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Business Notices.

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ORIGINAL.

[illegible] CHRISTIAN RECREATION.

It is hardly necessary to prove that recreation is needful. All men and women, old and young, need recreation. Not merely rest from labor, but *recreation* in the etymological sense. Need being made over again—made as good as new. There is a peculiarity of the American character in our pre-eminent industry.—Men and women work themselves down to this century. It is necessary that we should be built up again. If the bow is kept always strung it will lose its elasticity. It must be unbent occasionally.—Who now is every one have remembered the work of this, Martin Luther and only hand-over his German translation of the Book of God and deliverer his mental faculties the Danish dilettan, but he [illegible] Himself by hearing his beautiful wife Catherine sing sweet songs, and by decorating Christmas trees for his children. Wilberforce battled all day for God and humanity, and at evening trundled a hoop with his children all round his garden at Clapham. Who will say that his was wrong? These men, and every good man, have a right to be happy—I did its end. God has in innocent joy. Every man has a right to possess everything that is *needful* for him. Recreation is needful, and may, therefore, be enjoyed without sin.

But there is another point that deserves attention. What kind of recreation do men need? The laborer, who toils from eight to twelve hours out of twenty-four, needs rest. There is no recreation available, more welcome to him than simple sleep.

But there are other classes in society who need recreation of a different kind. The student, upon change of occupation—Roman labor should be exchanged for Mental, and still amount, but it takes the pen or pull the oar. Said Carlyle, "My grandest pleasure is to mount my horse and ride out in the teeth of the wind away from these smoky streets of London." The nature of the recreation needed is controlled very much by the character of the occupation which usually employs us. Out door exercises, books, and social intercourse may be mentioned as our only resources, for in the search of all. Upon this point I will only remark further that whatever makes your body healthier, your mind happier and your conscience and purer is christian recreation, and so long as you do not depart from the rule you need not fear incurring the displeasure of heaven.

There are many persons, however, who are governed by something very different from a desire for beneficial recreation when they seek amusement. It is not to be supposed that for the duties of life that the world supplies, but for the sensations it does. They do not need refreshment, but excitement and high excitement. It is this [illegible] of amusement that fills our dancing halls, billiard saloons and ball rooms. Men do resort to these places for recreation, but amusement. Now, I take the position, in the language of Cayler, that "Everything that pass my body or mind, improves my health and elevates my soul, is commendable. Everything that stimulates this nervous system of mine until I become a walking machine; everything that debauches my body, weakens my conscience enfeebles my impure thoughts, and makes my soul a terrible house of disease; everything that makes me forget God and eternity, is dangerous, and in the last, damnable."

Now take this as a test by which to try the various amusements of the day and see if they stand it. How is it with the dances, concerts and circuses? Do they improve our health or elevate our souls? Certainly they do not. On the contrary, they excite impure thoughts, stimulate the nervous system, and weaken the conscience. How is it with the ball-room, or the amusement of dancing, under any circumstances? Who engages in the excitement of the dance for the purpose of "making his mind or body, improving his health and elevating his soul?" No, although our hour dancing defended on the ground of its healthfulness, it is engaged in for quite a different purpose; it is excitement. The very same thing that carries the drunkard to his bottle, the gambler to the card table, and the rabble to the horse race, carries the young gentleman to the ball room, and (I almost blush to write it) makes the young lady his partner. It's excitement—excitement of the mind and of the passions. Who can honestly believe that the couple who have whirled for hours in the dance upon the floor of the ball-room or upon the platform at a "pic-nic," are made the better in mind and body by the exercise? If it is so healthful and improving, why the necessity of stimulating the body with wine during the exercise, and sleeping all next day to recover from the combined effects. I am an advocate for *christian recreation*, but am opposed to *unchristian amusements*. As my letter is already longer than I intended it, I will close, by submitting the following rules upon the subject, which I think are safe:

1. Every recreation or amusement which does not excite, but is the means of making me stronger in body, happier in mind and purer in heart, is not only allowable, but beneficial.

2. No christian should ever take part in any entertainments from which he cannot conscientiously turn to his bible and his closet.

3. No christian should engage in any amusement which is questionable. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

4. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

SELECTIONS.

THE BEARING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS ON RELIGION.

The Americans are, by nature and station, politicians. Free speech and a free press make their opinions audible. Debate on the stump, and by the wayside, is common. And if anything stirs our people to the bottom, it is a Presidential election.

There is a great interest at stake, giving a complexion to the home and foreign policy of the general government for four years. State answers to State. Every local paper is cultivated by the sharpest sayings of a thousand other papers, all writing on the very same topics. From this till November the elements will be in ferment.

Is this quadrennial agitation to be harmful to personal piety, or not?

No christian man can view the preparations making for it, and the materials to be operated on, and the time it will last, without asking this question. If our first care ought to be for the interests of religion and the soul, they ought to be cared for now.

Four candidates for the Presidency have been presented by as many parties; and, judging by the interest which has marked the primary Conventions, there will be a hot contest to the last.

We do not regard it as an evil for that the people take a deep interest in Presidential elections, and in elections. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Then let all lovers of liberty be vigilant. It is a duty to preserve our civil institutions if they are worth having. Parties in politics, like sects in religion, are beneficial to the common cause which all have in view, and beneficial to each other. Men will bear watching; we must watch over one another. At best, human views are partial, and we only see a whole view when it is taken from several sound points. Discussions are wholesome to the public mind—they diffuse information. We shall be unworthy of our blessings when we cease to take an interest in them, and to use the means to preserve them.

We are far from accepting the worldly sentiment that Christian men ought not to have politics, or vote politics. If such men let go politics, the country falls into the hands of the unscrupulous. Then is the beginning of the end.

The peculiar besetments and dangers to personal piety attending a presidential canvass—such as one of this promises to be—are to be considered. And now, before [illegible] Christian brother, suffer the word of exhortation.

If you are a minister, you are still a citizen, and as such, have a right to your opinion and your franchise. But have a defence against passion, and retrieves many an error before it is done. Be sober—there are other kinds of drunkenness besides that which follows strong drink.—Let your moderation be known to all men; then, at the close of the day, as you retire to your closet, or at the close of the canvass, as you review it, you will have nothing to regret.

As the surface of the sea rolls into waves and is tempestuous while its depths are quiet, so let it be with your soul. Let the peace of God keep it.

A license of personal abuse of candidates is sometimes indulged, to the degradation of politics, and to the wounding of any conscience that is not seared.

A foreign traveler, during a Presidential canvass, wrote home that the American people had certainly succeeded in selecting, as candidates for the highest office in their country, "two of the worst men in it."—He reached this conclusion very naturally. How can you keep a conscience void of offence when you abuse a man for everything that is mean, and take up every evil report against him, merely because he is on the other side?

What of revivals and of the spread of the church by the awakening and conversion of souls? Shall we cast out anchors and wish for day? Wait till the election is over? Some are thinking on this wise: "O nothing can be done in the church, while the minds of the people are so excited on politics. Camp-meetings and protracted-meetings must give way to barbecues and mass-meetings. The church will do well if she holds her own."

Stay, brother. Will death stop his work? Will the grave close its greedy mouth till November? Will the devil be idle? You propose a flag of truce. Will the adversary keep faith with you?

These fears are groundless. Think of the past. Take up the old Minutes, and you will see that the church has often enjoyed rest, and believers were multiplied and comforted in the Holy Ghost, while surrounding elements were heaving and surging.

During the Revolutionary war, Methodism was more than doubled in this country. If the church has peace within herself, if there be no schism in the body, then she enjoys the condition of prosperity.

This despondent view of the moral bearing of the Presidential canvass is as much opposed by sound philosophy as it is by history. The preacher and the word have nothing to dread so much as indifference, listlessness, deadness to the public mind. The wasted reason unemployed—the heartless desert of the mind—these are to be feared. Unlike superstition, which fastens itself upon the people when they are solemn, true religion requires them to be awake. It appeals to all their higher faculties. The current of thought, the excitement for action, the intellectual emotion profoundly excited, may be turned into a religious channel. Mark it—if people do not come out to church in larger crowds than common during the canvass, and the word preached yet more thoughtful hearing.

Mental stagnation will have given place to wakeful attention. Let us therefore take advantage of the occasion, and, by the help of God, push forward the victories of the cross. Instead of reefing sails, let us spread them. This is a coaling time as well as a bearing time. Circulate your Christian Advocates. They are on your side. Make the politician's documents are to his. People will read now; put the right sort of reading before them. While the wick is warm, apply the match; while the wax is soft impress the seal.

Under "News from the Churches," and in the revival departments of our contemporary Advocates, may we read great things that are being done in the church during the Presidential canvass.—*Nashville Advocate.*

CLERICAL PLAGIARISM.

Everybody has heard of the Scotch clergyman, whose sermons were so excellent that one of his congregation asked him why he did not print them. "I am afraid," was the confidential reply, "that it will be found out that they have already been printed." A good story is told of an obscure English clergyman, who preached to a country congregation a discourse originally delivered [illegible] excellent were greatly alarmed upon being informed from the sacred desk of the terrible pestilence that prevailed among them.

Some years ago a celebrated English clergyman preached against theatres, and was unwise enough to publish the sermon. It was wholly stolen from a well known work, and printed without the slightest acknowledgment.

Mr. Allan Bean, the then chief magistrate, detected the larceny, and published both productions in parallel columns, simply asking what faith could be reposed in the reverend pilferer. Within a few years, youthful preachers in England have been rash enough to repeat discourses from such famous sermonizers as Melville and Massillon.

English preachers are less liable to exposure, however, when they take the productions of American clergymen, as the British public are not familiar with the published works of trans-atlantic divines. Some years ago, we printed an account of a noted London preacher, who delivered in the presence of a party of Americans, a discourse written by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, and published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

It seems, if we believe the London *Globe*, that an English clergyman, made a great reputation as a sermonizer, on the strength of repeating the sermons of Dr. Bushnell, on the New Life. Unfortunately for him, the latter volume has now been reprinted in England, and the plagiarism exposed. The *Globe* says:

"Under ordinary circumstances, we should have considered that we had taken all the notice necessary of a reprint in England of sermons which had found favor with an American congregation, even though the preacher was no less a personage than Dr. Bushnell. But we are credibly informed that some of these sermons have already been heard and admired by an English congregation. One he himself preached at Fetter Lane Chapel; that, however, is not amongst those to which we have alluded. Nor are we aware that Dr. Bushnell a second time crossed the Atlantic, moved by a vision like to that which summoned Paul and Silas into Macedonia. Little, no doubt, does he dream that these beautiful discourses, wherewith he charmed his hearers in the North Congregational church in Hartford, have no less delighted an English audience in a particular church at Holloway; and that he has not only won for himself a reputation for originality, subtlety, neatness, learning and eloquence, but has been the means whereby a brother minister in another land got credit for the possession of the self-same qualities. Whether the reverend plagiarist of Holloway still continues to patronize the productions of transatlantic pens, and to lend the charm of his voice and action to the original creations of transatlantic brains, we cannot say; he, for some reason or other, incurred, we believe, the censure of ecclesiastical authority, and has now, in consequence, established a free church, whither he has not been followed by our informant, and we are, therefore, ignorant from what source he now gathers food for the hungry souls of the free churchmen."

HONEST INDUSTRY.—If there is a man who can eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

He that keepeth his tongue from lying, keepeth his soul from trouble.

THE STORY OF CHEVY CHASE.

It was in the reign of Henry VI of England, and of James I, of Scotland, that the hot-hearted Percy, Earl of Northumberland, made a vow, and swore a great oath, that he would hunt for three good days among the Cheviot Hills in spite of his Scottish foe—the brave and mighty Earl Douglas—and all his clan. He declared that he would kill the fallow harts in all the forest, and carry them away to feast upon in his grand castle. When the bold Douglas heard this, he laughed, in a grim, mocking way, and sent the Percy word to look for *him*, also, at the merry hunting.

Lord Percy came out of Bamboro, with a company of fifteen hundred archers, and began the chase among the beautiful Cheviot Hills, early on a Monday morning, in the golden autumn time.

By noon they had killed a hundred fine deer. Then they blew a loud bugle-call, and all came together to see the quartering of the game. Then the young Lord Percy said, "The doughty Douglas promised to meet us here, today; but I know full well the braggart Scot would fail to keep his word.

Just then, one of his squires called his attention to a sight which quickly changed his opinion of the Scottish chief.

Down below, in Tiviotdale, along the borders of the Tweed, came a host of full two thousand men, armed with bows and spears, bills and brands. As soon as they came near to the hunters, they cried out, "Leave off quartering the deer, and look to your bows, for never, since you were born, have you had greater need of them than now."

The Douglas rode in front of his men, his white plumes dancing in the wind, and his brazen armor flashing in the midday sun; and when he spoke his voice was like a trumpet—so clear, and strong, and threatening.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "what man, or whose men are you? And who gave you leave to hunt in Cheviot, in spite of me?"

Then Lord Percy, with a black frown, and a voice like thunder, answered, "We will not tell thee what man, nor whose men we are; but we will hunt here, in this chase, in spite of thee and all thy clan. We have killed the fattest harts in all these forests, and we intend to take them home and make merry with them."

"By my troth!" answered the Douglas, "for that boasting speech, one or the other of us must die this day! But, my Lord Percy, it were a pity to kill all these guiltless men, in our quarrel. We are both noble of high degree, and well matched; so let our men stand aside while we two fight it out."

The Percy agreed to this; but neither his nor the Douglas men would consent to stand still while their leads were fighting.

So the English archers bent their bows, [illegible] drew their swords, and fought face to face, and foot to foot. And so began one of the most terrible fights that the sun ever looked upon. Soon the Douglas and the Percy were wounded and bleeding all the blood poured through their armor, and sprinkled all the ground around them in a thick, red rain.

At last the Douglas cried, "Yield, Percy, and I will take thee to our Scottish King and thou shalt be nobly treated, and have thy ransom free; for thou art the bravest man that I ever conquered in all my fighting."

"No!" replied the proud Earl; "I have told thee before, and I tell thee again, I will never yield to any man living; so fight on!"

Just then, an arrow, sent by a strong English archer, came singing sharply through the air, and pierced Douglas into the breast of the Douglas. He cried out—"Fight on, my merry men, while you may; for all my days are over!" and then straightened himself out, and died.

Lord Percy took the dead man's hand. "Well, me! to have saved thy life I would have parted with my lands; for in all the country there was not a braver or better man!"

As he stood there lamenting, a Scottish knight, called Sir Hugh Montgomery, came rushing up on a well-mained, and drove his spear clean through Lord Percy, so that he never spoke more. Then an archer of Northumberland took aim at Sir Hugh, with an arrow tipped with a white swan's plume, and the next moment the knight fell from his saddle; and the plume on the arrow that struck in his breast was no longer white, but red.

And so they went on till evening, and still the battle was not done. Then they fought by the moonlight, until the night winds sighed about them, and the skies wept still tears of dew, and the fearful little stars glinted down upon them through the moaning trees.

In the morning it was found that of fifteen hundred archers of England there were living but fifty-three; and of the two thousand Scottish men of Scotland, but fifty-five, and these were so weary and wounded that they gave up the fight.

When it was told to the Scottish King James, at Edinburgh, that the noble Douglas had been slain at Cheviot, he cried, "Alas, woe is me! for there is not and never will be such another captain in all Scotland."

But when the word was carried to King Henry, at London, that Lord Percy had been killed at Cheviot, he said, "May God have mercy on his soul! I have a hundred captains in England as good as ever he was; nevertheless I pledge my life to avenge thy death, my gallant Percy!"

To fulfill this angry vow, he went to battle against the Scottish king, and made the lives of six and thirty of his bravest knights, and many hundred gentlemen and soldiers, pay for the life of the Percy.

Soon the Scots avenged themselves; then the English; till it seemed that there would be no end to the fighting, and bloodshed, and sorrow that came from that hunt in the Cheviot Hills, most often called "Chevy Chase." For century after century, the descendants of the men who fought there were at deadly strife; and few, I fear, were as noble foes as the great Douglas and Lord Percy.

At last they forgot that the first cause of the quarrel was a dispute about the right to kill a few deer, between two chieftains who were reconciled in death, and they went on hating, and robbing, and killing one another; fighting all the while, in the darkness of ignorance, and superstition, and fierce, wicked passions. But after a while God sent a better day to England and Scotland—a day of knowledge and true religion; and by its light these men saw that they were brothers—flung down their swords, and clasped hands and were at peace forever.

PROTESTANT BISHOPRIC OF JERUSALEM.

Many of our readers may know that England and Prussia agreed a few years ago to sustain a bishop at Jerusalem, who should be of the Protestant Episcopal (or *Anglican*, as it is more frequently called on the continent) Church of England. The present bishop is the excellent Dr. [illegible], formerly a missionary in Abyssinia. The society which mainly bears the English portion of the expense of this bishopric is called "The Jerusalem Diocesan Missionary Fund." The subjoined paragraph, taken from the London *Watchman and Wesleyan Advertiser*, of June [illegible] some interesting information relative to this diocese:

"The annual meeting of this society was held on Monday, at Willis's rooms, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. Mr. Heffer, who had been seven years in connection with the mission in Jerusalem, bore testimony to the progress of the work. He had lately examined, in the absence of the bishop, the school at Mt. Zion, and he believed that the knowledge of the children there was equal to those of children at home. Seeing that they had no knowledge of the English language before entering the school, their acquired knowledge of it was surprising. The station in Abyssinia, where the bishop previously labored, yet retains his sympathies. The Jews in that locality are more degraded than in any other place. Two missionaries had lately been sent out by the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews, to organize a mission in that district. The report showed an increase in the receipts of the society during the past year over the report of the previous year. The sum acknowledged at the last annual meeting amounted to £1,350 for a period of fifteen months, while during the past year £1,812 had been raised. The schools form a very interesting and important feature of the mission. The diocesan school at Jerusalem now contains thirty-six boys, of whom sixteen are orphans, and are selected for training as schoolmasters. The schools at Jaffa, Nablous and Bethlehem have, during the past year, rather decreased in numbers. The native protestant congregation remains, as regards numbers, much in the same state as previously. They desire to have a place of worship of their own; and one member has given a very eligible site, with a donation of £10, and another has [illegible] afforded to the missionaries there stationed, and the King has most gratefully received the bibles that were sent him, and freely allowed them to be distributed. After other interesting details, showing the difficulties the agents of the society have to contend against, the committee recorded thanks for the measure of success they had been enabled to attain. The Rev. Mr. Venn gave some interesting details of the labors of the agents of the society, and other speakers followed in addressing the meeting, which terminated in a vote of thanks to the chairman.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN NORWAY.

It is remarkable that Norway is decided by far in advance of Sweden, and, indeed, of Continental Scandinavia, on the subject of religious liberty. So that it can be said there is religious liberty in that country, in a proper sense of the term, but there is a legislement of religious toleration.

Every citizen of Norway, who is ninteen years of age, by making a declaration before a magistrate that he does not desire to be considered any longer a member of the National church (which is Lutheran), may, by joining with others who make a similar declaration, have such form of worship as he prefers, subject, however, to the contribution, levied on all, to support the church of the State.

It will be seen that in the "Storthing," or Parliament of Norway, now in session, a bill has been made to alter an article of the constitution of the kingdom; and although it has failed for the present, it is very sure to pass at the next meeting of that body.

"Two members of the Storthing proposed to suppress article 92 of the constitution, which provides that all public offices must be held by 'Norwegian citizens who profess the Lutheran religion.' On a division, sixty-seven voted for the suppression of the article, and forty-four against it. But the majority of two-thirds is required. The motion was consequently rejected, notwithstanding the plurality of votes in its favor. The matter will, without doubt, be brought forward again, but as the Storthing only meets once in three years, there will not be an opportunity until 1863."

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me!—who can forget
These touching words by dead lips spoken,
When eyes are dim'd with deep tears,
And hearts with grief are nearly broken.

Remember me! The parting words
Of friends, perhaps about to sever
For days, for months, it may be years,
Perchance on earth to part forever.

Remember me! When death is nigh,
And some loved spirit fast is fleeting:
Those accents seem to shadow forth
The promise of a deathless meeting.

Remember me! What depth of love
Those simple words at once reveal:
They seem the language of the heart,
Sad, and yet a sweet appeal.

BE CONTENTED.

If I had been made a fire-fly, it would not become me to say, "If God had only made me a star to shine always, then I would shine." It is my duty, if I am a fire-fly, to fly and sparkle, and sparkle and fly, not to shut my wings over myself because God did not make me a sun or a star.

BISHOP WHATCOAT.

The following brief account of the character, labors and death of Bishop Whatcoat is taken from the journals of Bishop Asbury. The entry was made upon receiving the intelligence of Bishop W.'s death, which took place in the summer of 1806. Bishop Asbury says:

"On my return I found a letter from Dr. Chandler, declaring the death of Bishop Whatcoat, that father in Israel, and my faithful friend for forty years—a man of solid parts, a self-denying man of God; who has ever heard him speak an idle word? When was guile found in his mouth? He has been thirty-eight years in the ministry, sixteen in England, Wales and Ireland, and twenty-two years in America; twelve years as presiding Elder; four of this time he was stationed in the superintendency. A man so uniformly good, I have not known in Europe or America. He has long been afflicted; nevertheless, he travelled a great deal; three thousand miles the last year. He bore in the last three months exceedingly painful illness, with most exemplary patience. He died in Dover, on the 5th of July, and his mortal remains were interred under the altar of the Wesleyan Dover Church. At his leave of the South Carolina Conference, I thought his time was short. I changed my route to visit him, but only reached within a hundred and thirty miles—death was too quick for me."

Such were the life and labors of one of the early bishops of the M. E. Church. Three thousand miles over all kinds of roads and laboring under great bodily sufferings. To travel this in one year was no trifle! And what was his object? Not to amass wealth, for it is said he had scarcely as much at his death, as would pay his funeral expenses. His object, doubtless, was to glorify God, and finish the work he had given him to do. And having fought the good fight, no doubt he received eternal life as his great reward.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds; not he who goes and comes.

Attend to your business; never trust to any one else. "A pot that belongs to too many is ill-stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot, will make a pot lid." "Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"Low deep, while sluggard's sleep and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy." "Good manners secure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor, especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead man's shoes, may have to go a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shilling, hath a weary race."

Above all things, never despair. God is where he was. "He helps those who truly trust in him."

WESLEY.

John Wesley, considered simply as a man, was a rare, perhaps an unprecedented specimen of human nature. Both in body and in mind we think he approached as nearly to perfection as any individual known to history. His creation, to no inconsiderable extent, determined the question how far all virtues, and all talents may be combined in the same person.—He was capable without a struggle, of having taken the first place in nearly all the highest walks of human greatness, and all but the first in the few that remained.—By nature he was a poet, a legislator, an orator, and a consummate man of business; in philosophy and secular learning he was a master; he was equally adapted to shine on the exchange, on the judgement seat, in the counsel-room, and at the helm of State. In his person, too, a full experiment was made in reference to the possible extent and duration of the use of this wondrous combination of powers, faculties, gifts and graces. They were exercised with a continuity, and exerted with an intensity to which the history of human nature supplies no parallel, and through a period which comprehends the whole span of two generations. The records of the church, in modern times, present no such a man; the history of the reformed religion exhibits no such labors. Does the wonder then, end with the individual? No, he was not only himself a wonder, but, under God, the author of wonders which are not likely soon to know either limit or end. In the person of this marvellous man a further experiment was made, as if in order to determine how far an individual may be rendered the instrument of giving moral and religious impulse to the human race. In the days of his flesh he served God with a devotion and a consecration to which there have been few parallels; and now the history of the church in his case illustrates the scripture, "Them that honor me I will honor."—*Christian Witness.*

THE DEVIL REPULSED.

Luther says: "Once upon a time the devil came to me and said, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned.' 'Stop! stop!' said I, 'one thing at a time; I am a great sinner it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it; what next?' 'Therefore you will be damned?' That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners,' therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way. So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

"If all the sins which men have done,
In thought or will, in word or deed,
Since worlds were made or time began,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesus' pre-ious blood
Quite wash away the foul load."

JAMES AXLEY.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

In 1804, the Western Conference was reinforced by a class of young men, some of whom became very distinguished Methodist preachers; among them were Samuel Parker, Peter Cartwright, and James Axley. With the last named I never enjoyed but one week's personal acquaintance, but that left on my memory an indelible impression of his person and character.

Long as I had been crossing the path of that notable man, and much as I had heard of him among the people, my first sight of him was not obtained till the autumn of 1837. That year the Holston Conference met at Madisonville, eastern part of Tennessee, some ten miles from which Brother Axley, then in a local relation, resided. The first day of the session, after adjournment, I was walking to my lodging alone, when I heard a brother some forty steps behind me say to another, "*Yonder comes Brother Axley.*" Looking ahead, I observed a man advancing toward me whose person was imposing.—He was, perhaps, five feet eight inches high; not corpulent, but very broad and compactly built, formed for strength; his step was firm, his tread was square, complexion dark, eye-brows heavy, appearance rugged; dressed in the costume of our fathers with straight-breasted coat, and broad-brimmed hat projecting over a sedate countenance. His wide-spread fame as a natural genius without any early education, and especially the numerous incidents I had heard of him as a Western pioneer, had excited in me a greater desire for his personal acquaintance than that of any other living man I had ever seen, except Jacob Gruber. The sound of his name falling on my ear involuntarily quickened my pace, and we were soon together. As I neared him, I held out my right hand, and received his, when the following salutations were exchanged:

"How are you, Brother Axley?

"Who are you?"

"My name is Thomas A. Morris."

Then surveying me from head to foot, he replied, "Upon my word I think they were hard pushed for Bishop-timber when they got hold of you."

"That is just what I thought myself, Brother Axley."

"Why, you look too young for a Bishop."

"As to that, I am old enough to know more and do better."

Turning back with me, we walked to our lodging, both being quartered at the same place. Every hour that we could redeem from Conference and council business was enlivened by his quaint but thrilling narratives of his early travels, labors and difficulties. Unaccustomed to the [illegible] in which facts transpired. This he did leisurely and with perfect self-possession, but spiced the whole with such apt remarks and consummate good humor, that the attention of the company never faltered. Never was I better entertained or more instructed with the conversation of a fellow-sojourner in one week than this. It was decidedly rich.

I never heard Brother Axley preach; but, according to popular fame, his pulpit performances were practical, forcible, and left a deep and abiding impression on the multitudes that thronged together to hear him. To this day we occasionally hear allusion made to a sermon he preached in the city of Baltimore, during the General Conference of 1820, of which he was a member. It must have been a potent sermon to be remembered so distinctly for the third of a century. I have heard very frequent allusion to pulpit performances in different parts of the western country, where he had operated to good purpose as a traveling preacher, more particularly in Kentucky and Tennessee. But perhaps the effort which occasioned the most talk, and obtained the greatest notoriety, was the one said to have been made in his own section of country, and was commonly known as Axley's temperance sermon, though not so designed by any preannouncement. It should be known that East Tennessee in those days was regarded as a great country for producing peach-brandy, and for a free use of it; also that the New Lights abounded there, familiarly called Schismatics, and that church members who rendered themselves liable to a disciplinary process, would occasionally go over to them as a city of refuge, where they felt safe from its restraints.—With this preliminary, I proceed to recite a passage from the sermon, reminding the reader that my authority is not personal knowledge, but the verbal statement of a highly respectable Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. G., of Tennessee. I write it substantially as I heard it:

"TEXT: 'Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works.' 2 Tim. iv: 14.'

"Paul was a traveling preacher, and a Bishop, I presume, or a Presiding Elder at least, for he traveled extensively, and had much to do, not only in regulating the societies, but also in sending the preachers here, there, and yonder. He was zealous, laborious, would not build on another man's foundation, but formed new circuits, where Christ was not named, 'so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, he had fully preached the gospel of Christ.' One new place that he visited was very wicked: Sabbath-breaking, dancing, drinking, quarreling, fighting, swearing, etc., abounded; but the word of the Lord took effect: there was a powerful stir among the people, and many precious souls were converted. Among the subjects of that work there was a certain noted character, Alexander by name, and a still-maker by trade; also, one Hymeneus, who was his partner in the business; Paul formed a new society; and appointed Brother Alexander class-leader. There was a great change in the place: the people left off their drinking, swearing, fighting, horse-racing, dancing, and all their wicked practices. The stills were worked up into bells and stew-kettles, and thus applied to useful purposes. The settlement was orderly, the meetings were prosperous, and things went well among them for some time. But one year they had a pleasant spring; there was no late frost, and the peach crop hit exactly. I do not suppose, my brethren, that such a crop of peaches was ever known before.—The old folks ate all they could eat, the children ate all they could eat, and the sisters preserved all they could preserve, and still the limbs of the trees were bending and breaking.

"On Sunday, when the brethren met for worship, they gathered round outside of the meeting-house, and got to talking about their worldly business—as you know people sometimes do, and it is a mighty bad practice—and one said to another,

'Brother, how is the peach crop with you this year?'

'O,' said he, 'you never saw the like: they are rotting on the ground under the trees; I don't know what to do with them.'

'How would it do,' said one, 'to still them? The peaches will go to waste, but the brandy will keep; and it is very good in certain cases, if not used to excess.'

'I should like to know,' said a cute brother, 'how you could make brandy without stills?'

'That's nothing,' replied one, 'for our class-leader, brother Alexander, is as good a still-maker as need be, and brother Hymeneus is a worker; and, rather than see the fruit wasted, no doubt they would make us a few.'

The next thing heard on the subject was a hammering in the class-leader's shop, and soon the stills in every brother's orchard were smoking, and the liquid poison streaming.

When one called on another the bottle was brought out, with the remark,

'I want you to taste my new brandy; I think it's pretty good.'

The guest, after tasting once, was urged to repeat, when smacking his lips he would reply:

'Well, its tolerable; but I wish you would come over and taste mine. I think mine is a little better.'

So they tasted and tasted, till many of them got half drunk, and I don't know how three-quarters.

Then the very devil was raised among them. The society was all in an uproar, and Paul was sent for to come and settle the difficulty.

At first it was difficult to find sober, disinterested ones enough to try the guilty; but finally he got his committee formed, and the first one he brought to account was Alexander, who pleaded not guilty.—He declared that he had not tasted, bought, sold or distilled a drop of brandy.

'But,' said Paul, 'you made the stills, otherwise there would have been no liquor made, and if no liquor, no one could have been intoxicated.'

So they expelled him first, then Hymeneus next, till the society was relieved of all still-makers, distillers, dramsellers and dram-drinkers, and peace was once more restored. Paul says:

'Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck: of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander; whom I delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme.' Hymeneus and Alexander joined the Schismatics.

Now, in view of the peculiar structure of brother Axley's mind, his characteristic habits of thought and expression, they who were best acquainted with him will be most likely to admit that the above outline may be substantially correct. I was anxious to have learned more items of the history of that good man, but at my next visit to Holston Conference, in 1840, I had left me only the mournful pleasure of visiting his grave, in a rural cemetery, which at that time was without inscription or enclosure.

The following was related to me about thirty years ago, by the Rev. John Collins:

"In one of his discourses, Mr. Axley was descanting upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set up in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy at the farther end of the congregation, where suppose pleas and excuses he would state on behalf of his man of straw, in altered tone; then assuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent.

After thus discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say:

"But, sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and in air and manner cut the dandy."

"O no, my friend, that cannot be. Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by such gross inconsistency of character."

"Well, sir, if you want take my word for it, look at those preachers in the pulpit behind you."

Mr. Axley, turning immediately round with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably dressed junior preachers, seated in the rear of the pulpit he surveyed each of them for a moment or two, while they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye; then turning to the congregation and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as if fixed on the apologist at the farther end of the church, he said, in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present:

"If you please, sir, we'll drop the subject."

AN AWFUL WARNING

The Baltimore Clipper relates an occurrence which took place in that city a week or two ago, which can only be looked upon as an instance of Divine rebuke for taking the name of the Almighty in justification of a falsehood. It appears that a few days since the aunt of a young girl about eighteen years of age accused her of having been guilty of some misconduct, which she positively denied, and on being again accused, she called upon God to strike her blind if she was not telling the truth. In a moment after, according to her own statement, a film seemed to pass before her eyes, and in five minutes she was totally blind, and has continued sightless ever since. The afflicted victim of her own impiety confessed that she had called upon her Maker to justify her in what was a falsehood. May this not be considered as a terrible instance of Divine wrath, and may not the thoughtless take warning?