (even knowledge of astronomy) into the pulpit. This does not follow (to quote Bishop James) no more than a general of an army, because a mathematician, should fire mathematics from his cannon's mouth. A man may be as learned as Adam Clarke, and yet in the pulpit talk so humbly a poor cabin woman may understand him.

After hearing Bishop James many years ago, at one of our conferences, talk as he only can talk, I was riding home with a company, one of whom remarked, "Why, the bishop is not near as smart as Potswald; he (Potswald) would quote Shakespeare, and go up among the stars, and a person had to be well read to understand him; but as for the bishop, he is a very common man; why every one, even a boy, could understand him."

TO WHO TO WHO! The following very clever dun was written by Percy Howe, Editor of the "Fine Knot." "Twas on a cold autumnal night, A dismal one to view, Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light, And not a star appeared in sight, As the thick fogs through Muggins, as usual 'blue,' Bent homeward, 'tacking' left and right; When all at once he 'brought up' right Against an old dead yew; At which he 'fronced' to, Said with an oath I shan't indite, Infernal scoundrel, you! Light—'an' I'll lick you, black or white'— Just then above him flew An owl, which on a branch did light, A few feet o'er the booby wight, And then commenced, To who— To who—to who—to who! Quoth Muggins, 'Don't you think to fright A fellow of my weight and height With your ter who, ter who, You cursed bugaboo! An' if you're Bolzebub, it's quite Unnecessary you should light— For Muggins ain't up 'honor bright' For money matters all right! Therest the Owl withdrew, And Muggins nuzzled to. But there are other claps who might Be caught out some dismal night, 'Who have n't paid what's due!' They know—to who—to who!"

Irritable Christians Read This. There was a clergyman, who was of nervous temperament, and often became much vexed, by finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Do not want to go to heaven, my son?"

"No, ma, I am sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grand-pa will be there won't he?"

"Why, yes; I hope he will."

"Well, as soon he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew, whew, what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven, if grand-pa is going to be there."—Religious Magazine.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

Safe Venturing.

Owing to the scantiness of word-signs for spiritual things, perhaps the caption deserves to be tolerated. The reader may judge hereafter. The Christian poet had a conception of safe venturing. "Venture on Him, venture freely."

And inspiration presents an exemplar, who safely went out, not knowing whither he went." Heb. xi, 8. Scriptural faith regards invisible objects. Heb. xi, 1. The "eternal things" which are not seen, as well as their great Author, are suggested to human attention, in adaptation to moral agency. Waiting for objects of faith to be thrust upon us coercively, will be waiting upon our eternal ruin.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. xi, 6. And let it be distinctly noted that 'faith' is not a taking something for granted after its sensibly manifested. The authoritative definition is "the substance [or confidence] of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, Heb. xi, 1. And the sequence is faith, not feeling and faith. Any well-meaning reader who has inverted the order to avoid presumption, will, it is hoped, re-consider to avoid presumption.

If we think that some persons in lack of consecration, and self-assurance, have been too forward in taking things for granted, it is not true prudence for us to rest in the opposite extreme, short of the Bible standard. If a conscientious adventurist Universalist were addressed, there should be many guards or rather plain warnings. But a penitential venturing out, in reliance upon Divine power and love, through the great atonement, is not presumption. Our imagination shall not have power to prevent the responses of Omnipotence and Infinite veracity to a broken-hearted, whole-souled act of trust. To any reader with a suitable fear of becoming self-assured previous to full consecration, a sufficient guard and test may be in the discovery whether, in secret, prayerful waiting (not hurrying) before God, there is any vague suggestion of ought not being given up.

Under a sense of the Divine presence, it is believed that such a suspense will linger so long as there is a faithful and that the exact form of consecration will be made plain according to the degree of the realization of the presence of God. The "light of his countenance" may become so clear that the soul cannot but discover the most "secret sins" (Ps. xc, 8), and be able to know when they are fully surrendered.

But for the surrender nothing venturing upon God as the supreme substitute for what should be renounced. D. F. R.

How he Freed his Mind. "When there's a will there's a way," is a proverb never truer than in its application to religious duties, such as participation in the active exercises of the prayer meeting. There are many who have no "gifts" for this purpose, but the gifts they lack are not those of eloquence, but only those of the Spirit. Says the Congregationalist: "The old stuttering blacksmith would teach them better, whose soul so glowed and burned within him as to bring him to his feet, and compel his stammering tongue to utter— 'Bu-bu-but just look at me; h-he-he-bu-bu-but I lo-lo-love to be here!' here I am, and I lo-lo-love to be here!" He drove a nail in a sure place that he loved to be here! He loved it so much as to overcome an immense impediment in saying so. It was an expression of strong feeling, that carried the evidence of its own sincerity, and so touched and moved the hearts of others.

Who brings a better excuse than the blacksmith for not speaking? And after the competition of excuses, will some one try to make a better speech?

A Standing Doubt. One reason why so many professors do not rejoice evermore is, they have a "standing doubt" of their acceptance with God—a doubt as to whether they are born again and therefore they cannot rejoice evermore. Get this matter settled; get it settled at once. End this controversy with Heaven. Fly, fly to the blood—the blood—the blood of the Lamb. I tell you if you take no care, this standing doubt will sink you to hell.—Coughley.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS. When I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide, And that one talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My unimpaired self by night to God's bright eye; How soon my sabbath days I have dross'd! I find myself a fool, but patient, to prevent This murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state Is kingdom; thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait."

Inevitably Tinker, Esq., the newly appointed Consul to Liverpool, is at the New York Hotel, preparing to depart on his mission. Although positively denied, yet it is generally supposed that he, at first, intended to travel on foot, by his friends, to accept it as the "best bone" yet remaining to pick.

Pray in Secret.

Five minutes for reflection and self-examination, ten for reading the Scriptures, and fifteen for prayer, daily, is about as little as most Christians can live upon. Many, it is true, have no special time or place for secret prayer, and therefore do not live. It can be secured as easily as the ever-recurring time of our regular meal, and every consideration, temporal and eternal, demands it. I was once profably impressed with the importance of uniformity in this duty by that venerated ruling elder, the late John Alexander, of Lexington, Virginia. Soon after leaving his bed, and before he had fully dressed, and while others were talking around, he took his Bible and sat down to enjoy the hidden manna.

The preaching of Larned and the praying of Payson, were pre-eminently that union which secret prayer alone can impart, and hence the peculiar power of these men. One of the richest preachers that I ever enjoyed was by an eminent merchant in the prime of life, and immersed in business. Nothing but faithfulness in public prayer kept his spirit in this frame. This he intimated in reply to a question upon the subject.

This question often arises, whether we shall kneel down in the presence of others, or pray mentally or literally in secret. Some feel that the one or the other of ostentation, and some that the opposite indicates a fear of man. It is evident that either method is proper and that the one is best which most effectually subverts the great end for which secret prayer was enjoined.

Any Christian who succeeds in wrestling an hour a day, or possibly half an hour from the world, will experience the richness of those promises made in the Apocalypse to him that overcometh.—Presbyterian.

Disputing with Satan. An old and excellent writer gives the following advice: "If you are not to be fooled by temptation, do not enter into dispute with Satan. When Eve began to argue the case with the serpent, the serpent was too hard for her; the devil, by his logic, disputed her out of Paradise. Satan can never sin, make it small, and vanish in over, and make it look like virtue. Satan is too subtle a sophist to hold an argument with him. Dispute not, but fight. If you enter into a parley with Satan, you give him half the victory. The reason is, you are out giving up principle; and whenever most certain we shall yield. Principle being abandoned, there is little else to guide, but evil passions, which strongly prompt sin."

A Sensible Speech. The Christian Observer gives the following, as a speech delivered in a village prayer meeting. Nothing truer or wiser could have been said in the premises. "My brethren, I am glad to come here. When my work was done this evening, I thought there were two good reasons why I should not go to the prayer meeting. They were these—1st. I was tired, having toiled hard till a late hour in the field. 2d. The evening was far spent—most too late to attend prayer meeting. So I was half inclined to remain at home. But I thought otherwise. And I think you will remember obligation to work so late in the evening— You know it was Wednesday, and that you should go to the prayer meeting. So I determined to leave everything and come; and now I am glad I did so. I feel none the worse, but rather the better. My body is rested, my spirit is refreshed, and my mind is at peace."

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RIDDLE.—The following riddle is said to be the last production of Sheridan's witty pen.—"Sometimes with a head, sometimes without a head; sometimes with head and tail, sometimes without; and yet equally perfect in all situations. Answer, a WIG."