

The Alabama Baptist.

Edited by an Association of Brethren.

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TERMS.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST will be published every Saturday morning, on an Imperial sheet, with fair type, and furnished to subscribers at THREE DOLLARS, per annum, payable in advance. Letters on business connected with the office, must be free of postage, or they will not be attended to. All Agents and Ministers are requested to send to Agents, and to send in the States and Post Offices of subscribers at an early day.

The following is the Address of Rev. Spencer H. Cox, before the American & Foreign Bible Society at its late Anniversary in New York:

FRIENDS OF THE BIBLE CAUSE! Under the guidance and protection of a kind Providence, we meet to celebrate the Sixth Anniversary of the American and Foreign Bible Society. The Treasurer's report now read, shows diminished receipts as compared with former years; but we are grateful that under existing circumstances so large an amount has been realized, while our prospects for the future are most cheering. Our country is recovering from a pecuniary pressure almost unparalleled in her history; and our Churches in different parts of the United States have been blessed with a large increase. The number of those who love to read the Scriptures has been, of course, greatly augmented, and we surely cannot err in supposing that our friends are proportionably multiplied; for those who love to read the Bible, and prize it as the gift of God, cannot but feel and acknowledge their obligation to disseminate it among their fellow men.

Zeal for the conversion of souls is one of the prominent characteristics of the present day, and in this we rejoice. We rejoice too to see young converts fly as the doves to their windows; but in that delightful fact we recognize a strong additional argument to put forth renewed and persevering efforts to circulate the sacred writings at home, as well as abroad, that these young converts may become expert in the use of the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and be able to defend the truth as it is in Jesus. Alexander Carson of Ireland, in his book on "The Knowledge of Jesus," employs the following forcible expressions, in connection with the subject of modern revivals of religion: "Zeal for the purity of divine truth, has not kept pace with zeal for the salvation of sinners. The great doctrines of the reformation are generally lowered and modified. Theories have been invented to soften some of the features of divine truth, in order to form a more extended ground for co-operation and love. An unsound and a chimerical criticism has been employed to lower all the distinguishing doctrines of grace. Where now are the friends of ancient orthodoxy? Are there not multitudes who adhere to the strong views of truth professed by the reformers? Are they afraid to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints? Is it more important to propagate the gospel than to preserve its purity? Paul was unceasingly employed in combating the corruptions of the gospel. He considered the smallest modification or alloy as constituting another gospel, and instead of teaching the disciples to regulate their doctrine by the philosophy of the age, he warned them against the deceptions of philosophy. Let not Christians, then, provoke the Lord to give up his truth to be trampled upon by its enemies, by their sinful backwardness to acknowledge and defend it. All the zeal at present manifested by the Man of Sin, all the efforts of atheism, are not so much to be dreaded, as the present apathy among Christians, regarding the integrity and purity of divine truth." Now, in the extension of Messiah's empire, whatever imperfections may be ascribed to other instrumentalities, it is our happiness to know that the messengers we send are absolutely perfect. The Bible is exactly right—just as God made it—unaffected by "profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so called; which some professing have erred from the faith." The preaching of the Bible is neither too doctrinal, nor too practical, nor too experimental; neither too indefinite, nor too particular, but exactly right—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and able to make men wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. To bear to earth the GLAD TIDINGS contained in this blessed volume, angels with new ecstasy clap their wings; how unspeakably great the honor conferred upon us to be permitted to employ our feeble powers and our fleeting moments, according to the fundamental article of the constitution of our society, "to aid in the wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures in ALL LANDS."

And while we thus speak, we are well aware that the Bible alone cannot convert the soul. The letter killeth—the SPIRIT giveth life. Nevertheless we do not falter for a moment in our approbation of faith and labor of love, for God's word shall not return to him void. The history of Bible operations shows conclusively that wherever the Written Word has been faithfully translated and circulated, there God's free Spirit has made it his own power unto Salvation. And when, with solemn awe we speak of the power of THE SPIRIT, we mean no created power; like gravitation, electricity, or any other of the great family of powers; but we mean the HOLY GHOST! the third person in the divine essence; whose office-work it is, in the economy of Redemption, to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. The importance of fervent and believing prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit; that our efforts to evangelize the world may be rendered effectual, is impressively taught in a recent address of a devoted missionary now in Calcutta to the church in London of which he was formerly the beloved and efficient pastor.

"Brethren," says he, "I teach now the same Bible, I preach now the same Gospel, I offer now the same prayers, I minister now in the same grace, as once I did amongst you; and in these blessed privileges I rejoice and am glad all the day. But let me speak to you plainly of India: not of her climate, although I have felt its unhealthy power; not of her people, although I have seen them to be an unlovely race by reason of sin; but I speak of India's UNBELIEF—her obstinate, her universal unbelief; for what are the real exceptions but a fragment—as one to a myriad? I speak of what I see and know in this vast metropolis; and I say of this, the most favored place in India, that UNBELIEF is its characteristic. No change of plans, no selection of schemes alter this fact save to make it more apparent than before. The chapel and the school alike bear testimony to the fact that India hates God, and hates his Son Jesus Christ. Oh, that the church understood the awful deadness of India! then would she rise up and say—and one day she must say it—there is none can meet this case save THE HOLY GHOST! Then would our committees, assemblies, and halls, resound with increasing cries of supplication, instead of endless speeches and vain resolutions. Then would the Holy Ghost come forth with converting power to raise the dead; and in his divine train, riches and men, unbegged by human voice; and then by the energy of the Spirit, would the Son be glorified, and God as eternal Love, become India's chosen Lord! Oh, church of the living God! when shall that time come in which thy God shall be thy whole protection? till then, victory farewell! Brethren, pray for India! pray for India! were I now dying, I would endeavor to say—ASK THE HOLY GHOST FOR INDIA!"

These are indeed thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. Oh have they been re-echoed by our beloved missionaries in different and distant climes; shall we not respond with "unceasing cries of supplication," until "the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness become a fruitful field?"

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"Shortly after this evidence of divine love in her soul, I was called upon to watch her dying pillow, and descended with her to Jordan's bank. She feared no rolling billow. She looked on the babe to which she had but lately given birth, and commended it to the care of her God and Saviour. The last words I heard from her faltering lips were, 'My mother!' Friends of the Bible, and of the souls of men! will you not this year redouble your exertions to send the Word of Salvation to the perishing heathen?"

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This is the sixth report issued by the Society, and is a beautifully printed pamphlet of 81 pages, containing the proceedings of the late annual meeting, with the addresses made on that occasion, the Report of the Board, Extracts from Professor Conant's Report, a delegate to the Court of Denmark from the Society in behalf of the persecuted Baptist Churches in that Kingdom, Treasurer's Report, &c., &c.

The entire receipts for the fiscal year have amounted to \$20,000 34.

The appropriations during the year in cash and in books have amounted to \$11,200 97. Eight thousand dollars of this amount was paid over to the General Convention, for printing and circulating the Scriptures in foreign languages, and two thousand to the General Baptist Missionary Society in England for a similar purpose. The report is a very able article and may be read with profit. It exhibits the doings of the Society for the past year, and makes several propositions for extending the operations of the Society, and rendering it a more efficient instrument for circulating the Scriptures.

The concluding remarks of this well-prepared document meets our views so well, that we cannot refrain giving them in full. "The Bible cause is a cause of universal Providence in calling this Society into existence, coupled with a beautiful reference to the persecutions of the Apostles, Roger Williams and his associates, and the separation of 'the beloved Judson and Rice' from the Board of Missions, for their conscientious act of duty in obeying Christ by being buried with him in baptism, who bore all patiently, and who in the end 'won back the love and confidence of those once estranged.' The report concludes:

"Let us profit by these high and holy examples. In a spirit of fraternal kindness, let us not fail to put the most favorable construction on every doubtful act of the American Bible Society. Its noble aims and the wide extent of the blessings it has diffused entitle it to no stinted measure of our affection, and should make us tolerant of everything not positively and certainly evil. With what lively satisfaction should we hail any incipient indications of return to the right way! Such, if we mistake not, may be regarded the stand recently taken by that society to discontinue the circulation of those versions of the Scriptures which have copied from the Vulgate its corruptions and perverting concealments of the truth of God. We hail this as a decided step toward the only safe and tenable ground, on which we believe all worthy and wise efforts for communicating the mind of the Spirit must ultimately rest, viz: the genuine inspired originals, the only standard, and these to be faithfully and fully translated into the languages of all mankind."

"Patient perseverance in well-doing is safe and right, and wise for us; while in the end it cannot fail to affect beneficially those who are now disposed to speak evil of us. Even under circumstances thus painful to our sensibilities, and injurious to our influence in the endeavors we are making to fill this dark world with the light of life, let the at most forbearance practicable be ever exhibited toward the injurious. Conscious of many and great imperfections in ourselves, why should we expect exemption from them in others? Thus would we wait in hope, while in prayers and labors more abundant we would ever abound, that at the coming of our blessed Lord, we may be found of him in peace without spot and blameless."

LAST HUMAN SACRIFICE AT TAHITI.

This was in fact a martyrdom. We copy from Williams' Missionary Enterprises:— Pomare sent two messengers to the house of the victim, whom he had marked for the occasion. On reaching the place, they inquired of the wife where her husband was. She replied, that he was in such a place, planting bananas. "Well," they continued, "we are thirsty, give us some coconuts to water." She told them that she had no nuts in the house, but that they were at liberty to climb the tree, and take as many as they desired. They then requested her to lead them there, which she did, and in a place of iron wood, about four feet high, and on each side a half in diameter, with which the natives

open the coconuts. She cheerfully complied with their wishes, little imagining that she was giving them the instrument which, in a few moments, was to inflict a fatal blow upon the head of her husband. Upon receiving the coconuts, the men left the house, and went in search of their victim; and the woman, having become rather suspicious, followed them shortly after, and reached the place just in time to see the blow inflicted and her husband fall. She rushed forward to give vent to her agonized feelings, and like a last embrace. But she was immediately seized, and bound hand and foot, while the body of her murdered husband was placed in a long basket made of cocoa nut leaves, and borne from her sight. It appears that they were always exceedingly careful to prevent the wife or daughter, or any female relative from touching the corpse; for so polluting were females considered, that a victim would have been desecrated by a woman's touch or breath, to such a degree as to have rendered it unfit for an offering to the gods. While the men were carrying their victim to the mass, he recovered from the stunning effect of the blow, and, bound as he was in the cocoa nut leaf basket, he said to his murderers, "Friends, I know what you intend to do with me; you are about to kill me, and offer me as a *lupa* to your savage gods; and I also know that it is useless for me to beg for mercy, for you will not spare my life. You may kill my body; but you cannot hurt my soul; for I have begun to pray to Jesus, the knowledge of whom the missionaries have brought to our island; you may kill my body, but you cannot hurt my soul." Instead of being moved to compassion by his affecting address, they laid him down upon the ground, placed a stone under his head, and with another, beat it to pieces. In this state they carried him to their "savage gods." I forbear to make any comment upon these facts, and leave them to find their own way to the hearts of my readers, and to show them how much the heathen need the gospel. One of the assassins, whose business it was to procure human sacrifice, sailed with me in my last voyage, and not only confirmed the foregoing statement, but detailed many other transactions equally striking, in which he had been engaged.—S. Bap. Adv.

"SPEAK NOT EVIL ONE OF ANOTHER."

BY MRS. HALE.

If the precept of the apostle could be enforced, what a revolution there would be in this talking world! Many who are now voluble as a peacock, would be silent as a stone.

There is a certain class of persons who never have any subject of conversation, unless connected with personalities. We regret to say that women more often than men are accused of this gossiping propensity, though we do not believe it originates from any innate perversity of moral feeling in the female character; it is only the result of their defective training, and their limited opportunities of acquiring information. Still ignorance does not extenuate the evil of slander, it only shows how it may be corrected, namely, by giving our daughters such an education as will make other subjects besides personalities agreeable to them.

"I called," said a gentleman, "the other day on a very fashionable lady, and was entertained during my visit by a variety of piquant anecdotes and satirical remarks respecting her particular friends. She had a beautiful set of teeth, and as she laughed in her glee over the mangled reputations which she had strewn like plucked flowers around her, I was thinking of the doctrine of transmigration, and imagining what animal her soul would be compelled to inhabit, in order to expiate her sin of evil-speaking—and I fixed on the hyena—yes, the laughing hyena; and before I left her that truly beautiful woman had quite a hyena-like look. By the way, there was much justice in that poetical doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It taught two excellent lessons to men—humility and humility."

The remarks of this gentleman brought to our recollection similar conversations; and we could not own but there were in society those who would be changed into crying hyenas, if they had their deserts. Have you never heard people lament over the follies of their friends, and dwell in the most pathetic manner on the faults and misfortunes of their acquaintances? And have you not felt, as you watched the expression of the countenance, and listened to the intonations of the voice, that these "shocking things" did not greatly affect the relation? But there are few, we trust, who thus give themselves up to the malicious pleasure of evil-speaking; it is usually the result of thoughtlessness, or the desire of saying something to amuse, or astonish.

"O, I am sorry to believe this story about Miss A.," said the lively Mrs. B. "she is a lovely girl; but there are spots on the sun. Everybody regrets it!" "Indeed! I never heard a syllable of the matter," replied Mrs. C. "I think it must be a mistake. I have been intimate with the family a long time, and understand Miss A.'s disposition. I am sure she was never guilty of such conduct." "No—there can be no mistake. I had it from good authority. I regret to believe it—but I must. The young lady has a very bad temper. It is a pity—a thousand pities! So fascinating as she is, (tis) I am so sorry. Do you think Edward D. ever heard of it?" "I hope not," said Mrs. G. "I hope not! Why, if it be true, it ought to be kept secret. He is very attentive to her."

many think it an engagement; though I never believed it had gone so far. But you are his friend, and I presume will inform him of it."

"I shall do no such thing, Mrs. B. I have made a vow never to retail scandal."

"Scandal, do you call this?" exclaimed the lady, reddening to the forehead. "Certainly—I call every evil report scandal which is not issued under the authority of a responsible name. Now it will give me the name of your informant; and become answerable yourself for the truth of this story, I will inform Miss A.'s family and Edward D. of the matter. But to tell it merely as a story which everybody knows, and nobody will vouch for, is what as a Christian I cannot do."

"O, you are making the affair quite too serious," replied the gay Mrs. B. "It was only in a laughing way that it was mentioned to me, just to enliven conversation in a little confidential circle. It has troubled me," and the lady spoke with feeling, we doubt not with truth also, "because any fault of temper in a young lady, and such a lovely one, is to be deeply regretted. But then these things will be said to keep up conversation. I really wish we had more rational subjects of social entertainment; but ladies are not, you know, in the habit of introducing rational or improving topics of conversation. We are afraid of appearing stiff, and being called blue; and so we rattle on with whatever nonsense first occurs. And a little scandal, as you call it, or harmless pleasantry on our absent friends and acquaintances, serves wonderfully to amuse. It is so easy to be witty at the expense of others, and so sure to be at all lively and pungent, must be personal."

There is no doubt that Mrs. B. was right in ascribing the origin of most of the gossip and scandal in society to the desire to be lively and entertaining, rather than to any mischievous desire of injuring those whose characters are so freely criticized. Still the habit of this evil-speaking can hardly be too carefully avoided. That beautiful portrait of woman, drawn by the inspired minstrel, cannot be too sedulously studied. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, (or learning,) and on her tongue is the law of kindness"—is not the picture charming? Such should women always be; and fear not that this discretion will make you dull. "The innocent are gay."—Lady's Book for April.

WORSHIP IN HEAVEN.

Why can we not pierce through this vale of humbleness and sorrow, and behold the humble worship of Heaven? What countless multitudes have gone before us in the path that leads to that kingdom? They were, in their time, followers of an unseen Savior as we are now; but now they see him face to face in all his glory, and in all his love; with them are joined the innumerable host of angels. Angels and saints, however distinguished, are joined in one happiness and in one employment. Even now, they are praising the Lamb that was slain, and casting their crowns at his feet. And perhaps this scene is not so distant as we imagine. Where is heaven? Is it some millions of leagues from us, far beyond the sun and fixed stars? What have immortal spirits to do with space and place? Who knows but a heaven-born soul, who is freed from the clog of the body, and filled with all the fulness of God, may pass as easily and quickly from one verge of the creation to the other, as our thoughts can change and fly from east to west, from the past to the future! Perhaps even now we live in the midst of this glorious assembly. Heaven is where our God and Savior displays himself, and do you not feel him nearer to you than any of his visible works? Perhaps there is nothing but this thin partition of flesh and blood between us and these blessed spirits that are before the throne; if our eyes were open we should see the mountains around us covered with chariots and horses of fire; if our ears were unstopped, we should hear the praise of our immortal Redeemer in the air as once the shepherds heard them.—Newton.

Temperance.

A THRILLING SCENE!

Permit me to illustrate my views of temperate drinking, by relating a substantially a thrilling scene, which occurred in a town in a neighboring State, while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decide informally, whether neighbors should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vending alcoholic poisons.

No one arose to continue the discussion, and the president of the meeting was about to put the question, when all at once there arose from the corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her. "Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, and as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poisons as a beverage in health, is a crime. Look upon me. You all know me, or once did. You all know that I was once the mistress of the best farm in this town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best

the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five noble sons, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe, excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, pointing with her shroud of a finger to the priest, deacon, and doctor, "as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed, but my eyes were greatly against me. The priest said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys, was a creature of God; the deacon (who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills) sold them the poison; and the physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, (there were no Washingtons then,) and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again—you probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run. I dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—your poor house to warn you all—to warn you deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!—and with her arm around him, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, 'I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and by a swift witness against you all.' The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the priest, deacon and physician hung their heads—the president of the meeting put the question—shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be sold as a beverage? The response was unanimous—No! People of United States, friends of humanity every where, what would have been your verdict, had you all been there also?"

This picture may be thought to be overdrawn, but could the history of families be drawn in this city, in all of our towns and villages, or in our hamlets, tens of thousands of names might be recalled here.

I was once a moderate drinker, but now thanks to the temperance reform, a tea-totaler.—Albany Atlas.

THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.

A few years since, in Boston, Massachusetts, we had the pleasure of becoming partially acquainted with John C. Mossie, the author of the lines published below. At that time he was performing as an improvisator, for which his brilliant and versatile talent eminently fitted him, and he drew crowds to witness his exhibitions. He was also then a popular literary writer, and contributed to the New York Mirror, Boston Pearl, &c., and at every Congressional session he attended as a professional reporter. He was an accomplished orator, and his faculty of imitation so great, with his familiar acquaintance with the style and manners of our greatest statesmen and orators, he would give specimens of their declamation, which not only exhibited the form, but embodied the feelings and spirit of their eloquence. Never was there an intellect more worthy the admiration of man. But the destroyer, intemperance, laid its ruthless and withering grasp upon him. He was reduced to a very low and degraded state, and was shunned or forgotten by those who formerly followed him with delight, and admired the brilliancy of his intellect; and, in a year or two from the time of our introduction to him in Boston, we learned, from the New York papers, that John C. Mossie went before the Police Court, in a horrible state of degradation and destitution, and putting his last shilling into the hands of the judge, begged that he might be sent to prison, to keep him from the influence of intoxicating drinks.

This was the last we heard of him, and we supposed he had gone down to the drunkard's grave, until we saw the following stanza, accompanied with the notice that the inebriate had been reclaimed. May this appeal be heard by many of those who are yet themselves "in sin," and suffering from the raging of strong drink, or who have a "brother unreclaimed."

OUR BRETHREN.

BY JOHN C. MOSSIE.

Hast thou a brother unreclaimed,
A sinner yet in sin;
Whom, though they listen to the truth,
Feel not its power within?
O, pray for them, pray day and night,
That they may yet discern aright.

Thou answerest, "All my father's house
Are servants of the Lord;
They thank the Father for his Son,
And reverence the word."
Are all thy father's house, O youth,
Humble servants of the truth?

ALABAMA BAPTIST.

MAKING, A.L.A.

Saturday Morning, July 15, 1843.

Remittances for the BAPTIST may always be made by Post Masters, at the risk of the Publishers. Remember, Post Masters are authorized to forward names and money for papers.

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Rev. B. HODGES.
Rev. LEMUEL CALLOWAY.

All Baptist Ministers are requested to procure subscribers.

A Ministers' and Deacons' Meeting will be held with the church at Big Creek, Tuscaloosa county, to commence Friday before the 21st Sabbath in July.

Ministers and Deacons are cordially invited to attend.
WM. HOOD.

Reasoning.

At the special request of many of the members, there will be preaching on to-morrow, at the usual hour, at the Baptist church in this place, by the Rev. THOS. CHILTON.

We have received a notice of the interesting exercises of the *Greenback Female Academy*, which shall be published next week.

The *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, one of the most popular and useful periodicals of the age, comes to us this week in a novel and improved form. It is so arranged that it can be folded in Quarto form, for greater convenience in reading or for preservation, and yet retains all the advantages of both the Folio and Quarto form.

The *Baptist Inquirer*.—Our friends in Indiana are making arrangements to start a paper with the above title. It ought to be sustained, and will be, if our brethren there are considerably less indifferent to their interests than they are in most other States.

Bro. Schroeber, of Mobile says: "the work of the Lord is still prospering with us. Since the second Sabbath in June I have baptized thirty—Six more Methodists—three standing over for baptism: among them a young man about 22 years of age, brought up a Roman Catholic, and officiated a long time as 'censor bearer' for the priests. I know our brethren in the interior will rejoice to hear of the success of this church. The work has been gradual, steady, and deep; no particular excitement that might be called a revival spirit in the common acceptance of the word, but a marked and solemn feeling throughout, which justifies the belief they will hold on steadfast to the end."

OUR PAPER.

So much has already been said and written on the subject of the claims of this paper to the patronage of the Baptists in Alabama, that we scarcely know whether it is advisable to say or write any thing more. Appeal after appeal has been made not only to the religious feelings, but also to the denominational pride of the society, if we may use the expression, and so little has been accomplished, that we sometimes almost despair of ever realizing the pleasure of seeing our brethren do their duty in this respect. By this, we do not mean that all have failed; for on the contrary, many have done nobly—but we do mean that the great body of the Baptists are not alive to the importance of the subject as they should be. Ours is the only Baptist paper in the State. It was established for no purposes of private gain, but for the society at large, and for the support of the cause. In this cause it has been laboring most assiduously ever since its establishment; its burdens being borne, and its labors performed by a few, who have cheerfully engaged in the enterprise, and thus far, patiently sustained it. But do they deserve no help? And can no voice, no reasoning, no appeal awaken their brethren to a proper consideration of their claims? Dear Brethren—we cannot reconcile the thought, that we are insensible either to your duty or your interest. And we assert that both of these are deeply involved, and will be seriously affected by your neglect touching this matter. Do you enquire, how these are concerned? We answer that as Baptists, you are solemnly bound to promote the interests of your denomination, and so far as your means will reasonably allow, to sustain a just proportion of all its burdens. The interests of the cause demand that we should have some common channel of communication—some means by which the movements of the society may be made known. This can best be done, through the agency of a paper within our State; the common property of the whole denomination, and under its exclusive control. If this be necessary to the advancement of the cause in which you are embarked, then it is your duty to engage in it, and to assist it onward. But more than this. You owe it to yourselves, to be familiarly acquainted with all that is doing, and all that is proposed to be done among your brethren. To know where, and to what extent, the work of the Lord is prospering—and indeed, to enlighten your minds on all the doctrines of christianity, in which work you will be greatly aided by reading, regularly, some good religious paper. But again—you owe it to your children to put into their

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

hands the means of moral and religious improvement. You know how much more easily even the little ones, are induced to read a newspaper than any thing else. A well selected paper, therefore, of this sort, may not only be the means of inspiring your children with a taste for reading—but with the blessing of God, may instill into their minds, lasting principles of virtue—and lead them, eventually, to seek Him, whom to know is life eternal. And what contribution do we ask you to make, in order to help this enterprise onward? We simply ask you to subscribe for the paper. Its price is low—and we trust its advocacy of the cause, will continue able, firm and judicious. And having subscribed yourself, we ask you to urge our brethren around you, to do the same. Tell them it is inexcusable, to find a house, at least, the house of a Baptist, without a religious newspaper. Tell them it would be a pity, if not a burning shame, that the thirty thousand Baptists of Alabama, should fail to sustain a Baptist paper within their State. Tell them, a few of their brethren are struggling hard in a common cause, and that the weight is growing exceedingly heavy upon them, and they are calling aloud for help.

Will any of you talk of the hardness of the times, and your scarcity of means? Answer us before God, and in the light of eternity, how much do you annually spend in drabs of bits, and pignons for trifles; or for that which profiteth not—which satisfieth not; and whether if those little amounts were saved, would they not annually pay for a religious newspaper, and thus spread the religion of a Saviour before the minds of your children? Oh brethren—awake from your lethargy. Do right yourselves, and urge others to do so—and the banner of the ALABAMA BAPTIST will soon be more widely unfurled to the breeze. Bro. Solon Lindsey has just set forth, and will visit many places—having in part for his object to urge this duty upon the denomination. Others are also engaged. We pray you, make our hearts glad, by the jidings they shall bear back. We hope to hear a good account of you.

We beg this further favor of those into whose hands this appeal shall fall. That though they may be themselves subscribers, they will nevertheless call the attention of others who are not, to this article, by either placing it in their hands, or reading it to them. Read it before your Conferences, that all may know that we ask help in the Lord's work.

PAUL'S ORDINATION.

We have received from Brother Oliver Welch the communication which will be found in this day's paper over his signature, and at his request it is published. We know the Brother too well, to suppose for a moment, that it originated in any unkind feeling—indeed the language and spirit of the communication show that it did not. Nor do we fear that Brother Hartwell will view it in any other than a proper light, as he and Brother Welch are both old veterans in the cause of Christ, and have too long been fighting side and side in the same ranks, to doubt each others' kindness of feeling.

The subject is by no means an unimportant one—and we are entirely willing to see it discussed, as it may call public attention more generally to the proper and necessary qualifications for ministers, and draw forth more abundantly, the means of conferring such suitable qualifications, so far as human agency can accomplish it.

KINGSTON, Talladega Co. Ala.

PAUL'S ORDINATION.

MR. EDITOR:—An excellent Essay, appeared in the Baptist, a short time back, written for a minister's meeting, by Brother Hartwell, upon "MUTUAL INSTRUCTION." And with all its excellencies, it certainly has, to my mind, one dark spot upon its disk, the paragraph upon, "Paul's Ordination." This is the sentiment: "For some persons, it would be undoubtedly advisable to devote their whole time for a number of years, to the acquisition of biblical knowledge." "As before remarked, some should devote their whole time for some years to study.—This course may be justified by the fact, that Paul was not ordained to the ministry till ten years after it was said to Ananias:—'He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel.' Paul was doubtless, called of God to preach, but he was not ordained while 'a novice.' But as learned as he was, and as old as he was, at the time of his conversion, (probably not less than 25 years) he waited then even ten years before the 'prophets and teachers,' in the church of Antioch were directed to lay hands on him, and send him forth as an ordained preacher. This circumstance with that of our Lord, who did not enter on his public ministry till he was thirty years of age, will justify those whose circumstances will allow it, to defer that special designation, till that period of life. These examples should induce those, who are designed for that solemn office, not to be anxious to be introduced into it while too young, or too much unqualified for its vast responsibility."

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION.

being the object of the essay, to the meeting to which it was presented, and now through the columns of the Baptist, to the whole of the Alabama Baptists at least, I feel that I can, both from age, and long cherished friendship, between my brother and myself, dissent from this sentiment, and exhibit my own upon Paul's Ordination, without any infringement upon courtesy, or brotherly love. My brother knows me too well for that. The object of our brother in this part of the essay, was to inculcate, first a high qualification for the ministry, and secondly, for them (not too ha-

stily) to thrust themselves into the work. These sentiments we highly approve. But to the example of Paul's Ordination, to enforce them, I dissent. First, because it presents Paul's Ordination upon a level with subordinate ministers of his day, such as Timothy and Titus, and ministers of the present day. Paul ascribes his conversion, and qualifications to the ministry, out of the natural order. 1 Cor. 15:8. "as of one born out of due time." His call, ordination, and qualifications, were on an equality, as an Apostle, with all the rest of the Apostles. 2 Cor. 11:5. and 12:11. "not as white behind the very chiefest apostles"—"for in nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing." The Ordination of the other apostles, was from heaven. No power on earth could confer it on them, but the Lord Jesus. Hence Paul was behind them in nothing, no not even in his Ordination. They being authorized by the Lord Jesus and qualified, by the gift of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, to develop and organize a new institution, unlike any thing the world had before seen, having no copy to go by, their very acts and sermons, were to form the model of a future Christian duty.

Paul received the gospel he preached, (as well as his ordination) by special revelation. Gal. 1:12. "For I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Also, Eph. 3:3, 7. "How that by revelation, he made known unto me the mystery." "Whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me, by the effectual working of his power." He had seen none of the apostles; it was three years before he saw Peter, and James, and with them, only remained fifteen days, and then it was fourteen years after, before he again visited Jerusalem, which was the headquarters of the apostles. Gal. 1:18, and 2:1. And yet, all this time, though he had seen none of them, he preached the same gospel that the Savior had taught to the other apostles. Gal. 2:2. Paul speaking of his apostleship, says expressly: Gal. 1:1, "I received (not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ)."—Again same chapter, eleventh verse. "But I certify you brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man." Also 15:12. "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace to reveal his son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus." All of which go to establish the fact, that Paul was authorized, and qualified, not only to preach but to administer the ordinances, without any ordination from men. Read also, Rom. 15:18. 21. My brother's view, to me, presents Paul as preaching 10 years, without baptizing any one, or organizing any churches. It is true, it is not so said in so many words, but would it not be very objectionable, for a preacher now, to baptize without ordination? And indeed is it not considered indispensable to his work? In the apostles preaching, baptism was a part of the gospel, also breaking bread from house to house. How therefore could Paul fully preach the gospel in Arabia, and from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum, without the administration of these ordinances? Would not a lack of qualification for their administration, have presented Paul in a dilemma? After he had preached a sermon, enforcing these duties upon his audience, for one of them to have risen, and asked baptism at his hands, and for him to reply, I cannot, for I am not an ordained preacher. It will not do, to endeavor to obviate this difficulty, by the case of one of our licentiates. Because, Paul was one of those who organized the Christian Institution, and we are acting under it. Paul never was licensed by any church, or any set of men.

His authority was all from him, who called him by his grace, and made him what he was. Philip's preaching to the Eunuch, establishes the fact, that baptism was a part of the gospel. So also Peter to Cornelius. Neither Peter, nor Philip, nor Paul, could have exemplified, and fully preached the gospel, to persons who had never heard it without this ordinance. And there is no proof, that any of them ever had any other ordination than that which they got immediately from the Lord Jesus, Mark 3:14. and where he said, "Go and preach the gospel to every creature." &c. The ordination of Paul, alluded to at Antioch, therefore, could not have been that ceremony, which is called Ordination, to set apart ministers for the duty of Evangelizing and Pastoring; but was a solemn act setting them apart for an especial service, and that under the immediate direction of the Holy Ghost. The same difficulty would appear in the case of our Good Brother Barnabas, who had been so actively engaged in the ministry, and who had obtained such reputation among the apostles, that they sent him as far as Antioch, to see what sort of religion the dispersed brethren were preaching to the Gentiles, who when he came, found it the same religion, they all held, which made his soul glad, and he exhorted them to continue in it.

Then he went to Tarsus, for to seek Saul, and with him returned to Antioch, and a "whole year they assembled themselves with the church and taught much people." It is likely that Barnabas had to be ordained after all this, by the "prophets and teachers," at Antioch before he could administer the ordinances? The ten years sentiment of our brother presents Paul, (as I think) a good deal in the situation of our young brethren of the ministry who study Theology; that length of time, to qualify them to preach. Indeed it looks to be the very sentiment inculcated. When at that time there was no one to teach him among the sons of men, but the apostles, and as before said, them he had never seen; and they themselves, had not written out their Test Book.

Much more might be said, and much more proof adduced in support of the position, by me assumed. But I consider enough has been presented, to prove that Paul was ordained, and fully authorized to preach and administer all the ordinances of the gospel, the very day, that the Lord said to Ananias, "Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

Which accords with Math. 10:18. 19.—"And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles." But when they deliver you up, take no thought, how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." No school on earth, nor 10 times 10 years, study could have taught Paul, & the rest of the apostles, the lessons thus communicated to them, thro' the direct teaching of the spirit of God.

But the ten years sentiment of my brother has, to me, other objections. The first is, it is contrary to the belief and practice, of our denomination. Contrary to the belief, that men are called of God, to preach. After this is made manifest to the church, should she fight against God, by stopping their mouths for 10 years, when they might, in that time, have fully preached the gospel from America round about unto India. It is contrary to our practice. Many of our most useful and talented preachers commenced their labors, under 21 years of age. For example Lunsford, Waller, Fristoe, and a host of others.

And lastly, it has great tendency, to discourage many of our young preachers. Yes, old ones too. I would not be understood, in these remarks as inculcating the doctrine, that we are to preach by Revelation as did Paul. The whole effort is to make that distinction. Neither would I be understood as encouraging ignorance in the ministry.—The whole effort is to discriminate, between Paul's getting his wisdom from above, and our learning it from the Bible. I would not be understood, as inculcating the idea, that preachers should administer the ordinances, without the laying on, of the hands of a Presbytery. The whole effort, is to draw a line; between the ordination of apostles, and that ceremony, they established in the churches for all after ages.

These sentiments, are presented in all Christian love, with no other view, but to elicit truth, and to remove, as I thought, some discouraging impressions, which the aforesaid sentiment was calculated to make, upon some of our weak brethren.

O. WELCH.

These sentiments, are presented in all Christian love, with no other view, but to elicit truth, and to remove, as I thought, some discouraging impressions, which the aforesaid sentiment was calculated to make, upon some of our weak brethren.

dividuals were frequently called on to suggest the subjects and mode of examination, the questions themselves were often so framed as to require an effort of the mind to arrange suitable answers—and such answers as were not at all suggested by the direct course of study. Such were some of the evidences, indicating thoroughness of instruction.

But we found another distinguishing characteristic in this examination, of which, it affords as sincere pleasure to be able to speak. Not as sycophantic flatterers, for we should despise the character; but as men and parents—and as friends to the great cause of education. It is a trite saying, and when applied to the affairs of mankind generally, a true one, "that wealth is power;" and that it exerts a tremendous influence in the affairs of this world, no one in his proper senses will pretend to deny. We have seen *homage* done before its shrine, and sacrifices offered on its altar, even within the walls of literary institutions. We have seen the children of the rich, who were able to do much for such institutions, *caroused and favored and flattered*; while the children of those traversing the humble walks of life, it not entirely discouraged by the indifference of their teachers, have at least suffered greatly from their neglect. We say with confidence and with pleasure, that we witnessed no such mortifying spectacle here. The entire examination from first to last, displayed a noble, generous, just and dignified impartiality, which did great credit to all the teachers, and must render the Institution, while so conducted, not only the pride of the country—but permanently useful. Though many of the patrons of the school were present, while others were absent—though some were rich, while others were poor—though some were conspicuous, while others were obscure, yet we can attest, that all the pupils seemed to share alike, in the affections of those to whom their friends had committed them, and each to receive the attentions which were due to them. So much so, that aside from what we otherwise knew, we could not have distinguished the daughter of the wealthy planter, or merchant or lawyer, from the poor little orphan, whose hopes are dimmed in death and sleeping in the grave, and whose only support is the hand of charity.

Entertaining these views of the general character of the examination, and the manner in which it was conducted, no one will be surprised at what we have said, and now beg leave to repeat, that it was interesting—peculiarly interesting indeed.

But as regards the course of examination, it may be well that our report should be somewhat specific. Monday, the first day, was wholly devoted to an examination of the pupils belonging to the *Primary and Preparatory* departments of the school. These were under the superintendence of Miss Werden, and of course, examined by her. She was conspicuous for her perfect familiarity with the branches under her charge, and her pupils acquitted themselves with great honor. We were struck with the manner in which the children—who seemed to look up to her in the confidence that she was not alone their Teacher, but their friend. As one who had delighted to guide their youthful feet to the Sanctuary, and their infant minds to their Maker, and their God.

The three last days were employed in attending to the higher classes. Those in Arithmetic, Geometry, Physiology, and Natural Philosophy, were under the charge of Miss Rockwell, on whom our praise would be in vain bestowed, as she is already so favorably known—but never perhaps more so, than on this occasion. Nature has legibly written on her face her claims to moral excellency and amiability; but the evident proficiency of her pupils in the abstruse and difficult branches on which they were examined, satisfied us, that *intellectually*, she was entitled to a place in the first rank of her sex. Her classes did admirably well, upon all their studies—but we were most impressed and delighted with their experiments with the *Apparatus*: with which every one could see, they had cultivated a familiar acquaintance. We learn that this lady has, perhaps, taken her final leave of the Institute, a circumstance which we, with the country deplore; but we send after her the sincere wish that health and happiness may attend her pathward, whither-so-ever it may lead, and that her merits may everywhere meet their just reward.

Miss Atkinson, upon whom no eulogy higher than her claims could be bestowed, had charge of the classes in Natural Theology, Astronomy, Algebra, Geometry, French, and Mathematics; by which latter, we mean the elements of Euclid. In all these, the young ladies as well as their Teacher, distinguished themselves.

In Astronomy, the apparatus was used to illustrate most of its leading principles—and with a readiness and skill, which is rarely equalled.

In French, pages were selected at random, by gentlemen in the audience, and read with entire ease and fluency by the pupils.

Propositions in Euclid, throughout the six first books, were selected by the Board of Visitors, the numbers only being given. These were all demonstrated readily and accurately; not an error occurring from first to last. With the performances of these classes, we therefore feel justified in saying, that we were delighted: and that all were delighted.

The classes in Rhetoric, Chemistry, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Latin, and Greek, were under the immediate charge of PROFESSOR JEWETT.

studies, shewing that in their progress, they had been guided by a *glam mind*.—Long may he live to preside over this institution; and to develop the mental resources of this region of our beloved State.

The department of Vocal and Instrumental Music was under the charge of Professor Chase, and Miss Boothe. The success which has attended their labors in, and long has been, the wonder and admiration of all who have attended their concerts. We have already said, that a Concert was given at the Church, on each of the nights, excepting the first, during the examination—but we decline the attempt to describe the emotions which were aroused, or the thrilling interest which each of these musical feasts excited. The Church was in every instance, densely crowded, and at each, an audience was seen, listening with delight to the well selected pieces, which were performed with life, energy, and skill. In the church were four Pianos, besides Guitars, and other instruments. In many of the pieces all the pianos were used at the same time, with eight performers; that is, two to each, making a music which "Angels might deign to hear"—and of which mortals might be proud.

We say most confidently, that more interesting Concerts we have never attended—and more delightful music we have never heard. We viewed it as a rare exhibition. More than a *hundred young Ladies*—all of whom, judging from their public examinations, must have devoted much time and labor to their other literary pursuits, yet with sufficient time left, under the instruction of their distinguished Teachers, to qualify themselves thus to enchain the hearts, and delight the ear by the powers of their Music! Now a chant is sounding upon the ear, and lifting the thoughts above this little spot where we dwell. Then comes perhaps a *march*, which has sounded upon many a battlefield, and cheered the drooping heart of the Patriot, as he was about to strike for "liberty or death." And anon, you have the sweet voices of scores of little girls, whose hearts are pure as angels dreams—and whose hopes beat high as the tide of life, singing perhaps of earthly affection, or "a welcome to school!" In the midst of these, stands Miss Boothe, leading in the song, whose very presence enlivens the scene, and whose voice is all that *melody or music means*. There, sit an enraptured audience—and yonder, stands Professor Chase, looking on with all the fondness of a Parent. He is delighted as every good man should be, to see that his labors have been successful, and that they are appreciated. We venture the opinion, that in his department as Professor of Music, his superior can no where be found. We consider him as a perfect master of the Science, and as intended widely to diffuse a knowledge of it. His peculiar fondness for it, fits him above all men with whom we are acquainted for this department. We would not however, be understood as limiting the sphere of his or Miss Boothe's usefulness to the department of Music alone. Far from it—they both possess a high order of intellect, and high claims aside from those rare endowments, their musical powers.

But we cannot in justice, close this report without bestowing our humble meed of praise upon another department of the Institute, we mean the *Ornamental*, which was under the superintendence of Miss Rockwell, of whom we have already spoken. This department embraces Drawing and Painting, Embroidery, Wax-Work, and various other fancy articles. With many specimens of these, the parlor and examination-room were adorned; the elegance of which, we heard greatly admired by others, as well as ourselves. We thought them well executed and beautiful, and as displaying much skill.

The closing scene of the examination, was one of deep solemnity and great interest.—In virtue of a notice which had been previously given, at half-past six o'clock P. M., a general meeting took place at the Institute. Here a procession was formed under the direction of Gen'l Crook and Col. McGehee, to march to the church, enjoy the last Concert, see the honors conferred, and then witness the parting of the young ladies, who long had lived, and loved, and pursued the rugged paths of science together. This procession attended by the *Marion Brass Band*, was formed on this plan: The Band in front—then the Trustees of the Institute—next the Board of Visitors—next the Clergy—then the Students, more than one hundred young Ladies, all dressed in white, the different departments separate—then their respective Teachers—next the Principal of the Institute, and then the citizens at large. Thus we all marched to the church, where we found a dense crowd already assembled, and awaiting the arrival of the procession. By an inverted movement, all those entitled to privileged places in the church, were marched in, and all others who could, obtained places elsewhere. The church was soon filled, being wholly insufficient to receive the crowd in attendance—but many lingered around, who could not enter. The Concert commenced—prayer was made—and during the evening, the Compositions of the Graduates were read, evincing that they truly deserved the honors, which were conferred on each of them before the meeting closed. Diplomas were conferred on eight young Ladies; the Valedictory was read; a parting hymn was sung by the graduating class; then a Doxology by the assembly; then a benediction was pronounced, and the concert closed.

We have been, perhaps, already too minute in our detail of circumstances, and, in consequence, too prolix in this report—yet we hope not. A few general observations now, and we have done. It is a source of great delight to us, to witness the growing interest of the country, in the cause of *Female Education*. So far as this part of the country is concerned, the extensive patronage of the *Judson Institute*, and the extraordinary interest which is taken in its examinations is proof of this. But aside from this, we must offer proof of the same fact at every turn we take in community. We every where begin to hear Parents talk of educa-

Poetical Department.

HEAVEN.

There is a land of calm delight,
To sorrowing mortals given;
There rapturous scenes await the sight,
And all to soothe their souls unite;
Sweet is their rest—in Heaven.

There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for loins is given;
There music swells in sweet strains,
And angels' voices ever reign;
And all is love—in Heaven.

There cloudless skies are ever bright,
There gloomy scenes are driven;
There suns dispense unsullied light,
And planets beam on the right
Illumine the fields of Heaven.

There is a stream that ever flows,
To quench the pilgrim's thirst;
There fairest fruit immortal grows,
The verdant flower eternal blest,
Amid the fields of Heaven.

There is a great, a glorious prize
For those with sin who've striven;
'Tis bright as stars of evening skies,
And far above it glittering lies
A Golden Crown—in Heaven.

IN AFFLICTION.

Father—thy will, not mine, be done!
So prayed our earthy suffering Son;
So in his name I pray:
The spirit falls, the flesh is weak.
Thy help in agony I seek,
O take this cup away.

If such be not thy sovereign will,
Thy wisest purpose then fulfill,
My wishes I resign;
Into thine hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

J. Montgomery.

Youth's Department.

THE TWO WHITE RABBITS.

I once bought two white rabbits for my little brother. He lived in the country, and before I had an opportunity to send them to him, they were stolen by some wicked boys. I inquired among the neighbors if they had seen anything of them; and a little boy told me that Charley, who lived in a house close by, had got them. I called to see if this was the case, and he was not at home. His mother felt very badly, indeed, and said that she did not think her son had stolen the rabbits, for she had heard nothing of it before, and also that he was an honest boy and would not be guilty of stealing. She said, however, that he might have been led into temptation, and if I would call at noon I should see him. I called at the time appointed, and found Charley with his hair neatly combed, and his face and hands washed, waiting to see me.

'Well, Charley,' said I, 'have you stolen my rabbits?' 'No, sir.' 'Do you know anything about them?' 'No, sir.' 'Have you seen them anywhere?' 'No, sir.' 'All this time he looked me full in the face, and there was an honesty in his countenance which told me he was telling the truth.' 'Well,' said I, 'Charley, I believe you: I am sorry I was led to have any suspicions of you. Be a good boy, and always tell the truth, and you will prosper, and grow up to be a happy man.'

I afterwards learnt that Charley was innocent; and that the rabbits were stolen by some naughty boys who did not fear God and keep his commandments. Now do any of my little readers inquire why Charley could look me right in the face, and answer so boldly and frankly, and say with a clear voice, 'No, sir?' It was because he knew he was innocent. If he had been guilty, his countenance would have exposed him, and he never could have looked me so honestly in the face and said, 'No, sir.'

I have no doubt that when Charley went to bed that night he felt very happy—very much happier than those wicked boys who stole my little white rabbits.

[S. S. Treasury.]

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Saviour, may we come to thee,
Little ones although we be?
Wilt thou make us babes thy care,
Listening to the lisp'ing prayer?

Does thy kind voice bid us come?
Can thy dear arms give us room?
Wilt thou lead us, lest we stray,
Wilt thou shield us all the way?

Then, blest Jesus, on thy breast,
We would ever seek our rest:
There in danger and in grief,
Look for refuge and relief.

Let thy grace our hearts renew,
Teach us, Lord, thy will to do,
May we learn, if ought beside,
Thy dear name for us who died.

A FABLE.

Aurelia, pleased with permission to accompany her mamma in a walk, hastened to change her frock; but discovered that the one she desired to wear, had, by some means, got torn. Her vexation was so great that, until it was too late to think of going out, she did nothing but cry. At length a spider, busily engaged in weaving for herself a home, hearing Aurelia's lamentations, thus addressed her:—'My dear little girl listen to my misfortune, and tell me which of us has most reason to grieve. My house, which has cost me several days' incessant labor, was this morning destroyed by the servant's broom; and it was with great difficulty I saved myself from the ruins; yet, knowing how foolish as well as useless it would be to lament my loss, I have set myself cheerfully to work again; and, by perseverance and industry, shall, in a short time, reconstruct as comfortable a dwelling as that which has been destroyed.' Aurelia felt ashamed of her want of thought and helplessness; and perceived, that had she followed the example of the industrious spider, and employed in mending her frock the time she had wasted in idle grief for its being torn, she would

neither have been disappointed of her walk, nor have had to bewail a mis-spent day.

[Boys and Girls Magazine.]

Miscellaneous Department.

From the U. States Saturday Gazette.

TRUSTING TO APPEARANCES.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

'There are a great many folks in this world who are amazingly taken by outside looks,' said my Aunt Sally the other evening. Now Aunt Sally is an old maid, past redemption—one of the oldest kind, for good soul, she's hard upon sixty. She always did say, though, she needn't have been a spinster all her days, if she'd took up with any thing that came along—and I do believe her. Like most old folks, she seems sometimes to run of a notion, that every body else must be thinking over in their minds just what she is dreaming about—a kind of magnetic communication as the Memerites say—though Aunt Sally knows nothing about Mesmerism; and I think it would be better for some younger people, if they didn't. But she appears to fancy, when she has been chewing the end of memory over, all to herself, and then breaks out in a new spot with some wise saw, that all of us know what she meant by it. So, she says the other night as I told you, 'There are a great many people in this world, who are amazingly taken by outside looks.' Then she hitched her chair nearer to the jamb, gave the skirts of her gown a tuck, held her hand over the fire to warm her fingers, and looked around, first to father, then to mother, then to Fanny, and then to me, as if she waited for one of us to speak. Nobody said a word, and she pinched her lips up, trotted her left leg on her right knee, and looked right into the fire. I saw the old lady wanted somebody to speak, so I took my eyes off Chitty on Evidence for a minute, and said:

'That's a fact, Aunt Sally, appearances are deceitful, but what's to be done about it?' 'Why, Ezekiel,' said she, 'didn't you see that in the Philadelphia Post?'

'What in the Post?' said I.

'Aunt Sally got the newspaper and pointed to a paragraph which set out how a poor old drunken creature set down on a railroad, and went to sleep, and how the whole train went over him crushing him all to pieces, and how his jug was broken in his hand;—and furthermore, that he had left a destitute widow, and that his children, if they weren't exactly helpless, had grown up helpless from bad examples. Well, I read it out loud, as Aunt Sally asked me, and though it did seem a painful narrative enough, I couldn't see any thing in it that had anything to do with Aunt Sally. So says I, 'Well Aunt Sally, I don't see now what you are coming at.' Father looked so, he did, but as mother and Fanny, and I, and all seemed curious, Aunt Sally put herself in her story telling posture, and began:

'I could have told that man what would be his end, forty years ago.'

'Why, Aunt,' says I, 'they didn't have railroads then, nor dream of them.'

'Never you mind, Ezekiel Jones. People who are too fond of the bottle didn't have to wait till railroads came into fashion, to find that sudden death laid in ambush for them. I can tell you. The drunkard's grave always gaped for him ever since the world was made, and many is the fine young man, who has begun to slide into it, before ever he knew which way his feet was slipping; or before he found out that he didn't stand as fast as the everlasting hills. But I'm fairly set down for a story, and being that you want to hear it, and that Fanny is here too, I mean to tell it. And father, he folded up the newspaper he was reading, I shut my book, and mother she made haste to count her stitches in the knitting work, where she was drawing in to fit my calves.' Fanny crossed her feet with one sly peep at her own handsome ankles, and we all put on our listening caps for—

AUNT SALLY'S STORY.

'I'm going to talk about things that I don't often mention; for when a body's nose and chin begins to look as if they were forever going to kiss each other, and the gray hairs will struggle out from under their caps, and hands are shrivelled and skinny, and the lips puckered and thin, it seems kind of strange to young folks that old folks, and old maids in particular, should talk as if they had ever known or felt anything what we used to call love when I was a girl, and what you still know by the same name, for want of a better. But I can tell you, Fanny Arbuckle, that my cheeks were once as full and red as yours, (didn't I blush and simmer), and that my lips pouted as handsomely and red for a kiss, (she couldn't help smiling half spiteful), and that I showed as pretty a set of teeth when I laughed, (Lor! how Fanny's eyes snapped!) There wasn't a delicater waist in the State, and I had as good a pair of feet to stand upon, as them that are now peeping out from under your new alpaca luster.'

I rather guess Fanny's feet were drawn in about the quickest. Father he went off into a horse laugh, and mother looked pleased enough.

Aunt Sally stooped over and looked at Fanny's gown, as if she had just thought of minding it.

'There,' says she, 'it's a good deal like what we used to call Prince's cloth, when I was a girl, but it's got more of a gloss. But that's not telling a story.'

'There was hardly a young man in these parts that did not shine up to me at some time or other, and that your father knows, Ezekiel. He was a kind brother then, as he has been ever since, and though I say it to his face, it's no disgrace between two such old rheumatics as we are now. He took an amazing deal of pains to find out all about the young men who took a shine to me, and he came pretty near the mark generally, though he wasn't always right, as that account in the Philadelphia Post has shown after so many years.'

Now, if this had been said at almost any other time, father would have gone into an argument with his sister, but he didn't feel like it now. I could see that his eyes glittered in the firelight, as his memory dwelt on the old times that Aunt Sally had been raking up; and I now began to put that together, and to catch a notion of what the horrid accident had to do with the glasses between my father and Aunt. After a minute she went on:

'Forty years ago this winter—if I may be more, for I can't rightly remember, there was a great sleighing party contrived up by the young men. It was in that party that I had my first regular invite. I'd been a great many times before to be sure. Sometimes I'd been taken along as one of the children, and sometimes your father had put me under the buffalo skin in his sleigh, when he kind of wanted to coax some shy girl to ride out with him, and knew she wouldn't go, if the ride looked altogether too much on purpose. Sometimes, too, the girls in the set older than me, would agree to ride out with some spark, and then up and ask me to go too, for spite to their beaux. Didn't the fellow used to wish me further! But I didn't care for that; I had the ride. This, though, was my first sleigh ride, where a young man had harnessed up his horse on purpose to treat me to a jaunt, and to get a chance to throw out hints about how pleasant a short journey was together, and how we might make a longer one, and all that sort of nonsense, that the young men were just as good forty years ago, as they are now.'

'I can truly and honestly say that I never had a pleasanter frolic in my life. The bells jingled, and the snow flew, and the laugh rung clear, and Josh Bemis looked as if there never was a handsomer man. I felt proud of my beau, and as proud of driving as if I held the reins, and as cheerful and happy as ever an artless, untroubled and innocent young girl could be on a harmless frolic. To be sure, though my ears were too well covered from the cold to feel the frost, Josh did make them tingle a little. Oh, you may smile, Fanny Arbuckle, but when you are as old as I am, you will own, like me, that there is nothing in after life ever puts a woman into such a happy flutter, as when she hears, for the first time, what is said for her own private ear, and nobody's else. It is such a delightful secret that there never was a woman yet, that could keep it longer than till she met somebody to tell it to.'

'Well, when we got to the stopping place, the older girls who had been courted till the business had lost all its freshness, and the beaux who had been paying attentions till they did it just as much of course as a doctor's horse stops before the house of an ailing family, they began to throw out their jokes and hints and twists. Perhaps they thought it teased us; but I know that the kind of dreaded the gauntlet that I knew I had to run from any new acquaintances, I should have been dreadfully disappointed and provoked if I hadn't met my old beau, and I guess Josh felt pretty much the same. We hadn't been in the house over a minute before one of the girls got the whole story out of my blushes in a corner, and then she turned to the rest, and such a lease as they put me into! I had forty minds in a minute—first that I never would speak to Josh again—then that I would run right out and walk home alone ten miles through the snow—and then that I certainly would pout so at Josh that he would never trouble me more. Just at that minute I heard a great haw! haw! haw! in the bar-room, where the fellows had all gone to order in refreshments. Then I knew that they were laughing Josh too, and when he came in with the rest, he was trying to look as if he had heard nothing in particular, and didn't care for anybody. But he couldn't help looking as if somebody had caught him running away with a sheep upon his back—and of course as all the first were against us, we were obliged to help each other face them out. We couldn't help it—and on the whole I guess we didn't want to. Seeing Josh and I were the youngest couple, and rather the most awkward, our sleigh was brought to the door last, and when Josh handed me in, he put his face into my hood, and—

Fanny looked at the speaker at this passage—

'He didn't bite me, nor I him, Fanny Arbuckle, I can tell you. Well, that ride passed off nicely. Your father, Ezekiel, tried to plague me a little after we got home, but I fixed him out in short order with the kitchen tongs. I knew just as well as could be, that it was a match of your father's coaxing on, and that he was tickler than I, if that was possible, for young Joshua Bemis, Esq., was thought a match for any body, if an old, vagrant and inebriate, named Bemis, that's what the paper says, did get killed the other day, on a railroad. 'Ah, well!' continued Aunt Sally, with a sigh, after a moment's pause—'We are all born, but not buried,' as the saying is.'

'I shall leave you to guess of whom I dreamed, Fanny, that night. Time passed on, and I grew every day more discreet and woman-like, and better worth respect and love; for there is nothing finer character, for good or ill, like the first serious, thoughtful and sincere attachment. But it was broken off. What separated us? Now I am going to tell you.'

Father looked up from the fire with a great deal of earnestness at Aunt Sally—and Fanny and I were not a little interested, too. Who knows that we shall not be separated too, thought I. I stole a look at her face, her eyes met mine, and it didn't need any words to tell me that our thoughts were pretty much on the same thing. Aunt Sally continued addressing my father:

'Do you remember that we were out of milk early of a morning in the Spring after that sleigh ride?'

Father shook his head.

'Why,' said Aunt Sally, 'I'm sure I should think you would. Father was going to Boston and took an early breakfast—there

was none left over night, and the cows hadn't been milked.'

The old gentleman made no answer.

'Well, then, what a fool I am!' Aunt Sally said. 'I do believe I am getting old. To think that I should think that you would remember such a little thing, after forty years, as well as I do, whose whole life has turned upon it! Well, to make a long story short, mother told me to take a pitcher and run into one of the neighbors.' I tried and tried, at two or three places, and then run into the tavern, that was where Mr. Gottridge's house is now. I was in the kitchen and I heard a laugh in the bar-room. I should have known that laugh among a thousand, and I never heard it before when it didn't make my heart jump in answer.

'But what could Joshua be doing there before daylight? In a minute more I heard the stick rattle in the tumbler and then Josh's voice again. I couldn't help listening—and such coarse jokes as those of which I was the subject! Why, I liked to have dropped, going home, more than once, milk, pitcher and all. It wasn't the mere words that were said, I wouldn't have you think, for though they were bad enough, he meant no harm. It wasn't altogether the place neither, in which they were spoken; but the hour—and what went into the mood, before the words came out—a morning dream! Aunt Sally wiped her eyes, and we all felt serious, I can tell you, but father, he looked like a man who had just found out a riddle that had puzzled him all his life.

'I said nothing to nobody—how could I? But when Josh Bemis came over in the evening, how could I be as happy to see him as I was the evening before? And when you scolded me for not being cheerful, brother, I could not answer. The rest you know. I was led to watch Joshua, and I found that a morning dream was not a mere accidental thing, but a habit; and there were a great many who used to do the same thing, I could never feel that they were safe. Well, one chill brought on another, until at last Joshua began to leave longer spells between his visits; and when he did come that unlucky morning had supplied me with a key to too much of what you fancied was mere merriment; and then again I found that there was a cloud over his face, that he said came from something else. I tried to joke him out of his habit of moderate drinking; but he took it only as a joke, and only laughed at me. I dared once to reason seriously with him, and he asked me if I thought him a drunkard, and that was the last time I spoke to him on the subject. And now I can look back and tell the living the truth, when I say that the hour in which I ascertained that he was coaxed away by an artificial rival was one of real relief. She courted, and she won him.'

'People pitied me. You almost quarrelled with me; I told you then not to trust to appearances, and you thought it was only envy. And so it did seem. He was rich, he was prosperous, he was honored, he went to the General Court, and he has been to Congress. His children were loves and pets, his house and homestead were a sight to behold for their pleasantness; and I know you did think me almost a fool that I had not been the sharer in all this.'

'But, flourish as the tree might, I knew what worm was at its root; and when, in his jovial manners; his pleasant parties, his dinners, his drives, his popularity, other folks saw only bright happiness, I could see that all these appearances were the plainest marks of decay—just as you mind trees turn all sorts of colors, when their leaves are even just ready to drop. And just when the world thought him best off, this one vice began to strip him. Leaf after leaf fell, till the tree was left all bare, and it is only a few old creatures like me who can recollect who that "vagrant" was, and what that "inebriate" once possessed. Now he is dead—and his widow, with her long life of earthly hope—of glad prosperity—of contemptuous pride, followed by humiliation, trouble, embarrassment and squallid poverty; her children the plagues of her life—her husband a torment in her eyes—her name forgotten—her heart and home desolate, and all crowned by that piece in the paper. Is she who trusted to appearances, better off now than the poor lonely old maid that did not?'

Aunt Sally hid her face in her hands. Father got up and walked right across the fire-place to her. 'Not lonely,' said he, as he took her hands in his—and the brother and sister got up and kissed each other, as if they were both children, and Sally had been telling over some girlish trouble, which could be all wiped out with the tips. I guess there wasn't an eye there though, that didn't swim in tears; and as to Fanny, I do believe that she'll be afraid of me hereafter, if I only look at the outside of a cask of spirits of turpentine.'

[NOTE.—It is hardly necessary to say that Fanny is Mr. Jones's affianced.]

THE BROKEN THREAD.

The following is by "Old Humphrey." Is it not beautiful?

'It is a bad sign when age is too proud to learn a useful lesson from childhood. If in my walks and friendly cottage calls, I can do any good to others, I am thankful; but the amount of my services is very small. Often, however, does it occur, that when I do no good to others, I get good to myself!'

This morning, a little child, at a house where I called, came weeping to her mother in great grief. She had been sitting very quietly for some time, on a little stool, sewing at a little piece of clean rag for practice.

When I inquired the cause of her trouble, it was a broken thread; the poor little girl seemed overwhelmed with the conviction that her work was at an end.

'Did you think, love, I could not listen to an again?' asked the mother, wiping away the streaming tears. 'Yes,' sobbed the child. 'Oh but I can though, in a minute,' said the mother. 'See, love, see.'

Dear little child, thought I to myself, thy grief and thy simplicity are just like mine.

How often and how long have I sat weeping and sobbing with, as it were, a broken thread in my hand, not considering how easy it would be to my heavenly Father to furnish all the broken threads, and to heal all the broken hearts of his children.

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is a periodical whose object is to collect, condense, and synthesize the good and useful of all standard knowledge, contained in works so numerous and voluminous as to be altogether beyond the reach of mankind in general; and then collected and prepared, to place it, by its cheapness and comprehensiveness, within the acquisition of all.

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