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RALEIGH, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1859.

WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE METHODIST EPIS COPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.-RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor

ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate,

The Veil Withdrawn,

OR GLIMPSES AT ITINERANT LIFE.

My last article closed, while giving an account of the stirring scenes of the first year of Abner Allbright's ministry. In this. I must note an incident or two with which he was connected At an early period of the year, young Allbright formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Dr. Jones Naman, a prominent physician of the town. This to man tames ripened into the strongest friendship. There was but one link broken in the bond of their union-the Dr. although a very moral man, was not a brofessor of religion, nor a member of the church. And, although disposed to revethe revival (of which an account was given | who reported, in part, at least. in my last letter) he became deeply concerned for his soul. Once or twice he called upon the paster to consult with him in reference to his spiritual and eternal interests. However, he deferred his salvation, as thousands of others have done, to a more convenient season. Alas! I fear | terage claim. that season never came!

On as bright and beautiful a Sabbath as ever graced our world, Dr. Naman and Portsmouth, viz: \$525 00; all of which Mr. Allbright met; the former on his way to see his patients; the latter, to his pulpit, when the following conversation took and receipts, appears in the case of

"Good morning, Mr. Allbright," was the Dr.'s salutation.

"Yes sir: he left early in the week .-How did you like his sermon last Sunday ?" "I liked it very well," said the Dr.

"Are you not going to church to-day,

Dr. ?" enquired the pastor. " No sir; I have several patients to see I serve him in mine," said the Dr., smil-

"But could you not go to church first. and see your patients afterwards?"

" Well, I suppose I could." "Are any of your patients seriously

"No; they are all improving, but still

need my attention." "Well, Dr. remember what Bro. Ray

said, doctors die too "

"I shall have the pleasure of hearing you frequently, during the year when less

·· Perhaps you may-perhaps you may no', " observed the young pastor.

"I expect to live a long time, notwith-

standing Bro. Ray's saying." " But, Dr.," (observed the preacher in a serious tone, for he felt an abididing interest for his soul) " could you know that this would be your last opportunity to hear the gospel preached, would you not turn round

"Yes, I certainly would, but my family before me have been long-lived, I have an excellent constitution, and I intend to show Bro. Ray how long a good Son of Temper-

and go to church ?"

They parted. The Dr. made his professional calls, and the preacher went to the sacred stand, and for an hour "stood between the living and the dead "

On Thursday morning following, just as the gray streaks penciled the eastern sky, the young pastor's slumbers were broken by loud rapping at his chamber door .-"Whe is there?" "Jim, master, Dr. Naman is very sick, and wishes to see you." This message fell upon the preacher's ear like the "knell of death." He dressed his sick friend. But he was too late. The Dr was speechless. He raised his hand as a token of recognition, and a wild gaze of small, infrequent and (his neighbors horror and hopeless despair told the sad | thought) not very cheerfully bestowed. story of the raging tempest that swept | He had so much property to take care of within. On Friday he expired; and on and so much business to attend to, that Sunday morning his young friend and his mind was seldom at rest, and really he minister, with a stricken heart, as best he appeared, and must have been, an unhancould, conducted the funeral services, and | py man. When he had acquired his thoussprinkled the new made grave with his ands he was as covetous as when he had

Now that these scenes are passed and that we look down at them through the directed his earlier labors no longer existlight and shade of years, it does seem that | ed. the saving of Bro. Ray, frequently repeat- 'Twasten o'clock--a stormy night--when, ed during the discourse that doctors die too, after a day of toil and bustle, -- he sat by was prophetic. Perhaps it was one of those | his fireside and mused. Conscience availed sudden flashes that sweep across the minis- itself of the opportune moment and said to ter's mind while preaching, coming he him--" What are you doing, these day's ?" knows not from whence, or why. Be this He replied, "I am laboring diligently and as it may, it was fastened upon the mind honestly, like a good citizen and a worthy of one of the physcians who were present, man." "What do you labor so much and, as the conversation above shows, dis- for '--asked Conscience. "Because" said turbed the spirit of his dreams To my he, "I make money by it--and every man mind it looks like a personal call from God ought to be industrious and thrive." "But to attend to the undying interests of the what do you want with gain--and what are soul. And then the interview between the you doing with what you have already Dr. and the minister on the last Sabbath | made ?' inquired Conscience. He replied,

to have been directed by Providence and to constitute the last admonition and warning. How little did he think so then !

Gentle reader, these lines have been written for you. You may be called unexpectedly away. "Be ye also ready!" ALFONZA.

#### Report

Of the joint Board of the Stewards of the Virginia Conference, for the year, ending November, 1858.

I have examined this report with more than ordinary interest. It is not as complete as could be desired, but it is more ample than anything of the the kind which has come into my hands. I learn from this document, that there were 142 members of the Virginia Conference, exclusive of the rence the house of God, still, like other | Editor, Presidents and Professors in Colphysicians I could name, he seldom found | leges, previous to the annexation of the time to attend the public worship of God. Danville District. Of this number (142) even upon the holy Sabbath day. During sixteen made no report. This leaves 126

> Of this number, 126, fifty-eight failed to receive the full amount of their claims. The largest amount allowed for family expenses, was by Centenary church, Richmond, to Rev. Nelson Head, (\$1.500.) He does not give the amount of his quar-

> The largest quarterage claim was that of Rev. Dr. Finley, who was stationed in

The greatest disparity between claims Rev. H. H. Linney, who was on the Goochland circuit. His quarterage claim was \$420 00, upon which he received "Good morning, Dr.," was the reply. \$125 00. His allowance for family ex-"Has Bro. Ray gone?" inquired the penses was \$480 00; and he received one hundred and forty-three dollars and sixty-

Traveling must cost something in the old Dominion, as the aggregate of travel-" except that saying of his, that Doctors | ing expenses, paid, according to a rough calculation, comes to the snug little sum of

In every instance the full amount of traveling expenses was paid, except in the case LE Roy J. E. Posts, who claimed \$65 00 and recaived \$5 00. The following Districts failed to pay their Presiding Elders, in full · Richmond, Fredericksburg, Charlottsville, Norfolk, and Murfreesboro'. Of the six Districts reported, only two paid their Presiding Elder, viz: Lynchburg and Randolph Macon, though it is probable that the Petersburg and Washington paid in full also. The office of the I'. E. must be below par in Virginia, when such men as David S. Doggett and J. D. Coulling fail to get the full amount of their

The Washington District came nearer paying all the preachers in full, than any other, there being only two deficient in the

The Washington street church, Petersburg, contributed the largest amount for Conference collection, \$244 08.

Princess Ann circuit gave the largest Conference collection, \$189-42.

From this report, it appears that all the deficient preachers receive a pro-rata share of the Conference collection, which, in my humble jndgment, is just as it should be. Very Respectfully,

L. W. MARTIN.

Cumberland co., N. C. P. S. According to a rough estimate, (for I have not gone over the figures the second time) the aggregate claims of all the preachers in the Virginia Conference. as far as reported, amount to \$34181 44 and the aggregate paid, was, \$30310 00. I have left out the Danville District in all the foregoing calculations.

#### From the N. C. Christian Advotate. A Dark Picture.

W--- owned thousands. If he had immediately and hastened to the room of done right he might have accomplished great good. He thought he was a liberal man-he often said so-but his gifts were only hundreds; it was from habit and ovarice though - for the manlier motives that

work for is mine--I don't beg--I don't steal I give to good causes--! treat all my friends well at my house--I have cheated no man, our rule merely to suggest to the ladies don't tell lies for profit, and therefore I that the present fashion of sweeping hoops,

said his miserly soul. Here conscience left him, and with self. | modify and amend their former notions of complacency, he retired to his bed It was distances. To extrain our meaning. A a soft and pleasant one-was made for the lady in former tix a might very justly conrich man. He didn't even bend his knee to God that night--he was so tired that he thought the Lord did not require the service. As soon as he lay down he began | tance to be at least doubled. Forgetfulness thinking over his business matters and of this has caused some painful and even continued till he dropped asleep.

weeping, and their cry went up--poor children shivering and hungry, and they were | dress be so constructed as to defy the apseen by an eye that never sleeps--interests. freighted with the hopes and happiness of guishment. Lady Lucy and Lady Charhumanity, languishing, and they were noticed by him who loves to be merciful-sinners perishing for the bread of life, and they were in sight of Him who died to save | uries of high life, gay, bright, and happy,

The angel wrote upon his record : "W---own--tis God's. He is stained with the with burns, and agonized with pain, they crime of selfishness--for he uses his means linger for a few days, and then become as he pleases-does his own will instead of tenants of the tomb! Surely we may at God's. He is always sinning by perver- least warn our lady readers that the presting what is entrosted to him-he ought to | ent fashion is a dangerous one without undo good with his money. He is a vile hy- usual caution. to be a christian."

the sword that Justice held unsheathed-He said: "Cut him down!" 'Twas done. When his obituary was written Wwas called an lionest, quiet, christian man -- but his soul was in hell.

## SELECTIONS.

From the Nashville Ch. Advocate. On Dress.

Why don't you get married? This question we put to a young man, not half a year ago, in the course of a free and friendly conversation. He is an industrious, sens ble young man, dresses decently, keeps to good society, of steady habits--wichal, good-looking. After laying before us his finances and business prospects which were moderate and hopeful, the idea a point in life when he ought to marry; and as it was evident at a glance that he could if he would, there must be some unknown difficulty in his way. 'Why don't you get married?

. The fact is, sir, I would like to, but I can't afford it.

'Can't afford it! and getting \$1800 a year salary, with certainty of its increase, and, at no far day, may rise to a partner. Surely, that will do to begin on.'

A difficulty did appear, and that in a few words. He was clerk in a dry-goods store--where fashionable ladies most do congregate--had seen, across the counter, many a young lady who fancied fine dresses and fine things, and made such bills, with a matter-of-course and easy air, that it scared him. 'Never could stand such licks as that. One day's shopping would use up a month's wages. Other things must be in proportion. And yet I have a feeling on the subject of this sort: I would not like to marry a young lady who had been used to luxury, and not be able to keep her going at the same rates. And I see

they don't lose the taste even afterward.' This put us into a brown study, in behalf of an institution which descended to man from Paradise. Marriage is a matter of statistics; and Mr. Buckle and writers poetry, the sentiment, and moonbeams floating on the surface, that it is regulated, as much as any thing else, by the price of corn. In this talk with a sensible young terial and prudential barriers. And we sently cross the Atlantic: thought to thank him 'for a text,' and say a few words to women: (we prefer that

The substance of all we have to say is, that fine dressing defeats itself.

Delicate subject; we know it. Our contemporaries of the press touch it with tip-ends and an apology. For instance, a

prefer smiles. terms, 'It is none of your business.'

as I please." C. asked, "are you sure I when she changes, it may be for the worse you are right in declaring it is yours to be mstead of the better; hence we stand aloof. used at pleasure? Don't you owe all you '4, And finally. Because we do not fanhave, and more too, to God?" "What I ey spending our ink, in vain, as would be

'It will, however, be no deviation from

the case in this instance.

think I have a good right to enjoy what I | so materially modifies the relative distanchave delved for with so much privation" -- es between the wearer and other objects, as to make it important that ladies should clude that her position was a safe one when standing two feet from a fire, while the introduction of crinoline requires that disfatal accidents. Nothing is more frightful That night there were helpless ones than a blazing dress with an interesting

woman inside of it, and especially if that plication of the ordinary modes of extinlotte Bridgman, daughters of the Earl of Bradford, have recently fallen victims to this fashion. Surrounded by all the luxlittle thinking of danger, their light and gossamer dresses, sweeping beyond their is guilty of lying-his property is not his reach, are suddenly in a blaze; scarred

pocrite--for with all the above he pretends | Somebody who visited the Springs last season-and he will be apt, if he lives and

'Indeed, the fashionable lady at the Springs comes to a task of dressing which is not to be envied. Most of her waking hours, even if she has no balls or hops to dress for, are laborious hours. For dressing is her substantive employment; it is for this she has come to the Springs. So she must, on her first waking in the morning, dress for her walk to the Springs, then she must conv dome and put on another hardes for beakinst. Then she must unharness and harness up wholly anew for dinner; then, for tea, all the labor of changing her cumbrous harness must be repeated. This often involves more than she can do alone. The hairdresser must be called in, and there must be a toil of currying as well as harnessing. This is an expensive as well as laborious work .-was suggested to him that he was now at | Judge of this from a single case. A lady was here not long since, and, when about to leave, she told the landlady, in all soberness, as if it were a matter of course, that she had been here thirty days, and that she had only thirty changes of dress, and therefore she could stay here no longer; for she could not wear the same dress twice at the same place. She must now, as a matter of economy, go to Newport, where, with the same dresses, she could spend thirty days more. This is a fair sample of the fashionables here. Every summer brings thousands of just this class of miserable creatures, slaves of absurd

We commend the reader to imitate the example of a lady in one of the leading circles of Washington. A gentleman cemplimented her upon the simplicity and taste of her apparel. She replied : 'I am glad you like my dress; it cost just seven doland I made every stitch of it myself.' It is very evident, from the foregoing, that dress is a good or evil educator, in the family. As such it demands the attention of parents, that it may not become a snare and curse to children. Perhaps the best rule to regulate dress is that which Newton gave a woman who asked his opinion: 'Madam, so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your comin his line declare, notwithstanding all the pany shall not recollect what you have on.'

We herald an approaching crisis. Look out for sights! A Paris letter-writer gives the following description of an article which has just been revived by the ladies man, we came right up to one of these ma- of that city, and which will, of course, pre-

'I am half inclined to say that the greatest of all events just now is the invention word to ladies, when serious--it is scriptur- of a new dress. But such a dress! If husbands and fathers were ill-advised enough to raise an outcry about crinoline, what will they do now? The dress I speak of is one to make which about twenty eight or thirty yards of stuff are required, and the vestment is thought to look best when staid Calvinistic paper has a word of cau- made of velvet! Now just fancy a dress tion. See how he says it 'With your of thirty yards, composed of velvet, at six dollars a yard. The garment itself is little 'We have always been rather shy in less than what used, under Louis XIV. touching upon the subject of ladies' dress. and XV., to be called a 'grand habit.' It 1. Becaust it is rather a delicate sub- is a visiting-dress, and is curious as to its ject, by intermeddling with which we might | form and sit. Skirt and body hang togethstir up resentful feelings where we would er, are held to each other by the back in a very singular manner; the back of the body '2. Because it being a subject not spreading out into a kind of long, large strictly within our editorial province, we cape, as it falls upon the skirt. The body might hazard being told in rather rough is rather loose, like what is called a 'caraco.' and does not fit to the waist. The '3. Because fashion is a capricous nymph, dress buttons all down the front; the width

Such a dress may easily be brought to cost with men that ride a hobby. \$1000, and cannot cost under \$150.'

More young men, who would make the best husbands, will be scared off, and that, alas, by the very means resorted to attract them. They ought, they will count the cost. As the marriage form says, it 'is not by any to be enterprised or taken in mother's cramped, old-fashioned hand. hand unadvisedly,' but ' discreetly.'

Beyond extravagant dressing, there is an inference equally damaging, viz.: that those who devote themselves to it know little of any thing else. Men do not want dolls for wives. A little household knowledge in the wife is of vast importance in | come the week after-FII write and ask her setting out well in life. 'Georgia Scenes,' | if she can put it off as well as not. by Judge Longstreet, deserves to live, if for nothing else, for one "o'er true tale" in it- 'The Beautiful Creature as a Wife.' I am steeped in sorrow to the very lips.

It were worthy of consideration how much the want of family discipline, domestic virtue and happiness, and home piety, is owing to the previous want of domestic training in wives and mothers. If some of the time spent in thumbing harps and guitars were devoted to the philosophy of churning, the hydrodynamics of washing clothes, and the chemistry of making lightbread, it would be well.

But to return to our text, the young man whose half-sorrowful words we wish to sound in the ears of the daughters of this generation-he represents thousands. ried yet, perhaps unengaged; but initial | world. friendship was proceeding very fairly in that she had the young man, and, instead | the days of my childhood. of saving 'two bits,' she said 'five dollars!' He was long enough getting out his change to give his fair companion an opportunity of relieving min 4 drong stob berefused extortion. But she made no signs of returning or refusing it, rather than have him imposed on. What was five dollars! He paid it. A slang phrase would say, he sloped after that. In the words of our young man, 'he eould not stand such licks.' Lady lost a beau, for a bouquet.

In conclusion, let us refer to the Discipline. One of the General Rules-which we believe we are taught of God to observe, even in his written word, and which his Spirit writes on truly awakened heartsforbids ' the putting on of gold and costly apparel.' The word 'gold' here is generie. If ever the time should come when silver or steel should be the badge of pride and worldlymindedness and more expensive than gold, the rule would equally forbid them. Further on theee is a section on Dress, (p. 123.) We give it entire: ' Quest .- Shall we insist on the rule

concerning dress? 'Ans .- By all means. This is no time to give encouragement to superfluity of ap- | fin, I heard again the "God bless my charge direct the attention of those committed to his care to the General Rule on this subject, and to the Holy Scriptures on which it is based; mildly yet earnestly urging them to keep the same."

# The best Recommendation.

A vouth seeking employment went to one of our large cities, and on inquiring at a certain counting room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them; and in turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. What book is that?' said the merchant. It is the Bible, sir,' was the reply. 'And what are you going to do with that book in New York?' The lad looked seriously into his face and replied, 'I promised my mother I would read it ev ry day, and I shall do it.' and burst into tears. The merchant considered that the best recommendation he could possibly get, and immediately engaged the boy. In due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

Riding a Hobby. horseman who, having lost his way, made me-far away, drowned in the pleasures complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of horse's hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced and said, "This, at least, shows me that I am | felt as if I never cared to open them again. in some track!" When the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were dou- matic hues flashed upon my sight. The bled, and he said, "Now, surely, I am in sun had burst from the thick clouds, and a beaten way;" and with the conclusions of every round jewel of the rain caught a tint every round, the marks increased, till he of beauty from its glowing rays. was certain that he must be in some frequent thoroughfare, and approaching a and they need no candle, neither the light he ever spent upon earth, seemed likewise, "it's mine-I worked for it-and I use it who will not amend until she pleases, and of the dress at the bottom is eight yards. populous town; but all the while he was of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them

in passementerie, called 'brandebouras.' by the track of his own error. So his

### My Mother.

EXTRACTS FROM A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S

Henry handed me a letter. It is my She will be here the first of next week. 'Tis very foolish to think so, I knowbut then those fashionable Hamiltons will be here. Mrs. Hamilton dresses with so much taste, and mother will wear that old,

old silk. I almost wish she had decided to

My wretchedness is unspeakable-a world of misery has fallen upon me like a cloud.

Oh! my mother! my mother! Life is alternately light and shade, they tell me. Alas! my life is all a shadow, and I seem creeping slowly down its long vista, a reproach to myself and a trouble to those I love.

My mother is dead. And I-Oh! heartless! sent her such a letter! Everything is black, black around me. My heart sinks -Oh! that I too could die!

The splendors by which I am surrounded mock me cruelly. The burden on my conscience tel's me I have neglected herthat I have been ashamed of her dear, hard-In a city of the sunny South a young | working hands, her homeliness, her want couple were walking the streets-unmar- of knowledge pertaining to this heartless

How carefully she brought me up, my that direction. They passed a stand where | widowed mother with her slender means! God saw the dark entry--and pointing to goes, to see the same things next season - the flower-girls stood. The air was redo- How she denied herself comforts that she gives this description of a fashionable lady: lent of roses and violets, and faultless taste | might minister to my little wants! How had combined them in bouquets, fringed | proud she was of what they called beauty! with evergreens. 'Will you have one?' It is faded now. And I-to think of her Lady selected a bouquet, scented it waved slender wardrobe, her close Quaker caps, it and was charmed. 'How much?' The her unpolished language, her old-fashioned sharp-eyed quadroon had taken lessons ways! May God forgive me! 'Tis the onfrom Cupid as well as Mercury. She saw | ly heartfelt prayer I have breathed since All is blank. The house seems like a

> vast tomb. Its splendor wearies me. Oh! could I but fall on my mother's bosom once sacre, and breathe out thy sorrew and my penitence there! Oh! that I could see her smile again-wind my arms about her neck, feel her warm embrace.

Mother! word that I have abused, maternal heart that I have forsaken, wounded, now forever at rest in the grave.

I have seen my mother. Not soon shall forget that meek, white face, and the lips so mute! the gentle lips always ready to bless me. The eyes were dim that saw

naught but perfection in me. I have been to the little cottage where I was born. Doubly dear seemed every part of that old house. The floor in the wide kitchen was white and sanded, just the same as when I was last there. But over opposite in the pleasant parlor she lies pla-

Dreary sight! They wonder at my excess of grief. They would not, knew they my self-reproaches, the crushing weight upon my spirit. As I stood by that cofparel. Therefore let every preacher in daughter." It was murmured through smiles and tears on the morning of my wedding day. I remember the sad forebodings which sometimes sank in my heart when the rich stranger sought the favorite child, my wayward self How she implored me to be humble! to bear my exhaltation meekly. Can it be that she will never speak to me again? So white the brow, so stony, so cold!

On the 18th. They have laid her away. They have buried my heart with her. It was in the storm. The rain dripped from the windows, the turf was soaked with water .-The little white church, where she had led me so often by the hand, looked gray through the mist. The very birds chirped mournfully under their wet roof leaves .-Black, and oh! so fearfully the grave yawned at my feet. Terrible! I thought she might not be dead, and I laid my hand upon her forehead. Cold, iev cold! I shricked aloud-I could not restrain my feelings. That dear, gray-haired minister! Ser-

vant of Jesus for nearly fourscore and ten vears, he pitied me. Touchingly he spoke of her sweet resig-

nation, adding that as she died she sang.

"Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are." He told, with unsteady voice, how ten-The Archbishop of Dublin tells of a derly she had spoken of her children-of

I sobbed aloud.

Nor could I, look, as they lowered the coffin. I shut my eyes, and for a moment When I looked up, ten thousand pris-

"And there shall be no night there;

\$1.50 a year, in advance.

and upon every seam are sown ornaments ( riding after his horse's tail, and deceived ( light; and they shall reign forever and

Thus said the gray-haired man. Every word sank into my soul, and I drank in their inspiration. My mother was then an angel in heaven, glorious! radiant! Heaven never seemed so near to me be-

fore. It was but for a moment. The earth rattled upon her grave. The clouds drew gloomy and drifted together. A quick, heavy shower set the leaves to ed. My r A N Q S

Must we an Wall alva ... We walked slowly on through eled walks. Somebody had dropped flowers along, red and white, and sprays of mignonnette, and they had faded there. The old sexton stood at the gate, with

his hat off. As I passed him, I caught the words, spoken softly, "God bless her." The return.

The rain had ceased again. A flood of red sunshine bathed the little cottage. The wet jasmin loaded the air with its perfume. It seemed for the moment, as if everything around the house looked doubly beautiful. The dark black-ground of clouds, not yet broken, was the only thing in unison with the sadness of our spirits.

She was not there i We saw the top of the old chair in which she always sat at the west window.

Within-oh! how desolate! There was the little, low rocking chair by the corner; a stand by its side, on which lay the family Bible; and there, too, lying sadly, as if conscious that their work was done, my mother's old spectacles were folded on the green baize cover. I bent over and lifted her little work-basket. Everything was in order-the work all arranged-her little book of "Daily Food" in its accustomed nook. I took it from thence and laid it in my bosom. God helping me, I will read it as she did.

We sat down to supper, but could not talk. At every turn our eyes met something that called up tears and sighs afresh. Here, her choice flowers, her favorite geranium just bursting into blossom. There, a little porcelain vase, in which she had kept her bennied for the church collection. Hard, indeed, it seemed to realize how

far she slept beneath our feet. Can I forget this sorrow? Shall I plunge into the follies of fashion again? God forbid !-- [Peterson's Magazine.

Deifying the Female Sex,

Rev. Dr. Alexander, in his recent volame of Sermons, utters the following sol-

What a horrid fraud Satan is practising on the Church in regard to the daughters of the covenant! In fashionable circlesdare I name them Christians-the years where girlhood merges into maturity are frequently sold to the adversary. The young American woman is taught to deem herself a goddess. If there be wealth, if there be accomplishments, if there be beauty, almost a miracle seems necessary to prevent the loss of the soul. Behold her pass from the pedestal to the altar. The charming victim is decked for sacrifice. Every breath that comes to her is incense. Her very studies are to fit her for admiration. Day and night, the gay but wretched maiden is taught to think of selfish pleasures. Till some Lenten fashion of solemnity interrupt the whirl, the season is too short for the engagements. Grave parents shake their heads at magnificent apparel, costly gems, night turned into day; dances, at which the Romans would have blushed, pale cheeks, bending frames, threatened decay : and yet they allow and

# It is Fated.

submit. And thus the sex, which ought

to show the sweet, unselfish innocency of

a holy youth, is carried to the overheated

Christian verifies the Apostle's maxilled

.She that liveth it pleasure is dead while

temples of pleasure. I moffer daily,

she liveth.'

'A gentleman some years ago, while traveling in a railway carriage, was loquaciously defending the doctrine that God had decreed everything that comes to pass. A shrewd countryman was listening, but made no remark till the next topic of conversation turned up, which happened to be the murder of a magistrate in a neighboring county. The predestinarian gentleman launched out in no measured terms against the murderer. 'Sir,' said the countryman, do you know whether there is a reward for the murderer?' The other replied, ' I believe there is.' 'Then I woule recommend you to claim it,' said the countryman. 'Is it I,' said the other with astonishment, 'I know nothing about it.' 'Yes, but you do,' was the reply, 'for you have told us that God decreed everything, and hence he decreed that thing; you have nothing to do but to call at the first magistrate's office you come to, and swear against your Maker, and get the ready."

3 John S. C. Abbott, the Historian. has been preaching in Maine since Novem-