

In this number, we resume the publication of Elder Maple's Discourses on heaven. Our subscribers should preserve every number in which said Discourses shall appear. For we are well assured, should they neglect to do so, they will regret it.

We have on hand, several communications for the Sun that we shall have to write out before the printer can set them up. Will their authors exercise a little forbearance towards us? We intend to do justice to all as far as we can.

We have received several good original articles from some of our Northern friends; Will our Southern correspondents wake up? We would like to hear from them also.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE that \$150 cannot be raised by our friends in this state, & Va. to aid the Christian Churches at Newbern and Goose Creek to obtain the services of a Pastor? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."—When will the "Christians" awake to their interest and duty? Whose name shall we next enter? Come brother remember, time is short. Then do not delay to add to your former good deeds, for you must be rewarded according to your works.

Wellons' Female Seminary.

We much regret to learn by a letter from Bro. Wellons that the exercises of this Seminary will be discontinued on the 30th inst. He has been reluctantly constrained to this course by the very delicate and declining health of his companion, Sister Wellons is advised by her physician to travel and release from her mind all the cares of a family.

This School has been supplied with the best teachers, and has been well patronized. From its commencement to the close it has had as many pupils as could well be received.

Would not our brethren of the Eastern Virginia Conference do well to establish at some central place in their midst a good Female School to be under their control and management? They must need such a school, and they have wealth and influence enough among them to establish such an one as they need. Would not now be a favorable time to commence such an enterprise? We suppose probably the services of Miss Nichols the present Principal of Wellons' Female Seminary, who is so favorably known could be obtained if another School was established.

OUR AUTHORS.

It may in truth be said, of the Christians, when compared with some other denominations existing, that they have but few books. Our fathers were Bible Christians, and having seen the Bible so much neglected and slighted by the Christian world, they learned to value it; and to prize it far above all other books. It was their constant companion, the man of their counsel and the guide of their lives. Hence many of the greatest Bible preachers that have ever lived in this union: have been ministers of the Christian Church. Their devotion to the Bible alone, without note or comment caused them in some degree to undervalue other books. Men are creatures of extremes. The wisest and best of men sometimes err in this particular. They did not give that encouragement to the publication of good books which they might with propriety have done. Consequently in the earlier ages of the Christian Connection but few books were published, and but little encouragement was given to our ministers to become authors. But few of them turned their minds in this direction.

Times have now changed. Circumstances have altered. From a mere handful we have become, and are becoming a great and mighty people; our numbers and influence are rapidly augmenting. We are now becoming a reading people—an educated people. Extremes on all subjects are being shunned; and we now need more books than we have. It is true we have a pretty fair stock of doctrinal works, but we need a greater variety of religious books. Books treating on various subjects, and giving all necessary religious instruction. How are we to get them? Where are they to come from?

Our authors must be encouraged. We have a number of old and young men who are now turning their attention in that direction. They need encouragement—they need something to stimulate them in their labors. Heretofore their efforts have been opposed—and they neglected. This thing should not continue. This course should not be perpetuated. We should encourage them to write and publish, and then encourage them, by buying, assisting in selling and reading their publications. By pursuing this course we shall soon have as respectable authors as other denominations have.

But if we pursue the course which has heretofore been pursued, and discourage our authors, by refusing to buy, and circulate their books and read and recommend them to the public, we shall always be behind others in the number of our publications. It has been truly mortifying

ected to the true living God, on the ruins of superstition and idolatry, and learn how the glad hosannas to the name of Jesus echo from every mountain top, and ring along the beautiful vallies of that land of the sun!

We fervently hope that in the month of July collections will every where be taken up for our cause, which having won so many gold opinions in these last few years, ought now to be winning the gold dollars out of the pockets of its friends. J. N. D.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT. CHINESE KITE-FLYING.

BY C. MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their foreheads Time! Strew roses on their way, The young in heart, however old, That prize the present day, And wisen the pompous proud, And wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget His blood is growing cold; And leap or swim, or gather flowers, Oblivious of his gold, And mix with children in their sport, Nor think he is old.

I love to see the man of care Take pleasure in a toy; I love to see him row or ride, And tread the grass with joy, Or hunt the flying cricket-ball As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain, That neither main nor kill; That leads us to the quiet field, Or to the wholesome hill, Are duties which the pure of heart Religiously fulfill.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men May frolic in the wood, Like children left adrift from school— Nor mind the scornful mood I honor human happiness, And deem it gratifying.

And tho' perchance the Cricketer, Or Chinaman that flies His Dragon-kite with boys and girls, May seem to some unwise, I see no folly in their play, But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough Bestrewn with slang and thorn, I would not mock the simplest joy That made it less forlorn, But fill its evening path with flowers As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something when the noon has pass'd, To brave the touch of Time— And say, "Good friend, thou hast met me not, My soul is in its prime— Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart— I care! while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind, Whate'er our clime or clan, We'll take delight in simple things, Nor deem that sports unmanly! And let the proud, who fly no kites, Despise us if they can!

THE SALISBURY RAIL ROAD MEETING.

The proceedings of the stockholders' Meeting will be found on the opposite page, and will be read with interest by a large number of our subscribers.

The following persons compose the Board of Directors for the ensuing twelve months, viz.

- William H. Washington, Robert Strange, Jr., W. T. Dorch, N. G. Rand, Samuel F. Phillips, Robert P. Dick, Samuel Hargrave, Charles F. Fisher, Dr. F. J. Hill, John M. Morehead, Francis Fries, D. A. Davis.

All of whom were present. The new Board met and proceeded to ballot for President. The first ballots were divided between J. M. Morehead, F. Fries and Chas. F. Fisher; but finally Governor Morehead was re-elected by an almost unanimous vote. Cyrus P. Mendenhall remains Secretary and Treasurer. Walter Gwynn was continued as Chief Engineer, and his salary increased from \$9,000 to \$5,000. Col. Gwynn is making arrangements to become a resident citizen of North Carolina, and proposes to devote the whole of his time to the Central road, and the eastern and Western extensions, and the increase of his salary is not to commence till his change of residence is made.

Steps were taken to have the Eastern and Western extensions surveyed forthwith, and Col. Gwynn was appointed Chief Engineer of these surveys, for which service he is to receive \$3,000 for the whole work, without any regard to the length of time it takes. Theodore S. Garnett has been appointed Principal Assistant for the Western extensions, and will be on route by the 1st of August next.

This was the first meeting in which the gentlemen appointed by Gov. Reid as Directors for the State have acted.

The above contains a notice of all that transpired of general interest, that we have heard mentioned. The Board of Directors will meet again on the 31st of August, in the city of Raleigh. Greenboro Patriot.

Recently, while the cars from Columbus to Cincinnati were going at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour, a passenger lost his hat overboard and jumped out after it without being injured.

Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier. He replied—"I can make up my mind to it, but cannot make up my body."

stood at the head of their crowded battalions, as if for the purpose of driving one to despair. Not one sin was forgotten there—neglected Sabbaths—abused ordinances—misimproved time—encouraged temptations.—There was one very long class I remember well—"idle words," and then the passage flashed like lightning across my mind—"For every idle word that men speak, they shall give account in the day of judgment."—My supernatural visitor here addressed me—"dost thou observe how small a proportion thy sins of commission bear to those of omission?" As he spoke, he pointed me to instances in the page like the following: "I was hungry, and thou gavest me no meat."—"I was thirsty, and thou gavest me no drink."—"I was sick, and thou didst not visit me."—"I was conscience-stricken. In another part of the record I read the tide, "Duties performed." Alas how small was their number! Humble as I had been accustomed to think the estimate of my good works, I was greatly disappointed to perceive that many performances on which I had looked back with pride were omitted, "because," my visitor informed me, "th motive was impure."—It was, however, with feelings of the most affecting gratification, I read beneath this record, small as it was, the following passage: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Whilst I gazed on many other similar records, such was the intense feeling which seemed to be awakened within me, that my brain grew dizzy, and my eye became dim. I was awakened from this state, by the touch of my supernatural instructor, who pointed me to the volume in which I had read my own terrible history, now closed, and bearing a seal, on which with sickening heart, I read the inscription, "Reserved until the day of judgment." "And now," said the angel, "my commission is completed. Thou hast been permitted what was never granted to man before. What tinkerest thou of the record? Dost thou not justly tremble? How many a line is here, which 'dying, you could wish to blot!' I see you already shuddering at the thought of the disclosure of this volume at the day of judgment, when an assembled world shall listen to its contents. But if such be the record of one year, what must be the guilt of your whole life? Seek, then, an interest in the blood of Christ, justified by which, you shall indeed hear the repetition, but not to condemnation. Pray that, when the other books are opened, your name may be found in the book of life. And see the volume prepared for the history of another year; yet its page is unrolled.—Time is before thee—seek to improve it; privileges are before thee—may they prove the gates of heaven! Judgment is before thee—prepare to meet thy God." He turned to depart; and as I seemed to hear the rustling which announced his flight I awoke. Was it all a dream?

THE MORAL GRANDEUR OF COLONIZATION.

The more we contemplate the subject of African Colonization, the nobler does it appear to us. Already does it possess a history, which, though brief is brilliant and imposing. Great and substantial results have followed the application of comparatively limited means. The Republic of Liberia is a truth. The enterprise has ceased to be experimental. It has become a great example. When we ask the pecuniary assistance of our friends throughout the country, we do it for good and sufficient reasons.

1. We present a practical object. We insure positive benefits to the colored man. Leaving others to weave their visionary theories, or to indulge their vituperative declamation, we are engaged in actually making him happy and useful.

2. Colonization spreads the sails of the emigrant ship towards that land of beauty and fertility.—How different from the slave ship, that bears away from her shores the victims of cupidity and cruelty?

Colonization is shutting the gates of that slave trade, so long the bane and the pain of Africa. It substitutes the legitimate traffic in the products of that wonderful land for the traffic in human flesh.

4. Colonization is rousing the minds of the colored people in this country to the greatness of the destiny pledged in its system, which pledge will certainly be redeemed by time and means, under the blessing of God.

5. Colonization unites the suffrages of the best minds of the country, of all denominations, while it enjoys the opposition of the factions, the discontented, the pseudo philanthropist, the disunionists, and generally those who pine at the prosperity and sicken at the glory of their country.

6. Colonization, while it is elevating views and developing the resources of the colonists—now a sovereign people in Africa—is teaching the law of nations, as well as appropriate civil codes, to the multitudes of dependent tribes in the interior.

7. The Society undertakes no expensive process of raising funds for purchasing the emancipation of slaves, but being offered them in abundance, devotes its resources,—1, to paying the passage of emigrants; 2, giving each a farm; 3, supporting the emigrant six months in Liberia, thus giving him start in life. Who will give \$50 to this object in July, 1853?

8. Colonization unites the home and the foreign principle of benevolent operation. It has its mission here in America, and there in Africa. It is strengthening the relations, as it is shortening the distances between the two continents. How the heart leaps for gladness in the anticipation of the triumphs of the steam-press, the locomotive, the electric wires, and all other inventions of modern science, which civilized nations must pay back to poor Africa, as in some sort a retribution for the long protracted wrongs and robberies they have in the progress of centuries inflicted on her!

9. But chiefly do we seek to give all possible facilities for the introduction of Christianity into that land where God has spread light and beauty, man, darkness, and deformity. We would open a thousand fountains of hope and prosperity amid her glades and forests; we would plant the standard of freedom in a land of slaves; call into existence a nation, in a quarter of the globe hitherto a dreary blank on the map of the world. We expect to see those wandering tribes consolidated into a broad, compact, and civilized Republic; we, or our children, shall behold temples and altars

'Twas such a place as this— That heaven you told me of Was quite so full of bliss.

Oh! there is music here! The softest, sweetest strains, Float constantly along, Over these ethereal plains,

List! mother, father, list, A harp to me is given, And when I touch the strings, 'Tis heard all over heaven.

And shall I tell you who Stood ready to embrace Your little darling one, In this most glorious place?

'Twas grand-pa—ma, honored names! No more with eye oppress, Or toil—for in this world, Are youth, and endless rest.

And Fanny! sister's here; She has a cherub wing— Can reach their loftiest flights— Their noblest anthems sing.

Dear Parents! weep no more, For those you loved so well, For glories here are ours, And joys we cannot tell.

Oh! live and serve the Lord, The dear Redeemer love; Then when you are done with earth, We'll welcome you above."

Farewell dear babe! by the grace of God, we'll meet you, and join you in singing sweet anthems in glory. M. B. BARRETT.

SELECTED.

An Angel Visit.

On the evening of one 31st December, I had been cherishing the humiliating and solemn reflections which are peculiarly suitable to the close of the year, and endeavoring to bring my mind to that view of the past, best calculated to influence the future. I had attempted to recall the prominent incidents of the twelve months which had elapsed; and in this endeavor, I was led frequently to regret how little my memory could retain even of that most important to be remembered. I could not avoid at such a period, looking forward as well as backwards, and anticipating that fearful tribunal at which no occurrence shall be forgotten, whilst my imagination penetrated into the distant, destinies which shall be dependent on its decisions. At my usual hour I retired to rest, but the train of meditation I had pursued was so important and appropriate, that imagination continued it after sense had slumbered. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," I was mentally concerned in the following scene of interest.—

I imagined myself still adding link after link, to the chain of reflection, the progress of which the time for repose had interrupted; and whilst thus engaged, I was aware that there remained but a few moments to complete the day.

I heard the clock as it tolled the knell of another year; and as it tolled slowly the appointed number, each note was followed by a sting of conscience, bitterly reproaching me for my neglect of precious time. The last stroke was ringing in my ears—painful as the groan announcing the departure of a valuable friend, when, notwithstanding the meditative posture in which I was sitting, I perceived that the dimness of the apartment became brighter, and lifting my eyes to discover the cause, I was terrified at perceiving that another being was with me in my seclusion. I saw one before me whose form indeed was human, but the bright, burning glance of his eye, and the splendor which beamed forth from every part of his beautifully proportioned form, convinced me, at a glance that it was no mortal being that I saw. The elevation of his brow gave dignity of the highest order to his countenance; but the most acute observation was indicated by his piercing eye, and inexorable justice was imprinted on majestic features. A glittering phylactery encircled his head, upon which was written, as in letters of fire, "The Faithful One." Under one arm he bore two volumes: in his hand he held a pen. I instantly knew the recording angel—the Secretary of the terrible tribunal of heaven with a trembling which convulsed my frame, I heard, his unearthly accents: "Mortal," he said "thou wast longing to recall the events of the past year thou art permitted to gaze upon the record of the book of God. Peruse and be wise." As he spoke thus, he opened before me one of the volumes which he had brought. In fearful apprehension, I read in my own name, and recognized the history of my own life during the past year, with all its minutest particulars. Burning words were those which the volume contained; all the actions and circumstances of my life were registered under their respective heads in that dreadful book. I was struck by the title "Mercies Received."—Some were there the remembrance of which I had retained, more which were recalled, after having been forgotten—but the far greater number had never been noticed at all. Oh! what a detail of preservations, and deliverances, and invitations, and warnings, and privileges, and bestowments! I remember that "Sabbaths," stood out in very prominent characters, as if they had been among the greatest benefits. In observing the recapitulation, I could not but be struck with one circumstance—it was, that many dispensations, which had considered curses were enumerated here as blessings. Many a wo which had given the heart many a cup whose bitterness seemed to designate it as a poison, was there, verifying the language of he poet,

"'E'en crosses from his sovereign hand, Are blessing in disguise."

Another catalogue, was there, it was the enumeration of "transgressions." My hand trembles as I remember them! Indifference—thoughtlessness—formality—ingratitude—unbelief—sins against the world—against the church—against the Savior—against the Father—against the Sanctifier—

"'Twas such a place as this— That heaven you told me of Was quite so full of bliss."

Oh! there is music here! The softest, sweetest strains, Float constantly along, Over these ethereal plains,

For the Christian Sun. CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

We wish to commend this excellent, periodical, to the attention of our Southern brethren. It is the leading periodical among liberal Christian believers in this country, and is equally worthy of the patronage, of all in every quarter of our country, who acknowledge no leader but Christ, and no creed but the Bible. For its excellent scholarship, and the high literary character of its articles, it is second to no publication of the kind in this country and perhaps in the world. Its literary and religious intelligence is served up in excellent style. Its contents for July is made up of nine different articles, which are severally entitled: Spiritual Mechanics,—Religion, Civilization, and social State of the Japanese,—Poetry—The Errors and superstition of the Church of Rome,—The Character of Archbishop Cranmer,—Heresy in Andover Seminary,—The Doctrine of Regeneration,—The Crusades,—Professor Farrar,—and Notices of Recent Publications and Intelligence.

From the fourth article, which is by George W. Barnap, D. D. of Baltimore, Md. and entitled "Errors and Superstitions of the Church of Rome" we give his closing remarks, showing his opinion of what is to be the effect of our Institutions and the Catholic Church upon each other.

Finally, the time has been when the Catholic Church has boasted of the advantages it has desired by its ultra-conservation, its corporate strength, its immutable dogmatism, paramount in authority to the Scriptures themselves, and superseding their use.

The time will at length come, nay, has already come, when these very characteristics begin to be a bar to its further progress, and may work its downfall. It is a dangerous position for anything man to take, to say, "I can never change, I will live and act as if the world was where it was six centuries ago." The Catholic Church has taken this position, and she must abide the issue. Her only hope is in stopping that advancement, as in reigning over that portion of mankind which she can detain among the shadows of the past.

This whole subject is coming home to her experience in this country at the present time. She has become strong in numbers, by the immigration of a multitudes accustomed to her ideas, can she keep them there? In crossing the Atlantic, that emigrating church is placed in a condition of things entirely new. In coming to our shores, she finds the index moved at least two centuries forward on the dial plate of time. She left a world of fixtures, she has come to a world of change. She left the quiet realm of custom and proscription, she has come within the turbulent domain of individuality and conventions. She was accustomed to repose under the shadow of authority. Here she is compelled to submit to all the searching scrutiny of intellect.

On the other side of the water, she ruled by the overwhelming associations of the past. Here she has no part to back her authority, and she must stand or fall as do other forms of Christianity, by her utility alone. All that she teaches, and all that she does, must be subjected, to the cool reason and keen eyed utilitarianism of the American mind. The splendid processions and solemn pageants of the Old World will never be repeated here. Nothing that she can do or say will carry back this great nation one step towards the errors and superstition of the ages that are gone, and she must quietly submit to become one of the elements of the broadest and most comprehensive nationality that the world has ever seen, and suffer such modification as her proximity to Protestantism must inevitably bring about."

The CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, is published in Boston by Crosby Nichols & Co. it is issued once in two months, in numbers of one hundred and fifty-six octavo pages each, at four dollars per annum. The Postage on the Examiner under the present law is but eighteen cents per year. G. M. Portsmouth, R. I.

For the Christian Sun.

BRO. HAYES; Whilst at Norfolk Va., I received a letter from my companion, bearing the sad intelligence to me, that my little daughter, Harriet Elizabeth was no more. She departed this life, June 12th after suffering some three or four weeks with Diarrhoea, in her second year.

Our little babe is gone, God in his mercy has taken her to himself, to dwell in the mansions of unsullied glory. Her little angelic spirit is now in heaven, and can look down to earth and say to us,

"Kind Parent! why those tears! And why those bursting sighs! No weeping here bedims Your little loved one's eyes.

Did not you, mother, see, That bright celestial band, That smiled and beckon'd me; And held the inviting hand?

They let me stay awhile, To hear my mother pray, And see her close my eyes, And kiss the unconscious clay.

And then to heaven we flew— The cherubs led the way; But my rept spirit smiles, As joyfully as they.

Father! I never knew,